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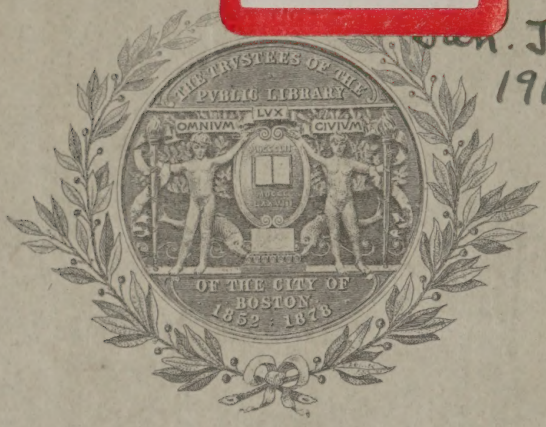
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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1917

RECOLLECTIONS OF A REBEL REEFER. I

BY JAMES MORRIS MORGAN

FROM the southern twilight of my early childhood memories there blazes out the recollection of a tragedy which, time and again, returns to trouble the dreams of my old age. I was an eye-witness of the blowing up and destruction by fire of the Princess, the finest steamboat on the Mississippi in those days. The night before the disaster my father and mother had kissed me good-bye and gone on board of an old dismantled steamboat, which answered the purposes of a wharf, to await the arrival of the Princess, as they intended to take passage on her for New Orleans. Early the next morning I went down to the river to find out if they had yet left. The Princess had just drawn out into the stream, and as I stood watching her as she glided down the river, a great column of white smoke suddenly went up from her and she burst into flames. She was loaded with cotton. As though by magic the inhabitants of the town gathered at the riverside, and in the crowd I spied my brother-in-law, Charles La Noue, in a buggy. He called to me. I jumped in alongside him and we dashed down the river road in the direction of the burning boat. The road was rough and the horse was fast. The high levee on our right shut out the view of the river so that we could see only the great column of smoke. On our left were the endless fields of sugar-cane, with an occasional glimpse of a planter's house set in a grove of pecan trees.

At last, in a great state of excitement, we arrived at the plantation of Mr. Conrad. 'Brother Charlie' jumped out of the vehicle and ran toward the house, while I made the horse fast to a tree. I then mounted the levee, from where I could see floating bales with people on them; men in skiffs, from both sides of the river, were rescuing the poor terror-stricken creatures, bringing them ashore. From the levee I rushed into the park in front of Mr. Conrad's residence, and there saw a sight which can never be effaced from my memory. Mr. Conrad had had sheets laid on the ground amid the trees, and barrels of flour were broken open and the contents poured over the sheets. As fast as the burned and scalded people were pulled out of the river they were seized by the slaves, and, while screaming and shrieking with pain and fright, they were forcibly thrown down on the sheets and rolled in the flour. The clothes had been burned off of many of them. Some, in their agony, could not lie still, and, with the white sheets wrapped round them, looking like ghosts, they danced a wild hornpipe while filling the air with their screams. Terrified by the

awful and uncanny scene, I hid behind a huge tree, so that I should not see it, but no tree could prevent me from hearing those awful cries and curses, which echo in my ears even now.

Suddenly, to my horror, one of the white spectres, wrapped in a sheet, his disfigured face plastered with flour, staggered toward my hiding-place, and before I could run away from the hideous object, it extended its arms toward me and quietly said, 'Don't be afraid, Jimmie. It is me, Mr. Cheatham. I am dying, — hold my hand!' And he sank on the turf beside me. Although dreadfully frightened, I managed between sobs to ask the question uppermost in my mind: 'Can you tell me where I can find my father and mother?' The ghostlike man replied with a cry which seemed to wrench his soul from his body, shivered for an instant, and then lay still. A slave passing by pointed to the body and casually remarked, 'He done dead.'

A Creole negro woman then came running toward me; she was stout and almost out of breath, but was still able to shout out to me in her native *patois:* 'Mo cherche pour toi partout; M'sieur La Noue dit que to vinit toute suite!'

When I found Brother Charlie, he was ministering to the maimed, but found time to tell me that my parents had taken another boat, and thereby had saved their lives. I returned at once to my home, where I was comforted in the strong arms of Katish, my old black nurse.

[These vivid leaves, taken at random from the first chapters of Colonel Morgan's memoirs, set the pace, so to speak, for a life-record of adventure that stands out even in these days, when our ability to react to the prodigies of modern warfare is almost exhausted.

James Morris Morgan, as he tells us in the earlier pages of his recollections, was born in New Orleans in 1845 — the spoiled youngest child of a large family which, when the great decision of 1860 came, was divided against itself. Willful and high-spirited, his first education was drawn largely from the racing stables of his relatives, on whose great plantations he ran wild until, at fourteen, he was offered an appointment as midshipman at Annapolis. The possibilities of a roving sea-life made an instant appeal to him, and, after much trial and tribulation, he squeezed past the examining board into the Naval Academy, where he found himself aboard the school-ship Constitution, with a number of boys as green as himself. Among these were Charles S. Clark, who brought the Oregon round South America during the Spanish War; Robley D. Evans, better known later as 'Fighting Bob'; Sigsbee, of the Maine tragedy in Havana harbor; Gridley, commander of Dewey's flagship at Manila Bay, and others of equal note. Young Morgan was in the midst of his training when the war broke out — but here he takes up his own story.]

I

By the end of 1860 a dark cloud had settled over our spirits and we no longer spent our few moments of leisure in skylarking, but, instead, discussed the burning question of secession. We did not know anything about its merits, but conceived the idea that each state was to compose a separate nation. Harry Taylor, afterwards rear-admiral, who was from the District of Columbia, said that he was going with New York because that state had more commerce than any other one, and necessarily would have the biggest navy. He was promptly called down by being informed that no one would be allowed to join any state except the one he was born in, and he was further humiliated by a

much-traveled boy who asserted that he had been in Washington, and that the District of Columbia had only one little steamboat out of which to make a navy, and that one ran between Washington and Acquia Creek, and she was rotten. Personally, I was insulted by being informed that Louisiana had been purchased by the money of the other states just as a man buys a farm, and that, therefore, she had no right to secede. This was said in retort after I had made the boast that by rights many of the states belonged to Louisiana. So the wrangle went on day after day, until the news came that South Carolina had in reality seceded, and the boys from that state promptly resigned and went home. Then followed the news of the firing on Fort Sumter. The rest of the lads from the South resigned as rapidly as they could get permission from home to do so — I among the rest.

I passed over the side of the old Constitution and out of the United States Navy, with a big lump in my throat, which I vainly endeavored to swallow, for I had many very dear friends among the northern boys — in fact, affectionate friendships, some interrupted by death but a few others which have lasted for more than half a century. To my surprise, my captain, George Rodgers, accompanied me ashore and to the railway station, telling me, as I walked beside him, that the trouble would end in a few weeks, and that I had made a great mistake, but that even then it was not too late if I would ask to withdraw my resignation.

As we passed through the old gate opening into the town, — the gate which I was not to pass through again until my head was white, fifty years afterwards, — and walked along the street, Captain Rodgers kindly took my hand in his, and then for the first time I realized that I was no longer in the navy, but only a very unhappy little boy. But the Confederacy was calling me, and I marched firmly on. The call seemed much louder at Annapolis than it did after I reached my native land.

At that time I was very small for my age (fifteen), so small, in fact, that I was dubbed 'Little' Morgan, which nickname has stuck to me to this day despite my five feet nine and a quarter inches in height and over two hundred pounds weight. With as much dignity as my size at the time would permit of my assuming, I took my seat in the car and started for Washington. Then I commenced to size up the situation. I had only twelve dollars, all the pay that was due me when I resigned, and there was a thousand miles for me to travel to reach my home; but what worried me most was the fear that the authorities would arrest me if they found out that I proposed to offer my services to the Southern Confederacy. I had no civilian togs, but I had taken the gold anchors off my collar, on which they had left dark imprints, and put blue velvet covers, fastened by elastics, over the brass buttons of my jacket. This, with the glazed cover of my cap to hide the silver anchor which adorned its front, constituted my disguise, which I felt sure would be sufficient to enable me to slip through the enemy's capital without recognition. I was just beginning to feel comfortable when a motherly-looking old lady on the opposite seat disturbed my equanimity by asking me in a loud voice if I was 'one of those little Naval Academy boys who were going South.' That woman surely had the making of a Sherlock Holmes in her.

I had not an idea as to what I would have to do to reach home after I arrived in Washington; so, to throw the minions of Abraham Lincoln further off my trail, I went straight to the house of Captain Henry Maynadier, U.S.A., an ardent Union man who had

married one of my first cousins. I told him that I wanted to get home and had no money, and then, washing my hands of all responsibility, left the rest for him to do. He did it. He obtained a permit for himself and me to pass through the lines, and, hiring a hack, we started on our adventure.

The Union pickets held the Long Bridge; half a mile below, on the Alexandria road, were posted the Confederate sentries. Of course, with the permit, we had no difficulty in crossing the bridge; but before we had proceeded very far on the road a man with a gun jumped out of the bushes and ordered us to halt. The fellow was an Irishman who had formerly done chores at Captain Maynadier's house in Washington, and, of course, he instantly recognized him, at the same time crying out gleefully, 'Begorra! we'll whip those dirty nigger-loving Yanks now that you are coming with us!'

The captain said a few pleasant words to him, told him that I was going South, and asked him to see that I did not miss my way to Alexandria where I was to catch the train. He also told me to jump out quickly and ordered the driver to turn around. I had hardly reached the ground when the driver put whip to his horses and the astounded picket, recovering from his astonishment, raised his gun. I begged him not to shoot, assuring him that Captain Maynadier was coming South later. He did — with Sherman! This occurred in the latter part of April. In November of that year, Captain Maynadier and I were shooting at each other at Island No. 10 on the Mississippi.

Arriving at the railway station in Alexandria, I found a great crowd wildly cheering ex-Senator Wigfall, who was a volunteer aide on General Beauregard's staff and who had received the sword of Major Anderson when Fort Sumter surrendered. Wigfall stood on the rear platform of a car, bowing his appreciation of the enthusiasm. I found an unoccupied seat on the train and was making myself comfortable, when a big, broad-shouldered, stumpy man waddled up to where I sat, and said, 'Sonny, as you are so small and I am so large, I think we will make a good fit for this narrow seat'; and, without further ado, he seated himself beside me, first asking me to move so he could have the place by the window.

The train started amid wild cheers for Wigfall, the hero of the hour, and at every station where we stopped crowds were gathered, demanding a speech from the great man. The stout fellow with the short legs who was seated beside me apparently took no interest in the proceedings and seemed engrossed by his own thoughts. It was some time after dark when we arrived at Lynchburg, Virginia, where the largest crowd we had yet seen was waiting for the train. Many of the men bore torches, but they were not cheering for Wigfall; they seemed to be in an ugly humor about something. Suddenly there were cries of 'Hang the traitor! Here is a rope! Bring him out!' as the maddened mob fairly swirled about the car. A man burst through the door, rushed up the aisle to where I sat, and said to my neighbor, 'Are you Andy Johnson?'

'I am Mr. Johnson,' replied the stout gentleman.

'Well,' said the stranger, 'I want to pull your nose!' and he made a grab for Mr. Johnson's face.

The latter brushed the man's hand aside, at the same time jumping to his feet. There followed a scuffle for a few seconds, and poor little me, being between the combatants, got much the worst of it.

The crime for which they wanted to lynch Mr. Johnson was the fact that he was reported to be on his way to Tennessee for the purpose of preventing

that state from seceding. Mr. Wigfall came up to Mr. Johnson and asked him to go out on the platform with him. Wigfall at once addressed the mob and urged them to give Mr. Johnson a hearing, which they did. The latter commenced his speech by saying, 'I am a Union man!' and he talked to them until the train moved off, holding their attention as though they were spellbound. His last words were, 'I am a Union man!' — and the last cry we heard from the crowd was, 'Hang him!'

On relating the foregoing incident to Mr. George A. Trenholm, then Secretary of the Confederate Treasury, I expressed the opinion that it was one of the greatest exhibitions of courage I had ever witnessed; but Mr. Trenholm cast a damper on my enthusiasm by saying, 'My son, I have known Mr. Johnson since we were young men. He rode into prominence on the shoulders of just such a mob as you saw at Lynchburg, and no man knows how to handle such a crowd better than Mr. Johnson. Had he weakened, they probably would have hung him.'

It was the same Andrew Johnson, afterwards President of the United States, who granted Mr. Trenholm amnesty and a pardon in 1866.

II

Continuing my journey, I at last arrived at Montgomery, Alabama, capital of the Confederate States. My fears that the war would be over before I got there were somewhat allayed, for I had been told positively that it would not last six weeks before the South finished it victoriously. I found the new capital in a ferment of excitement. Nobody seemed to know exactly what it was about, but it was the fashion to be excited. From every house containing a piano the soul-stirring strains of the Marseillaise floated out of open windows. At the hotel where I stopped, champagne flowed like water. The big parlor was crowded with men dressed in uniforms designed to the taste of the wearer, so that it looked like a gathering for a fancy-dress ball. On the chairs and window-sills were bottles of wine and glasses, while at the piano sat a burly German who, of course, crashed out the everlasting Marseillaise while his enthusiastic audience sang it. A more ridiculous sight than a lot of native-born Americans, not understanding a word of French, beating their breasts as they howled what they flattered themselves were the words of the song, it was never before my bad fortune to witness.

There was a moment's halt in the music while some one made a war speech. The tired and sweating German musician took advantage of the respite to get a little air also, and, as he stood beside me, I heard him mutter, 'Dom the Marseillaise!'

The morning after my arrival, I went to the Capitol to offer my services, and the sword I intended to buy, to the government. There were numbers of employees rushing about the building in a great state of excitement, but with nothing to do. None of them could tell me where I could find the Secretary of the Navy. At last I ran across an intelligent official who informed me that 'There warn't no such person.' It appeared to be the custom of the attachés, when in doubt, to refer the stranger to Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, the 'Pooh Bah' of the Confederate government, then Secretary of State. He informed me that there was not as yet any Confederate Navy, and further humiliated me by calling me 'sonny.' However, he was very kind and took me into the private office of President Jefferson Davis, who was kindness personified and told me to go home and tell my parents that, as soon as the government established

a Naval School, I should have one of the first appointments. I left the presence of the great man crestfallen and convinced that the Confederacy was doomed. I had come to fight, not to go to school. I had just left the greatest naval school in the world — and here the best they could offer me was a place in some makeshift academy to be erected in the dim future! I felt that I had been deceived and badly treated, and I mentally comforted myself with the assurance that I knew more about drill and tactics than the whole mob of civilian generals and colonels who thronged the Capitol's corridors. But Mr. Davis did not know this.

I was a full-blown pessimist by the time I reached my hotel, where I was greeted by the sounds of the everlasting 'Enfants de la patrie,' being hiccoughed as usual in the parlor; and for the rest of the day I iterated and reiterated the German's prayer, 'Dom the Marseillaise!'

The only way to get from Montgomery to Mobile was by steamboat; and all the boats had been seized by the government for the transportation of troops. After much urging, the captain of one of the transports, as a favor, allowed me to pay for my passage to Mobile on condition that I would sleep on the deck, if I could find a place, and supply my own provisions. The boat would start when he received orders, but he did not know when that would be. A two days' wait followed, during which I stayed on the boat so as to be sure that I would not be left and consequently lose the price of my passage. That was important, as my finances were running low. Confederate money had not yet made its appearance, and gold was even then being hoarded. I had already lost quite a sum exchanging one state's money for another, as even the paper money issued in one county did not pass at par in the next (if accepted at all); but everybody was jubilant over the fact that the Confederate Congress had appropriated *fifteen millions* of dollars to carry the war on to a successful termination.

Finally, after endless delay, a swarm of volunteers took possession of the boat and we were off. The transport carried no guns, but she was armed with an instrument of torture called a 'calliope,' or steam piano, and as she backed out into the river it broke loose, shrieking an imitation of the Marseillaise, which, with few intermissions, was kept up during the two days and nights it took us to reach Mobile. When the calliope did stop, it was very soothing to hear the negro deck-hands break into song with their tuneful melodies.

The volunteers were composed of fresh youthful-looking men, and almost every one of them was accompanied by a 'body servant,' as negro valets were called in the South. They were also accompanied by a great number of baskets of champagne and boxes of brandy. Few aristocrats in those days ever drank whiskey, which was supposed to be a vulgar tipple. They also had huge hampers containing roasted turkeys, chickens, hams, and all sorts of good things, with which they were very generous. Every private also had from one to three trunks containing his necessary wardrobe. I saw some of these same young men in the muddy trenches in front of Richmond in 1865, when they were clothed partially in rags, and were gnawing ears of hard corn, and would gladly have exchanged half a dozen negroes or a couple of hundred acres of land for a square meal or a decent bed to sleep on.

III

My record of those crowded days is so voluminous that I pass over the events of the next few months, which led to my definite appointment as midshipman in

the Confederate Navy. After having a hand in the desperate fighting at Island No. 10 in the Mississippi,[1] I was transferred for a short time to the James River, near Richmond, for gunboat duty, and then sent, by doctor's orders, to Charleston.

With all my state pride, I must acknowledge that the article of chills and fever handed to me on the James River was superior to the brand on the lower Mississippi, and complicated by chronic dysentery, it so sapped my strength that the doctor ordered me to show myself at the Navy Department and ask for orders to some other station. Commodore French Forrest was chief of the Bureau of Orders and Detail, and I really thought he had some sympathy for my condition when he looked me over. He asked me where I would like to be ordered to, and I quickly said that I should be delighted if I was sent to the naval battery at Port Hudson. The Commodore then asked if I had relatives near there, and on my assuring him that my mother and sisters were refugees and were staying at the plantation of General Carter, only a few miles distant, he turned to a clerk and said, 'Make out an order for Midshipman Morgan to report to Commodore Ingraham at Charleston, South Carolina. I don't believe in having young officers tied to their mothers' apron-strings.' And so to Charleston I went.

Commodore Ingraham, to whom I reported, was the man who, some years previously, when in command of the little sloop-of-war St. Louis, in the port of Smyrna, had bluffed an Austrian frigate and compelled her to surrender Martin Kotza, a naturalized American citizen, whom they held as a prisoner. This act made Ingraham the idol of the people at that time; if repeated in this day (1916), it would cost an officer his commission. Commodore Ingraham also commanded the Confederate gunboats when they drove the Federal blockading fleet away from Charleston.

I was assigned to the Chicora, a little ironclad that was being built between two wharves which served as a navy yard. She was not nearly completed, so I was forced to hunt for quarters on shore. Being directed to a miserable boarding-house, which was fourth-rate, and consequently supposed to be cheap, I found that the cheapest board to be had was at the rate of forty-five dollars a month, so I did not see exactly how I could manage it, as my shore pay was only forty. However, the generous hotel proprietor, when the situation was explained, consented to let me stay for that sum, on condition that I would make up the other five dollars if my friends at home sent me any money. The man was certainly taking a long chance. Where were my friends, and where was my home? My mother and sisters were refugees. As for my home, it was a wreck.

Lieutenant Warley, with whom I had served on the McRae, was the only human being I knew in Charleston, and the great difference in our ranks, as well as our ages, precluded the possibility of my making a companion of him; so, a lonely boy, I roamed the streets of the quaint old city. Evidently the war as yet had had no effect on the style

[1] For many years I have treasured a copy of an epitaph (evidently written by an 'unreconstructed rebel') which appears on a headstone in the Methodist Cemetery, St. Louis: —

Here lize a stranger braiv,
Who died while fightin the Suthern Confederacy to save,
Piece to his dust.
Braive Suthern friend
From iland 10
You reached a Glory us end.
We plase these flowrs above the stranger's hed,
In honor of the shiverlus ded.
Sweet spirit rest in Heven
Ther 'l be know Yankis there.

— The Author.

kept up by the old blue-bloods, for I was amazed to see handsome equipages, with coachmen in livery on the box, driving through the town. Little did their owners dream that before very long those same fine horses would be hauling artillery and commissary wagons, and those proud liveried servants would be at work with pick and spade throwing up breastworks!

To my great delight, George Hollins, a son of my dearly loved old Commodore, a boy of about my own age with whom I had been shipmate on the Mississippi River, arrived in town, and the boarding-house man consented to allow him to share my little room at the same rate charged me. George had been in Charleston only a few days when yellow fever became epidemic. It was the latter part of August and the heat was something fearful. I had no fear of the fever, as I had been accustomed to its frequent visits to my old home; but with Hollins, a native of Baltimore, it was different.

One afternoon he came into our room and complained of a headache and a pain in his back. The symptoms were familiar to me, so I persuaded him to go to bed and covered him with the dirty rag of a blanket. I then went quickly downstairs and asked the wife of the proprietor to let me have some hot water for a foot-bath, and also to give me a little mustard. The woman was shocked at my presumption, but consented to give me the hot water; at parting with the mustard she demurred. As I was about to leave her kitchen, she demanded to know what I wanted with hot water, and when I told her that my friend had the yellow fever, there was a scene in which she accused me of trying to ruin the reputation of the house, and threatened me with dire punishment from her husband.

I made Hollins put his feet in the hot water and then I went to a nearby druggist, telling him the situation, and asking him if he would credit me for the mustard, explaining that neither Hollins nor myself had any money. The kindly apothecary gave me the mustard and told me I could have any medicines needed, and also advised me to go at once and see Doctor Lebby, who, he was sure, would attend to the case without charge. The doctor came and did all that was possible. Poor George grew rapidly worse; he seemed to cling to me as his only friend, and could not bear to have me leave him for an instant. We slept that night huddled up together in the narrow bed.

The next morning a strange negro man, very well dressed, and carrying a bunch of flowers in one hand and a bundle in the other, entered the room and proceeded to make himself very much at home. When asked what his business was, he said he was a yellow-fever nurse. I told him that we had no money and could not pay a nurse, at which he burst into a broad grin and said that he did not want any money; that he belonged to Mr. Trenholm, who had sent him there. Through the day all sorts of delicacies continued to arrive, and to every inquiry as to whom they came from, the reply was, 'Mr. Trenholm.'

The second night of his illness, George was taken with the black vomit, which, as I held him in my arms, saturated my clothes. A shiver passed through his frame and without a word he died. Leaving my friend's body in charge of the nurse, I went in search of Lieutenant Warley, who told me not to worry about the funeral as Mr. Trenholm would make all arrangements. George Hollins was buried in the beautiful Magnolia Cemetery, and immediately after the funeral, Mr. Warley told me that I was not to go back to the boarding-house, but was for the present to share his room at the Mills House, a fashionable hotel.

IV

A few days after the funeral, as I was walking down Broad Street with Mr. Warley, we saw coming toward us a tall and very handsome man with silvery hair. Mr. Warley told me that he was Mr. Trenholm, and that I must thank him for all his kindness to my friend. Mr. Trenholm said that he was only sorry that he could not have done more for the poor boy, and, turning to the lieutenant, said, 'Warley, can't you let this young gentleman come and stay at my house? There are some young people there, and we will try to make it pleasant for him.'

I thanked Mr. Trenholm, and told him that I had recently been sleeping in the same bed with my friend, who had died of the most virulent form of yellow fever, and of course I could not go into anybody's house for some time to come; but the generous gentleman assured me that his family had no fears of the fever and insisted on my accepting his kind invitation. However, I did not think it right to go, and did not accept at that time; but a day or two afterwards, I again met him, with Mr. Warley, and he said, 'Warley, I am sorry this young gentleman won't accept my invitation: we would try to make it pleasant for him.'

Mr. Warley turned to me, saying, 'Youngster, you pack your bag and go up to Mr. Trenholm's house.'

That settled it and I went, arriving at the great mansion shortly before the dinner-hour. I did not, however, take a bag with me. If I had owned one, I should have had nothing to put in it.

I will not attempt to describe Mr. Trenholm's beautiful home. For more than half a century now it has been pointed out to tourists as one of the show places of Charleston, and has long since passed into the hands of strangers. I must confess that, as I opened the iron gate and walked through the well-kept grounds to the front door, I was a little awed by the imposing building, with its great columns supporting the portico. I could not but feel some misgivings as to the reception I would get, stranger as I was, from the family, whom I never had met. Still, I did not dare run away, and so I timidly rang the bell. A slave, much better dressed than I, and with the manners of a Chesterfield, appeared and showed me into the parlor; it was all very grand, but very lonely, as there was no one there to receive me. I took a seat and made myself comfortable; it had been a long time since I had sat on a luxurious sofa. In a few minutes, two young ladies entered. Of course I had never seen either of them before, but the idea instantly flashed into my mind that I was going to marry the taller of the two, who came toward me and introduced herself as Miss Trenholm.

While we were chatting, there arrived a Frenchman, a Colonel Le Mat, the inventor of the 'grapeshot revolver,' a horrible contraption, the cylinder of which revolved around a section of a gun-barrel. The cylinder contained ten bullets, and the grapeshot barrel was loaded with buckshot which, when fired, would almost tear the arm off a man with its recoil. Le Mat's English vocabulary was limited, and his only subject of conversation was his invention, so he used me to explain to the young ladies how the infernal machine worked. Now that sounds all very easy, but one must remember that Le Mat was a highly imaginative Gaul and insisted on posing me to illustrate his lecture. This was embarrassing, especially as he considered it polite to commence over again as each new guest entered the room. At last relief came when Mr. Trenholm arrived with a beautiful lady, well past middle-age, leaning on his arm; and I was intro-

duced to my hostess, whose kind face and gentle manner put me at my ease at once.

Oh, but it was a good dinner I sat down to that day! After all these years the taste of the good things lingers in my memory, and I can almost smell the 'aurora,' as Boatswain Miller used to call the aroma, of the wonderful old madeira. It was in the month of September, and the weather was intensely hot; I had my heavy cloth uniform coat buttoned closely, and only the rim of my paper collar showed above. Dinner over, we assembled in the drawing-room, where we were enjoying music, when suddenly I found myself in a most embarrassing position. Dear, kind Mrs. Trenholm was the cause of it. Despite my protestations that naval officers were never allowed to open their uniform coats, she insisted, as it was so warm, that I should unbutton mine and be comfortable. Unbutton that coat! Never! I would have died first. I had no shirt under that coat: I did not own one.

When bedtime arrived Mr. Trenholm escorted me to a handsomely furnished room. What a sleep I had that night between those snow-white sheets, and what a surprise there was in the morning when I opened my eyes and saw a man-servant putting studs and cuff-buttons in a clean white shirt. On a chair there lay a newly pressed suit of civilian togs. I assured the man that he had made a mistake, but he told me that he had orders from his mistress, and that all those things and the contents of a trunk he had brought into the room were for me, adding that they had belonged to his young 'Mars' Alfred,' a boy of about my own age, whose health had broken down in the army and who had been sent abroad. I wanted the servant to leave the room so that I could rise. I was too modest to get out of bed in his presence and too diffident to ask him to leave; but at last I reflected that everybody must know that I had no shirt, so I jumped up and tumbled into a bath, and when the 'body' servant had arrayed me in those fine clothes I hardly knew myself.

After breakfast two horses were brought to the front of the house—one, with a lady's saddle, Gypsy by name, was one of the most beautiful Arabs I ever saw (and I have seen many); the other, a grand chestnut, called Jonce Hooper, who was one of the most famous racehorses on the Southern turf when the war began. He had been bought by Colonel William Trenholm, my host's eldest son, for a charger; but Colonel Trenholm soon found that the pampered racer was too delicate for rough field-work in time of war. Miss Trenholm and I mounted these superb animals, and that morning and many mornings afterwards, we went for long rides. In the afternoons I would accompany the young ladies in a landau drawn by a fine pair of bays, with two men on the box. Just at that time the life of a Confederate midshipman did not seem to me to be one of great hardship; but my life of ease and luxury was fast drawing to an end.

One day the distinguished Commodore Matthew F. Maury, then on his way to Europe to fit out Confederate cruisers, dined at the house, and, after dinner, joined the gay party on the piazza with Mr. Trenholm, who was the head of the firm of Fraser, Trenholm and Co. of Liverpool and Charleston, financial agents of the Confederate government. Suddenly, Mr. Trenholm came over to where I was laughing and talking with a group of young people, and asked me if I would like to go abroad and join a cruiser. I told him that nothing would delight me more, but that those details were for officers who had distinguished themselves, or who had influence, and that as I had not

done the one thing, and did not possess the other requisite, I could stand no possible chance of being ordered to go. Mr. Trenholm said that was not the question: he wanted to know if I really wished to go. On being assured that I would give anything for the chance, he returned to Commodore Maury and resumed his conversation about the peculiarities of the Gulf Stream.

Imagine my surprise the next morning when, after returning from riding, I was handed a telegram which read: 'Report to Commodore M. F. Maury for duty abroad. Mr. Trenholm will arrange for your passage. Signed: S. R. Mallory. Secretary of the Navy.' It fairly took my breath away!

Mr. Trenholm owned many blockade-runners — one of them, the little light-draught steamer Herald, was lying in Charleston harbor loaded with cotton and all ready to make an attempt to run through the blockading fleet. Commodore Maury, accompanied by his little son, a boy twelve years of age, and myself, whom he had designated as his aide-de-camp for the voyage, went on board after bidding goodbye to our kind friends. About ten o'clock at night, we got under way and steamed slowly down the harbor, headed for the sea. The moon was about half-full, but heavy clouds coming in from the ocean obscured it. We passed between the great lowering forts of Moultrie and Sumter, and were soon on the bar, when suddenly there was a rift in the clouds, through which the moon shone brightly, and there, right ahead of us we plainly saw a big sloop-of-war!

There was no use trying to hide. She had also seen us, and the order 'Hard-a-starboard!' which rang out on our boat was nearly drowned by the roar of the warship's great guns. The friendly clouds closed again and obscured the moon, and we rushed back to the protecting guns of the forts without having had our paint scratched. Two or three more days were passed delightfully in Charleston; then there came a drizzly rain and on the night of the 9th of October, 1862, we made another attempt to get through the blockade. All lights were out except the one in the covered binnacle, protecting the compass. Not a word was spoken save by the pilot, who gave his orders to the man at the wheel in whispers. Captain Coxetter, who commanded the Herald, had previously commanded the privateer Jeff Davis, and had no desire to be taken prisoner, as he had been proclaimed by the Federal government to be a pirate and was doubtful about the treatment he would receive if he fell into the enemy's hands. He was convinced that the great danger in running the blockade was in his own engine-room, so he seated himself on the ladder leading down to it and politely informed the engineer that if the engine stopped before he was clear of the fleet, he, the engineer, would be a dead man. As Coxetter held in his hand a Colt's revolver, this sounded like no idle threat.

Presently I heard the whispered word passed along the deck that we were on the bar. This information was immediately followed by a series of bumps as the little ship rose on the seas, which were quite high, and then plunging downward, hit the bottom, causing her to ring like an old tin pan. However, we safely bumped our way across the shallows, and plunging and tossing in the gale, this little cockle-shell, whose rail was scarcely five feet above the sea-level, bucked her way toward Bermuda. She was about as much under water as she was on top of it for most of the voyage.

(*To be continued.*)

THE INSANE ROOT

BY L. P. JACKS

I

Not many months ago an English family was gathered round the fire, reading various newspapers and magazines. In the group was a young officer who had taken part in the battle of Loos and escaped death by a miracle. All the party were silent except for an occasional remark or ejaculation. The officer was the eldest son of a large family and much beloved. In a few days his leave would expire and he would return to a most dangerous part of the line. The family knew well how great the chances were that they would never see him again after his departure. Yet there was no conversation.

The scene was characteristically English, especially in the pervading silence. But in this the party was in some degree under the influence of the young officer himself. He had been strangely reticent during his leave, especially about his own doings and experiences. To his parents and brothers and sisters he had been most affectionate and tender; but, as they would often say to one another, 'We can get nothing out of him.' Whenever the war was talked about he would look far into the distance with a strange, solemn expression on his face. But he would say nothing. After a time the family came to feel that his silence was more eloquent than speech, and ceased to ply him with questions.

That night it so happened that one member of the party was reading the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which there was an article describing the battle of Loos. It was one of the admirable articles on 'Kitchener's Mob.'

When the reader had finished, he laid down the magazine and said, 'Shocking, shocking!' whereupon the officer, very quietly, took up the magazine and read the article in his turn. 'Well, what do you think of it?' somebody asked. 'Oh,' he answered, 'it's quite true. But it's not shocking. No, not shocking at all.'

Then silence again fell on the group and the young officer resumed his gazing into the distance. Presently he broke out with some heat. 'You said the article was shocking. I tell you no *description* of anything is worth such a word. Fancy being shocked by what a man *writes!* Nothing that anybody can *say* or *write* about anything will ever shock me again. You should see what men *do*. You should see what they *suffer*. Oh, how I wish they'd all shut up!'

Ever since this incident occurred, these last words have recurrently echoed in my mind and I have been trying to fathom their meaning. It is a difficult undertaking; and the difficulty is greater because every attempt to *say* what they mean is at once checked by the words themselves: 'Oh, how I wish they would all shut up!' And yet, from the first I could not help feeling that they gave expression to something that was deeply moving, not in my own mind alone but in the minds of the men and women whom I meet every day. It has nothing to do with the articles on 'Kitchener's Mob,' at least not more to

do with them than with a dozen articles I have written myself. All this talk about the war, the moralizing about it, the analysis of its causes, the lessons to be drawn from it, the professors' views of it, the preachers' views of it, the attempts to reconcile it with this or that, the proof that it is evil, the proof that it is good, all this mass of literature and speech-making to which the war is, before anything else, a theme for discussion — to what does it all amount when set side by side with the realities of the war itself?

In the space of two years, six million human beings have been slaughtered by other human beings, and the slaughter still goes on; thirty-five millions have been mutilated, and the mutilation still goes on; fifteen thousand million pounds' worth of property has been destroyed, and the destruction still goes on. On the one side a devastating whirlwind, a tempest of elemental forces, a wild chaos of death and ruin; on the other side, a chorus of talkers and speech-makers and article-writers; political philosophers building their cloud-castles; a monotonous sing-song about 'humanity' and 'society' and the 'world-state' and the 'social whole.' Visualize the six million slain and the thirty-five million wounded; look for one instant at this madness as a thing in being — and you will understand, even though you cannot express, the meaning of the words, 'Oh, how I wish they would all shut up!'

In presence of a fact so outrageous, so abominable, so unspeakable, there are moments when one feels that all a reasonable being can do is to hold his peace. There is no theory of human nature, no view of the world, into which such a thing can be fitted. Even if one holds, as I have recently heard it suggested, that man is the lowest of the carnivora, the situation is still inexplicable and meaningless. The carnivora do not make war on their own species; they make war on other species; they make it in a less cruel manner, and for a far better purpose, for their prey is their food. There is nothing in the life of the lowest of the beasts which can be compared for utter senselessness with this mutual rending to pieces of the nations. Even if we admit, as perhaps we must, that war develops the higher faculties of man, what an amazing numbskull man must be, to have found no better way of developing his higher faculties! And if war is the only way in which it can be done, does it follow that a war such as *this* is the best sort of war for the purpose? Is it necessary to kill and wound to the tune of forty-one millions in order to get our higher faculties into the best possible shape? Are our higher faculties so constituted that they need, not only war to develop them, but just that kind of war which enables you to blow the souls out of a thousand of your fellow men by pressing a button? Would not bows and arrows, and slings, and stone hatchets, and Roman swords develop our higher faculties just as effectively?

And what shall we say of our views of the world? Take the worst of them, and suppose the world to be utterly and irremediably given over to the Devil. What follows? Surely this — that the Devil is an unspeakable idiot. Hell does not make war upon *itself*. It makes war upon heaven: it conserves its own forces for the destruction of its opposite. This may be immoral, but in point of sanity there is no comparison with the spectacle before us. No devil has ever been constructed by the human imagination who would not look upon such proceedings with proud contempt. Gehenna itself seems to turn its back upon us.

Looking at the matter in this way, we begin to understand the mood of indignation which breaks loose in the cry,

'Oh, how I wish they would all shut up!' After all, the war itself is not the crowning absurdity. The crowning absurdity is the notion that this fools' business can be reduced to some sort of rational proposition by any manner of talking about it, explaining it, drawing 'lessons' from it, or pronouncing moral epigrams over it. 'The world is ruled by ideas,' say the talkers, 'and if only we can get the right idea of this thing all will come well. Let us therefore go on talking till the right idea emerges.'

Well, what kind of an 'idea' is it which decreed the killing and the wounding in two years of a number of human beings equal to the total population of the British Isles? Whose sapient brain conceived it? Whose wise discretion carried it into operation? The doctrine of ideas ruling the world is a two-edged sword, for it involves, not only that remedies come from ideas, but that the mischiefs to be remedied spring from the same source. But the facts say no! There never was an idea, either of man or devil, which can rightly be held responsible for the formless hotch-potch of murder which is now being enacted in Europe. It is the negation of all ideas moral or immoral, wise or foolish, that have ever visited the mind of man. As one views it in that light the heart grows hot with indignation against the whole tribe of preachers, philosophers, moralists, and essayists who nourish the delusion of their own importance in this hurly-burly; who think that what they can *say* about this thing will set it right or exercise any weight or influence whatsoever in a world which now before our eyes is trampling underfoot all that has been *said* hitherto by them and by their likes in every age.

It is possible that candid observers in America have not yet begun to share the feeling I am trying to describe. I observe from the American newspapers that are sent me that the proposal to form a league of peace among the nations is still being advocated with great ability and enthusiasm on the other side of the Atlantic. I have nothing to say against such a league, and sincerely hope it may be set on foot in some effective form. But just now in England it is difficult to work up much enthusiasm about the league of peace. When I mention it to my friends I often get an answer something like this: 'Yes — the league of peace is an excellent idea. But ideas far more excellent, proposals far more beneficent have been before the world for nineteen centuries — and they have n't come to much!' Or again, the same paper which contains on one side a list of three or four thousand casualties — and we have been searching them through, dreading that a particular name might meet the eye — contains on the other side an admirable epigram by President Wilson which has just been cabled round the world and puts the whole situation in a nutshell. 'How true!' we say to one another. But alas, alas! the world is not ruled by moral epigrams. The best that can be done in that line was done by the Lake of Galilee a long time ago — but it did not prevent this war.

To such a pass of skepticism do men come who for two years and more have been gradually growing familiar with a reality whose nature as we come nearer to it seems more and more to baffle speech, and to elude, by its ugliness and irrationality, all the known categories of human thought.

This sort of skepticism, I say, has been growing on us here in England. Two years ago it hardly existed. We were under certain obsessions, which, though they have an academic origin, are by no means confined to academies. We had an unlimited faith in that mode of governing the world which consists in describing how the world ought to be

governed. We believed that, if only we went on long enough repeating our sing-song about 'humanity' and the 'social whole,' something really good would come of it. We believed that the world could be steered into right courses by preaching and pamphleteering and holding conferences and passing resolutions and making speeches. This last especially. When Mr. Asquith or President Wilson made a speech, we devoured it almost before we had read the news of the day, and went home from our clubs depressed or elated as the case might be. We saw that things were in a bad way, but we thought that, if only somebody of sufficient weight would make a certain sort of speech, or issue a certain sort of programme, all would be well. But *now!* We are growing into tough subjects. When we hear of the 'lessons' the war is teaching, we ask, 'Will the lesson be *learned?*' When we hear of programmes for reconstructing the world, we ask, 'Will the programme be rehearsed?'

We are all more or less like Dante when the women saw him in the streets of Ravenna. We have sniffed the fumes of the pit and been bitterly salted by its fires. In sympathy with those whom we love, we have been through experiences which reveal the vanity of speech-making. We have learned something from those young men who come back to us now and then after rubbing elbows with death for many months — something, but not a thousandth part of what we shall learn hereafter when the survivors come back in their millions. What is it we have learned? What is it we are going to learn? Not a new theory of life. Not a new view of the universe. Not anything which can be reduced to a doctrine, a formula, a lesson; but an indefinable mood, of which a faint echo may be caught in the words of the young officer, 'Oh, how I wish they would all shut up!'

This may seem a somewhat lamentable conclusion. But it is not so. Unless I am much mistaken, the mood I am trying to indicate has had something to do with every notable renaissance of the human spirit. 'Your solemn assemblies my soul hateth. Your hands are full of blood.' It is an old story, and a promising one from the moment when men begin to *feel* its significance.

II

And here I wish to make a recantation — not because I regard my opinions as important to others, but because I observe that many persons, who are wiser than I am and have more to lose by confessing their errors, would be glad to make the same recantation. Two years ago, I thought and wrote that *human nature* is responsible for the war. A thing is known by its fruits, and since the war was plainly the doing of man, what better evidence could we have of the sort of being man really is? The war seemed to me at the moment to represent both the height and the depth, the best and the worst, of which man is capable — the best in the heroism, courage, sense of duty which are everywhere abundantly displayed, the worst in the ferocity, the hatred, the blood-lust, and the cruelty.

I could not make up my mind as to which of the two sides was preponderant. Sometimes it seemed the one, sometimes the other. But as the war went on and developed its general character and proportions, I began to feel that it could not be interpreted in terms either of the good side or the bad side, either taken singly or taken together. It gradually took on the character of a vast exhibition of insanity, not amenable to the categories either of evil or of good; so that if my original proposition about human nature being responsible were true, the only conclu-

sion I could draw was that man was essentially mad. And it was madness of a curiously complicated kind, of a kind so extraordinary indeed that it may well be doubted if the most experienced alienist has ever encountered anything comparable to it among the most dangerous class of lunatics. Here was a group of great peoples, enlightened by all that science, philosophy, and religion have to teach, slaughtering and mutilating one another to the tune of forty-one millions in two years — and all for what? To settle a type of quarrel which, if it had broken out between six sensible individuals, instead of so many 'Great Powers,' might have been amicably settled in a few minutes over a pipe of tobacco.

But that was only half the story. The other half came, not from the war, but from the people who stay at home and discuss the war and think that these Bedlam proceedings can be stopped and prevented for the future by launching programmes or by pronouncing epigrams. It seemed to me incomprehensible that these people should be unaware that their talking method had had its day, had had a fair trial through many centuries, with such results as we are now witnessing; and so, of all the madmen who were making their contributions to the reigning pandemonium, these wiseacres seemed to me the maddest of the lot. So I began to listen with sympathy when I heard people saying ugly things about human nature — as that man is the lowest of all the carnivora, the most irrational of all created beings, the biggest fool in the universe, the one animal who is incapable of managing his own affairs, and so on. All this seemed to follow if I stood firm to my original proposition that human nature is responsible for the war.

Then I looked round on the men and women I knew; I even thought of certain Germans whose friendship had been mine in happier days. I thought of men of other races whom I had met in my travels, men of many religions, of different colors and of skulls with curious shapes. Plainly these people were not mad or bestial. They were far superior to the highest of the carnivora. I was bound to admit some exceptions. But taking them all in all, they were a very decent, kindly, sensible lot. They had no desire to blow one another to pieces. I could not remember meeting one who wanted even to blow *me* to pieces. I could indeed recall a conversation with an angry German professor who assured me in excellent colloquial English that one of these days 'Germany would knock the bottom out of the British Empire'; but if I had suggested that he should make a small beginning on the spot by sticking a bayonet through my body, he would have turned sick at the thought. I certainly had no wish to bayonet *him*. And so all round. The forty-one millions killed and wounded represent what none of these decent, sensible, kindly individuals *wants*. It represents something which every one of them abhors. If only these men and women were *left alone* to express their own nature in its own way; if only they were allowed to live without interference from foul spells of one kind or another, they would never be such fools (to use the mildest term) as to make the exhibition of themselves which an astonished universe has now to witness. And I turned aside from my books on 'The Philosophical Theory of Human Solidarity' and began repeating the 'Battle of Blenheim' — about Old Caspar and Little Peterkin.

As I considered these things it suddenly flashed upon me that human nature is not responsible for the war, and that I had been wholly and disastrously wrong in thinking that it was. I saw

that human nature has been dragged into the business against its will — dragged into it by some malign power. For something or somebody is plainly responsible for the war — else it could never have taken place. What is it?

Pondering this question, I found a certain indignation rising within me, and it moved in three directions. First it moved against myself for having ever done my species the foul wrong of thinking that human nature is responsible for this war. Secondly, it moved against the writers (of whom again I had formerly been one myself) who are constantly declaring that what the peoples want is a change of heart. Thirdly and chiefly, it moved against our philosophical theorists, — of whom I had never been one, thank God! — who have erected the State into something semi-divine, if not divine altogether. *For I had begun to see that it is precisely State-nature, and not human nature, which is rightly responsible for all this devilry.* Of this I will try to speak more fully.

III

The State, as philosophers represent it, is an organization by means of which individuals pool their personalities, their wills, their minds, their energies, and their resources for the common good. It appears to be an admirable arrangement, and, in the eyes of many, it is adorable. Not only is the 'common good' promoted as it could be by nothing else, but the individual who lends himself to the State, body, soul, and spirit, gets back his individuality enlarged and enriched with the wisdom, the grandeur, the morality of the vast being whom he has thus made his creditor. Thus, the State draws both the selfish and the unselfish into its net and provides salvation for both. To the selfish man who wants to have the best possible time, the State says, 'Surrender to me and serve me, for only thus can anybody have a really good time.' To the unselfish man who would sacrifice himself for others, the State says, 'I am here, a standing opportunity for self-immolation. Serve me!'

All this is true and would be helpful were it not for a single drawback. The State which the philosophers describe exists nowhere on the earth. What does exist is a group of states, whose characteristics, if you take them one by one, and still more if you take them all together, are very different from those of the philosophers' 'State,' and to a large extent its opposite.

To begin with, even if we assume (what is doubtful) that each of the existing states is organized for achieving the highest good of its own members, we must not overlook the fact that some of them are organized for doing the utmost harm to the members of other states. The philosophers tell us very little about this; yet surely it is a point that ought to be taken into consideration before we surrender ourselves to the State in the name of the 'common good.' Again, a state may be extremely wise in its dealings with its own members but extremely stupid in its relations with other states; so that my surrender to it will involve me in becoming a party to its external stupidity as well as to its internal wisdom, and perhaps leave me at the end of the chapter a bigger fool than if I had stayed outside altogether and stood on my own individual legs.

And not only do these existing states differ from and contradict the philosophers' conception, but they differ widely and flagrantly among themselves. Surrendering my individuality to the State is one proposition if I happen to be born a German, or a Mexican; it is another proposition if I happen to be born an American or an Englishman. In either of the latter cases the proposi-

tion is one which a wise man may consider on its merits: in either of the former he can only cry, *Retro, Sathanas!* He would do as well for himself by surrendering his personality to the Devil.

Philosophers do indeed remind us from time to time that the 'State' of which they discourse has as yet no actual embodiment on the earth. But they ought to be more explicit in showing us how we can serve this ideal State and surrender ourselves to it, and at the same time do our duty to a real State which contradicts the ideal in so many important respects. My duties to the ideal State of the philosophers require me to promote the good of all mankind; my duties to the actual State to which I belong require me to give up a third of my income and the whole of my energy, not to speak of things more precious still, to help in the work of overthrowing another state and destroying the individuals who are fighting on its behalf.

The two things are not easily reconciled. Even our pacifist friends can hardly claim to have overcome the difficulty. For while in the name of the ideal State they consistently refuse to fight for the actual State, they none the less accept quite contentedly the immense benefit of the protection which the actual State, by fighting, secures for them, and even pay the taxes which provide their defenders with arms. Indeed, I know of no form of conscientious objection or passive resistance which could free us from complicity in the deeds of the State to which we belong. Even the act of speaking the language of one's country involves us, when we come to think of it, in sharing the guilt, if it be a guilt, of the general proceedings which have made and are still keeping our nation what it is. There is no escape from these responsibilities for any of us. Pacifists and militarists alike, we are all tarred with the same brush — and the hand which wields the brush is not the ideal State of our philosophy but the actual State of our political allegiance. By these actual states the world of to-day will be justified; and by them it will be condemned.

What then is the true character of these states? There are two modes of arriving at the answer and it is highly important that they should be distinguished.

The first mode is to take one of the more advanced of them and consider its *internal* structure. It is this mode of studying the State which generally leads us to give it a good character. We see before us a public organization which, in spite of many blunderings and much waste of words, is obviously intent on the good of the community, promoting all kinds of arrangements for rendering people as happy and as wise as circumstances will permit. This State, we say, is both moral and intelligent, and on the whole seems to be growing more moral and more intelligent. It is guided by the ablest brains, and is not uninfluenced by noble ideals of humanity. Looked at in isolation, it stands for a splendid achievement, and though no such state has yet fulfilled the ideal of the philosopher, there is good reason to believe that the gulf has been bridged between the actual and the ideal; that, in short, we are on the right road. Seen from this angle of vision the particular State we are studying is an altogether admirable institution. It is the view on which the modern worship of the State stands founded. It comes to us in times of peace, permeates our political philosophy, and is the commonplace of young men's debating societies. No other view of the State has any currency in normal times.

But there is another mode of determining the character of the State, which yields a very different impres-

sion. Instead of looking at the single state in its *internal* structure we may look at the whole group of states in their *external* relations to one another. Here we are confronted with a scene of disorder, stupidity, and immorality which, if the actors in it were individual men instead of individual 'powers,' would at once be recognized as a scene in some asylum for criminal lunatics. 'The State,' say the philosophers, 'is a larger individual.' Very well then, let some dramatist 'stage' the international situation accordingly. Let these large individuals be personified and given names as though they were men: let them appear on the boards before the public eye, and then in dumb show let them faithfully enact the history of European international politics during the last fifty years; let them reveal by their actions and attitudes the absurd and childish misunderstandings, in all their protean imbecility, which have characterized that period, and let them end by dividing into two groups and proceeding to tear one another to pieces, as the States of Europe are now doing. What impression would the play make on any person in the theatre who happened to retain possession of his wits in presence of a spectacle so appalling? 'This,' he would unquestionably say, 'is Bedlam in dumb show.'

Belonging as I do to one of the more advanced states of the world, I am willing to concede to it all the good qualities which it can claim in virtue of its internal structure. I admit further my duty to serve it to the best of my ability. And I question nothing of what the philosophers say of the resulting benefit to me as a man — to wit, that this, my service of the State, makes me more of a man in every essential regard, that it enlarges my individuality and clothes me, according to my faithfulness, with the strength of the whole body politic and the wisdom of the common mind. But unfortunately that is not the end of the matter. This State to which I belong as a member is itself a member of a larger group. It is a state among states; so that I, in belonging to it, become involved in the affairs of the whole group to which *it* belongs. Here, the extension of my personality, the enrichment of my manhood, the enlargement of my reason, and so forth, which have gone on merrily enough while my relations to my own State were in question, come to a dead stop. From that point onward the process is reversed. To begin with, I become involved in all sorts of jealousies, misunderstandings, suspicions, and foolish antics, which if they took place between man and man would be disgraceful, if not idiotic. And finally, when the states begin to tear one another to pieces, I am made a party to ferocities of which the very brutes are incapable. In fact, all that has been said about the State being a better and wiser sort of individual vanishes when we come to consider the group which is formed by all the states and by their external relations to one another. All that my humanity has gained by having its place in the single community is not only lost but converted into its opposite by participation in the total chaos of international affairs.

So, then, I can share and indorse every argument which bids me honor the well-ordered State to which I happen to belong; I can extend a like respect to certain other states, as well ordered as my own; I can even understand the condition of mind which runs to state-worship when internal structure is alone in question; but as to worshiping the whole lot in their external relations to one another I would rather, to borrow Huxley's phrase, 'worship a wilderness of monkeys.' And yet the fact remains that, in spite of our reasonable contempt, in spite of the horror

with which human nature everywhere shrinks from the business in which it is perforce engaged, there is hardly a man or woman in Europe at the present hour who is not in some sense a party to the appalling antics of this 'wilderness.' It was well said the other day by a German prisoner (and better said by a German than by anybody else) to one of his captors, 'A spell has been cast over human nature. We are all mad together.'

The State of which philosophers discourse is essentially a pacific individual, who possesses arms, indeed, but is too much intent on the 'common good' to brandish them in anybody's face; is in fact somewhat ashamed of them as incompatible with its character of general benevolence. It represents the common will embodied to our imagination as a wise and fatherly governor, full of tender solicitude for his charges, attentive to our just demands, a *civil* personage, somewhat imperious perhaps, but gaining his ends by argument and reasonable entreaty. The war has suddenly revealed the actual states of the world in a very different character. It has shown us that in their relations to one another they are essentially *fighting units*. As fighting units they negotiate with one another. If a conference of the states of Europe were called to-morrow we should therefore wholly misconceive its character by picturing a group of benevolent frock-coated gentlemen at a round table. We should be nearer the truth if we were to think of a group of wild men armed to the teeth, whose mere proximity to one another, with nothing but the breadth of a table between them, would inevitably cause the shooting to begin. What would happen to a peace conference so constituted is well indicated by the remark which an Irishman once offered as a crowning argument in favor of Home Rule: 'When we get a United Ireland, and a Parliament of our own, begorra, we'll have a row!'

To this view of the matter the objection may be taken that it fails to discriminate between the different parts played by the various states involved in the complications of European diplomacy, and lays upon all the iniquity of one. There is truth in the objection, and as the partisan of my own country — not of that discredited abstraction called 'the State' — I would be the last to deny it. But the truth contained in the objection only enhances the tragedy — if the word tragedy can be given to iniquity so formless. As the states of the world have hitherto stood related to one another, it is enough that one of them goes mad to drag all the others down with itself into the abyss. If five peaceable states have in their midst a sixth state which chooses to arm itself to the teeth for aggression, — a design all the more promising in view of the peaceable intentions of its neighbors, — the five have no resource but to arm themselves in the same way, and when all the six are armed to the teeth together, a general mêlée becomes sooner or later inevitable, no matter what diplomacy may do to keep the peace.

This, you in America are beginning to find out. Your peaceable intentions are no safeguard to you, so long as the other states of the world maintain their character as fighting units. There is nothing analogous to this in the relations of individual men and women who are capable of reasonable intercourse with one another. Among the lowest savages, or among civilized men who have reverted to the savage state, some analogy might perhaps be found; but not in any group whose members are prepared to deal with one another as reasonable beings. Nothing confirms me more strongly in the belief that human nature, instead of being represented at its best in a world of state

relations, is not represented there at all, no, not to the extent of one grain of common sense. And it was in the world of state relations that the present war was born.

What then is to be done? It seems to me that the alternatives before us may be reduced to two which may be briefly described as more government and less government.

1. By 'more government' I refer to that whole class of proposals which aim at controlling the destinies of the nations by some kind of league, federation, or agreement which can enforce peace upon mankind, or at least regulate the occurrence of war, and can otherwise legislate for all matters in which the interests of 'all humanity' are supposed to be concerned. The states in short are to be brought together into some kind of unitary state.

Of this class of proposals I will only say that its success depends upon one condition. Before the states can effectually form such a corporation, they must divest themselves of their character as fighting units. A federation composed of fighting units cannot do otherwise than fight — and the proposal thus becomes a contradiction. It looks as if the proposal were involved in a circle. To divest themselves of their fighting character is the first object for which the states are to come together. And yet unless the states had already dropped their fighting character before they came together, it is doubtful if they would agree upon anything.

The character of the existing states as fighting units is overlooked in every argument in favor of International Federation which has so far come under my notice, and seems to me to destroy entirely the analogy on which these arguments are based. The question is usually raised in this form: since individuals have found a way of adjusting their disputes without fighting, by means of national law, why should not states do the same by means of international law? But the great difference is forgotten, that the individuals who settle their disputes in court *come into court unarmed.* If a court of the nations were formed to-morrow, every member composing it, judge, jury, counsel, plaintiff, and defendant, would have a loaded gun in his pocket. Every component state would be in a posture, more or less formidable, for resisting the findings of the court. And the idea that all the other members of the court would automatically combine to shoot down any dangerous member who threatened to draw his weapon, is a pure fiction of the imagination. Almost every question submitted to international jurisdiction would have a tendency to split the court into fairly even halves, just as happens in national party politics. The ordinary relations of majority and minority would indeed be repeated, but with this important difference — that both sections would be armed. And history does not suggest that armed minorities can be stopped from fighting by the fear of armed majorities — especially if the two happen to be nearly equal.

2. By 'less government' I refer to something which it is not easy to formulate into any kind of definite proposal. It is not negative, for it involves the tremendous effort required to turn one's back on the whole idolatrous state-worship, with its rites and mummeries, which has held possession of us for ages; the effort of resolutely refusing to interfere with matters which are beyond human control, but which at the same time our meddlesome habits of mind, encouraged by centuries of false philosophy, are constantly leading us to interfere with. I refer to the gradual abolition of the whole cumbrous machinery of Chancelleries, Foreign Offices, and ministries of all sorts

of things that cannot be ministered to, which in their joint action prevent the natural relations between man and man and produce that intolerable mess of stupidity known as international politics.

My own sympathies, I need hardly say, are with the second alternative, and I imagine it has more sympathizers than have yet made themselves heard. With human nature there is nothing fundamentally wrong, but with state nature there is something fundamentally wrong which can be better remedied, perhaps, by ending than by mending. At all events, whatever we may be thinking and planning at home, there are millions of men now at the war who will presently come back with the cobwebs shaken from their brains, and who will have something to say in these matters. What will they say? I think they will address themselves to all this array of gold-laced pretense and verbosity; and their words will be summed up in the ejaculation of the young officer, 'Oh, how I wish they would all shut up!'

EXILE AND POSTMAN

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

It used to make me homesick, in our little African clearing, to see the albino woman. She would move about among her brown companions like a flame — and her white body, that flickered in the sun and glimmered in the shade, used to knock at the door of nostalgia. Homesick people always long for a visit, and that albino was so white!

Once, to our neighborhood, where in those days white women did not come, there came a white woman. She did not lodge with us; she lodged with the white officer because she was an officer's wife. We used to wonder if she would call upon us. One of us had a pair of field-glasses, and we used to watch her little figure coming and going about the clearing on the government hill. When one day she was seen to come down into our valley by the zigzag trail, we thought we had a Visit. I cannot tell you how anxious we were, in that little bark house, to make a good appearance — or what fresh disposals were made, with our eyes upon that descent, of our properties. I do not wish to make you too sad, but that white woman did not visit us. She went away. She did not know about us, or about exiles — that they are always dreaming of a Visit.

It seems a hard thing, sometimes, when night closes the doors of all the little trails, that the day has passed without a visitor. It is true of exiles that they have the most unreasonable expectations of the sort, based perhaps upon the migrations of swallows, and not relinquished until the hour of dusk. Yes, then the little trails of the forest are perceived by the mind's eye — which like a cat's eyes sees them better for the dark — to wander away into an infinite distance and a solitude.

Dusk is altogether the most illuminating hour for the exile; he then knows

so exactly where he is; he has a perfectly visual sense of his surroundings. He sees where he is, but how came he to be there? The geography of his circumstance is plain, but not the logic. He who has no other companions than himself suspects this companion, in that hour of dusk, to be a fool. It must be a poor fool, he thinks, who has drifted into such a clearing by such a river!

The forest of the Cameroon is as good a place as any to be homesick; but I will not be saying that the members of my profession — and I am a missionary — are chronic sufferers. Missionaries are, in the main, gay, and for excellent reasons — some of them pagan reasons, for they are little brothers of Antæus; some of them Christian reasons, for they are of the company of successful fishermen. A fisherman with a good catch can defy even the dusk; his string of silver fish is a lantern to his feet.

No, if there were an altar and a service to placate nostalgia it would not be that fisherman who would most attend that service. The path to that altar would be worn brown by the feet of the trader. I think the trader is lonelier than the missionaries are; he is better versed in solitude. He goes into the forest with a backward look; he comes out of the forest sometimes with a secret and a stricken countenance. More than missionaries do, he does. More often than they, he builds out of his lonely horror and the license of solitude a perverse habitation for his soul. Sometimes — and this is very sad — he is afraid. He lingers and lingers on the margin of that green sea of forest.

'The heart,' say the Bulu, 'has gone to hide in the dark.' And this is a Bulu way of saying that the heart is not worn upon the sleeve. Well, upon the sleeve of the white-drill suits that beach-traders wear there is, I will agree, no device of hearts. But those lonely inland traders, — those that have traveled ten, twenty, thirty days from their kind, — what is that they sometimes seem to wear upon the sleeve of their singlets? And who cares where he wears his heart if there is never a white man's eye to fall upon it! In those little bark huts on the trading posts, where young white men pale with the passing hours, there comes to be a careless fashion in wear, whether of hearts or of collars. In the warm dusk of those little houses, where there is an earthen floor, where there are tin trade-boxes as bright as jockeys' jackets, where there are trade-cloths printed with violent designs, where there is salt fish and cheap scent and tobacco, — where all these desirable things may be had for ivory and rubber, — there the trader may wear his heart upon his sleeve without shame. None of those brilliant eyes, set in those dark faces, know a white man's heart when they see it. There in his hut is a monotony of brown bodies quick with vehement gestures; there is a tumult of controversy in a tongue he does not know. The sudden glitter of brass ornament is there and the glitter of brass spears. There are fantastic head-dresses studded with buttons and shells and beads, and scented with the odor of wood-fires. Between those brown bodies and the body of the white man lies the counter. More lies between them than this. There are between them such barriers that the white man is not more lonely when he is alone.

Yet how still it is of an idle day under the thatched leaves of that little house! The sun does its exaggerated violence to the yellow earth of the clearing; the forest hangs its arras over its secret. How far it is, in this place not named on the map, from Manchester! How, when the rain falls, it is other than rainfall on the Clyde! How the pale fruit that hangs high on the *ajap* tree is not like the apples that ripen in Wishaw!

Do not speak of apples! Nostalgia in

her cruel equipment carries a scented phantom apple.

At night there is about that young trader a trouble of drums that never rest. There is the sharp concerted cry of the dancers. There is the concerted wail for the dead. There is about him all the rhythmic beating of the mysterious life of his neighborhood, tormenting him where he lies under his mosquito net. For this he will rise and walk about, the ember of his pipe drifting back and forth in the dark, and his gramophone, roused by himself, making its limited obedient effort.

There is this about a gramophone: it is a thing that speaks the home tongue. I have seen him sitting under the eaves of his little hut, by his little table spread with a checkered cloth, his gramophone beside him, trying, with its tale of the old grouse gunroom, to divert that lonely meal. Now that I think of it, the gramophone is a kind of hero of my little piece — a kind of David with five tunes to do battle with nostalgia. Back in the tent broods Saul, and this poor patient David plays the endless round of five tunes. Until some day there is a javelin in the wall, and a proud black man goes away with a gramophone into the wilderness.

The night sky does more permanent ministry to the homesick, and of all the bright ministers the moon is the most effectual. It is the great reflector of lights; there it comes, swinging up its old path in the sky, and the fires of home are mirrored on its disk. You who read have spread your hands, in your hour of homesickness, to those phantom fires — and other hands are always spread. Some of us were sitting on our heels about a little flame in a new clearing; all of us were alien in that clearing; one of us was white. And the black women said to the white woman when the moonlight fell upon all those women faces, —

'The moon looks upon the villages and upon the home village. We black people, when we sit in the towns of strangers and the moon shines, we say, "Now by the light of this same moon the people at home dance to the drums!" However far we walk, we look upon the moon and we remember our friends at home.'

Upon another moonlight night, sitting in a forest camp with young black girls for companions, these sang for me a little set of songs — the songs, they told me, of the moon: —

'Ah, moné zip, alu a danéya! Ah, monê zip!'

This little refrain they sang, clapping their hands ever so lightly, and the meaning of the singing was a warning:

'Ah, little gazelle, the night has deepened! Ah, little gazelle!'

It was a song of the moon, a song for wanderers. And the moon on that remembered night, dragging its net of broken silver cords in among the trees of the forest, caught everywhere the wandering hearts and drew them back on the little rough trails to the home fires. Every night that is a moonlight night there is the casting of that silver net upon far rivers and forests deeper than rivers — wherever aliens make a bed of leaves or sleep on a canvas cot.

On such a night, and caught in such a net, I have met the postman. Yes, on just such a night, when the world appeared as it hangs in space, a crystal globe, and when so observed from a little clearing in an African forest, it was seen to be charted for voyagers, and all its little paths ran readily about the globe to that gilt side which is home. On such a night, and upon such a path, I met the postman.

To hang upon a little wicket gate under the moon at the end of a moon-filled clearing in a breach of the forest, — to see the black body of the postman suddenly darken the checkered light

upon the path from the west, — how to speak of this adventure with moderation! How to speak of postmen at all with moderation! And of those postmen who thread the lonely forests of the world, their loads upon their backs, their rations of salt fish on top of their loads; how to recall their aspects, their monthly or bi-monthly or semi-annual arrivals, the priceless treasures they carry! how speak of these things to men and women who have never followed the little gazelle into those forests where the night has deepened; who have never felt the divinity in postmen!

Imagine that there is a people in this world who let a postman walk up the path unattended, and who wait until he knocks on the door! Who do not shout to their neighbors when they receive a letter, and who receive one every day! These items alone prove the truth of the Bulu proverb that there are tribes and tribes, and customs and customs.

And I will agree that there are, even on the trails of the wilderness, postmen and postmen. There are even, though I hate to dwell upon it, postmen whom I do not trust. Not all postmen have wings upon their heels. The ideal postman does of course fly. He is like

> The bird let loose in eastern skies
> When hastening fondly home.

He avoids idle wanderers. But they do not all do so. I remember to have been wakened one night in a village by the gossip of two old headmen. They had met before my tent; there in the moonlight they chatted together. All the little life of the village was sleeping; the two old men alone were abroad. They were about the business of the post. It is a pioneer custom in Africa, east and west, that the white man's local letter is franked from town to town. The black man to whom the white man gives his letter carries it to the headman of the next settlement, who carries it in turn to his brother headman down the trail; and so from hand to hand, by day and by night, with a glance from any passing white man, the letter goes forward. Such a letter — carried as the custom is, in a split rod from which there hung, like a flag, a bit of turkey red — changed hands that night before my tent. And now I write it in a white man's book that the postmen loitered.

To stand and chat there in the moonlight with the exile's letter in your hands — how could you do that, you two old heartless headmen? I watched you from my little green tent. It is remembered of you that you so delayed, while in some lonely hamlet under that same moon a white man sickened for a letter. And when one gave the forked stick to the other, it was then too late. If indeed, as you would say, you spoke no more than five words of gossip one to the other, those words were five too many. It is remembered of you, and a thousand nights since when I have waited for the mail, if it were a moonlight night, I have told myself with an extreme self-pity and a bitterness, 'The carrier is gossiping in some clearing.' I have seen in my heart that man with the load of mail upon his back, standing for hours by a friend of his, laughing and asking news one of the other. This conjured vision of two black men holding up the mail is the sad issue of an imagination infected beyond cleansing. You see, *I saw them do it.*

Some postmen have come in late because their feet were sore. And some, in passing through their home town, have permitted themselves an illness or a marriage. Some have waited, with the mail in their loads, to bury the dead. Such a postman, so given to misadventures and clumsy ill-timed tragedies, was once late to the tune of eleven days. Who remembers what delayed him or what exquisite reasons he gave? And who of us in that little clearing forgets the long hours of that year of days?

Another postman, of an extreme beauty and an extreme speed, arrived before his time. There was a shouting when he came. All the inhabitants of that little settlement of white men called to each other; the four or five of them filled a room of a bark house — those white faces that were growing daily like the face of the Asra, 'bleich und bleicher,' were all lit by the flame of the mail. In all that little commonwealth, with its pioneer trades and its pioneer gardens and its pioneer hospital and school and church — in all that settlement all the busy crude wheels of industry slackened and stood still while the white men opened the load of the mail.

'Now they will be reading the *books* from home!'

And of Ebengé, that young carrier, it is still remembered that he arrived before he was due. 'Ah, Ebengé,' you still say to him from time to time, 'that was a fine walking you walked that walk so long ago when you slept but three nights with the mail!'

Another postman, never to be forgotten by those exiles whom he served, never came at all. This was a boy, too young, you would think, for his great office. The letters in his little pack were from husbands to wives, and they must travel a hundred miles of forest-trail in time of war. Not twenty miles they traveled when the postman, surrounded by black soldiers, was called to deliver. He did not deliver. He could not give the white man's letters to another hand. He said, No, he could not. And for this they killed him. That young body tarried forever upon the trail, witnessing in that interminable delay — as Ebengé had witnessed in his swift coming — to the sacred element in the mail.

Here is the king's touch for the king's evil — the hand of the postman dropping a letter. For this the victims of nostalgia do long service. For this they scribble, in their lonely and various dwellings, their letters. There is a night, in those alien settlements all about the world, that is unlike other nights. It is the night before the mail is closed. The lamp is full of oil that night, and the cup of coffee is at the elbow. On and on, while the stars march, the white man's hand runs upon the page. In villages where there are no street lamps, the white man's window is a lamp all night of the night before the mail. From steamers that are tied to trees among the rushes, in rivers that you do not know, the officer on watch may look all night through such a window at such a man writing, writing a long, long letter — the beating heart of man, articulate in all that heartless darkness.

How quick a seed, you would say, the seed in such a letter! How such a letter must bear, some sixty-, some an hundred-fold! Yet myself I saw this: I saw the harbor-master of Kabinda, a settlement of white men on the west coast of Africa, come aboard the monthly steamer to get the mail. He was an old Portuguese, coffee-colored in his gray linen suit. A long time he had been harbor-master, and many times he had taken the brown bag of mail ashore. This day, when he lifted his bag, he 'hefted' it: the lightness of it in his hand made him smile. Some irony that was the fruit of his long experience of exiles and their letters made that old indifferent man curl the lip. I think that in Kabinda that night there went white men hungry to bed. I would not like to live in Kabinda, where the postman is so old and so wise. These white postmen know too much; they can count more than ten. And other things they know: they know a thing too sad to tell. Better Ebengé, who ran so swiftly with his load, or little Esam, who thought that for a load of letters some would even dare to die.

THE POMEROON TRAIL

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

RAM NARINE gave a party. It was already a thing of three months past, and it had been an extremely small party, and Ram Narine was only a very unimportant coolie on the plantation of the Golden Fleece. But, like many things small in themselves, this party had far-flung effects, and finally certain of these reached out and touched me. So far as I was concerned the party was a blessing. Because of it I was to travel the Pomeroon Trail. But it befell otherwise with Ram Narine.

It was, as I have said, a small party. Only two friends had been invited, and Ram and his companions had made very merry over a cooked cock-fowl and two bottles of rum. In the course of the night there was a fracas, and the face of one of Ram's friends had been somewhat disfigured, with a thick club and a bit of rock. He spent two months in the hospital, and eventually recovered. His injuries did not affect his speech, but, coolie-like, he would give little information as to his assailant.

And now the majesty of the law was about to inquire into this matter of Ram's party, and to sift to the uttermost the mystery which concerned the cooked cock-fowl and the rum, and the possibilities for evil which accrued to the sinister club and the bit of rock. I was invited to go, with my friends the Lawyer and the Judge, and our route lay from Georgetown westward, athwart two mighty Guiana rivers.

My mission to British Guiana was to find some suitable place to establish a Tropical Research Station, where three of us, a Wasp Man, an Embryo Man, and a Bird Man, all Americans, all enthusiastic, might learn at first-hand of the ways and lives of the wilderness creatures.

After seven years of travel and bird-study in far distant countries, I had turned again to Guiana, the memory of whose jungles had never left me. In New York I had persuaded the powers of the Zoölogical Society that here lay a new, a worthy field of endeavor, hidden among the maze of water-trails, deep in the heart of the forests. For these were forests whose treasury of bird and beast and insect secrets had been only skimmed by collectors. The spoils had been carried to northern museums, where they were made available for human conversation and writing by the conferring of names by twentieth-century Adams. We had learned much besides from these specimens, and they had delighted the hearts of multitudes who would never have an opportunity to hear the evening cadence of the six-o'clock bee or the morning chorus of the howling monkeys.

But just as a single photograph reveals little of the inception, movement, and dénouement of an entire moving-picture reel, so an isolated dead bird can present only the static condition of the plumage, molt, and dimensions at the instant before death. I am no nature sentimentalist, and in spite of moments of weakness, I will without hesitation shoot a bird as she sits upon her eggs, if I can thereby acquire desired

information. But whenever possible, I prefer, for my own sake as well as hers, to prolong my observations, and thus acquire merit in the eyes of my fellow scientists and of Buddha.

I hoped the Pomeroon might prove such a desirable region, and fulfill my requirements to the extent that I might call it home for a season. So I accepted the invitation with a double pleasure, for I already knew what excellent company were friends Lawyer and Judge. As a site for my researches the Pomeroon failed; as an experience filled to the brim with interest and enjoyment, my visit left nothing to be desired.

Besides, I met Ram.

The big yellow kiskadees woke me at daybreak; my bedroom wren sang his heart out as I splashed in my shower; and before breakfast was over I heard the honking of my host's car. We glided over the rich red streets in the cool of early morning, past the thronged and already odoriferous market, and on to the tiny river ferry.

This was on a Monday, but Ram Narine was to have yet another day of grace, by a twist in the nexus of circumstance which envelops all of us. The Lawyer's orderly had failed to notify his cabman that the Georgetown steamer left at six-fifty instead of seven. So when we finally left the stelling, with a host of twittering martins about us, it was with sorrowful faces. Not only were the master's wig and gown missing, besides other articles less necessary from a legal point of view, but the ham for luncheon was lacking. The higher law of compensation now became active, and the day of postponement gave me the sight of the Pomeroon Trail. This delay solved the matter of the wig and gown, and the ham was replaced by a curry equal to a Calcutta cook's best. This was served in the Colony House at the village, where one ate and slept in full enjoyment of the cool trade-wind which blew in from the clear stretch of the Atlantic. And here one sat and read or listened to the droning of the witnesses in the petty cases held by the local magistrate in the court-room below stairs.

I chose to do none of these things, but walked to the sandy beach and along it in the direction of the distant Spanish Main. It was a barren beach, judged by the salvage of most beaches; few shells, little seaweed, and the white sand alternating with stretches of brown mud. I walked until I came to a promontory and, amid splashing muddy waves, climbed out and perched where I ever love to be — on the outermost isolated pile of an old wharf. Scores of years must have passed since it was in use, and I tried to imagine what things had come and gone over it. Those were the days of the great Dutch sugar-plantations, when plantations were like small kingdoms, with crowds of slaves, and when the rich amber crystals resembled gold-dust in more than appearance. What bales of wondrous Dutch lace and furniture and goodies were unloaded from the old high-pooped sailing ships, and what frills and flounces fluttered in this same trade-wind, what time the master's daughter set forth upon her first visit to the Netherlands! Now, a few rotted piles and rows of precise, flat Dutch bricks along the foreshore were all that was left of such memories. Inland, the wattled huts of the negroes had outlasted the great manor-houses.

Out at sea there was no change. The same muddy waves rose but never broke; the same tidal current swirled and eddied downstream. And now my mind became centred on passing débris, and in a few minutes I realized that, whatever changes had ruffled or passed over this coastal region of Guiana, the source of the muddy waters up country was as untouched now as

when Amerigo Vespucci sailed along this coast some four hundred and seventeen years past. I forgot the shore with its memories and its present lush growth and heat. For in the eddies of the wharf piles swirled strange things from the inland bush. First a patch of coarse grass, sailing out to sea, upright and slowly circling. On the stems I could distinguish unwilling travelers — crickets, spiders, and lesser wingless fry. Half-hollow logs drifted past, some deep and water-soaked, others floating high, with their upper parts quite dry. On such a one I saw a small green snake coiled as high as possible, and, serpent-like, waiting quietly for what fate should bring.

And now came an extraordinary sight — another serpent, a huge one, a great water-constrictor long dead, entangled in some brush, half caught firm and half dangling in the water. Attending were two vultures, ravenous and ready to risk anything for a meal. And they were risking a good deal, for each time they alighted, the brush and snake began to sink and allowed them time for only one or two frantic pecks before they were in water up to their bodies. They then had laboriously to take to flight, beating the water for the first few strokes. For several minutes one loop of the snake became entangled about a sunken pile, and now the scavengers boldly perched in the shallow water and fairly ducked their heads at each beakful. Next came a white ants' nest on a lichened trunk, with a multitude of the owners rushing frantically about, scores of them overrunning the confines of their small cosmos, to the great profit and delectation of a school of little fish which swam in the wake.

Most pitiful of all was a tiny opossum, with a single young one clinging tightly about her neck, which approached as I was about to leave. She was marooned on a hollow log which revolved in an arc while it drifted. As it turned, the little mother climbed, creeping first upward, then turning and clambering back, keeping thus ever on the summit. The tail of the baby was coiled about her mouth, and he was clinging with all his strength. It was a brave fight and well deserved success. No boat was in sight, so I could not hesitate, but, pulling off my shoes, I waded out as far as I could. At first I thought I must miss it, for I could not go in to my neck even for an opossum. But the wind helped; one or two heavy waves lapped conveniently against the sodden bark, and I succeeded in seizing the stub. As I reached for the little creature, the young opossum gave up and slipped into the water, and a ripple showed where a watchful fish had snapped it up. But I got hold of the mother's tail, and despite a weak hiss and a perfunctory showing of teeth, I lifted her and waded ashore. The last view I had, showed her crawling feebly but steadily along a branch into the heart of a dense thicket.

I climbed back to my outpost and dried my clothes in the sun, meditating on the curious psychology of a human which wanted opossums and which would unhesitatingly sacrifice a score of opossums for a real scientific need, and yet would put itself to much discomfort to save a single one from going out to sea. Sentimental weakness is an inexplicable thing, and I finally made up my mind — as I always do — not to yield again to its promptings. In fact, I half turned to go in search of my specimen — and then did n't.

The tide had reached full ebb and the sun was low when I started back, and now I found a new beach many feet farther out and down. Still no shells, but a wonderful assortment of substitutes in the shape of a host of nuts and seeds — flotsam and jetsam from far up-river, like the snake and ants and

opossum. There were spheres and kidney-shapes, half-circles and crescents, heads of little old men and pods like scimitars, and others like boomerangs. Some were dull, others polished and varnished. They were red and green, brown and pink and mauve, and a few gorgeous ones shaded from salmon into the most brilliant orange and yellow. Most were as lifeless in appearance as empty shells, but there were many with the tiny root and natal leaves sprouting hopefully through a chink. And just to be consistent, I chose one out of the many thousands piled in windrows and carried it high up on the shore, where I carefully planted it. It was unknown to me at the time, but later I knew that I had started one of the greatest of the jungle trees on its way to success.

Ahead of me two boys dashed out of the underbrush and rushed into the waves. After swimming a few strokes they reached a great log and, heading it inward, swam it ashore and tied a rope to it. Here was a profession which appealed to me, and which indeed I had already entered upon, although the copper-skinned coolie boys did not recognize me as one of their guild. And small blame to them, for I was an idler who had labored and salvaged a perfectly good opossum and the scion of a mighty *mora* for naught. Here I was, no richer for my walk, and with only damp clothing to show for my pains. Yet we grinned cheerfully at each other as I went by, and they patted their log affectionately as they moored it fast.

Dusk was not far away when I reached Colony House and the Lawyer and I fared forth to seek a suit of pajamas. For the orderly had with him both luxuries and necessities, and so we went shopping. I may say at once that we failed completely in our quest, but, as is usually the case in the tropics, we were abundantly compensated.

We visited emporiums to the number of three, — all that the village could boast, — and the stare of the three Chinawomen was uniformly blank. They could be made in three days, or one could send to Georgetown for most excellent ones; we could not make clear the pressure of our need. The Lawyer grumbled, but the afterglow was too marvelous for anything to matter for long. Indeed, things — wonderful and strange, pathetic and amusing — were so numerous and so needful of all our faculties, that at one time my mind blurred like an over-talked telephone wire. My enthusiasm bubbled over and the good-natured Lawyer enjoyed them as I did.

Here were two among the many. There was the matter of the poor coolie woman who had injured a leg and who, misunderstanding some hastily given order, had left the hospital and was attempting to creep homeward, using hands and arms for crutches. Her husband was very small and very patient and he had not the strength to help her, although now and then he made an awkward attempt. While we sent for help, I asked questions, and in half-broken English I found that they lived six miles away. I had passed them early in the afternoon on the way to the beach, and in the intervening four hours they had progressed just about two hundred feet! This was patience with a vengeance, and worthy of compute. So, astronomer-like, I took notebook and pencil and began to estimate the time of their orbit. It was not an easy matter, for mathematics is to me the least of earth's mercies — and besides, I was not certain how many feet there were in a mile. By saying it over rapidly I at last convinced myself that it was 'fivethousantwohunderaneighty.'

I gasped when I finished, and repeated my questions. And again came the answers: 'Yes, sahib, we go home. Yes,

sahib, we live Aurora. Yes, sahib, we go like this ver' slow. No, sahib, have no food.' And as he said the last sentence, a few drops of rain fell and he instantly spread his body-cloth out and held it over the sick woman. My mind instinctively went back to the mother opossum and her young. The coolie-woman ceaselessly murmured in her native tongue and looked steadily ahead with patient eyes. Always she fumbled with her dusty fingers for a spot to grip and shuffle ahead a few inches.

Two hundred feet in four hours! And six full miles to the coolie quarters! This was on the fourteenth of a month. If my calculation was correct they would reach home on the tenth of the following month, in three weeks and five days. Truly oriental, if not, indeed, elemental patience! This planet-like journey was deviated from its path by a hospital stretcher and a swift return over the four-hour course, although this cosmic disturbance aroused comment from neither the man nor his wife. I checked off another helpless being salvaged from the stream of ignorance.

From serio-comic tragedy the village street led us to pure comedy. At the roadside we discovered a tiny white flag, and beneath it a bit of worn and grimy cloth stretched between a frame of wood. This was a poster announcing the impending performance of one 'Profesor Rabintrajore,' who, the painfully inked-in printing went on to relate, 'craled from ankoffs' and 'esskaped from cofens,' and, besides, dealt with 'spirits INvisibal.' The professor's system of spelling would have warmed the heart of our modern schoolteachers, but his séances did not seem to be tempting many shekels from the pockets of coolie spiritualists.

After tea at the Colony House, I leaned out of my window and watched the moonlight gather power and slowly usurp the place of the sun. Then, like the succession of light, there followed sound: the last sleepy twitter came from the martin's nest under the eaves, and was sustained and deepened until it changed to the reverberating bass rumble of a great nocturnal frog.

In the moonlight the road lay white, though, I knew, in the warm sun it was a rich, foxy red. It vanished beyond some huts, and I wondered whither it went and remembered that to-morrow I should learn for certain. Then a ghostly goatsucker called eerily, 'Who-are-you?' and the next sound for me was the summons to early coffee.

During the morning the missing orderly arrived, and with him the wig and gown and the ham. And now the matter of Ram Narine became pressing, and my friends Lawyer and Judge became less human and increasingly legal. I attended court and was accorded the honor of a chair between a bewigged official and the Inspector of Police, the latter resplendent in starched duck, gold lace, spiked helmet, and sword. Being a mere scientist and wholly ignorant of legal matters, I am quite like my fellow human beings and associate fear with my ignorance. So under the curious eyes of the black and Indian witnesses and other attendants, I had all the weaving little spinal thrills which one must experience on being, or being about to be, a criminal. There was I betwixt law and police, and quite ready to believe that I had committed something or other, with malicious or related intent.

But my thoughts were soon given another turn as a loud rapping summoned us to our feet at the entrance of the Judge. A few minutes before, we had been joking together and companionably messing our fingers with oranges upstairs. Now I gazed in awe at this impassive being in wig and scarlet vestments, whose mere entrance had brought us to our feet as if by religious

or royal command. I shuddered at my memory of intimacies, and felt quite certain we could never again sit down at table as equals. When we had resumed our seats there was a stir at the opposite end of the courtroom, and a half-dozen gigantic black policemen entered, and with them a little, calm-faced, womanly man — Ram Narine, the wielder of the club and the rock. He ascended to the fenced-in prisoners' dock, looking, amid all his superstrong barriers to freedom, ridiculously small and inoffensive, like a very small puppy tethered with a cable. He gazed quietly down at the various ominous exhibits. A and B were the club and the rock, with their glued labels reminding one of museum specimens. Exhibit C was a rum-bottle — an empty one. Perhaps if it had been full, some flash of interest might have crossed Ram's face. Then weighty legal phrases and accusations passed, and the Judge's voice was raised, sonorous and impressive, and I felt that nothing but memory remained of that jovial personality which I had known so recently.

The proceeding which impressed me most was the uncanny skill of the official interpreter, who seemed almost to anticipate the words of the Judge or the Clerk. And, too, he gestured and shook his finger at the prisoner at the appropriate places, though he had his back fairly to the Judge and so could have had none but verbal clues. Ram Narine, it seems, was indicted on four counts, among which I could distinguish only that he was accused of maltreating his friend with intent to kill, and this in soft Hindustani tones he gently denied. Finally, that he had at least done the damage to his friend's face and very nearly killed him. To this he acquiesced, and the Court, as the Judge called himself, would now proceed to pass sentence. I was relieved to hear him thus rename himself, for it seemed as if he too realized his changed personality.

And now the flow of legal reiteration and alliteration ceased for a moment, and I listened to the buzzing of a *marabunta* wasp and the warbling of a blue tanager among the fronds. For a moment, in the warm sunshine, the hot, woolly wigs and the starched coats and the shining scabbard seemed out of place. One felt all the discomfort of the tight boots and stiff collars, and a glance at Ram Narine showed his slim figure clothed in the looped, soft linen of his race. And he seemed the only wholly normal tropic thing there — he and the wasp and the tanager and the drooping motionless palm shading the window. In comparison, all else seemed almost Arctic, unacclimatized.

Then the deep tones of the Court rose, and in more simple verbiage, — almost crude and quite unlegal to my ears, — we heard Ram Narine sentenced to twelve months hard labor. And the final words of the interpreter left Ram's face as unconcerned and emotionless as that of the Buddhas in the Burmese pagodas. And the simile recurred again and again after it was all over. So Ram and I parted, to meet again a few weeks later under strangely different conditions.

Robes and wigs and other legal properties were thrown aside, and once more we were all genial friends in the little automobile, with no trace of the terribly formal side of justice and right. The red Pomeroon road slipped past, and I, for one, wished for a dozen eyes and a score of memories to record the unrolling of that road. It was baffling in its interest.

The first ten or twenty miles consisted of huge sugar estates, recently awakened to feverish activity by the war prices of this commodity. Golden Fleece, Taymouth Manor, Capoey, More Success, Anna Regina, Hampton

Court — all old names long famous in the history of the colony. In many other districts the Dutch have left not only a heritage of names, such as Vreeden-Hoop and Kyk-over-al, but the memory of a grim sense of humor, as in the case of three estates lying one beyond the other, which the owners named in turn, Trouble, More Trouble, and Most Trouble. Unlike our southern plantations, the workers' quarters are along the road, with the big house of the manager well back, often quite concealed. The coolies usually live in long, communal, barrack-like structures, the negroes in half-open huts.

This first part of the Pomeroon road was one long ribbon of variegated color. Hundreds of tiny huts, with picturesque groups of coolies and negroes and a smaller number of Chinese, all the huts dilapidated, some leaning over, others so perforated that they looked like the photographs of European farmhouses after being shelled. Patched, propped up, tied together, it was difficult to believe that they were habitable. All were embowered in masses of color and shadowed by the graceful curves of cocoanut palms and bananas. The sheets of bougainvillea blossoms, of yellow allamandas and white frangipani, the temple flowers of the East, brought joy to the eye and the nostril; the scarlet lilies growing rank as weeds — all these emphasized the ruinous character of the huts. Along the front ran a trench, doubling all the glorious color in reflection, except where it was filled with lotus blossoms and Victoria Regia.

As we passed swiftly, the natives rushed out on the shaky board-and-log bridges, staring in wonder, the women with babies astride of their hips, the copper-skinned children now and then tumbling into the water in their excitement. The yellows and reds and greens of the coolies added another color-note. Everything seemed a riot of brilliant pigment. Against the blue sky great orange-headed vultures balanced and volplaned; yellow-gold kiskadees shrieked blatantly, and, silhouetted against the green fronds, smote both eye and ear.

We were among the first to pass the road in an automobile. Awkward, big-wheeled carts, drawn by the tiniest of burros and heaped high with wood, were the only other vehicles. For the rest, the road was a Noah's Ark, studded with all the domestic animals of the world: pigs, calves, horses, burros, sheep, turkeys, chickens, and hordes of gaunt, pariah curs. Drive as carefully as we might, we left behind a succession of defunct dogs and fowls. For the other species, especially those of respectable size, we slowed down, more for our sake than theirs. Calves were the least intelligent, and would run ahead of us, gazing fearfully back, first over one, then the other shoulder, until from fatigue they leaped into the wayside ditch. The natives themselves barely moved aside, and why we did not topple over more of the great head-carried loads I do not know. We left behind us a world of scared coolies and gaping children.

The road was excellent, but it twisted and turned bewilderingly. It was always the same rich red hue — made of earth-clinker burned under sods. Preparing this seemed a frequent occupation of the natives, and the wood piles on the carts melted away in the charcoal-like fires of these subterranean furnaces. Here and there tiny red flags fluttered from tall bamboo poles, reminiscent of the evil-spirit flags in India and Burma. But with the transportation across the sea of these oriental customs certain improvements had entered in, — adaptations to the gods of ill of this new world. So the huts in course of alteration, and the new ones being erected, were guarded, not only

by the fluttering and the color, but by a weird little figure of a dragon demon himself drawn on the cloth, a quite unoriental visualizing of the dreaded one.

As we flew along, we gradually left the villages of huts behind. Single thatched houses were separated by expanses of rice-fields, green rectangles framed in sepia mud walls, picked out here and there by intensely white and intensely Japanesque egrets. Great black muscovy ducks spattered up from amber pools, and tri-colored herons stood like detached shadows of birds, mere cardboard figures, so attenuated that they appeared to exist in only two planes of space.

The rice-fields gave place to pastures and these to marshes; thin lines of grass trisected the red road — the first hint of the passing of the road and the coming of the trail. Rough places became more frequent. Then came shrub, and an occasional branch whipped our faces. Black cuckoos or old witch-birds flew up like disheveled grackles; cotton-birds flashed by, and black-throated orioles glowed among the foliage. Carrion crows and laughing falcons watched us from nearby perches, and our chauffeur went into second gear.

Now and then some strange human being passed, — man or woman, we could hardly tell which, — clad in rags which flapped in the breeze, long hair waving, leaning unsteadily on a staff, like a perambulating scarecrow. The eyes, fixed ahead, were fastened on things other than those of this world, so detached that their first sight of an automobile aroused them not at all. The gulf between the thoughts of these creatures and the world to-day was too deep to be bridged by any transient curiosity or fear. They trudged onward without a glance, and we steered aside to let them pass.

The grass between the ruts now brushed the body of the car; even the wild people passed no more, and the huts vanished utterly. Forest palms appeared, then taller brush, and trees in the distance. Finally, the last three miles became a scar through the heart of the primeval jungle, open under the lofty sky of foliage, the great buttresses of the trunks exposed for the first time to the full glare of day. The trail was raw with all the snags and concealed roots with which the jungle likes to block entrance to its privacy; and, rocking and pitching like a ship in the waves, we drew up to a wood-pile directly in our path. Standing up in our seats, we could see, just beyond it, the dark flood of the Pomeroon surging slowly down to the sea. Seven years ago I had passed this way *en route* from Morawhanna, paddled by six Indians. *Maintenant ce n'est qu'une mémoire.*

For centuries the woodskins of the Indians had passed up and down and left no trace. Only by this tidal road could one reach the mouth of tributaries. And now the sacred isolation of this great tropical river was forever gone. The tiny scar along which we had bumped marked the permanent coming of man. And his grip would never relax. Already capillaries were spreading through the wilderness tissues. Across the river from our wood-pile were two tiny Portuguese houses— those petty pioneers of to-day whose forefathers were world-wide explorers. Around us, scarcely separable from the bush, was the coffee plantation of one Señor Serrao. He and his mother greeted us, and with beaming courtesy we were led to their wattled hut, where a timid sister gave us grape-fruit. I talked with him of his work and of the passing of the animals of the surrounding forest. Tapirs were still common, and the wild pigs and deer waged war on his vegetables. Then a swirl drew our eyes to the brown flood and he said, 'Perai.'

And this was the end of the tropical trail which had started out as a road, with its beginning, for me, in the matter of Ram Narine. Along its route we had passed civilization as men know it here, and seen it gradually fray out into single aged outcasts, brooding on thoughts rooted and hidden in the mystery of the Far East. From the water and the jungle the trail had vouchsafed us glimpses and whispers of the wild creatures of this great continent, of the web of whose lives we hoped to unravel a few strands. The end of the trail was barred with the closed toll-gate of memory.

MAUNA LOA, 1916

BY C. H. BONESTEEL

I WAS on my return to Hilo from an inspection trip to Kohala. It had been a hard ride over the mountains that morning, raining hard most of the twenty-five miles, and the wind blowing a regular gale. As I drew up in front of the little hotel in Waimea to fill my faithful steed with the necessary gasoline and water, and also to pick up my sergeant instructor, whom I had left there on my way over to the north coast, a crowd of people were talking excitedly, and I concluded that something out of the ordinary was up. I was right, for one of the crowd came over and said, 'Mauna Loa's in eruption.' The expected had happened, and Pele [1] was once again on the rampage. In answer to my question as to the location of the flow, each had a different story to tell. One, that the flow had already come down from the mountainside and crossed the government road near Kailua, North Kona. Another, that the flow was farther south, and was nearing Honomalino, South Kona. Another, that both these were wrong, and the flow would cross the road somewhere near Waiahinu, Kau.

I concluded that nobody knew much about it, and that the best thing to be done, if I wanted to see the flow, was to open the throttle and make for Hilo, sixty-five miles away. Once there, I expected to get something definite; so off we started. The less said about this part of the trip, the better; but at four o'clock I drew up at my house in Hilo, having come the sixty-five miles in about four and a half hours. That does not sound like speeding, does it? But try to travel stretches of that road between Honokaa and Laupahoehoe, where five miles an hour is fast time, and you will change your opinion.

On our arrival at Hilo, we found a deserted town — few people on the streets, and hardly an automobile. It took only a few moments to realize that Hilo *en masse* had gone to pay a call on the Goddess Pele. I had thought the reports at Waimea a little inaccurate, but they were nothing to the rumors circulating in Hilo. It would seem that the whole island was being covered

[1] The Hawaiian Goddess of Fire. According to legend she was residing in Halemaumau, the fire-pit of Kilauea volcano. — THE AUTHOR.

with lava. I decided at once that, if I wanted to know anything definite, I had better get started and see for myself.

My steed by this time had worn herself rather thin, especially as regards tires, so I made arrangements to go with three of my Hilo friends who were just starting out. This arrangement precluded taking my family, and you may be sure I got no royal send-off. It did seem a shame that they could not go too; but there was not an automobile to be found, as all the garages had closed up, and Hilo itself had shut up shop as soon as the news of the outbreak arrived. I finally compromised by arguing that the trip might be dangerous at night, and by promising to be back early the next morning (about one hundred and eighty miles to do in the meantime).

At a quarter to five I was off again. As long as I live I shall never forget the ride of that afternoon and night. We were among the late starters, and, as you may imagine, that only stimulated our desire to get — I was going to say 'there,' but as yet we did n't know where 'there' was. We were only 'on the way.' We all speak of that night as the 'Rush.' Those people, fortunate or unfortunate, who have gone through a gold rush or a land-settlement rush, will have a good idea of it. Every kind of automobile, big and little, old and new, was going or trying to go — somewhere. And each driver apparently thought his life depended upon passing the car that happened at that moment to be in front. Providence must have had an eye on Hawaii that night. A narrow country road, speeding automobiles, and no fatal accidents, do not often go together. It was a night to remember.

On we flew. Past Olaa, the ten-mile-long sugar-plantation. Then to the first steep rise at Mountain View. Next, Glenwood, the terminus of the railroad, slid past. We were now climbing in earnest, and soon the glow of Kilauea, our well-behaved volcano, came in sight. The lava must have been boiling merrily, for the glow from Halemaumau seemed to have an added brilliance. As we were not seeking any tame or domesticated volcanoes that night, we gave Kilauea only a hurried and very disrespectful glance.

On the rise just before reaching Kilauea, we got our first view of what we were seeking, the glare from the new outbreak, high up on the slope of old Mauna Loa. It was an awesome sight. Far to the southwest, the entire heavens were illuminated with a brilliant, fiery-red glow. Now we felt sure that we should soon see a real lava flow, so on we dashed, leaving Kilauea and her house of everlasting fire behind. From this time on, we had the wonderful sight of the glare from two active craters — Kilauea behind us, the outbreak from Mauna Loa in front.

Next, we came to Pahala, but with that terrible and beautiful spectacle in the sky to draw us on, we made no stop. On through Honuapo, until finally we had to stop at Waiahinu to give our panting steed a drink. Here it was that we met the first of those who had returned from the front. The news was disappointing, for we heard that no lava could be seen, but only that terrific glare in the sky. There was a rumor, however, that a flow was somewhere near Honomalino, but that one could not get to it through the forest. Not having been to the front, we of course knew a lot better than those who had, and said to ourselves that surely we would see something worth while.

So once more we headed our car toward the glow, and on the top of the great hill to the west of Waiahinu, we got our first real view of that glow, miles above us, high up on the slopes of

Mauna Loa. Oh! the thrill of it, and deep down in the heart of each one of us, the reverence for nature's forces! About seven miles from Waiahinu we came to the Kuhuku Ranch Gate, and here we found Hilo, or at least most of the inhabitants of that deserted town. Here were about one hundred automobiles — some stationary, some wanting to go on, while others wanted to go back. The road is rather narrow at this point, and is built over an old lava flow, so you may imagine that there was some confusion. Hawaiian policemen from Hilo were working to straighten out traffic, and to get some semblance of order.

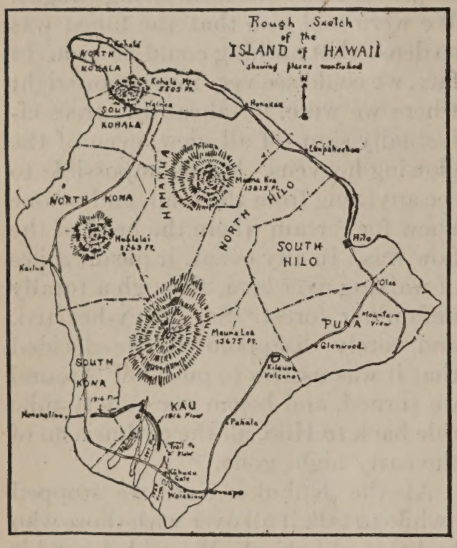
As we came up, right in the midst of it all was an excited Japanese, half-standing in his Ford. The car was moving forward and backward about ten feet each way, and the man all the time yelling like a Comanche Indian. He was not the only one, either, who had apparently lost his head for the time being that night. Having a friend at court, in this instance in the person of a policeman, we managed with some backing and filling, and much time lost, to break through and resume our dash Kona-ward.

We were now passing through the Kau Desert. Here, for centuries, flow after flow of molten rock had poured down the slope of Mauna Loa, each making its way to the sea, and leaving behind a country the most desolate, fantastic, and weird that can be imagined. For miles the road traverses a land of desolation and destruction. Nowhere have I seen such land. Nothing but masses of lava, for the most part 'a-a,' as the Hawaiians call it, consisting of rough, individual, scoriaceous pieces which look like slag, or again stretches of 'pahoehoe' lava, which, when hot, runs like molasses. Yet not absolute desolation, for here and there were bunches of fern, and that tree which seems to flourish on lava, the flowering *lehua*, with its brilliant crimson blossoms. At the end of the desert you come to the forest. Tall *ohia*, the silver-colored *kukui*, and the ever-present guava, rose as a wall to block our advance.

It was about here that we met a returning automobile, and were told that police officials were stopping all cars a few miles farther on, and turning them back. It was feared that the flow would soon cross the road near Honomalino, and people were being warned back to prevent any one from being caught. We were told also that the forest was so dense that nothing could be seen. In fact, we could see very much more right where we were, for ahead the trees effectually shut off all view, even of the glowing heavens. It was impossible to see anything from the road, and no one knew for certain where the head of the flow was. In any event, it meant miles of walking over lava, through a totally unfamiliar forest. So, heavy-hearted, and sorely disappointed, we decided that it was useless to push on. Around we turned, and began our ninety-mile ride back to Hilo, all the enthusiasm of the early night gone.

At the Kuhuku Gate we stopped awhile to talk it all over with those who had stayed behind. We added our bit of information to that already going the rounds, and in return were given the latest rumors. Off at one side of the road, a crowd of Hawaiians were sitting around a fire, the women cooking, and the men singing to the accompaniment of the *ukulele;* and all the while every one of us watched, with eyes fastened on that far-off glow, fascinated and unwilling to leave. However, realizing that we had a long, hard trip ahead, we bade them 'Aloha' and were off. Earlier in the evening, that tremendous glow ahead had made us feel sure that we should presently see the river of fire

itself creeping down the mountainside; but all we had actually seen was the vivid reflection in the sky of this molten stream. Ordinarily this sight alone would have repaid us ten-fold for all our trouble, but now it only accentuated our disappointment. What we had set out to see was there, but we could not get to it. The sun was just coming up, far out on the Pacific, as we made our way through Olaa again, and in a half-hour more we were back in Hilo, a tired-out, sleepy, and disappointed set of men.



My work, however, was just half done, for I had n't forgotten the promise I had made to the family the afternoon before. Hoping against hope that they would not want to go, I told them what I had seen, and told it in a very unenthusiastic manner; said there was not much to see, that the flow was far up the mountain, and the trip a long and tiresome one. No luck — they were all excited and ready to go. So after much preparation, and an hour or two of rest for me, off we started — wife, baby, nurse, little son, and my sister. My only instructions were that I should be kept awake, for a moment's doze would land us in a ditch; and landing in a Hawaiian ditch, strewn with lava boulders, is more or less dangerous. Two drivers the night before had gone to sleep at the wheel, and the escapes from death were miraculous.

It was the same trip over again, only now we were traveling by day, and that fiery glow in the sky could not be seen. There was none of the glamour or excitement of the night before, and taking it slowly, we arrived at Waiahinu in mid-afternoon. We made ourselves comfortable at Becker's, a delightful little inn which weary travelers eagerly look for when nearing Waiahinu. It was here that we got the first definite news of the flows. Two of these were in action. The larger, at that time, had reached a point within a few miles of the belt road, and was moving very slowly through the forest towards Honomalino. The smaller was headed in the general direction of Waiahinu. It was still high up on the mountainside, but moving rapidly.

After a good supper, we all bundled into the automobile and climbed the Waiahinu hill. It was getting dark as we arrived at the Kuhuku Gate, and we watched the glow from the flows begin to come out. At first it gave a pinkish tinge to the sky, hardly perceptible; but as the night came on, and darkness increased, the whole heaven was illuminated with the light from the rivers of fire.

How enthusiastic the family were, and how appreciative of being able to see even that much! Now and then great banks of clouds would rise, their lower surfaces fiery red, imperceptibly shading upward to a duller red, then a salmon pink, which grew fainter and fainter, finally blending into the darkness above. Now and again the glow would brighten and the sky seem to blaze, as if the lava at that moment

were tearing its way through a forest, setting fire to and consuming everything in its path. For a long time we watched and wondered, and it was with difficulty that we finally tore ourselves away. As I had been riding more or less continuously for forty hours, bed and its concomitant, sleep, were an inviting prospect.

As we were getting ready to turn in, Professor Jaggar, the scientist in charge of the observation station at Kilauea volcano, came in, telling of his experiences, and mentioning that he had been invited to go on horseback up the mountain next morning to get right alongside of the Kau flow. How I wished to go along! But not being able to invite myself, there was nothing to do but be resigned, and hope that the mountain would come to me, instead of my having to go to the mountain. However, I began to think it all over. If he could get up, why could not I? The longer I thought, the more determined I was to go, if a guide and the necessary horses could be procured.

At breakfast next morning, I mentioned my idea to a friend from Hilo, who immediately became enthusiastic, and together we started out to see if a guide and horses could be found. Luck was with us, for we soon found a Hawaiian cowboy who was thoroughly familiar with the up-mountain country. Horses were arranged for, and it was all quickly settled. During the negotiations, a *haole* [1] resident of Waiahinu said that he would like to go along too, and as no objection was made, he was allowed to do so, making the fourth member of our party. Back to the hotel we hurried to get together blankets, *kaukau*,[2] and water, for we did not know how long we were to stay on the mountain. Above certain levels there is no water, while higher up vegetation ceases, and at the summit of Mauna Loa, 13,675 feet above the sea, snow and ice can be found the year round. Somehow, snow and ice on the top of an active volcano have always seemed rather paradoxical to me. But to get back. We soon had everything in readiness, and having sent the horses on ahead, rode in the automobile to the Kuhuku Gate, the point where we were to leave the road and strike the mountain trail. When the horses arrived, we packed up, slinging our bundles and blankets from the saddles; and leaving a note pinned to the automobile telling of our destination, we hit the trail *mauka*,[3] the guide leading, my friend R. T. and I in column behind him, and our volunteer haole friend bringing up the rear.

The trail was one used by the cowboys of the Kuhuku Ranch to get to the paddocks high up on the mountain. At first it was fairly easy, and our horses, mountain-bred and sure of foot, made good going. The trail led through scattered lehua trees for a while, until we began to climb in earnest. The forest was now closing in. Giant fern trees growing thick among the ohia soon made the trail the only apparent way through. I was told, however, that cowboys out on the hunt for cattle ride all over this country. How they do it, is beyond me.

At one point I started to pick a crimson flower from the lower branch of a lehua, when R. T. saw me and laughingly said, 'Don't do that — it will bring rain.' The old Hawaiians firmly believe that rain will surely follow the picking of a lehua blossom. I did not pick the flower, but some one somewhere else must have, for we had plenty of rain later on. Up we climbed, giving our horses a breathing-spell now and again, until the last water-hole was

[1] *Haole.* White man or foreigner.

[2] *Kaukau.* Food; anything to eat.

[3] *Mauka.* Toward the mountain; in this case, up the mountain.

passed, and from there onward we had to rely on just what we had carried with us. The trail was getting steeper now, and to make matters worse, very much rougher; nothing but bare lava, with little or no earth underneath.

Stopping again for one of our breathing-spells, we heard, through the forest above, voices of people approaching. In a few moments Professor Jaggar and the manager of the Kuhuku Ranch, with a party of cowboys, hove in sight, and told us they had been right up to the flow itself, had followed it along for some time — and a lot of other things that made us hurry on and resume our climb. A light rain had now started, and we hoped that it did not presage a mountain fog. We thought that it must be raining quite hard farther up the mountain, for we heard what at first we believed was thunder, a low rumbling sound. As we approached, the sound grew louder and louder, and we soon realized that it was not thunder, but the noise made by the object of our search, the river of molten rock forcing its way down the mountainside. Higher and higher we climbed, until at last, by the clearness of the sound, we knew our goal was not far off. The noise now was not a steady rumble like thunder, but more a mingling of many sounds, a sort of grinding, tinkling, hissing, all combined.

As yet we had seen nothing of the flow itself, on account of the heavy forest which surrounded us. Here lehua had given place to mighty *koas* (Hawaiian mahogany): koas one hundred and fifty feet high, with wide-spreading branches and trunks that it would take three men with arms outstretched to girdle. Continuing on our way, we passed through a clearing where a forest fire in times gone by had swept bare the mountainside, leaving only a few dead trunks, looking like wraiths in the misty rain. Then, immediately before us, we came upon a sharp rise or ridge made by some prehistoric flow; and as the noise now seemed so near, we decided to dismount, go up the ridge, and from its height see if we could not actually get a glimpse of the flow. This we did, and, to our great delight, way up the mountain in the distance an occasional red line of fire could be seen. We had reached our goal.

I cannot well describe the feeling that came over me at that first sight— a great deal of thankfulness, combined with a mixture of dread and awe. The flow was coming our way, but we could not see it distinctly, so decided to get back to the horses, make a détour, and catch it higher up. This done, our next stop brought us to the flow. Oh, that sight! Never shall I forget it. A river of molten rock flowing majestically by, not five hundred yards off. Up the river about a thousand yards was a cascade, a true cascade with red-hot lava running and dashing over its front, while downstream it was running on top of an old 'a-a' flow, called Pele-O-Iki. A hundred yards away, and high above us, was a new flow which had apparently stopped moving; but in its cracks and holes fiery gleams still shone out. Human nature is surely an elastic element. I had at first a feeling of awe and respect; then in a little while, a feeling of confidence; until, later on, when we got within ten or fifteen feet of the moving mass, there came upon me a sense of perfect enjoyment, as if the whole affair had been planned just for my benefit.

The moving flow was about four hundred yards off, so out we started for it, over the old lava bed, passing the head of the now stationary part of the flow. Those who have never walked over an 'a-a' surface have no idea what hard work it is, with millions of sharp, jagged lumps of rock under your feet, none firmly seated. You cannot make

fast time over it. I had been told that these stationary fronts were dangerous, as one could never tell when the forward movement had entirely ceased, or when a new start might be made. Flows, apparently stationary, have taken a sudden spurt due to accumulated pressure, and for a time have moved very rapidly; so you may believe I kept a weather eye open on that stationary flow, lest it decide to start up again. The moving head at this time was traveling at the rate of about fifteen feet a minute, and was a wall or bank about ten feet high.

The head of an 'a-a' flow moves, not as a solid stream, but rather by a continuous falling or breaking down of the front. The walls are constantly breaking, and the top parts falling down. The effect is more that of an avalanche than anything I know; a tremendous force from behind is shoving and pushing the crumbling wall in the front. Great boulders, some the size of a small house, sailed by until they reached the brink, when over they would go, scattering everything before them. Luckily for us, a stiff breeze was blowing and we were well to windward, so that we did not have the disagreeable effect of the fumes and gases to contend with, and it also allowed us to get very close, as the heat was blown back. Now and then an explosion would rupture the mass, and a scattering of molten rock would follow, while in the meantime that sound, peculiar only to an 'a-a' flow, went on continuously. Imagine millions of pieces of glass breaking, crashing, and clinking, and you get a fair idea of the weird sound. It was surely an awe-inspiring sight: tons and tons of molten and red-hot rock, rushing and crashing on, with a force no man-made barrier could withstand.

By now, the front wall or head had passed considerably below us, and we were left standing on the edge; so we decided to retrace our steps and make for a point lower down, to watch the head pass by again. A détour of seven or eight hundred yards, and we had again caught up with 'our' flow. Another stop to watch the tremendous force pass on, and again another ride downward to watch the same thing. Fascinating is not the word for it. The ever-changing surface of the molten mass, the roar and crashing, gave surfeit to the emotions. Here, at the fourth stopping-place, the flow suddenly started to spurt, and as we could see the end of the Pele-O-Iki flow, with the forest below it, we decided to make for a vantage-point still farther down. There we knew we would see the sight of our lives — a molten river tearing and forcing its way through the giant koas.

As we had had nothing to eat since early morning, we felt that supper would be appreciated, especially as our table was sure to be brightly lighted. Tying our horses at a safe distance, we undid our bundles and moved up on foot to where we judged the flow would strike the forest. At the foot of the old flow was a deep ravine, one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards across, and it was on the near bank of this ravine, among the trees, that we spread our feast. Scarcely had we begun our meal, when the head came crashing down. As if it knew that the hardest part of its task was before it, the front wall had banked up, and, as it rushed into the ravine, was about thirty feet high. It was now getting dusk, and the color effects were beyond imagination. Pandemonium reigned. Great trees, every branch and leaf on fire, came crashing to earth. One monster tree was carried along upright for about a hundred yards, when suddenly it burst into flame, and came thundering down. Smaller trees, when the flow hit them, would be snapped off at

the base and a log-jam would form, till all of a sudden, by an extra spurt, they would all be buried under tons of molten rock, incinerated instantly, and the gases imprisoned. Then in a few minutes an explosion would follow, and high into the air red-hot lava would fly. In some cases, no explosion followed, but the imprisoned gas would escape with a tremendous flame, and accompanied by a noise for all the world like the exhaust of a giant locomotive. At first, the puffing would be slow, then faster and faster, till at last you could imagine the engine rushing along at sixty miles an hour. Very soon we had to move our position, as falling trees were getting too close for comfort. It was quite dark now, and as we moved higher up the side of the ravine, we could see the flow for a distance of about two miles up the mountainside: a true river of fire — blue, green, gold, and white lights playing over the fiery surface. It was a sight which had to be actually seen to be fully realized, and we felt that we were indeed fortunate.

Back to the horses again, and another détour *makau*[1] to get ahead of the flow. We had no difficulty, as our way was as bright as day, from the glow of that awful fire. As we were watching, this time on horseback, not thirty feet from the flow, out of the gloom, as unconcerned as you please, walked a solitary Japanese. He did not know that any one was within miles of him, yet here he was, out on a little 'look see' for himself. When we left, he was still there, apparently unafraid, and enjoying himself hugely. We had come prepared to stay all night if necessary, but there was a decided chance that the flow would take a turn to the east, and in so doing cut us off from the only trail back. We had been alongside of the flow for hours, and had seen it in all its different aspects and phases, so we decided to hit the trail down the mountain before it should be too late. For a little while, the going was good, for the light from the flow illuminated the trail fairly well; but as we got farther along, and deeper into the forest, every bit of light was shut out until there was nothing but blackness as deep as pitch.

That was a very exciting ride. All we could do was to trust to our horses, and this trust was not misplaced, for after a four hours' slide down that so-called trail, we came to the more open portions of the forest, and below us we could see the lights of automobiles at the Kuhuku Gate. Reaching the road without mishap, tired out, wet, and bedraggled, this time there was no disappointment, for we had seen a real lava flow, close to, and in action. It was with a sense of full satisfaction and thankfulness that we tumbled into bed.

[1] *Makau.* Toward the sea; in this case, down the mountain.

ALCOHOL AND PHYSIOLOGY

BY EUGENE LYMAN FISK

I

THE opponents of alcohol as well as its apologists have always been prone to injure their arguments by exaggeration. The postulate that the alcoholic is always a defective is no more sound than the postulate that the criminal is always a defective. No man is perfect, and while a mental or nervous defective of a pronounced type is usually, though by no means always, an easy victim for alcohol, what alcohol will do to individuals far above this line is often a matter of circumstance and environment. I have seen men with bad inheritance and many stigmata of nervous instability, develop, under proper encouragement and suggestion, a successful resistance to alcohol, and build up will-power and self-control; while on the other hand, I have seen men with good endowment, — men who by no stretch of the imagination could be considered defective in a pathological sense, — buffeted by fate, tempted by environment, and prodded by suggestion, gradually yield to the steady use of alcohol — sometimes to complete downfall, sometimes to woeful lack of achievement. Every reader of this magazine can call to mind many fine men who have fallen by the wayside through alcohol, — men whom it would be scientifically ridiculous to call defective.

After all, who are the 'defective'? Where shall we draw the line? Who are the perfect men, these men who are above all manner of temptation, for whom alcohol is innocuous? While there are many men who have inherited or acquired a stability of mind or nervous system that doubly assures them against attack, I have yet to see the man for whom the more or less steady use of alcohol did not carry some menace. In fact, we are considering the mass of the people, and not exceptional types such as the common drunkard, the insane, or the super-man. Among the mass of the people circumstances plus alcohol often constitute a dangerous combination; and alcohol often is responsible for the circumstances that make it dangerous.

The naïve assumption that alcohol impairs only the fundamentally unfit will not bear analysis, and the development of such a hypothesis into such theories as those of Archdall Reid, who holds that alcohol, by weeding out the unfit, acts as a beneficial evolutionary influence, may easily be carried to a *reductio ad absurdum*. Such arguments apply with equal force to plague, yellow fever, consumption, pneumonia, and the other communicable diseases, as it is well known that those of low resistance usually succumb to such diseases. Let us then allow them full swing in order to eliminate the non-resistant! The problem of the survival of the unfit must be met in other ways consistent with modern science and altruism, and not through the aid of the corner saloon.

The question as to what the effects might be upon a group of men controlled in such a way that the influence of

so-called moderate drinking could be restricted to the degenerative or toxic effect on organic tissue, while the individuals are protected from life's vicissitudes, is almost purely academic. It could never be duplicated in real life. A group of insured lives must be considered in the moving equilibrium of actual workaday existence, and the many varied relations of that existence to the more or less steady use of alcohol in the quantities used by the mass of the people who drink, must be the touchstones applied to the life-insurance statistics presented in the previous paper.

We must bear in mind that even so mild an indulgence as one or two glasses of champagne or beer three times a month would, in the course of twenty years, make seven hundred and twenty exposures to alcoholic temptation, in addition to whatever disturbing effect on the moral, psychic, or physical condition such doses may have. Among two million individuals, even such slight indulgence would mean, in the course of one year, seventy-two million exposures to such varied adverse effects as there may be in small doses. Among those drinking every day two glasses of beer, the exposures to temptation and to further drinking among two million men would be in the course of one year seven hundred and thirty million, and in twenty-five years eighteen and a quarter billion.

Eighteen and a quarter billion exposures to alcohol might be compared to very distant artillery fire directed at an enemy. Many thousand shells are fired to produce a few fatalities. Many fail to hit, but in the long run there is a definite fatality. The impact of eighteen and a quarter billion doses of alcohol on a group of two million men must certainly place the group at a disadvantage as compared to a group that is not exposed to such impact, provided of course that we find that the total effect of alcohol in the doses usually taken as a beverage is ever so slightly injurious in a direct way and carries any distinct danger of temptation to increased indulgence to the point where common observation shows it to be a deadly, destructive poison. What is the evidence along these lines?

Is there any sound reason to suspect alcohol of being the underlying cause of the greater part of the extra mortality unquestionably obtaining among users as compared to non-users? If we were confronted by an experience with users of ether or chloroform compared to non-users (ether is widely used in East Prussia, not a prohibition state), should we for one moment question the fact of these drugs being the essential poisonous agent? Even though used in moderate quantities, should we question that cocaine or morphine or hashish or any other habit-forming drug was the chief factor in any extra mortality shown by its users? Only well-supported evidence showing that alcohol in the average quantities used by so-called moderate drinkers produces no bodily ill effects, either directly or indirectly, could justify seeking any other explanation than the influence of alcohol to account for the trend of mortality in the life-insurance experience.

Is there any well-supported evidence that the drinking of the average man is harmless? The laboratory must answer this question.

The most important work that has yet been done in the study of alcohol is that of the Nutrition Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution in Washington, under the direction of Professors Raymond Dodge and E. C. Benedict.

The work of Benedict and Atwater in establishing the fact that small amounts of alcohol, not to exceed 2.4 ounces daily, are completely oxidized in the body, and that by its tissue-sparing qualities alcohol may theoreti-

cally take the place of food, is well known. It is not so well known that Atwater condemned the use of alcohol as a food because of its cost and its possible ill effects on the nervous system.

Desiring to carry further these researches, a very elaborate plan has been outlined by Professor Dodge. The immense and comprehensive scope of the investigation planned may be judged by the fact that the physiological division of the research, as tentatively laid out by Dodge and Benedict after conferences either by letter or in person with the leading physiologists and research workers of the world, includes seven main sections and one hundred and sixty subdivisions.

The psychological programme, which has already been carried out with the coöperation of Dr. F. Lyman Wells, includes four sections, covering an investigation of the effect of moderate doses of alcohol on the simpler reflex nervous mechanisms in the lower levels of the spinal cord, and also tests of its effect on certain higher and more complex functions, as well as on memory and free association.

Benedict rightly says, with regard to the important higher mental and moral processes, 'There is at present scant probability of securing experimental data of scientific reliability, owing to the difficulty of measuring them in any direct way. This technical defect is a serious limitation to all experimental investigation of the psychological effects of the ingestion of alcohol, since it is precisely in these directions that our general and scientific experience indicates that the effects of alcohol are most serious.'

For example, the effect of alcohol on the mental processes of a subject quiescent in the laboratory, where it is impossible exactly to reproduce the conditions under which alcohol is usually taken, may be different from what they would be in social life. In convivial company there is a certain relaxation of control of the higher centres and a reinforcement of the lower centres which may reverse the effects of alcohol as shown in the laboratory. In working with small doses of alcohol we are operating within very narrow margins, and manifold factors may disturb the equilibrium of the experiment, even apart from varying individual susceptibility. It is well to bear this in mind in interpreting the facts just given to the public in the voluminous report of the Nutrition Laboratory.

The report is couched in rigidly technical and formal language, giving in detail the technique and results of the experiments. It is free from any suggestion of propaganda, either scientific or sociological, and practically free from any discussion of the application of the knowledge in the solution of the alcohol problem.[1]

II

Before proceeding to a summary of the results of these experiments it is desirable to state briefly the evidence previously presented by the world's leading investigators and note to what extent it is confirmed by the Nutrition Laboratory with its wealth of scientific apparatus, some of which, such as the electrocardiograph, has only lately become available for research work and has added much to the delicacy and precision of the psychological measurements.

The most important work along these lines has been done in Germany,

[1] The investigation is planned to cover about ten years in time, and premature generalizations are distinctly avoided. Nevertheless, there is presented exceedingly important and definite evidence of the effect of alcohol in moderate doses, which has very significant bearing upon the interpretation of the life-insurance statistics. — The Author.

and it is there that scientific opposition to the use of alcohol is strongest. Kraepelin and his pupils have contributed most to our knowledge of the psychological effects of alcohol; they have done much to dispel the dogma that alcohol possesses stimulating properties and have plainly labeled it a narcotic. The work of Kraepelin, Kürz, Aschaffenburg, and others, has shown a distinctly narcotic or depressing effect from even small doses, such as a half to a whole litre of beer. A distinct impairment of the power to memorize numbers was found after the consumption of two to four glasses of beer. Habitual association of ideas and free association of ideas were also interfered with.

Vogt, of the University of Christiana, in comparatively recent experiments on his own person, confirmed the results of Kraepelin and Smith, and found a reduction of 18 per cent in the power to memorize Greek poetry. Six months later, when the poetry was reviewed, it was found that the lines learned on alcohol days were less readily relearned, thus suggesting the hypothesis that they were less clearly impressed on the memory while alcohol was circulating in the brain. Vogt found that about 15 cubic centimetres (four teaspoonfuls) of whiskey on an empty stomach, or 25 cubic centimetres with food, distinctly impaired the power to memorize.

Aschaffenburg found that moderate doses of alcohol lessened the amount of work done by printing compositors and increased the liability to error. In his and Kraepelin's experiments, the reaction time, or the interim that elapses between an irritation and a responsive movement, which can be measured within one one-thousandth of a second, was at first shortened under small doses of alcohol and later lengthened, suggesting a depression of the higher inhibitory centres and a release of the lower nervous mechanisms, with an acceleration of action characterized as 'premature.'

The testimony as to the effect on muscular efficiency and fatigue is somewhat conflicting, owing to the varying susceptibility of the many individuals used in the tests. Such workers as Dubois, Schnyder and Hellsten have found a total loss of working power, occasionally preceded by a temporary increase, variously ascribed to primary increase of interest, temporary stimulation or even temporary paralysis of the higher centres, resulting in acceleration of the lower. Experiments with the ergograph — an instrument for recording the value of work done by muscular contractions — showed that any apparent stimulation was reflected in an increase in the number of movements, but not in their force or range, giving some support to the view that the effect of alcohol was a release of susceptibility or irritability rather than a driving force.

Rivers, in 1908, noted the discrepant findings of various investigators, and was inclined to view the results of previous experiments as seriously affected by the personal equation and accessory factors other than alcohol, and by lack of proper checks and controls.

His own carefully checked and controlled experiments had failed to show, on the whole, any stimulating effect on muscular efficiency from moderate doses of alcohol — 20 to 40 cubic centimetres. (Four cubic centimetres are equal to one teaspoonful.) He states that sometimes a dose of 40 cubic centimetres of pure alcohol may produce a decided increase in the amount of work executed with the ergograph, but at other times the increase may be wholly absent and may possibly be replaced by a decrease.

With regard to mental work, Rivers concluded that the available evidence

pointed to a decrease in the amount of work under the influence of alcohol, when there is any effect at all; but there are great individual differences. The analogy between the effect of mental fatigue and the effect of alcohol on muscular work is a striking feature of Rivers's work, and supports the view of Kraepelin that the effect of alcohol is essentially central, acting directly on the brain and spinal cord.

The dulling of mental activity by fatigue is compared to the dulling of mental activity by alcohol; and the increased muscular activity noted by Rivers on his own person following mental fatigue is likened to the muscular activity sometimes noted after doses of alcohol.

The fact of wide variation in individual susceptibility is a matter of extreme importance in explaining the unfavorable effects of alcohol on large masses of men. In such masses will always be found a very large percentage of people who react unfavorably to it, as such subjects are always found in the small groups that have been selected with great care as supposedly normal subjects for investigation.

Also, as Rivers suggests, the similarity between the action of alcohol and that of fatigue should make one very chary of concluding that any stimulating effect of alcohol on muscular activity is an indication of a physiological action which is beneficial to the organism as a whole, even in those supposedly favorable subjects where it is found to occur.

With regard to muscular efficiency, Quensel says of the investigations already mentioned that they 'afford a full objective support for the truth of what practical experience teaches. From the sporting and military life many experiences are at hand which demonstrate the undesirability of using alcohol when the point is to keep the body for a longer period at its greatest point of strength and endurance.

'Experience has furthermore shown that it is difficult and responsible work which suffers most from the influence of alcohol. Endurance, energy, concentration, suffer in the first place, while ability to execute an already familiar piece of work, or purely mechanical occupations, are inhibited to a far less noticeable degree.' The danger of increasing indulgence being also freely admitted, it is difficult to understand his point of view that moderate indulgence in alcohol as a source of relaxation after work or fatigue is not to be condemned from the hygienic point of view.

The indictment which Quensel himself brings against the use of even moderate doses under ordinary circumstances does not consist very well with his indorsement of it as something to play with in relaxation. A wild animal that must be watched is no very safe playfellow, and the record of alcohol in its influence on mankind certainly justifies the claim that it needs watching.

William James aptly characterized the psychic effect of alcohol as that of 'narrowing the field of consciousness.' Expansive as the drinker may feel, his intellectual world is restricted by alcohol, according to common observation and the testimony of many unprejudiced brain-workers. The man who leans on alcohol cannot, of course, do creative work without it until he is put in a normal condition; but there is little evidence that alcohol releases any higher mental activities, unless we except the case of the psychopath, whose brain cannot function without the drug upon which it has become dependent. This will receive further consideration in discussing the findings of the Nutrition Laboratory.

Another important system to consider in its relation to alcohol is the so-

called 'autonomic system,' the nervous mechanism for maintaining in equilibrium the circulation of the blood, the activity of the heart, and the tone of the blood-vessels, as well as other glandular and organic functions. The most extensive use of alcohol in medicine has been that of a heart stimulant. In every form of heart-failure, whether of acute shock or the depression of acute illness (especially in typhoid and pneumonia), alcohol was formerly a standard routine remedy, to be used on the first signs of a falling circulation, in traditional tablespoonful doses at intervals of several hours, and occasionally in much larger quantities. We now know that such value as it possessed in acute illness was largely due to its fuel-value, to its property of sparing tissue and thus replacing nutrients in the diet which were often mistakenly withheld in the graver stages of acute illness.

While there are still a few authorities who believe that alcohol has some beneficial effect on the circulation, in spite of its absolute failure to show any value as a direct heart stimulant, the pendulum has swung very far in the other direction, and alcohol is now seldom used in acute illness except as a substitute for food and in cases where previous steady drinking has made it unwise to withdraw it. Crile, Cabot, Dennig, Hindelang, Grünbaum, and others, have failed to show any increase in blood-pressure from its use in therapeutic doses in man. Although very small doses in animals have shown some slight stimulating effects, the depressant after-effects are very quickly reached. Blood-pressure, however, is not an infallible test in this regard, and there is other evidence to show that alcohol not only depresses the nervous centres controlling the tension of the blood-vessels and thus lowers blood-pressure, but depresses the inhibitory nervous centre that controls the rate of the heart, thus accelerating the heart beat without adding to its power. It takes the 'brake' off the heart, but adds nothing to its driving force.

As a food, too, it is discredited in acute disease, and substances like sugar are now employed as affording almost equal fuel value without the possible dangerous effects on the circulation and nervous system. The 'high calorie' diet in typhoid, for example, now elbows alcohol out of the sick-room, even as an alleged emergency food.

On the protective qualities of the blood, its complex and as yet only dimly understood mechanism for resistance to infection, alcohol exerts very definite effects. While there is much conflicting evidence, there has grown up, not only a clinical aversion to the use of alcohol in such conditions as tuberculosis and other infections, but a body of evidence justifying this reversal of former clinical practice.

Fillinger found the resistance of the red blood-cells much reduced after administration of champagne to healthy human subjects, and similar results were found in dogs and rabbits. Weinberg confirmed these results by similar methods, showing that 20 per cent of the red cells lose their resistance after the administration of 450 cubic centimetres of champagne. Little effect was found on the white blood-cells by Parkinson in a series of careful tests, except when very large doses were continuously taken: that is, the power of these cells to destroy bacteria (phagocytosis) was not materially affected.

Laitinen was convinced that very small doses, 15 cubic centimetres, for instance, distinctly lowered the resistance to typhoid after prolonged administration. Muller, Wirgin, and others have shown that alcohol restricts the formation of 'antibodies' (the function of which is to resist infection) in

the blood of rabbits. Rubin demonstrated that alcohol, ether, and chloroform, injected under the skin, render rabbits more vulnerable to streptococcus (blood poison) and pneumococcus (pneumonia) infection.

Our knowledge on the subject has lately been reinforced by Reich, of the University of Munich. He failed to show any increase of protective activity (phagocytosis) against tubercle bacilli in the white blood-cells of abstainers as compared to alcohol users, but noticed that phagocytosis of typhoid bacilli by the cells of abstainers was more readily effected. The bactericidal qualities of the blood serum of abstainers were also more active against typhoid bacilli. Furthermore, the resistance of red blood-cells to salt solution was lowered in proportionate relationship to the degree of alcoholic indulgence. Laboratory or clinical evidence is of course lacking as to the effect of small doses of alcohol on the kidneys, liver, and the structure of the blood-vessels. Such minute and chronic changes as there may be cannot be readily ascertained by such investigations, and we must draw our conclusions as to the probable effect of continuous so-called moderate drinking on these organs from the well-known effects of excessive drinking in bringing about degenerative changes in the liver, kidneys, and blood-vessels.

It is possible that light may be thrown on this matter by the researches of the Nutrition Laboratory. From the insurance experiences we are at least justified in assuming that even the moderately drinking classes are more subject to these chronic organic affections than those who abstain.

So far as the direct action of alcohol on the stomach and its functions is concerned, there is little evidence that in dilute solution (less than 10 per cent) it exerts any restraining influence on digestion. Indeed, its use tends to encourage over-feeding and add excessive food-consumption and absorption to the fuel-value of alcohol. Indirectly, it may thus tax the digestive system, and by causing undue accumulation of weight, — especially among beer-drinkers who drink to excess, — add the peril of obesity to that of the toxic effect of alcohol on brain and circulation.

It may be asked why, if alcohol thus promotes nutrition, it is not serviceable in wasting diseases. The answer is that the price paid in toxic effect is too high. The unfavorable influence already noted on the brain and blood and circulation counterbalances its food-value for those who need to gain weight, and for those who are already in the heavy-weight class it is a double handicap.

In the past few months further light has been thrown upon the alleged food-value of alcohol. The one great therapeutic stronghold still held by alcohol is diabetes. Even Ewald, and others strongly opposed to the use of alcohol generally as a therapeutic weapon, concede its value in this disease because of its alleged action in preventing the development of acidosis when starches and sugars are withdrawn or greatly reduced in the diet. That this view is based on dogma and not on scientific fact has lately been shown by Higgins, Peabody, and Fitz in their experiments at the Carnegie Institution and at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, where carefully controlled experiments on normal human beings showed not only an absolute lack of 'antiketogenic' or acidosis-preventing influence on the part of alcohol, but an actual acceleration of such conditions by its use, the measurements being made by the most delicate and accurate methods available to science (oxygen tension of alveolar air).

This evidence concerns normal people

as well as diabetics, because the trend of modern diet is toward the over-use of acid-forming foods, such as eggs, meat, fish, cereals, and an insufficient use of base-forming foods, such as most fruits and vegetables. Those who eat inordinately of these concentrated flesh foods and also drink alcohol, are increasing the tendency to acidosis, a condition which in its milder form is often given the absurd misnomer of "biliousness." [Bile never has anything to do with the symptoms usually charged against it.]

Without going further into the physiological and psychological effects of alcohol as ascertained, we may sum up the evidence prior to Dodge and Benedict's researches by stating that alcohol has been found to be a depressant, a narcotic, often exerting, even in small daily doses, an unfavorable effect on the brain and nervous functions and on heart and circulation, and lowering the resistance of the body to infection.

[*In a concluding paper Dr. Fisk will discuss laboratory tests dealing with human efficiency and alcohol.* — THE EDITORS.]

THE CULPRIT

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

I

THE postman came out of the cobbler's shop on the morning of Columbus Day as Officer Harrigan was going in.

'Fine weather for the parade,' the postman said.

'Dago luck!' growled Officer Harrigan. 'Remember the hell-of-a-blizzard we had on the seventeenth of March?'

The postman's answer was lost down the alley between the cobbler's shop and the paper-box factory. There was a tenement in behind, where twelve Italian families, including the household of Angelo the cobbler, reproduced the atmosphere and sanitary conditions of certain quarters in Naples. The shanty shop, blocking the alley, toned in admirably with the local color.

Inside, Angelo and his pretty Giuseppina hung in perplexity over a long white envelope which the postman had left on the cobbler's bench. At intervals they pawed it gingerly, turned it over, turned it back again.

'Will I read it for yez?' volunteered Officer Harrigan.

'An-ge-lo Martini,' said Angelo. 'I read my name aw right, — but —'

'W'at make a bird here?' queried Giuseppina.

'P-h-o-e-n-,' murmured Angelo.

'I-x,' continued Officer Harrigan. 'You been takin' out fire insurance?'

Angelo fixed large, dazed eyes upon the policeman's face: 'Fire insure —? Yes.'

'Well, this here 's it.'

Angelo's eyes sought the envelope. 'P-h-o-e-,' he murmured again.

'Feenix, you son of — Columbus,'

shouted Officer Harrigan. 'It's a burrd they use for a trade-mark. Open it!'

'Oh, *Angelo mio*, you have buy me a bird?' cried Giuseppina. 'A bird to sing for me?'

'A rroast turkey,' Officer Harrigan explained genially, with a wink at Angelo. 'That's him a-roastin' in them flames.'

Giuseppina clasped her hands: 'For the *festa!* We eat him? W'ere iss he?'

Angelo had slit the long envelope, and a ray of intelligence slowly illumined his countenance. 'No, *carina;* you no listen him; he jolly you. No turkey; no dicky bird; American eagle.' He glanced at Officer Harrigan for confirmation and was rewarded by an amiable nod. 'I make my shop insure by him, my ledther, my shoe, my new *macchina* for sew; everyt'ing safe by American eagle. "In God we trust."'

Giuseppina's innocent, bewildered eyes searched the insurance policy anxiously and then were lifted up to her husband with blank faithfulness. '"In God we trust,"' she repeated.

Angelo had an inspiration. '*Peppina mia!* You know lottery, *tombola*, in Messina? — *Ebbene;* this American lottery. I pay for ticket; this — ticket; and if my shop burn up I win t'ree hun' doll'.'

'T'ree hun' doll',' repeated Giuseppina.

'*Mille cinque cento lire,*' Angelo translated.

'*Mille cinque cento lire!*' gasped Giuseppina, suddenly alive to the situation. 'When you burn him up? When you make fire? To-night? To-morrow morn'?'

The unrestrained mirth of Officer Harrigan shook the shop; but Angelo's pleasant smile faded. He waited sullenly for the guffaws to cease.

'You shut up your jolly,' he said when he could be heard. 'My wife no damfool.'

'Sure, she ain't,' assented Officer Harrigan. 'She's a suffragette.'

'You get out my shop.' Angelo's courteous voice had turned surly.

Giuseppina laid a timid hand on his arm.

'Aw, come off, Angelo!' said Officer Harrigan. 'I'm handin' 'er out compliments.'

Angelo had turned his back and was running a finger tentatively along the row of mended shoes on the shelf above his head. Giuseppina looked up at the big policeman with amiable reproach.

'Why you laugh at me?' she asked.

'It's an American joke, missis. You would n't understand.'

Angelo had turned round with a pair of small, patched shoes in his hand. '*Senta*, Peppina, listen,' he said; 'the one w'at buy the ticket, he no can burn up the shop. It ain't the game. *Non è permesso*, is not permit. Anoder person have to burn up the shop. The one w'at buy the ticket no can burn up the shop. If I no play the game, I no get the mon'.'

'No get the mon',' repeated Giuseppina.

'Ain't she the quick thinker!' grinned Officer Harrigan.

'She think aw right in Italian,' Angelo flashed. 'She in America now one year. You in Italy one year, you no speak, you no think, you no unnerstan'. You big damfool. Here your Mikey shoe; twen' fi' cen'.'

Officer Harrigan received his Mikey's shoes with a rapid change of countenance. 'Twenty-five cents!' he ejaculated. 'Since when?'

'Since now to-day,' growled Angelo.

'And you think you can skin me like that, when you put half soles on Paddy's shoes and never charged me nothing? You think that's business? You can whistle for it.'

'I mend your Mamie shoe,' cried Angelo, 'I mend your Tommy shoe,

your Willie shoe, your Maggie shoe, your Mikey shoe, your Paddy shoe, your Jimmy shoe; how many chil'ren you got? I never charge you nothing. You laugh my wife; you jolly my Giuseppina. Now you pay. I gotta live. I gotta pay my fire insure. You pay me twen' fi' cen'.'

'You damned ungrateful Guinea!' yelled Officer Harrigan. 'I could a' pinched you any Sunday this six weeks for keepin' this shop open; an' did I?'

'You think you scare me for a joke,' shrieked Angelo. 'I keep American law. I am here t'ree year in this country. I no spit on the floor. I no carry stiletto,' — he flung up his hands with a revealing gesture, — 'I no shoot the dicky bird.'

'Well, you leave this shop open next Sunday and see if it's a joke,' the big policeman threatened loudly. 'You just try it on.'

'Grrafter!' screamed Angelo, who had taken out his first papers for citizenship. 'Grrafter! How I can mend shoe for poor man if I no work Sunday? Workingman gotta wear shoe Monday, Tuesday, Friday, all days; bring him in Sunday for mend him. You pinch me, I tell the judge; I tell him I mend six, seven, nine pair shoe for you, an' you did n't pay me notting.'

Officer Harrigan laid three nickels and a dime in a little pile on the cobbler's bench. 'Grafter, am I?' he said, quite softly, and with narrowed eyelids. 'I'll not forget that.'

Giuseppina went to the door and watched him stalk down the street. 'O Angelo *mio*,' she sighed, lapsing into her native dialect now that courtesy no longer demanded English, 'why didst thou enrage him? If he was our friend he would perhaps burn up the shop for us. But now, who would venture to ask him!'

'He is policeman,' explained Angelo sharply. 'It is not permitted to the policeman to burn the houses. And if I ask my friend to burn my shop, is it not as if I make that fire myself? No; I must not know who makes that fire. Neither police; neither nobody. Now, go thou and array thee for the *festa*. We shall see the Knights of Columbus make a procession upon the avenue. We shall take with us the *bambini* to hear *la musica*. *Andiamo cara*, come! If we have the good luck, we shall receive those *mille cinque cento lire*. If we have the bad luck, no.'

'I shall light a candle to Madonna,' said Giuseppina. '"In God we trust."'

II

'Where's the karosene can, Aggie?'

Officer Harrigan was straying around his wife's kitchen on the afternoon of Columbus Day, with a grimy lump of shoemaker's wax in one hand and a dingy rag in the other.

'It's on the top shelf of the cupboard. Since that Maloney kid drunk half a pint I'm not takin' any chances,' said Mrs. Harrigan. 'What do you want of karosene? What are you doin' with that wax? Don't you know no better than to use a dirty rag like that to take out spots? It ain't karosene you want, it's naphtha. Gimme that rag. Now where's your spot?'

Mrs. Harrigan had returned from two hours of hope deferred on the Avenue, with smarting feet and an irritated impression that parades did not pay.

'Aggie, I want that rag,' complained Officer Harrigan meekly, — 'and I'm due to report on my beat in ten minutes. Gimme.'

'Where's your spot?' repeated Mrs. Harrigan, dabbing at imaginary blemishes on his tunic, and revolving him on his heels at a touch of her fingers.

'Don't be talkin' like a sapolio ad,' he fretted; 'I tell you there ain't no

spot. It's just a joke I'm pullin' off on a Guinea that's been givin' me lip.'

Escaping from her ministrations, he took down the kerosene can from the shelf and poured a little on the rag and the wax.

'If you put them dirty things in your pocket you'll smell like a dyein' and cleaner's shop for a week,' warned Aggie. 'Who's the Guinea?'

Officer Harrigan gazed uncertainly at the little wad in his hand and then closed his fingers upon it. 'It's that cobbler,' he explained. 'What do you think of him chargin' me twenty-five cents for Mikey's shoes?'

'And all you've done for him!' cried Aggie. 'Ain't that like these dirty ungrateful foreigners. What you goin' to do?'

'I'm goin' to make him eat out of my hand, I am,' said Officer Harrigan, extending his fist with the soaked rag clenched in it. 'I'm goin' to learn him to count ten before he calls me a grafter next time.'

'Grafter!' exclaimed Mrs. Harrigan.

But the door banged and her husband was off on his beat.

A half-hour later the fire-alarm rang, and she put her head out of the window to see the chemical engine go galloping around the corner.

'Where's the fire?' she asked a running boy.

'That dago's shoe-shop, somebody told me,' he called back over his shoulder.

Mrs. Harrigan put the window down and crossed the room to her rocking chair. After a minute or two she wiped her hand across her forehead and drew it away wet and cold. She sat a long time in her chair without moving.

Around the corner, in the courtyard behind Angelo's shop, the firemen found Officer Harrigan dashing desultory pails of water into a heap of smouldering rubbish banked against the rear wall of the little shanty. An ancient Neapolitan sibyl tottered in his wake, rattling her knotty fingers and muttering supplications to the saints.

'Ain't it the devil!' cried Officer Harrigan, sweating copiously. 'An' every soul of them off to the parade but this old lady. Play on the paper-box factory, boys, for the love o' Mike!'

The fire had already crept up the back wall of Angelo's shop, to the roof, and little flames were licking the rotten shingles. A fireman knocked in the rickety door with an axe and the whole shanty quivered and leaned into the court.

'Come on out o' here, gran'ma,' said Officer Harrigan, propelling the old woman hastily through the alley. 'They'll take charrge.' He had a big bunch of half-burned rags in his hand, which he thrust under the nose of the chief fireman, standing out on the sidewalk. 'Smell that,' he said. 'That'll do for Angelo.'

'Kerosene,' nodded the fireman. 'What makes you think he done it? May be one of them other dagoes had a grouch on him.'

'He's just took out insurance,' remarked Officer Harrigan.

The other pursed his lips into a silent whistle and then remarked, 'Say, ain't these Guineas the limit for intellect!'

At this point the roof of the shop fell in and there was a shower of sparks.

'Keep a lookout on the box factory, boys,' shouted the Chief. 'How's it behind there in the tenement?'

Then a well-directed stream of water hit the little shanty and the four walls slithered together and collapsed.

The spectators on the other side of the street yelled.

'She'll do now,' the Chief observed to Officer Harrigan. 'But it might a' been a damn ugly job, and I hope he gets the limit.'

'He will, you bet, if my testimony counts for anything,' the officer assured him. 'Why, if I'd been five minutes later! — Dirty little fire-bug! — I'll fix him!'

The drenching streams of water had rapidly reduced the little bonfire to cinders and a smell. The odor of burned leather exerted a dispersive effect, and by the time Angelo and Giuseppina came down the street, each carrying a sleepy and sticky *bambino*, the chemical engine was tooting its farewell and only Officer Harrigan and three or four of the returned inhabitants of the rear tenement were at hand.

'*Jesu Maria!*' exclaimed Angelo, in his native tongue. 'Has happened a miracle! Who would have believed it! What!'

He was immediately the centre of neighborly condolence and explanation. The old sibyl held out her arms for the *bambini*.

'What's he say?' asked Officer Harrigan of a bystander.

'He ver' surprise.'

'He is? Well, he'll be worse surprised when I get through with him. What's she say?'

Giuseppina at her husband's elbow, silent at first, had now lifted her sweet eyes to his face, questioning, anxious.

'*Mille cinque cento lire?*' she asked.

'I think they gotta insurance,' said the bystander. 'I think they not lose nothing.'

Then Officer Harrigan, edging into the gesticulatory circle, laid a hand upon Angelo's shoulder. Perhaps it was not strictly according to law, as this was a case for a warrant, but Angelo's ignorance could be counted on. Angelo gaped.

'Aw, don't try none of your innocence dodges on me,' said Officer Harrigan. 'What was you in such a devil of a hurry for, anyhow? Could n't you wait a week?'

'Wait a week!' cried Angelo. 'I wait t'ree, six week. I mend you nine pair shoes. I get twen' fi' cen' for nine pair shoes!'

'Quit your bluffin',' growled the officer, yanking him abruptly out of the friendly circle. 'Who's talkin' about shoes? Look a' this!' And he wiped the kerosene-soaked rags unceremoniously across the cobbler's face.

Angelo choked, and struck out wildly with his free arm.

'Come now, ain't arson enough for you, you crazy fire-bug?' said the policeman; 'are you goin' to add assault and battery?'

'Fire-bug!' cried half a dozen astonished voices.

'Fire-bug?' screamed Angelo. 'Fire-bug you! You set my shop on fire to make me troub'! You grafter! You — *Amici, sentite!* Friends, listen!' And he had launched upon a lurid account of the morning's quarrel, in a voluble Italian wholly unintelligible to his adversary.

In this way they started down the street, Angelo in the policeman's grip, pouring forth invective, Giuseppina clinging to her husband's sleeve and murmuring, '*Cosa è?* — What is it? — *Che cosa? — Cosa vuole?* — What does he want?' — and behind them their neighbors and compatriots streaming.

'You go home, missis,' said Officer Harrigan to Giuseppina, not unkindly. 'Somebody take her home. Go back to your kids, Mrs. Martini.'

'What you make to my Angelo?' asked Giuseppina. 'He not owe you nothing.'

'He say I make that fire,' Angelo cried, turning upon her.

'*Ma che!*' exclaimed Giuseppina. 'My Angelo no make that fire, Mr. Policeman. If he know who make that fire, how he can get the mon'? He plays the *tombola*.'

'I know who make that fire,' shouted

Angelo. 'He make it! He come my house and put dirty rag with kerosene behind my door! Now he say I make it!'

'It is Madonna who make it,' said Giuseppina soothingly. 'I have light for her a candle. She bless my candle.'

Angelo turned a startled look upon his wife, studied her guileless face a moment in silence, and then addressed her in low, rapid Italian.

'What's he say?' inquired Officer Harrigan, pausing *en route* and regarding his prisoner suspiciously.

'He tell her to go home and shut her mouth,' volunteered an interpreter. 'He tell her good-bye.'

'He tell her you make the fire,' added another maliciously. 'Go home and say nothing. Soon he will come home. Not say nothing to nobody. Nothing, nothing. The wife must obey to her husband, he say. I not know what else he say.'

They had reached the station house, and Giuseppina, as at a command, lifted her face to Angelo's and he kissed her cheeks.

'Policeman make that fire,' he said in English.

'Policeman make that fire,' she repeated obediently. '*A rivederti, Angelo mio.* Soon come home.'

'*Subito! Subito!* Soon!' he reassured her. And she turned back submissively to her children.

III

The young Harrigans had gone to bed when their father came off his beat on Columbus Day.

'I was detained with the Martini rumpus,' he explained as he laid aside his belt and coat and pushed up his shirtsleeves. 'You heard about the fire?'

Mrs. Harrigan was setting out his supper on the kitchen table. 'Paddy and Jimmy was there,' she said briefly.

'Did you hear he accused me of settin' that fire? Me! Now what do you know about that!' His voice resounded with honest self-righteous grievance.

Mrs. Harrigan paused between the stove and the table, her back to him. 'Yes, I heard,' she answered.

He had driven his knife and fork into the corned beef and was cutting off a thick slab. 'If I had n't acted prompt, pinchin' him first, he could have made it hot for me, smellin' of karosene and all. There was n't no witness I could have called to prove the fire was burning when I went in the alley, except that old grandmother of the Minellis that's wandering in her wits. I tell you, it pays to have a clean record. It pays to stand in with them higher up. I always said so. Arson! Me! The boys is guyin' me somethin' fierce.' He laughed his loud, care-free laugh, and filled his mouth with corned beef.

His wife still halted with her back to him, between the stove and the table. When he laughed she wiped her hand across her forehead and on her apron.

'Aggie, you forgot the salt-shaker,' he said; and she roused herself to wait on him.

Later, when she was washing up, and he leaned back on two legs of the chair, picking his teeth, something — her unusual silence, or the weary droop of her shoulders — caught his attention, and his eyes followed her speculatively as she moved about the kitchen.

'I'm kinder sorry for his wife,' he remarked. 'She begun sayin' somethin' on the way to the station, I could n't catch, and he shut her up quick. Them dagoes sure have got their women where they want them. I wonder,' he mused, 'would you keep your mouth shut if you knew I'd set fire to a buildin'?'

Mrs. Harrigan was hanging the dishtowels on the rack above the stove.

'I have n't never opened my mouth about that disorderly house on the next block, you don't close up, have I?' she asked quietly. Her husband's eyes rounded with sudden astonishment. 'Nor about old man Nolan's tenement you don't report to the Board o' Health. Nor about —'

'That house,' expostulated Harrigan, — 'you know well enough whose orders that is. I'm holdin' down my job, I am.'

'Well, I have n't opened my mouth about it,' she repeated. 'Have I? I don't need a Guinea to show me how to keep my mouth shut.'

He stared at her in stupid silence while she wound the clock, but when she crossed the room to fasten the kitchen window, he got up and went after her and put his big, muscular policeman's arm round her neck. 'Say, old lady, I did n't go to hurt your feelin's that time,' he protested. 'Mad?'

She turned her face to his and shook her head, mute; and he kissed her quivering lips noisily. 'All right, now?'

'Jim,' she said, her anxious eyes searching his, 'you'll go to confession Saturday night, won't you?'

'Confession!' he cried. 'What for?'

'What for?' she echoed blankly.

'Confession!' he reiterated. 'When it's two months yet to Christmas? Father Murphy'd throw a fit if he saw me comin'. What would I be confessin', I'd like to know, in the middle of October?'

'Well, if you ain't the limit, Jim Harrigan,' she gasped, pushing him away from her; and she began to cry; and then she began to laugh, and to cry again.

'Good Lord, Aggie, you've got hysterics, do you know it?' he exclaimed. 'Be quiet now, will you! Drink some water; here! Do you want the neighbors to think I'm beatin' you up? Aggie, you'll wake the kids.'

She got herself in hand then, leaning against the sink and letting him mop her face with cold water.

'Whatever made you jump the trolley like that?' he queried. 'You never done that before. What's the matter with you to-night, anyhow?'

'My feet hurt,' she sobbed. 'They hurt somethin' fierce.'

IV

Subito, like most Italian adverbs of time, is a purely figurative expression. Months dragged by before Angelo's case came up for trial. And as he could not find bail, and arson is a state's prison offense, he spent the months in jail.

Characteristically, his compatriots, including the *avvocato* who was to defend him, believed him guilty. But to the Italian mind, so simple and so subtle, martyr and felon are not mutually exclusive terms, and it was manifestly the part of friendship to stress the martyrdom and ignore the felony. This was done with genuine, tender commiseration. But there was no one to go bail.

With Giuseppina they were all very patient, for about a week. 'Angelo, *che bravo marito* — that good husband — is in jail! oh, for two, three days,' they explained. 'Because that suspicious fellow, the policeman, thinks he is such a fool he would burn down his own shop. His own shop, imagine! *Perchè!*'

And Giuseppina would reply, 'Because that policeman he has a grouch on *mio marito, gia!* Angelo did not make that fire. Angelo speaks truth.'

And the consoler, if not too weary of the whole affair, would suggest, 'And Angelo? He says the policeman has made the fire? *Ebbene?*'

To which Giuseppina would invariably retort, after a moment's pause, 'My Angelo not know who make the fire. If he know, he will not have those

mille cinque cento lire. He make a very good guess on that policeman?' And she would smile watchfully.

No one, not even the avvocato, ever asked the direct question, 'Do you know who made the fire, Peppina?' But an occasional woman would hint, 'You make a guess?' And then Peppina always said, 'I have light a candle to Madonna. She have answer my prayer.'

When these iterations grew tiresome, the avvocato told Giuseppina that her talking might do Angelo harm, and only smiled and shrugged cynically at her frightened, '*Dio mio*, but it is Angelo who tell me to say that the policeman make the fire.'

The avvocato had early realized that the case would bring him neither money nor glory, and he did not show a proper appreciation of the gay basket of waxen and plaster-of-Paris fruits which Giuseppina brought him in the middle of the second month of Angelo's incarceration. The avvocato, as he liked to remind his friends, was very much *Americanizzato.*

'Why do I not receive those *mille cinque cento lire?*' Peppina asked him. 'The shop is burned down, and the leather, and the new *macchina* to sew; if they do not believe, let them come and see.' And she wept when he told her that the money would not be paid until Angelo came out of jail; for had she not sold her cooking stove to buy the plaster-of-Paris fruits? And presently she had pawned her ear-rings and her flowered crêpe shawl and her American rocking-chair; but it was astonishing how very little coal and food one could procure with these beautiful objects, even when the Italian grocer allowed her to buy macaroni on credit.

'*Corraggio,* Peppina!' counseled the other women in the tenement. 'One must be cheerful if one would nourish a child. Behold how your uninterrupted weeping gives the little one a perpetual stomach-ache. Tears poison the milk.'

Then one day, about a week before Christmas, Peppina, warming the baby at the little Italian furnace on which she now cooked what there was to cook, lifted her pretty head and listened. There was a strange footstep in the passage outside; it stopped at Peppina's door; there was a fumbling knock, as if some one's hands were full.

'*Avanti!*' said Peppina cordially.

But the visitor, it seemed, did not recognize the Italian for 'Come in!'

There was a pause, and another fumbling knock, and Peppina with the baby in her arms and the little Angelina clinging to her skirts, opened the door and recoiled in a panic of terror; a quite unreasonable panic seemingly, for the visitor was only another woman with a baby on her arm and a little boy clinging to her skirts, a blowsy woman, all blue-eyed embarrassment and willow plumes.

'Excuse me shakin' hands, will you,' she said. Her left hand steadied the baby, and she had a basket in her right. She came into the room with Peppina backing before her.

'You know me?' whispered Peppina. 'You maka mistake. You not know me.'

The visitor looked into those big, dark, frantic eyes, and her own shyness vanished.

'Say, you don't need to be scared of me,' she explained. 'I ain't an inspector nor a charity agent. I heard you did n't have no — I heard you wanted to get work.'

'Work?' Peppina repeated. 'I think you was mad on me, yes?'

'You must be thinkin' of somebody else,' replied the blue-eyed woman. 'What would I be mad with you for? I never spoke to you before in my life. I come to see if you wanted a job.'

'*Giobba!*' cried Peppina. 'You give me a *giobba?* You! Ah!—*S'accomodi, signora, s'accomodi,* taka sit!'

There was no chair, but Peppina waved her guest to the bed. 'Sit, sit!' she urged; '*s'accomodi!*' Her sweet dark face was tremulous with amazement and gratitude.

'Well, I will,' said the benefactor, graciously. 'This kid weighs eighteen pounds. You see, it's like this: my mother, she's an old lady, and we had a woman livin' with her, but they did n't get on. I don't say it was the woman's fault, and I don't say it was n't. I'm not agoin' to talk against my own mother. My mother, — my mamma, — you know?'

'Your mamma, old lady, yes?' said Peppina.

'But that woman, well, she got so she thought she owned the job, — you know?' — Peppina did n't know, but she nodded. 'She thought I could n't get nobody else to take it, because they all knows my mother, what she is. But I — I — been thinkin' about you ever since — ever since, — I been wonderin' — And yesterday I bounced the other woman.'

'Bounce?' queried Peppina.

'Threw her out,' explained the angel of mercy. 'She went.'

'Went,' nodded Peppina.

'Now, do you want the place?' Peppina looked puzzled, but again nodded. 'There ain't no salary, only the tenement and the food. The other woman done odd jobs besides. You come — live — with — my — mamma? — Come?'

Peppina understood as by instinct. 'The man, he put me in street nex' week,' she said. Her eyes were suddenly full of tears; and there were tears on the visitor's large rough hand that Peppina had kissed.

The visitor regarded that large rough hand with open-mouthed astonishment and round eyes that also suddenly overflowed. For a little silent moment they sat side by side on the edge of the bed and looked at each other through their tears.

'Now listen to me, dearie,' the visitor began again presently. 'I won't conceal it from you, but the old lady has a fault. She'll take a drop too much if you give her a chance. Poor dear, she's had her troubles; I'm not the one to be blamin' her. But she'll bear watchin'. And the more you keep it from her, the better I'll be pleased. A drop too much. Do you understand?' The visitor quaffed an imaginary glass and shook her head reproachfully.

'Too moch. Ah, *poverina!*' said Peppina.

'It's why we can't keep her with us, my husband bein' a — on account of my husband's business; and so many children as we've got. We could n't stand for it. But he pays her rent.'

'I like to be ver' kind to your mamma,' Peppina cried out with fervor. 'Ver' kind!'

'You don't need to be scared of her,' the visitor continued. 'It's just noisy she is, and comical. Sure if she was n't my own mother I'd die laughin' some days. And when will you come — tomorrow?'

'To-morrow,' agreed Peppina.

'And I'll just be leavin' this basket with you.' The kind, florid face turned turkey-red with returning embarrassment. 'I was bakin' gingerbread this mornin', my kids is so fond of it, and I thought — and there's one or two other bits of things, I was thinkin' — children is such little hogs for eatin'; now, ain't they?'

'O signora!' Peppina cried. 'How I am shame! I think you come my house to kill me, for why I say your husban' make that fire. In Italia the wife will not make to her enemy like you have make to me. In America so different.'

The blue eyes popped with surprise. 'And you was on to me, all the time? Sure, it's Eyetalians is different, not us. If it was me was you, I'd never take nothing off Jim Harrigan's wife, that her man put mine in jail; I know that for a fact.'

But this sentence, fortunately, was too complicated for Peppina; she only smiled and shook her head, and tried — this time without success — to kiss the large, rough, friendly hand.

'Come, Mikey,' said Mrs. Harrigan. 'Come with mamma. Say good-bye to the little girl. Will you look at them two kids kiss good-bye! Mikey's the masher, sure; ain't you, Mikey?'

V

After those months of heartless delay, Angelo's trial was a disconcertingly brief and unimportant affair — all over in an hour. There were no witnesses for the defense. The avvocato, in talking the case over with his client, had suggested calling Peppina to the stand, but Angelo had opposed the idea with an anxious vehemence for which he gave no adequate explanation, and the cynical lawyer was quick to take a hint. The prosecution called Officer Harrigan, and after he had given his testimony there was no question in any one's mind as to what the verdict would be. Mrs. Harrigan, sitting with Peppina at the back of the courtroom, watched her husband take the oath, and listened to his story with her willow-plumed head thrust forward and great drops of sweat standing out on her forehead.

It was a very straight story. The avvocato could not trip him in it. The back wall of the shanty had already caught when he came into the alley. The fire might have been smouldering an hour in the rubbish pile. Officer Harrigan's whereabouts during that hour and all preceding hours were satisfactorily accounted for. The Fire Chief testified that no one could have kindled a fire of such fury and dimensions in the three minutes which were also occupied by Officer Harrigan in entering the alley and dashing out again to give the alarm. There were half a dozen Italians who had been treated to a peep at Angelo's fire-insurance policy. Yes: Officer Harrigan and Angelo had had a few words that morning over the price of mending a pair of shoes; Officer Harrigan had thought Angelo overcharged him, but he had paid the price.

Remained to prove the whereabouts of Angelo and Peppina during those damning hours preceding the fire. This the prosecution did satisfactorily by the half-dozen Italians who had gone forth from the alley with the Martinis to see the parade. They had all set out together at noon, but were separated in the crowd. At about two o'clock one of the neighbors had seen Peppina. She was coming out of the Church of San Giuseppe with a blessed candle in her hand. She was alone. Where was Angelo?

'*Non so*,' replied the witness.

'He says he don't know,' explained the interpreter.

Immediately every one in the courtroom had leaped to the obvious conclusion as to the whereabouts of Angelo.

The judge gave him the limit.

The crowd, drifting down the room, cast curious glances at the two women sitting close together on a back seat. Peppina, unable to follow the evidence and unaware that doom had fallen, turned her kerchiefed head this way and that, like an uneasy little bird.

'Where goes my Angelo?' she whispered, nudging her neighbor.

But Mrs. Harrigan sat as if turned to stone, past seeing or hearing. The blue eyes were fixed in sombre thought,

and something had wiped the smile from the kindly mouth.

One of the men who had taken Angelo out came back presently and spoke to Peppina.

'Your husband wants to see you, Mrs. Martini,' he said. 'They've arranged to send him off by the early train to-morrow. He thinks you better say good-bye now.'

'Good-bye?' Peppina cried. '*Che cosa?* What is it? Aggie! Oh, somebody have put the evil eye on her. No good-bye! No!'

Mrs. Harrigan turned her face to the messenger, and the sweat broke out suddenly on her forehead and the backs of her hands.

'They're takin' him off to state's prison early to-morrow,' the man murmured hurriedly. 'You tell her.'

'Listen, darlin',' explained Aggie. 'He wants to say good-bye. Just for a little while it is. Don't cry now, don't you. Come then, Aggie'll go with you if you're scared.'

And when she had put the two frightened, babbling little creatures into each other's arms, she waited within the door, wrapped in the pall of her heart-breaking thoughts. The Latin tears and cries, the raging torrent of Italian words, flowed round and over her, but she sat as one bespelled in the midst of a strange silence, all her grotesque ornaments emphasizing her tragedy. Once, a loud cry woke her for a moment, and Peppina had flung herself at Angelo's feet and was pouring forth a wild, unintelligible prayer. Again, she heard her name, 'Aggie!' and when she looked, Angelo had clapped his hand over Peppina's mouth.

'She want to go state's prison in my place,' he explained. 'Ain't she love me, yes? But I tell her who will take care of those *bambini?* You kind woman, Mrs. Harrigan; you take my Peppina home.'

'Oh, my God, Mr. Martini!' Aggie cried. 'You to call me a kind woman!'

'Kind woman, yes,' he repeated; and kissing Peppina, he pushed them both to the door.

In the Harrigan kitchen, when they had had a comforting hot drink of tea and were sitting drooped over by the stove, Aggie put out her hand suddenly, exclaiming, —

'I have to open my mouth this much, if I die for it. Listen, dearie, you need n't to think I think he done it. I know it was n't him, for I know the one that did.'

'You know?' cried Peppina.

'Yes, poor darlin', don't you be worryin'; I know.'

'Oh, how you know?' Peppina marveled. 'You see me make that fire? You see me? W'ere was you?'

'Seen you make that fire?' Aggie fell back in her chair. 'Whatever are you sayin'?'

'Ah, you hear me tell my Angelo I make that fire, yes! He think, but he not know. I tell him yes, I make it. You un'nerstan' Italian, I am glad.' Peppina beamed her relief.

'Peppina,' Aggie's voice was very carefully gentle. 'Did you set fire to your shop?'

'Sure!'

Into the stillness that followed this announcement, Officer Harrigan's loud boots came tramping cheerfully, and at sight of him his wife leaped from her chair.

'Jim! Jim!' she cried. 'It was n't you set the shop afire! It was n't you!'

'Tell me somethin' I did n't know,' he retorted. 'Say, Aggie, are you crazy?'

'It's her,' was the lucid reply. 'She done it.'

'Done what?'

'Fired that shanty.'

'Lord!' Officer Harrigan gaped at Peppina.

'We go to the parade,' she explained, 'yes. *Ebbene*, I say to Angelo I go to make a prayer in San Giuseppi, and I go in San Giuseppi, and Angelo he have the *bambini* on the avenue. And I buy candle, *beata*, — holy — and I will light to Madonna by my — how you call? — my leetle Madonna in my house. Also, I put kerosene, a leetle; and my candle is light and I make — so — in that dump in the alley.'

Officer Harrigan regarded the incendiary with something very like admiration. 'Well, she sure had us fooled, now did n't she?' he said to his wife; and then the broad grin faded from his face. 'God! Aggie!' he cried. 'You thought it was me!'

'And why would n't I?' she asked him, quietly. 'You goin' out of here with a rag soaked in karosene.'

'I was goin' to scare him,' he stammered. 'I was goin' to light it under the garbage and bring him to it and tell him I knew he done it.'

'And where's the difference?'

'The difference! When I'd stamp it out under my foot and no harm done?'

'I can't see no difference.'

He stared at her helplessly. 'You mean you think I'd go to set fire to a house? Why, that's bein' a criminal, Aggie. That's arson.'

'You don't report old man Nolan to the Board of Health; and there's that bad house up street; and you did n't run in the barkeeper to the corner saloon that time —'

'Will you shut your mouth!' he threatened. 'Tellin' all you know right out in front of this Guinea. I wonder you're willin' to live with me, the way you talk.'

'Oh, Jim,' she said gently, 'for two hours I been thinkin' you was lettin' another man go to state's prison in your place.'

She covered her face with her hands, and stood silent in the middle of the kitchen. It seemed a long time that she stood there with her face hidden.

When he spoke, his bluster had died out and his voice was husky. 'I wonder if I would?' he said. And presently, 'Nor he never done it, neither. Would n't that jar you! But the boys'll be glad to make up a purse for the kids; I can do that much.'

'You'll do more,' said Aggie, lifting her head with returning energy. 'You 'll go to the Governor for a pardon, that's what you'll do. You can tell him the truth of it for once, and if he don't believe you, take Peppina along. Now get busy.'

'I will that,' Harrigan cried. 'I'll begin to pull the wires to-morrow. Sure, Mrs. Martini, we'll have Angelo out inside of six months.'

'And those insurance?' asked Peppina. 'Those t'ree hun' doll'?'

With uplifted eye and arm and voice, Officer Harrigan apostrophized the ceiling. 'Say, how you goin' to make a woman understand? — I give it up.'

MEN OF VERDUN

BY LAURENCE BINYON

THERE are five men in the moonlight,
  Who by their shadows stand.
Three hobble humped on crutches,
  And two lack each a hand.

Frogs somewhere near the roadside
  Chorus their chant absorbed:
But a hush breathes out of the dream-light
  That far in heaven is orbed.

It is gentle as sleep falling
  And wide as thought can span, —
The ancient peace and wonder
  That brims the heart of man.

Beyond the hills it shines now
  On no peace but the dead,
On reek of trenches thunder-shocked,
Tense fury of wills in wrestle locked,
  A chaos crumbled red!

The five men in the moonlight
  Chat, joke, or gaze apart;
They talk of days and comrades,
  But each one hides his heart.

They wear clean cap and tunic
As when they went to war;
A gleam comes where the medal's pinned;
But they will fight no more.

The shadows maimed and antic
Gesture and shape distort,
Like mockery of a demon dumb,
Out of the hell-din whence they come,
That dogs them for his sport;

But as if dead men were risen
And stood before me there,
With a terrible fame about them blown
In beams of spectral air,

I see them now, transfigured
As in a dream, dilate,
Fabulous with the Titan-throb
Of battling Europe's fate;

For history's hushed before them,
And legend flames afresh;
Verdun, the name of thunder
Is written on their flesh.

THE TIMIDITY OF OUR BOLDNESS

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

I

ONE by one in recent years various new theories of literary practice have been put before us, all wearing a brave air as of triumphing revolutionists, and filled with prophecy of art marching on to new conquests. But yesterday that which was called realism in drama and fiction carried the banner; to-day it is the new poetry. Minor thistledown creeds of the last few years, such as futurism, it is hardly necessary to mention; the great winds of life have already blown them away. In following all this progress one cannot help being struck by a certain boldness of critical claim and manifesto, a certain timidity, usually, in the art product. This verse which casts off shackles of old form and claims for itself a new freedom; fiction which confines itself to putting down without bias that which the novelist has actually observed in life; drama which presents flashes of that which the dramatist has seen and felt, without the binding relationship of inevitability and the renunciation of the irrelevant, characteristic of great drama of old, are, after all, but negatively bold, daring only in the matter of externals, and almost pusillanimous in regard to the sterner demands of art.

We who watch and wait and listen for the interpreters to speak are conscious of a deeper need, a deeper lack. Looking at the new poetry in its whimsical fragmentariness; at the fiction which, in its dreary succession of meaningless details, too often borrows the great misleading name of realism, one is forced to confess that the great lack of the literary art of to-day and of the nearer yesterdays is lack of imagination, of the divining power of imagination, piercing to profound significances; of the shaping power of imagination, that gift whereby genius shows to the world its ability to clothe in outer terms of reality its inner vision of reality. Where among all the singers, most welcome singers, of to-day shall we find one with the great accent, the great penetration? Born in an age of analysis, of severing, pulling apart, they lack — perhaps it could not be otherwise — constructive idealism, faith, vision. Their art is an art of flickers of insight, flashes of suggestion, question, recording momentary impression, denying us that guiding thread of interpretation of existence which is the artist's chief task.

This furtive and questioning art, halting, apologetic, of what is it afraid? Afraid of the new knowledge and half knowledge of to-day, of discoveries made by our age in the physical world; afraid of the limitations of knowledge by which science is bound; awed by methods of investigation of those who count as truth but that delivered to them by eye and ear; afraid of asserting something that microscope or telescope will not confirm; terrorized, paralyzed by discoveries in the physical world — which, after all, remain discoveries in the physical world! When before in earth's history have the poets, the diviners and seers, been so cowed

by contemporary advance in knowledge? The explorers, the discoverers of Elizabeth's time did but stimulate the seers of visions; the new Baconian science did but confirm art. Now, fear of what the positive sciences have found out, and the still greater fear of what they have not found out, weighs like a nightmare upon the creative impulse of the world in matters spiritual.

The poets and the novelists of our time have been overawed, too, by the exaltation of the analytic processes of the mind; for the contemporary delusion that the world of matter is the world of reality is accompanied by a widespread belief, manifesting itself in various lines of intellectual endeavor, that truth will eventually be reached by ascertaining exactly all shades of difference, all details. Of those two processes forever at work in the human mind — synthesis, analysis — there has been during recent years in the world of art an overwhelming balance in favor of the latter, this analytic method, so admirable in securing certain results, so inadequate if taken as the whole or the only method of dealing with our great puzzle of existence. True sanity of mind depends upon keeping the right balance between them; our questioning of life must be followed by our answer to the question if we would escape the Hamlet defeat and death. How could the method of perpetual analysis, of mere enumeration of impressions, with no reaction of the human will upon the knowledge gained, serve as other than a disintegrating force in art? A great part of our fiction and our drama, in its presentation of the raw results of investigation of human conditions; a great part of our poetry, with its minute shredding of individual states of mind and emotion, leaves us with a sense of a world crumbling under corroding influence from within.

Literature, cowed and broken by the overwhelming domination of the passion for positive knowledge and of 'realistic thought,' has all but renounced this one great power upon which all high excellence in art depends — the penetrative imagination, the constructive imagination; while, in that realm of thought and endeavor which would, in theory, deny its very existence, — in theoretical and applied science, — a species of imagination is working with a courage and an assurance which literature has not known for many dreary years. The creative imagination is, ironically enough, almost falling into disuse, save in the so-called 'positive sciences,' which would be horrified by the open use of the word, and in the so-called practical pursuits. That this finest faculty of the human mind, its divining power, its power to shape in the image of the dream, should be engaged chiefly in our time in achieving results in the material world is as great cause for regret as it is for wonder.

Contemporary art follows science in that part of the mental processes which the latter will admit — analysis — and imitatively pulls things apart, scrutinizes, examines, unaware, apparently, of her more audacious mental processes, unacknowledged, unconfessed. Timid and broken interpretation of moments of existence we have in our lyric work; judicious observation, in our novel and drama, of successive moments; but the daring power of imagination, the shaping power of imagination, are not working with grandeur of creation in our literary art. Art makes timidly hazarded guesses, tells what the eyes have seen, the ears heard, fearing to bring upon herself, if she venture to construct, a box upon the ear from Schoolma'am Science; meanwhile Schoolma'am Science, asserting that she deals only with 'fact,' goes gayly frisking off along the line

of her wildest fancy, with the nebular hypothesis, her planetesimal theory, her enchanting tale of matter being but a mode of motion, her series of busts and pictures, giving stages of human progress from ape through Neanderthaler man, the missing links supplied with ready assurance, all done with wild invention that the romancer might well envy.

It is sometimes a pleasure to turn from the grim matter-of-factness of realistic fiction to share the wild fanciful flights of science into the unknown. Because she claims that she deals with fact, reader and onlooker gaze, wonder, and believe. There is fine irony in her ready use of that mental faculty which none dare name in her presence, which art almost renounces in sheer awe of her. Audacious in daring hypothesis, boldly constructive in making machines that fly like a bird or swim like a fish — there is in her imaginative attempts a completeness of effort and design which our contemporary literature fails to achieve. Art has become mere floating and fragmentary stuff for art — star-dust, not stars. Here is want of conception, of courage to create works that will hold together. That the race-soul should in matters spiritual, in art, be so lacking in idealistic daring, in constructive thought, regarding the great concerns of the inner life, is pity inexpressible. We are shamed by the astronomers and the chemists, by the air-men and motormen and the captains of submarines. Our art fails in initiative, in affirmation, is timid and cautious, falling apart. We do not blame the modern writers for being radical in the often formless work put before us — far from it! The trouble is that they are not radical enough. They should dare forms, coherence, spiritual hypotheses, and not give us merely a succession of shattered states of consciousness.

II

There is actual pride, on the part of some contemporary writers, in lacking that which the meanest intelligence, be it sane, is supposed to have — a point of view, some conception of the significance of the spectacle before it. Unless there is that within us that weaves our manifold sense-impressions into unity, there is something lacking in our minds, we were taught long ago; has any one disproved it? That poet or artist, growing up under contemporary influences, may lack deep insight into life one can understand, but it is difficult to understand pride in the lack. Why glorify such limitation in delusion of new and wonderful achievement? To be non-committal is not necessarily to be great.

Lest we share this misconception, it is well to keep fresh in our minds great literature inherited from the past, if only to remind ourselves that, in earlier days, poet and idealist dared also construct, that there have been periods in which men had the courage of their insight, their vision, their conviction. It is not that we wish to echo their vision, conviction, but that we must not lose sight of the possibility of embodying such vision in the form of beauty; there should be an end to the delusion that certain new methods of investigating, of thinking, have ended, once for all, a kind of creation, of interpretation of existence which has greatly served the race. A Browning, a Meredith, even in the days of this new knowledge of the outer world, and at a moment when it was more dogmatic than it dare be to-day, were interpreters, not mere victims, of the spectacle before them, keeping a fine balance between synthesis and analysis, creating where they had pulled apart to scrutinize. In such work we find a more genuine realism, that is, a true rendering of the re-

action of the writer's soul to the facts of life, such as we do not find in the work of Arnold Bennett, of H. G. Wells, of Compton Mackenzie, of a Spoon River Anthologist of to-day, though, searching further, we may find it notably in the work of certain Russian writers. The delicate indecisions of John Galsworthy seem always hovering on the edge of some realm of truth that we would fain know.

It is this power of penetrating to significances, and of embodying this insight in convincing form, which in the long run determines the destiny of literary achievements. The work that has endured is the work of the interpreters: Sophocles, Shakespeare gave to us not mere fact but their sense of fact — interpreters of the human spectacle, through profound insight into its tragic irony, in the light of the knowledge, the achievement of the time. They whose work comes down to us from the past did not sit supine under mere impressions; they tried to think out the human predicament and to express their thought of it; they dared the lofty coherences of art. We must indeed turn back the pages of history to find such power of poet's vision and power of perception of facts in perfect fusion. To these and to other immortals of an elder day, one may resort in thankfulness to find that fine adjustment between matter and spirit, between fact and the sense of fact, which is the mark of the supremely great in literature.

Has not life to-day been analyzed, pulled apart, almost enough? is it not time for poet and novelist to dare interpretative views, put life together, venture conjecture as to its meaning, and create in the light of that conjecture? We shall get nowhere in art or in life by mere continual asking of questions which no one stops to answer. Art must be more than mere pin-points of interrogation if it is to be enduring art. Individual estimate of the spectacle is the artist's primary task; it is his business to form some conception, think out our predicament to a certain extent, not only to see into life but to see through it. We need more piercing imaginative insight and more constructive work along the line of that insight, shaping, creating, done in the light of idea. Is the literary artist of to-day afraid lest his interpretation may not keep pace with advancing knowledge, and abashed because he cannot now present the conclusions of his ultimate successors? Let him recognize the fact that others may follow, supersede, it may be contradict his interpretation; what matter? Let him at least give, in forms as bold and beautiful as he can achieve, his best, boldest, most daring conviction about the meaning of the spectacle.

Nor should he be so shy, because of the stupendous advance in recent decades in knowledge of the world of matter, of venturing even a spiritual hypothesis, if his observation and his experience incline him to this view. The rapidity of discovery and invention must not take away his finer breath; his soul must not be cowed by the knowledge of germs, by the existence of flying metal wings and swift rubber wheels. Science has not yet circumscribed, as it has not extended, our knowledge of the spiritual world. New knowledge, new thought have made no positive discoveries that can in any way account for, or justify, this change of front in literary art, its lessening faith in the unseen, its weakening grasp of inner realities as shaping factors in human life. Contemporary obsession with matter and the laws of matter does not really make it necessary for the novelist to explain human life in terms of physical appetites, as did Zola — a fashion from which

France has long since recovered, but which continues elsewhere, notably here in the work of Theodore Dreiser. Such work, and even the work of Thomas Hardy, with all its nature beauty, seems to say timidly to the dominant school of thought of our time, 'Will you please permit me to have a point of view so long as I make it a low one?'

III

There is another aspect, perhaps even a greater one, of the artist's task, aside from his need of courage to interpret the spectacle as he sees it. Is it not also his high privilege to interpret the spectacle as he fain would see it, with true insight into what is, true insight into what may be? Is it not his task, in part at least, to lead the souls of men? Art and life are far less matters of critical analysis than of creative synthesis; the artist should rise to daring spiritual conception, should risk the idealist's interpretation of the possible in human life. 'Life as it is' has been the slogan of art of our time; yet I know of no one who has greatly served the human race who has accepted 'life as it is.' Priest and prophet of old did not; our own pioneers and builders in the wilderness did not. Plato, Dante, daring to tell what man might be and should be, have left an ineffaceable impression upon the inner life of succeeding generations. We do not want the literary artist forever trailing after us to see what we do and what our neighbors do; we know all too well what we and our neighbors do! We want those who have insight into the finer values, deeper significances, to share with us their finer insight. On the basis of what we do, let them build their vision of what we might do and can do. Through deep spiritual challenge they should keep us from sitting passive under the blows of fate, teaching us that we are more than nerves to be played upon. They should not let us think that all high adventuring is adventure of the body. Aviators have at least the courage of their imaginative vision, and die gallantly for their conviction that men may fly. Aviators have learned much by watching birds fly; if they had done nothing but watch and watch, recording their momentary sensations in literary fashion, there would have been no flight. If modern investigators, modern thinkers have pulled the world to bits, and have thrown us the bits, it is our fault if we let them stay bits. Science makes fine wild guesses, audacious conjectures about the physical world, relying upon time and patience to verify them; in former days poet, idealist, dreamer dared do the same about the possibilities of the inner world, the world of spirit.

Why is it that the principle which was at the heart of one of the greatest schools of art that ever existed, Greek sculpture, the dream of perfection, is no longer permitted? Why, if it exist at all in contemporary literary work, is it banished to melodrama, where superhuman virtue is applauded by admiring thousands, and to books for young misses, where it assumes a coloring of the sickly and the sentimental? The populace is perfectly right in its instinct for idealization, its longing to see something nobler than itself, as it is usually right in its human impulses and instincts. Heroic poetry has served a great purpose in the past; it is hard to see what will in the future take the place of that trumpet call to faith in the stronger personality, bringing to the waverer a courage higher than his own. It is pity inexpressible that this great instinct does not find more worthy expression in contemporary literature; that art is so held to truth of fact instead of truth of possibility, un-

aware that the genuine idealist is on the trail of truth higher, perhaps, than they dream who base their conception of truth on the mere facts of to-day's happenings.

Surely, if any age ought to know that what man has done or is doing does not limit the possibilities of his nature, we of this age, trained in evolutionary theory, ought to know it, and know it to our bettering. If the scientist, with fancy daring to the point of the ludicrous, can tell in plastic form and in picture his version of the tale of unachieved man, the idealist-poet, through divine imaginings, could surely tell to our bettering his version of the inner man more fully achieved spiritually than we. Let science tell the tale of the man of the past if she will, but leave to the poet the task of foretelling the man of the future. Science is always busy with her tremendous 'may be's'; timid art, afraid to venture as far as the 'may be's,' methodically busy with what is, should learn that her task extends even as far as the 'must be's,' forever outstripping science in that, by reason of compelling beauty, she fashions the souls of men.

In art, as in life to-day, we have great need of spiritual courage. The advance of knowledge in the physical world — to many unseating old belief — has fostered a mistaken conviction that, if the old creed has, in certain particulars, been disproved, no spiritual interpretation of existence could be true; too many of the modern inventions, outcome of the intensest energy of the age, turn into instruments of cruelty, engines of war for slaying mankind. Our predicament calls, as never before, for the voice of the seers, for great spiritual affirmation; never was there so profound a need of great voices to lead the souls of men, of faith to dare, courage to dream — and never was there such a non-committal whimper of question, foreboding, on the part of the seers.

Poetry, in its beginnings, grew out of the triumphant chanting of victory, spurring men on to greater victory; lyric verse should never quite lose the fine emotional uplift of the first chorus. The poet should do more than cry out upon the hurt of things, should do more, even, than set his teeth. All great gallantry of life means a battle against uncertain odds; men will follow, not the leader who tells sadly old misadventures and defeats, but him who makes them know how great a conquering may be theirs. Is there not already, here and there, in song that grows out of this great struggle of nations, an advance note of something different from the verse of the last decades? Through the later work of Rupert Brooke, and here and there in the songs of other English poets, breathes something more akin to the old heroic strain to which the soul of the race has quivered, in Milton's sonnets, in Wordsworth's. Singer and listener are becoming aware, in the agony of a war-swept world, that they can no longer be content with a gospel of observation, with poetry which merely tells of things as they are.

The task of both soldier and poet is less with things as they are than with things as they should be: one could almost wish, for all singers wheresoever, the great boon of suffering, to make them understand the height of their privilege, the depth of their obligation.

The wars of nations cease in time; the war of the spirit endures. Where are the poets who will sing, as William Vaughn Moody sang, — a shining exception to the fashion of his time, — the endless struggle of the soul? In a world terrorized by the spectacle of force, and by the conception of material forces, we need to hear the voices of

those to whom the great issues of life are spiritual issues. Under all the shock of falling faiths and hostile theory, let the poet make the noblest possible interpretation of life, and fight for it, dare the loftiest hypothesis, and let time confirm it, if it will. Moments of inspired guessing lie back of our material advance; why not here also, where aspiration counts most of all? Why should we fear to trust, in life or in art, the profounder instinct, the deeper impulse, forgetting that, in the long history of the race, faith has been an incomparably more potent weapon in fighting the great fight than mere knowledge?

We need greatly to-day the finer courage of diviner and dreamer which dares venture belief in man's best, and create in the light of it. Let the poet, who has the deep resources of beauty at his command, lead the souls of men, teaching them to see with his eyes of more piercing vision. The world of fact is the world of spirit becoming visible, audible, that 'sense' may 'help soul' reach truth. It is for the artist to compel the world of matter to shadow forth his dream. He should shirk nothing, should know the horror, be aware of the ugliness, admit failure, but rise to enduring realism in helping to make greater things real. Set free from some of the common duties of mankind, he at least owes us this: he must think beyond and above his fellows, drag them up with him, not down. It is his business to dream the finer dream; poets should be diviners of the higher law or they are something less than poets. Unless they can greatly imagine, and greatly set forth the higher imagining, why write? The general confusion of things we can see for ourselves; of the sand-storm in the desert we are all aware, for it blinds our eyes.

It is not for the poet to tell the minute particulars, but to point the path. The will to beauty is his strenuous task, and the individual will to beauty, to harmony, to faith in the divine order of things may have larger share in the working of the Divine Will to beauty than we dream, for the primal act of creation is still going on. We, with our deep impulses, our aspirations, are part of it, and our share in determining the nature of the spectacle that we see is larger than we know. Art, which so largely guides the instinct and stirs the will, should be no mere photograph of human existence, but that finer picturing wherein the facts of life are woven into the vision of eternity.

THE SYMPHONY

BY THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE

I

In the first article by me to appear in the *Atlantic*, I discussed the nature of music itself, in order that I might clear away certain popular misconceptions about it; and now, in discussing what is undoubtedly the greatest of musical forms, I desire first to state, as nearly as may be, what, in its essence, it is. A symphony is, of course, like other music in being an arrangement of rhythmic figures, of melodies (usually called themes), and of harmonies. But before describing it as such, — before dealing with its materials, its form, its history, and its place in the art of music, — I wish to treat it solely as a thing of beauty expressed in terms of sound. Many people seem to think music an art dealing with objects as the other arts do, or with ideas as does literature. Some, never having become sensitized to it in childhood, look upon it as of no importance whatever; a large number have tried to perform it on an instrument and have failed; others have succeeded, at the price of thinking of it only in terms of technique. A certain happy few, some of whom can perform it and some of whom cannot, are satisfied to take it as it is, to enjoy it and be stimulated by it. These are the true musicians, and we should all aspire to join their happy company.

What we call a symphony is merely a series of ordered sounds produced by means of instruments of various kinds. It is sound and nothing else. Our programme books tell us about 'first themes' and 'second themes,' and we make what effort we can to patch together the various brilliant textures of symphonic music into a coherent pattern; but the music we seek lies behind these outward manifestations, as, in a lesser sense, the significance of a great poem lies behind or beneath the actual words. A symphony is not a record of something else; it is not a picture of something else; you cannot use the word 'else' in connection with it because it is itself only. Any intelligent person, on being shown a diagram or plan of a symphonic movement, could be made to understand how and why the material was so disposed; for that disposition is dictated to the composer by the nature of sound and by the limitations and capacities of human beings, and it conforms to certain principles which operate everywhere; but that understanding would not reveal the symphony to him.

There is in every one of us a region of sensibility in which mind and emotion are blended and from which the imagination acts, and it is to this sensibility that music appeals. The mind is not the whole man, and the imagination, which we believe to be the highest function of human beings, cannot act from the mind alone. Mathematics, for example, does not lie entirely in the domain of the mind, and the same thing may be said of any other department of science. We cannot conceive any act of the imagination whatever that does not glow with the radiance of emotion or feeling. So that music, in appealing

to the whole being, is not so completely isolated as is generally supposed. But the simultaneous appeal of music to the mind and the feelings has led to much confusion on the part of writers who have not been sensitive to all its qualities. In his essay on Education Herbert Spencer, for example, in discussing the union of science and poetry says, —

'It is doubtless true that, as states of consciousness, cognition and emotion tend to exclude each other. And it is doubtless true that an extreme activity of the reflective powers tends to deaden the feelings; while an extreme activity of the feelings tends to deaden the reflective powers: in which sense, indeed, all orders of activity are antagonistic to each other.'

Now this statement reveals at once the limitations of a philosophic mind when dealing with something which requires apprehension by the feelings also. In listening to music the reflective powers are not engaged with objects or with definite ideas, but with pure sounds which require only correlation with themselves, and the conditions of mutual exclusion between thought and feeling no longer exist because the music is expressing thought and feeling *in the same terms*.[1] Spencer speaks of science as full of poetry, which is true enough, but his statement about music reveals his incapacity to understand it. And his misconceptions about art in general may be illustrated by the following concerning the axis in sculpture, as applied to a standing figure: —

'But sculptors unfamiliar with the theory of equilibrium not uncommonly so represent this attitude that the line of direction falls midway between the feet. Ignorance of the laws of momentum leads to analogous errors; as witness the admired Discobolus, which, as it is posed, must inevitably fall forward the moment the quoit is delivered.'

This observation completely misses the quite sound reasons for the pose of that remarkable statue, and, if applied to sculpture in general, would destroy the famous Victory of Samothrace, and many other fine examples of Greek sculpture.

But it is strange and mysterious, after all, that these ordered sounds should be so precious to us; that we should preserve their printed symbols generation after generation and continually reproduce them as sound, feeling them to be strong and stable and true; that we should even come to say, after many generations, that their creator was a wise man who had in him a profound philosophy. And it is stranger still to realize how convincing is this philosophy compared to any philosophy of the reason; and to see how profound, in it, is the sense of reconciliation — a reconciliation which the mind seeks in vain. Our life consists of thought, feeling, and action, phenomena of what we are, and in actual life never quite reconcilable. But the world of music is not actual life. Music, 'the image of the will,' and absolved from actual phenomena, achieves by virtue of this freedom a complete and profound philosophy — a philosophy unintelligible to the mind alone, but intelligible to the complete being.

The strength of every art lies chiefly in the completeness of its detachment from reality. Sculpture does not gain by being realistic, picturesque, or decorative; on the contrary it is at its highest when it is ideal, detached and superhuman. Painting does not gain by being categorical, but is greatest when it seeks something beyond the outward, physical view. The novel or the essay depends for its greatness on its power

[1] I stated in an article in the *Atlantic* for February, 1916, what justification there is for using the word 'intellectual' in regard to music, and I speak here of 'thought' in that sense. — THE AUTHOR.

of relating real persons, things, and ideas to that greater and deeper reality of which they are a part. In this sense music stands supreme above the other arts because it is the most detached. The elements of thought and feeling and action are, in music, presented as elements. The thought is not thought even in the abstract, for it is not 'about' anything; the feeling is not actual feeling and the action is not real action. Each of these properties, or states, of the human being is here expressed in its essence, detached from all actual manifestation. None but the highest type of mind, none but a heart full of deep human sympathy, none but a vigorous, militant spirit, could have conceived and brought forth such compositions, for example, as the Third and Ninth symphonies of Beethoven; yet they are nothing but sound — neither the intelligence, nor the feeling, nor the action is real.

It is from this point of view, then, that I approach the symphony. I do not need now to dwell on its history, on its form, or on its means of expression, because these are merely incidental to its being a profound human document. Pure music at its highest is the will of man made manifest, and one may doubt if that will becomes fully manifest in any other of his creations. It compasses all his actions, all his thoughts, all his feelings; it translates his dreams; it satisfies his insatiable curiosities; it justifies his pride (as he himself never does); it makes him the God he would be; it is like a crystal ball, in whose mystic depths the whole of life moves in a shadow fantasy. Music does this, no less and (especially) no more.

I make this qualification because herein lies the great fallacy in listening to symphonies and other pieces of pure music. You cannot understand a symphony by trying to find out what the composer meant. Music is not a language, and cannot be translated into your own terms of speech. When a trumpet blares and you make any of the conventional associations with the trumpet, — such as a battle, a hunt, a proclamation, a signal, — off goes your mind on a stream of alien ideas that may carry you anywhere and that will certainly carry you further and further away from the music itself. Each of the orchestral instruments has its own individual association; the oboe reminds you of a shepherd's pipe, the flute of a bird's song, the French horn of hunting, and so forth; but each one of the instruments in the orchestra, as you listen to it, is forming lines, as it were, in a great design. And this design, always complete at any one point, goes on unceasingly, forming itself ever and ever anew. It is always complete and always incomplete, always moving onward, always delicately poised for inevitable flight. As you listen you have lived a thousand lives; dream after dream has dissolved itself in your consciousness; each moment has been a perfect and complete existence in itself. When it is finished, you awake to what you call happiness or unhappiness, peace or struggle, satisfaction or chagrin; the unreal spectacle of the world imposes itself upon you again; you are once more a human being. Why ask that glorious world in which your nature has been freed and your soul has been disencumbered of your body, to assume all the imperfections of this one? The gods, of necessity, dwell in the heavens. No, you cannot understand music by translating it into other terms, or by preserving your associations with the world in which you live. Mind and feeling, sublimated by the magic of these sounds, must detach themselves and rise to a world of pure imagination where there is no locality.

Reconciliation! A philosophy without a category; a religion without a

dogma; an indestructible shadow-world which offers no explanations, promulgates no opinions, and has no mission — which exists completely in itself. What more shall we ask for? Why cry to the heavens for a manifestation? Why take refuge in a so-called system of philosophy? Why shuffle the whole problem off on a dogma? What comfort to a squirrel in a cage to know the number of its bars? Is our slow and inevitable progress from the unknown to the unknown any more significant because we have learned to tell our beads — intellectual, religious, or æsthetic; to mumble our little formulæ and to pick our way, eyes downward, among the stones and thorns, never once glancing clear-eyed upward to the sun? We have always sought a fourth dimension, and have always had it. We want what we have not; we wish to be what we are not, and all the time it has been within our grasp. We make a far-away heaven to answer this universal cry, when our hand is on its very door-latch. Our imagination falters most when we apply it to things nearest us. Where can heaven be if not here?

This, then, is my thesis. A symphony is not merely an arrangement of rhythms, melodies, and harmonies; it is not a record of the thoughts, feelings, and deeds of men; it is not a picture of man or nature. Rather does it launch itself from these into the unknown. It is pure imagination set free from the actual.

II

The foregoing does not, in any sense, preclude that idea of a symphony which is expressible in terms of rhythm, melody, and harmony. What I have said has been said for the purpose of preventing a conception of it *in those terms only* (and, of course, in still lower terms). Our physical hearing is a transit to the imagination, and we want the physical hearing to serve that purpose. Nothing retards it more than an attempt *at the time* to intellectualize the process. In other words, listening to a symphony should consist in giving yourself freely to it, in making of yourself a passive medium. Your study of the arrangement of themes, and so forth, should precede or follow the actual experience. And if you have no leisure or opportunity for such study, and depend entirely on an occasional concert, you should nevertheless continue to pursue the same inactivity, allowing the music itself to increase your susceptibility little by little. If the mind is employed in an attempt to extricate order from confusion, it usurps for the moment the other functions of listening. And I would go so far as to say that the proper goal of a musical education should be to arrive at such a state of impressionability to pure music as would leave the mind, the feelings, and the imagination free to act subconsciously without active direction, and without struggle. The matter is so obvious. There is the music; here is the person. It awaits him. It was created of him and for him. It is inconceivable without him. It is his spirit coming back to him purified. It is the only thing he cannot sully, and which cannot sully him, for, in the very nature of it, it cannot be turned to base uses. What man would be, here he is. In making this beautiful spectacle of life, as Conrad says, he has found its only explanation.

What I have said thus far may seem of but slight assistance to the average person who attends symphony concerts. I have stated what I thought symphonic music to be, and have urged my readers not to listen to it analytically. But my purpose here is not to attempt to blaze an easy path for the music-lover; in fact I am unqualifiedly opposed to that too common practice

of æsthetic writing. There is no easy path, and an attempt to find one is disastrous to any progress whatever. Every person who has attained to a real understanding of æsthetic objects knows that the growth of that understanding has been slow. The characteristic weakness of our artistic status is self-deception. We are not frank with ourselves; we are unwilling to admit ourselves in ignorance; we advance opinions which are not our own. The only possible basis for advancement in anything is intellectual honesty. Information about a symphony is useless unless there is a real appeal in the music itself, so I do not attempt to provide here a panacea. Just the opposite is my purpose. All I want to do is to show that the symphony is worth struggling for, and to brush away such misconceptions about it as might retard the progress of those who have the will and the perseverance to struggle. And when there is no will to struggle, nothing can be accomplished. What is called 'mental lassitude' is almost a contradiction in terms.

It is obvious that a proper musical education would have solved our problems in a natural manner. If, as children, we had been taught to sing only beautiful songs; if we had been trained to listen to music; if our memory for musical phrases, rhythms, and harmonics, had been cultivated, we should be quick in apprehending all the qualities of a symphony, for all our analytical reasoning would have been done beforehand. And nothing can ever take the place of such an education, because the natural taste for music, which is so strong in childhood, has in us been allowed to lapse. So that our first duty is to our children. We want them to avoid our own mistakes. In every household, in every school, public or private, this ideal of music-study should be kept in mind — namely, that the children should enter life so prepared by their early training as to be able to enjoy the greatest music.

I take a form of pure music as the type of our highest attainment because when music is allied to action or to words it gives certain hostages. Furthermore, the symphony evolved slowly under the law of its own being, and it represents the application to music of those general laws of proportion and balance, of unity and variety, which govern all artistic expression. It has never been subjected to alien influences; popularity has not been its motive power; virtuosity has never dictated to it. It is solid in its construction, and true in its ideals. If you understand the symphony, you can apply that understanding to any other form of music. If one compares it with the opera, this distinction is at once evident. In the opera that antagonism of which Spencer speaks, between states of feeling and of cognition, does exist, because the mind is there appealed to through objects rather than through pure sound. The symphony speaks in its own terms; opera speaks in terms of characters in action, of costume, and of scenery, as well as of music. Even the greatest operas cause you to reflect on something outside themselves — on human motives as they find expression in human action. In either *Don Giovanni* or *Tristan*, although the music reaches great heights of beauty and is profoundly moving, there is the inevitable struggle between seeing and hearing, the inevitable difficulty between a simultaneous state of cognition and of feeling.

The symphony entirely escapes this dilemma. No doubt great motives lie beneath it; no doubt it, too, is a drama of human life; for otherwise it could not be great as a work of art; but the play of motives in a symphony is hidden behind the impenetrable veil of sound. The Third, Fifth, and Ninth sympho-

nies of Beethoven are truly dramatic, but only in this sense. They range from the tender to the terrible; they have their own emotional climaxes; they philosophize, they brood, they grin like a comic mask; action and reaction follow each other as in life itself. Nothing is lacking but that one inconsequential thing — reality. Art is truth; life is but a shadow fading to nothingness as the sun sets. The symphony, then, is a book of life. It moves from one point of time to another; it has room for laughter and for tears; but, more important still, its magnitude gives it opportunity for disorder or confusion.

I have said that the symphony evolved slowly under the laws of its own being, and I wish to state briefly, and (as far as possible) in simple terms, how this evolution came about. If I should go back to the very beginning I should have to point out that the primal difference between music and noise consists in the intensity of vibration and in the grouping of the sounds into regular series by means of accents. A series of unaccented tones does not make music. If a clock, in striking twelve, should, by accenting certain strokes, throw the whole number into regular groups, it would supply the basis for music. Within the metrical groups of twos, threes, and so forth, all sorts of subdivisions may exist, and these constitute what is called rhythm in music. Rhythm, in brief, is the variety which any melody imposes on the regular beats which constitute its time-basis. It is from this rhythmic movement that the symphony gets its quality of action, and the precursors of the symphony in this respect were the old folk-songs and dance-tunes the melodies of which are full of rhythmic diversity.

The line from these early naïve compositions down to symphonic music was never broken, and there is hardly a symphony in existence that does not, in its variety of movement, pay direct tribute to them. The force of the impetus which this movement gives may be observed at the close of nearly every piece of music where it becomes necessary to use conventional chords to ease off the stress of the impetus. The last forty measures of the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven constitute a sort of brake on the huge moving mass. Chopin's Polonaise, Opus 26, No. 1, on the contrary, does not end; it stops. Fielding's *Tom Jones*, on the other hand, postpones its climax to a point dangerously near the end of the book, and leaves us with a sense of breathlessness or aggravation.

We become infused with this momentum in music; we are caught up in it; we 'keep time' to it with hand, or foot, or head. When it is given out with great vigor, any temporary displacement of it produces almost the effect of a cataclysm — as in the first movement of Beethoven's Third Symphony, where great chords in twos clash across already established metric groups of threes. I dwell on this point at some length because here lies a large part of the energy of music. The rhythmic figures to which I have referred contain within themselves a primal force. They are capable of throwing off parts of themselves, and these, caught in the primary orbit, live as separate identities, until the too-powerful attraction of the greater mass absorbs them again. As rhythm, then, a symphonic movement is like sublimated physical energy. As the first oscillation of its impulse strikes our consciousness, we are caught up into a world of movement which has the inevitability of star courses. We, ourselves, are all rhythm — rhythm imprisoned and awaiting release. In music we become one with all that ceaseless movement or vibration without which there would be no physical or spiritual world at all.

I say, then, that rhythm is the very

heart of music; that while we are all susceptible to it (though comparatively few people can move their hands or feet or bodies in perfect rhythm — they would be much better off if they could!) we do not altogether see what significance it has as an æsthetic property of music. When the heart of music stops beating as in one of Beethoven's *scherzi* we are surprised, or perhaps disturbed, not answering to the marvelous silence; when two or even three rhythms are acting simultaneously, we are confused and helpless before the most fascinating of æsthetic phenomena.

III

Let me next dwell briefly on that element in the evolution of symphonic music which consists in the use of several themes simultaneously. Should we trace this back to its original, we should find ourselves in the ninth century. Now, while I know that this is not the place for a dissertation on any abstruse musical terms, I shall venture this much, not only because this method of writing is used in nearly all really fine music, but because a large part of the pleasure to be derived from listening to a symphony depends on our capacity to follow the varied strands of melody that constitute it. Is it not so, also, with the novel? The chief theme of Meredith's *The Egoist* has numberless counter-themes running through and around it. It is not by any means to be found in Sir Willoughby alone, for you understand it through Vernon's good sense, through Clara's dart-like intuitions, through Mr. Middleton's patient surprise at having such a daughter, through Letitia, and Crossjay, and Horace de Cray, — through a dozen situations, numberless conversations, and a score of episodes, — all these are continually explaining and illuminating the theme for you. It is true that music asks you to listen to several melodies at once; but what does the episode of Crossjay's unwitting listening to Sir Willoughby's belated declaration to Letitia ask you to do? Is it enough merely to record the scene as it is unfolded to you? Or do you remember Crossjay's father stumping up the avenue in his ill-fitting clothes? Clara's intercessions for Crossjay? Vernon's attempts to adjust him to Sir Willoughby's overbearing grandiloquence? And do you not have to remember, especially, that Crossjay had been locked out of his room by Sir Willoughby himself and had sought the ottoman as a refuge? These are all strands of the chief melody in that remarkable composition. (Not all the strands are there, for satire never tells the whole truth. Tony, in Ethel Sidgwick's *Promise* and *Succession* is an egoist, also.) In this sense, a novel is not successive, but *simultaneous*. All that has been and all that is to be exists in every moment of life; that is all that what we call 'the present' means. The chief difference between such play of character around an idea, and the movement of many musical themes around a central one lies in the detached and spiritualized quality of sound.

It is obvious that music written for an orchestra containing some twenty or more different *kinds* of instruments and scores of performers must have great variety of expression. Each instrument has its own tone-color, its own range, and its own technique, and each must be given its own thing to say. In this sense symphonic music is an intricate mesh of melodies, each intent on its own purpose, each a part of the whole. In no other of its varied means of expression is the symphony more strictly and more fully an evolution than in this one of complex melodic textures. There has been no hiatus. From its first great moment of perfection in the time of

Palestrina, through the madrigal and fugue, through dance-tunes conventionalized in the suite, through organ pieces, oratorios, and the like, this method of writing has persisted. Wagner bases his whole musical structure on the play and inter-play of melodic lines in his *leit-motifs*. Bach is all melodic texture. Music written in this manner is called 'polyphonic,' and the method of writing it is called 'counterpoint.'

In direct contrast to this is 'monodic' music, which employs only one melody against an accompaniment of chords. A large part of the music that we hear is monodic; an aria by Puccini, a popular song, most church music — these have one melody only. So has Poe's *For Annie*. Polyphonic music has the great advantage of being intensive in its expression; it evolves out of itself. When I say that almost the whole of the first movement of the Ninth Symphony is evolved out of a few measures near the beginning, I mean that the melodic fragments of the theme take on a life of their own and by so doing illustrate and expound the significance of the original thesis from which they sprang.

This quality, or property, in music, upon which I have laid some stress is, then, not so much a matter of technique as of æsthetics. The thing done and the manner of doing it are each the result of general laws, and I venture to dwell on them here, not for expert, technical reasons, but because I wish to offer the listener to symphonies one of his most delightful opportunities. Note should finally be made of the important fact that only those symphonic themes which have a varied and vibrant rhythm serve well the purposes of counterpoint; for the essence of instrumental counterpoint lies in setting against each other two or more melodic phrases in contrasting rhythms.

I do not mean to imply by the foregoing that symphonic music persistently employs counterpoint as against simple melody. There are whole passages in the symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, where one tune is given out against an accompaniment of chords, and a lyric composer like Schubert employs counterpoint somewhat rarely. But in the greatest symphonies the predominating method of expression is through polyphony. In writing about counterpoint I have dwelt on the rhythmic quality in melody, and have stated that a well-defined and varied rhythm is essential to contrapuntal treatment. I might almost have said that all good melody depends on rhythm. I do say, — expecting many a silent protest from certain of my readers, — that all the greatest melodies have a finely adjusted rhythm, and I apply this statement to all melody, from the folk-song to the present time.

I might enumerate beautiful melodies whose effect depends on other properties than rhythm, — as the second melody in Chopin's Nocturne in G major, Opus 37, No. 2, — but I should add that, as melody, existing by itself, it is not fine, and the reason is that its rhythm is monotonous. And when I say it is not fine, I mean that it is not highly imaginative, and depends too much on its harmonization. And when, in turn, I say that, I mean, perforce, that it is too emotional. The difference between such a theme and one with a really fine rhythm is the difference between Poe's *The Raven* and Keats's *Ode to a Grecian Urn*. In the former, the mind is being continually lulled by the soft undulation of the rhythms and rhymes; in the latter, the mind is being continually stimulated by their complexities. Yet Keats's ode is as unified as Poe's lyric.

There are melodies for songs, for the pianoforte, for the violin, and for the

orchestra; there are sonata melodies and there are symphonic melodies, just as there is a shape for a hatchet, and a shape for a pair of scissors — which is only stating once again the old law that the style must suit the medium of expression, or that the shape must suit the uses to which a thing is put. Symphonic themes, in contradistinction to themes for songs, or short pianoforte pieces, or dances, should be *inconclusive;* they are valuable for what they presage rather than for what they state, and they should indicate their own destiny. The four notes with which the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven begins are so, — in fact the whole theme is valueless by itself, — but they contain enough pent-up energy to vitalize, not only the first movement, but the three which follow it. If it were possible for each reader of these words to hear —as an interlude to his reading — a series of great symphonic melodies, and if he would listen to them carefully, he would find almost every one to contain a finely adjusted rhythm.

Symphonic themes present certain difficulties to the listener whose understanding of melody is limited to a square-cut tune in strophic form. He is accustomed to a certain musical punctuation — a comma (so to speak) after the first and third lines of the music, a semicolon after the second, and a period at the end. And when he gets an extra period thrown in (as he does after the third line of the tune 'America'), he is all the happier. When he hears the opening theme of the *Eroica* Symphony break in two in the middle and fall apart, he gets discouraged, for his musical imagination has not been sufficiently developed to see that that very breaking apart presages the tragic turmoil of the whole movement. When Brahms gives out, in the opening measures of his Third Symphony, two themes at once, he does not fathom the element of strife which is involved, and so cannot follow its progress to the final triumph of one of them.

But the symphony contains everything, and there is a place in it for lyric melody, provided the flight be long and sweeping. The 'slow movement' of a symphony contains such themes, but they are not content to be merely fine melodies. They, too, must contain some potentiality which the movement realizes. The best and most familiar example will be found in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, where the first rhythmic unit (contained in the first three notes) of the beautiful romantic theme detaches itself and pursues an almost scandalous existence, full of delicate pranks and grimaces, and comic quips and turns, now gentle, now ironic, now pretending to be sentimental, until it finally rejoins the theme again. This piece is a romance touched with comedy — a romance great enough to suffer all the by-play without the least dilution of its quality.

Any attempt in an article like this to explain the intricacies of harmonic development as it is seen in the symphony must be inconclusive. Harmony is, in itself, less tangible than either rhythm or melody, for it lacks to a considerable extent the element of continuity. It may touch with light or shade one brief moment in a piece of music (as it frequently does in Schubert's compositions); it may produce a bewildering riot of color (as in modern Russian pieces); or it may cover the whole piece with a subdued shadow (as in the slow movement of Franck's Quintet). But the real office of harmony is to serve melody. I mean by this that when two or more melodies sound together, they make harmony at every point of contact, and this harmony, incidental to the movement of melodic parts, has a reality which chords cannot acquire by themselves. And the whole justifica-

tion for many of the ugly sounds in ultra-modern music lies in this one perfectly correct theory. Not that the laws must not be obeyed — as they frequently are not; not that a composer may violate nature and do what he likes. He must, as of old, justify in reason all the dissonances arising from his melodic adventures. He should remember Bach, whose melodies clash in never-to-be-forgotten stridence, striking forth such flashes of strange beauty as can come only from a war of themes.

The symphony is, then, an arrangement of rhythms, melodies, and harmonies. Each of these three elements has a life of its own, — the rhythms, taken all together, have their own coherence, the melodies theirs, and the harmonies theirs, — but each belongs to the whole. The rhythm of Poe's *For Annie* would be an impossible rhythm with which to carry forward the purposes of any part of *The Ring and the Book*. Equally useless would be the rhythms of Schubert's 'Unfinished' Symphony to carry forward the purposes of Beethoven's Ninth. The whole structure of Poe's poem would disintegrate if one single word fell out of place; so would the fabric of a Schubert melody, were a note destroyed.

In every direction, wherever we look, this cohesion of all objects in themselves, this blending of all objects into a greater body, reveals itself. This is the basis of all religious belief, of a novel, of the composition of a picture, or of life itself. To say that a symphony is made up of separate elements, that each of these elements has a life of its own, and that they all unite in a common purpose, is to state a truism. And to suppose that a symphony can be understood without an understanding of all its elements is to state an absurdity

HUMAN OR SUPERHUMAN?

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON

THE Great War has called attention to many aspects of human endeavor, and among them it has challenged the efficiency of the Church as an institution which was supposed to exercise a powerful influence over the passions of civilized mankind. In this crisis of human affairs, it is claimed, the Church, as the regular, established, recognized institution of Christianity, the one avenue through which it has attained organized expression, has failed. Why?

Not only has the War challenged the Church as a failure to influence men to love instead of hate, but within the last two years more articles have appeared in magazines charging the Church with weakness and failure than during any previous period of twenty-five years. This is true of American as well as of British and Continental periodicals.

Within the Church itself there is a profound feeling on the part of the thoughtful ministers and laymen that something is fundamentally wrong. What? Something ought to be done to make things fundamentally right. How?

I am writing from the standpoint of

the minister after twenty-seven years of church life. I am not writing a wail or a whine or an excuse, but I honestly believe that the great body of church members, and people calling themselves Christians, do not understand the superhuman task required of the human instrument called a minister, and, in large part, that failure to understand the gigantic nature of the ministry as a profession is responsible to-day for a feeble and inefficient Church so far as it is feeble and inefficient.

The minister of the average church is one man. He is very human. He is far from superhuman. Yet his programme calls for superhuman powers. He is not and never will be equal to them. He therefore fails, and the Church is challenged as a failure because *he* fails.

Here is the minister's programme, unlike that of any other human being — in medicine, music, art, journalism, business, politics, teaching, science, amusement, or farming.

I. *Preaching*

The average minister in the average church is supposed to prepare two sermons a week, and something in the way of an address for a mid-week service.

After trying for twenty-seven years to preach, I feel convinced that a sermon is the most difficult of all mental productions. A real sermon is a task that might well absorb every part of a man's thinking powers, and preclude any other mental effort, for a whole week. When two sermons are demanded, the requirement passes the bounds of the possible. No minister ever lived who could prepare and preach two really good sermons every week. If the work of preaching were the only work required of the minister, it would keep him busy eight hours every day for a week, even to approach the ideal of *one* good sermon.

II. *Parish Work*

I have a church of nearly a thousand members. Each individual of that membership ought to have some special and particular shepherding. By parish work is not meant trotting around in the afternoon and calling on people who are not at home. By parish work is meant letter-writing, advice and counsel to people in distress, finding positions for people out of work, directing young people into life-work, serving as peacemaker in family differences — in short, acting as the human buffer between individuals and their daily accidents; being trouble-clerk for two hundred and fifty families made up of all sorts and conditions of human material.

This parish work is of such a nature that any man who is fit to be a minister could spend his whole time and strength in trying to do it, and work sixteen hours a day at it every day, and then succeed in doing only a small part of what needs to be done. *And no assistant or other member of the church can do most of this work. The people want to see the minister, not a paid visitor or hired hand.*

III. *Bible School*

Connected with every modern church is a Bible school organized to give religious instruction to all ages. This school is so tremendously important that any man could well find all his energies taxed to the utmost to direct its course of study, examine its teachers, plan its programme, and carry out its purpose. There is enough that is vital in the average Sunday school of every church to occupy all the time of the most thoroughly equipped educator as the superintendent of it. Such a man ought to have nothing else to do. Yet this is only one of the tasks out of a dozen others that the minister is supposed to direct

and supervise in all its many intricate, and often delicate, parts. No high-school principal is ever expected to be at the same time the head of a department in a great store, superintendent of a machine-shop, and traffic-manager of a railroad. But the minister is supposed to keep his hand on all the details of a great religious educational school and attend to all the other details of his church and parish besides.

IV. *Finances*

The great majority of all the ministers in this country find it necessary to manage the business end of the church and devise ways and means to finance the institution. Sometimes this requires financial ability of a very rare order. And the wonder of it is that so many ministers succeed half as well as they do. They may have scores of men in their churches who manage great business enterprises; but it is one of the astonishing things about church finances that a board of trustees, accustomed to handle calmly and successfully millions in their own business, suddenly grow appalled over the budget of a church which calls for a few hundreds. They apparently lose all their business ability when religion is involved, and the minister has to come to the rescue and devise plans for raising money and distributing it. This business calls for an outlay of time and thought which requires weeks and even months of careful planning, yet it is only one item out of all the rest that make up the minister's programme. In connection with this whole matter of financing a church, how many men working on a salary do you know who have to do the principal work of planning the way to raise that salary and then see to it personally that it is paid? Yet that is exactly what the majority of ministers in this country have to do.

V. *Organizations*

The average church of to-day, if it is ambitious to keep up with all demands, has many organizations for various phases of religious activity. I have in my church, which is only an average institution, eleven distinct organizations, each one representing some feature of church activity and each one claiming a certain amount of time and attention from the minister. Each one has its regular meetings, which the minister is supposed to attend, and at most of which he is asked to make an address, sometimes of a technical character. These organizations are all supposed to be important. Some of them are of such a nature that a man could give almost his entire time to them to good advantage in the building up of a proper constituency that would rally to the church as a whole. These organizations are in the habit of meeting so often that the average minister in this country is seldom at home in the evening, and sometimes months elapse before he has the leisure to attend to his own private business affairs.

The average business man, and nearly every other professional man, calls it a day's work when night comes. But for most ministers, when night comes, it means meetings, which keep him away from home until ten, eleven or twelve o'clock; for all this overtime he gets no extra pay; there is no eight-hour day for the minister; with a majority of ministers it is nearer eighteen.

VI. *Music*

The music in the average church in America is in a state of chaos. There is no standard, no fixed policy, no satisfactory result from policies that are pursued. As a result of this condition many ministers are asked to add to their programme the direction of the music

of the church, and many of them are actually taking the matter into their own hands.

The music of a church is a task that might well demand the entire time of a competent and skillful professional musician. There are in a very few churches in America persons who are paid high salaries to direct and drill the entire musical talent of the congregation, including the Bible school, young people's societies, and the children, and to arrange all the programmes for special occasions, and so forth.

Such a task is enough to keep busy all the time any one who is competent for such a position. In fact, the ability to do such work is so rare that very few men or women, even among professional musicians, can be found to fill these positions with full satisfaction to the church. But the average church, like my own, cannot afford to hire an expert to direct the music. Yet the music of a church is so important to its worship that it cannot be neglected, and the minister feels it to be a duty of his own if no one else can be found to assume it.

VII. *Reading*

The average minister in the average church must do an immense amount of reading of all sorts if he is going to keep his pond full and not fall behind in the intellectual pace set him by his educated parishioners. If he did nothing else but read books and magazines which touch on his own work as a minister, he would have to read every waking moment and do nothing else. If he takes time for even a fraction of the reading he needs to keep him posted as a preacher, he must rob some other department of activity calling loudly for attention. If he does not read, he is soon rated as commonplace; the people begin to be able to anticipate what he will say, and then — he is lost. As a matter of fact, most ministers read after a full day's work, when heart and mind are tired, and instead of assimilation mental indigestion follows. In the matter of his reading, the average minister is not between the devil and the deep sea — he is hopelessly in the clutch of both of them; he has never had time to get between them, and he fools himself that he is keeping up with the insatiable demands of his congregation because he buys a certain number of books (but never reads them), and subscribes to a certain lot of papers (but knows nothing of them except their tables of contents).

VIII. *The Sick*

In the parish of the average minister there is generally a list of invalids and sick people who make a special appeal to him for time and sympathy. Hundreds of ministers make heroic efforts to call on the sick in their parishes, making as many calls in the course of a year as the average doctor. This past winter has been exceptionally severe perhaps, for I find a record of nearly every family on the sick-list, and the attempt to see all who would have welcomed a visit and really profited by it was an attempt that failed simply from physical limitations. If the average minister were performing the duties of an average doctor and had no other duties, he could keep busy most of the time doing nothing else but call on the sick and shut-in of the parish; and in doing this he would be doing only *what the average church expects him to do as a part of his calling, a failure to do which is regarded as a serious defect in his qualifications as a successful minister.*

IX. *Civic Duties*

It has been an unwritten law of centuries that the minister should be active

in all matters that pertain to civic righteousness. And through all the centuries from the time of Isaiah and Jeremiah and the prophets, to the credit of the minister be it said that he has been willing to bear the brunt of the criticism and scorn that are the regular compensation of most prophets and reformers. To-day, hundreds of ministers in cities and towns all over this country are adding to the superhuman programme demanded by their own parishes the disagreeable duty of law-enforcement, of sanitary regulations, of movements for playgrounds, conservation of health, establishment of tuberculosis camps, agitation in the press for justice to working men and women, and civic progress generally.

I know a score of ministers who are serving acceptably on civil-service boards, as heads of committees for social surveys, as members of commercial clubs, interested in better conditions for the criminal classes, working long hours into the night on public-welfare boards, wrestling with difficult problems of foreign-born, establishing settlements, founding kindergartens, encouraging plans for city or town adornment, and neglecting their own homes in the effort to beautify the homes of others. A minister was arrested the other day for not obeying a law requiring householders to secure a garbage-box called for by a municipal ordinance. And he was chairman of a committee of the Commercial Club, appointed to see that in the poorer districts garbage-boxes were secured! He had been too busy on that committee to attend to his own, and frankly told the judge that he had forgotten it!

All this civic work is done, of course, without pay. Neither the church nor the city would consider for a moment that it had any obligation in the matter, and would laugh at the suggestion. And yet large numbers of ministers are giving to civic betterment days of valuable time and valuable service; and in many cases that I know, the annual postage spent on necessary committee work is equal to more than a week's salary of some city officials who do not do a tenth part of the service the minister does, serving without thought or expectation of financial reward.

x. *Sundries*

Under the head of 'Sundries' the college-boy sometimes puts down items of an embarrassing character, which when footed up may present as important a total as those which are itemized.

It is so with the minister. There is his own home, family, private business, and the like. It was not without its tragedy that the neglected wife of a minister asked her husband, as he was leaving the house one evening on an errand of mercy to other homes in trouble, 'John, won't you get a new motto to hang on the wall?'

'What kind of a motto, Mary?'

'I have been thinking this would be appropriate: "There's no place like home — any more." '

Some churches never seem to think that the minister has any right to a home and wife and children. And some ministers sometimes wonder if they ought to have them, if they must neglect them after getting them. I know one prominent minister who, on his own confession, has not had a quiet evening at home with his family for more than three months. And the meetings, committees, conferences, organizations, and engagements of the parish that fill his notebook for every night, stretch on endlessly into the future. And he is a very human man. But he lives in an atmosphere of superhuman conditions which he is trying to meet with superhuman heroism, only to fail, as all of us are failing.

The average pay that churches in this country give their ministers is less than $1200 a year. The average minister is trying to fill a dozen positions, any one of which, compared with a position as superintendent of a railroad division, is a giant's task. And the railroad man receives for his one position five times what the minister gets for his dozen.

Is it any wonder *your* boy does not care to enter the ministry? Would *you* enter it again, knowing what you know of it now?

This is not an attempt to suggest a remedy. It is only a statement of the facts. The minister is just a plain, average, human creature, fitted like other men to do some one thing fairly well. The church, or custom, or something, has put upon him superhuman tasks. Flesh and blood and brains and heart cannot bear the strain. Is it fair to impose on the human the superhuman? Something is fundamentally wrong. What? It ought to be made fundamentally right. How?

THE SHOULDERS OF ATLAS

BY CORRINNE AND RADOSLAV TSANOFF

'MISTER JIM' MCELROY stood ready to have his seventy-five a week raised to one hundred, because, in two years of bridge-building on the new Colorado Central, he had succeeded in reducing the accident claims one third, and so saved the Rocky Mountain Construction Company a good many thousand dollars damages. Good luck had been Mister Jim's uncle: for three months he had had nothing worse than crushed legs to report to the Complaint Department. But now he did have a death-claim on his hands.

'They'll rise a rumpus this trip, Mister Jim,' Steve remarked. Steve Johnson, baptized Stefan Ivanoff in Macedonian Krivolak, drew fifteen dollars a week for being able to hear in English and talk in Bulgarian. 'They'll sure rise a rumpus this trip,' he repeated. 'On first place every one seen it happen plain as ace in spades; on second place — the young chap's father. You don't know nothing about that old fellow, Mister Jim. He makes himself that he don't understand, but the boys will swear anything to get for him some thousand dollar damage for his son.'

'Think so, Steve?' McElroy grunted.

'Sure as you have been born, Mister Jim!' the Bulgar answered. 'And real, you know I am all times on your side, but sure this was one rotten business!'

'Don't you say rotten to me!' McElroy snapped. 'How was any one to prevent the clumsy bat from slipping into the shell just after releasing a load of crushed rock over his own head? Didn't I stop work the moment I saw him fall? What do you hunkies want, anyway? Let some one slide ninety feet down to the bottom of the shell and crack his own skull trying to scratch the poor devil's pieces out of the rock and cement? Take it from me: the fellow was as dead as a door-nail the min-

ute he struck the bottom of the shell. Saves him funeral expenses.'

'Now, please, Mister Jim, don't talk them words. You know I am all times on your side, but, you know —'

'Shut up, Steve, and listen to me. Do you want some extra coin?'

'Sure thing.'

'Get that fellow's father to sign this paper, and bring it to me. For every dollar under five hundred that you do the job, I'll give you fifteen cents. But do it to-night. I want this bridge built, and I can't have a strike on my hands.'

Steve shook his head and started up the path to the cook-tent, where the gang of Bulgar-Macedonian laborers were lolling about, waiting for supper.

The sun had just disappeared behind the bald head of Sugarloaf Mountain, and long sheaves of yellow and orange played against the dull lichened rocks on the eastern bank of Six-Mile Canyon. Here and there, in deep-cut fissures, packed snow still glistened like veins of old tarnished silver. On the lower meadow slopes of Sugarloaf, blue monk's-hood and scarlet fireweed nodded lazily in the sleepy evening breeze, while here and there saucy Rocky Mountain jays — camp-robbers, the miners call them — darted down to the very door of the cook-tent, pecking at morsels of food, ready to snatch the slice of bread out of your hand. The roaring, endless rhythm of Six-Mile Creek was shattered by distant reports of explosions from the gang blasting the rock farther up the trail. In front of the tent a lively exchange of bitter civilities was going on, in racy Bulgarian, interspersed with choice, untranslatable profanities.

'Well, and so we left Macedonia,' a dark, bushy-browed young fellow was holding forth to the rest, expertly spitting through his teeth as he spoke; 'we did leave the cursed old bleeding motherland, to come and drink American milk and honey, get rich and buy us patent-leather shoes and a derby hat out of the second envelope, eh, Zasho?'

'Oh, give your jaw a day off, Kolio!' a short-necked, thick-lipped chap in blue overalls and muddy boots replied from inside. 'You get your nine dollars every Saturday, don't you?'

'Nine dollars, Zasho? Sure I get my nine dollars, and I'd get yours too if I could. But where's the equal chance for everybody that leech-mouth steamship agent was sermonizing about? I suppose Dobry would have got his nine dollars next Saturday night — if he had n't slipped into the shell. If Mister Jim, or that fat president with the white vest, had missed his footing, do you think they'd have let him stay there, and pile up the rock and cement over his carcass to-morrow morning? I spit upon the nine dollars, Zasho! So long as you are on the job, they keep tab on you every minute, for fear you won't earn five times your wages; and when you die they stick you into the ground without priest or pall, so you won't smell up the place. And another soft believer that's crossed the ocean to become God's cousin takes your pick and shovel, and it's amen to you. I'd rather eat good garlic in Macedonia than rotten ham in Colorado.'

'Hush!' a low voice cautioned. 'Here comes Dobry's father. Did he see it happen?'

Kolio shook his head. 'He was working farther down, where I was. We did n't see anything, but some of the fellows higher up yelled to us. Old Uncle Dimo could n't get it through his head at first; then he set on a run up the path to see for himself. They were just stopping the crane when he got there. He gave one look into the shell, then he scrambled up the mountainside like a wild goat. Mister Jim called after him, but he did n't turn around, and that second-hand American, Steve, yelled to

let him go. I thought the uncle might do himself harm and wanted to follow him, but I turned back after all. If the old man wants to die, I'm not going to tie his hands. Dobry was all he had in this world. I have n't any son to lend him, have you, Zasho?'

The men hushed; a few crossed themselves piously as the rusty figure of Uncle Dimo drew near. His face was wrinkled with sorrow, but he held his shoulders erect. Uncle Dimo was a stubborn Macedonian Bulgar; he had never doffed his pepper-gray homespun breeches and rawhide sandals for the overalls and tan shoes of the new world. On this evening a patriarchal atmosphere enveloped his massive frame. His hair and beard seemed to have grown whiter during the afternoon as, ragged and long, they hung over his shoulders and chest, and his deep black eyes burned under their shaggy brows. The workmen lowered their heads, awkward and silent in the presence of his grief.

'God greet you, Uncle Dimo.'

'Let him be greeted indeed,' was the old man's answer; and he put on his cap.

He was about to pass into the tent, but Kolio could not restrain himself.

'We're all with you, Uncle Dimo,' he burst out. 'Curses on the man that robs Dobry of Christian burial!'

Uncle Dimo fixed his smouldering eyes on him, but did not answer.

'Yes, on him, and on every leech that sucks our blood and thinks we are only so many picks and so many envelopes. You've lost your son on this cursed job, and like as not they'll hand you a blue envelope and be rid of you next Saturday! I spit upon their nine dollars!'

The old man listened with dull composure to the excited youth, and then shook his head sadly.

'You are young, my boy,' he said, 'although you swear and spit enough for a grandfather. You don't know a workman's glory when you see it!'

'A workman's glory, Uncle Dimo, —' Kolio began; but the graybeard cut him short.

'You've left Macedonia too early, lad. She has n't taught you enough. It's so with most of you young fellows these days. But my Dobry, — he knew the workman's glory!'

Dimo crossed himself.

Silence fell on the group; the old man was obviously hesitating whether or not to ask something. Finally he did ask, directing his question to Zasho.

'Zasho, you have been here longer than I; tell me this thing. I don't understand. What is written on that iron plate at the bottom of the big pillar?'

'I don't know for sure, Uncle Dimo, but Steve says it is about the president of the company that is paying us. You remember the fat fellow with the white vest and that gold chain in both pockets who came and watched us work? It's for him this bridge will be named.'

'But he is still alive, is n't he?'

'Sure he is.'

'Then I don't understand, — how can it be his bridge and Dobry's too? This is a strange country,' he concluded; and noticing Steve Johnson, who was calling to him in an uncertain voice, he turned in his direction.

'Perhaps Stefan will tell me,' he said, leaving the group before the cook-tent.

'I wonder how much he will be offering Uncle Dimo for his son?' Kolio commented grimly. 'May the itch get the second-hand American!' He spat in disgust.

'It's an awful pity, Uncle Dimo, an awful pity,' said Steve, seated on a spool of steel cable in the tool-shack.

'He was a fine lad, God rest his soul.' Uncle Dimo crossed himself. 'You know, his mother died years ago, and then the Turks burned our village and we ran away to Bulgaria. There Dobry made up his mind to come to America.

Everybody said it was easy to get rich over here. Well, he did not get rich, but he did send me money every little while, and last summer, you know, he wrote me to come over. We were getting on so friendly, the two by ourselves — and now here comes this thing! Lord God, no man knows whom Thou wilt select!' he murmured piously.

'So it is, Uncle Dimo, so it is,' Steve felt his way. 'It will be hard for you, and lonesome too, now, without him, and the company will be so very sorry, Mister Jim was telling me, for this accident — for, of course, it was quite an unavoidable accident, — unpreventable, you understand, no one to blame, that is.'

'Who could be to blame?' Uncle Dimo was puzzled. 'It is God's work.'

'Certainly, God's work,' Steve agreed. 'God's own work. But, as I was saying, the company is sorry for you personally, and would — would help you, you understand. They want to give you a hundred — or a hundred and fifty dollars.'

'What for? What more could I want? Such a bridge: there is not one like it in all Macedonia — and it is my son's bridge!'

'I don't get you,' Steve was beginning, but checked himself. 'Well, take fifty dollars anyway, and — sign this paper, so the company would know you bear them no ill will.'

'You talk so strangely, my lad. Why should I bear them ill will, and why should I sign any papers? God has signed the papers already, in the bottom of that concrete shell.'

Something in the old man's voice made the Americanized young Bulgar's heart tremble a little.

'I don't know what you mean.'

'You don't know,' Dimo muttered. 'No one of the boys seems to know this thing. For you have not built bridges in Macedonia. Still I thought that you, knowing English, might have heard it from some old bridge-builder here.'

'Heard what, Uncle Dimo?' Steve asked, puzzled.

'What? Why, what gives strength to a bridge to stand the force of the water. Water can dissolve anything that's mixed with just water.'

The young man was silent.

'Perhaps I'd better tell you how it happened once in Macedonia,' Dimo decided. 'Then you will understand about my Dobry. And then I can ask you something you must find out from Mister Jim.'

And so Uncle Dimo told his story.

'First, there was Bogdan the mason. His mother left him an orphan of three months, and before he grew up the Turks burned his father's house near the Cherna River. The two of them ran to a well that was half-dry, and the boy jumped down all right, but the old man broke his back and died before sundown. Bogdan covered him up with stones and mud and crawled out of the well, managed to cross the river somehow, — there was a bad drought that summer, — and wandered into Zavoy village.

'Elder Gosheff took him to work for his bread and cheese, and at first sweated him like a Greek innkeeper, but by and by he took a liking to the lad, and ended by marrying him to his daughter Radda. That is how I come to my story, Stefan. Now you just listen and don't talk until I get through.

'There were no Turks in Zavoy village. The elders had drawn up a paper with the *kaimakam* of Prilep to send some one with the taxes every autumn, and to watch and keep in repair the bridge over the Cherna. It was a horse-trader's bargain for the Turks. Every wagon, ox, donkey, and sheep that went from the Prilep country down to Salonica, had to cross the Zavoy bridge; you just had to look after it. And the

Cherna, — you have n't seen it, — all quicksands and eddies and whirlpools. An ox could n't find a ford at less than a day's journey downstream. And if you did cross her in the morning, a cloud would burst at the top of Koom Tepee, sweep down the valley, and bury the ford under a couple of elbow-lengths of muddy water by sundown. There simply had to be a bridge at Zavoy.

'But every spring freshet swelled the Cherna, hammered the log-piles to pieces, and sent bridge and all downstream. Year after year the same cursed business; all the saints in the liturgy could n't have built that bridge to last. Folks from other villages called Zavoy men fools for not spitting at it all and moving across the river toward Salonica.

'One spring the elders chose Bogdan to manage the bridge-building. He was a man born with a trowel in his hand. Past Easter, you know, the dry weather sets in. Zavoy men curse and spit and work day and night to get their share done so they can go back to their ploughing. About noon the wives bring their hot *givetch* and clabbered milk in wooden bowls, and stand knitting while the men gulp and lick their fingers. All this happened, Stefan, when your grandfather's uncle was in swaddles.

'Of all the wives in Zavoy village, Bogdan's Radda, they say, was the fairest: a tall and slender aspen, hair you could braid in a rope, and eyes like black cherries. Bogdan was a bit foolish about his wife and never beat her. You see folks like that now and then.

'Every day old Pope Cyril limped down to the river and watched them at work. He'd pull at his beard and chant, "Fools and babes unborn! Think you can cement these rocks with plain mortar? Man labors in straw and his work is chaff. Only God makes stones and real mortar to hold stones together."

'Day after day the men heard him. One afternoon Bogdan could n't stand it any longer. "What kind of mortar is this mortar of God, Holy Father?"

'The old priest looks at him with eyes like fishhooks and tells him, —

'"Thou knowest full well, thou son of Babylon, — building towers without offering to God any sacrifices. Thee I have told, and thy bride's father before thee. A mighty force is water, dark and unfathomable, more restless, stronger, more stubborn, and altogether more irresistible than logs and stones and mortar. Man's soul alone, God-given, can conquer that force. For verily and verily no bridge can be built to withstand its wrath save a bridge with the soul of man at its foundation. *Gospody pomiluy.*"

'The men listen to him, cross themselves, and spit over their left shoulders. Who is going to put his own soul on a trowel?

'"Better build it every spring," you 'd hear them say. Yet a few wobbled a little sometimes; men get sick of an endless business like that. Bogdan stood his ground as is proper to a manager.

'"You know your liturgy asleep, Holy Father," he tells the priest, tells Bogdan, "but bridge-building is a layman's trade. Bridges are built only one way: come next week and see if my mortar will stick or not."

'"The Lord God will mortar your blasphemy in your throat, you son of Ishmael!" the priest thunders at him, and strides away. That very night, Stefan, the sky rips itself open. Ugly clouds, with forked lightning inside, split and flood Koom Tepee. Zavoy folk cross themselves under their blankets, but it is too late for crossing.

'In the morning they all rubbed their eyes and peered through the fog and rain. You could n't have built a pigsty of what was left of the bridge. Even the huge stone pillar, built twenty

years before, the only part that had whistled at every flood, was shattered from top to bottom.

'Down from the church-hill, clump, clump with his cane, limps Father Cyril. All bareheaded, with his beard uncombed, the wind twirls his gray hair like cobwebs in a granary door.

'"Behold and verily," he calls out, "do you believe now?"

'"The lightning struck it," Bogdan answers back. "No mortar is proof against lightning."

'But the other men cross themselves and spit over their left shoulders.

'"God forgive us all, Pope Cyril," they beg him. "Tell us what to do."

'"*Gospody pomiluy!*" he chants, and runs his fingers through his beard, the holy man. "A human soul we must have in the cornerstone. A man's soul cannot be spared; we need every one to protect the village, for the Lord God knows when Turks may come our way too. To hold such a bridge, a child's soul is not strong enough; so a woman's soul must be mixed with our mortar."

'Bogdan protested, but the men listened to the priest.

'"Behold and verily," he goes on, "the manner in which we shall select her, saith the Lord. One week from this day, she, the one who first brings her husband's dinner to the bridge, she shall be the matron honored above all Zavoy women. He who breathes so much as a syllable of this to a woman, him the Lord God will curse, him and his wife, and his daughters unto countless generations! *Gospody pomiluy!* Amen!" So they all swore they would keep it secret.

'Radda waited all day for her man; she even dared the storm to look for him by the river; but she could n't find him. So she put a candle in the window-sill and set her down to watch. When she did hear his step on the cobblestones and ran out to meet him, he pushed her aside as if she were a beggar-woman.

'"Don't be running always after me like that," he growled at her, but kept looking at the ground. "You shame me with your ways. Folks clear their throats halfway across the road when you go by."

"Radda's heart wavered. "What have I done?" she cried.

'"*Psst* with your questions!" he snarled. "Mind your child, tend your spinning, your weaving, keep to your housework — that's a woman's business. Don't lick your lips at me like a lovesick silly at a *horovodnik*."

'"What ails you, Bogdan?" she wept out loud.

'But he stretched himself crosswise over the bedclothes and would n't say another word to her; so what was she, poor woman, to do? She wrapped herself in a blanket and lay in a corner.

'"He's drunk with grief," she excused him, God's little cow. "He's drunk with grief," she says, "for he does n't smell of drink."

'In the morning she was up and out before light to prepare his breakfast, but he shoved her aside. "Tend your baby, I'll get my own breakfast, yes, and dinner too, from Stavry's tavern.

'"And don't leave the child alone in the house," he called back as he slammed the door. "Wait till high noon before you come to the bridge. It makes me a laughing-stock to have you lugging me dinner in the middle of the morning, before any other woman gets there."

'But womankind is a puzzle, Stefan. The more he scolded her, the more anxious she was to please him, the better dinners she cooked him. Of course she tried not to be loving with him before the others, and stood aside knitting stockings while he ate; but she worried over his ways, and on the fourth night, she gathered up her courage.

'"I want to call in the priest," she says.

'"Leave the priest alone," he shouts at her. "If you tell a living soul anything about me, you'll burn candles for my return till the cuckoo's summer."

'So a whole week dragged by, and every day Radda, of her very sorrow, came later and later with his dinner. She was sick with grief and could hardly drag her feet down the road. As Bogdan saw her coming later and later, his heart warmed up with joy.

'"A week's weeping? *Ei!*" he says to himself, "what is a week's weeping? Once let this cursed business be done and I'll make it all up to her!"

'The last morning Radda heard him get up, but she did not stir, or open an eye, so bitter did she find her life.

'"Seven days and seven nights I have heard only curses from him," she groaned to herself.

'Bogdan went about the house dressing; she pretended to be asleep. If she did n't open her eyes, he would go away without swearing at her, she thought.

'Just before he started to go, he opened the sleeping room and looked at the white face of her. Her bosom swelled sleepily enough, but now and then her eyelashes fluttered against her cheeks. *Ei*, Bogdan — he saw how thin and pale she had grown, and how the veins stood out on her neck. He leaned over and kissed her on the forehead and a hot tear rolled from his eye on to her cheek. Radda quivered and Bogdan said to himself, '"If she wakes, I'll tell her. Then we'll leave this accursed bridge and river for good."

'But Radda did n't wake up, and Bogdan turned to the holy icon over the cradle, crossed himself and the baby, and tiptoed out of the house. When she was sure he was well gone, Radda jumped out of bed.

'"Why did n't I open my eyes?" she kept wondering; and she hurried to feed the baby and prepare dinner, and put on her new red *sukman* with the silk braidwork and gilt embroidery.

'*Ei*, Stefan, is n't it a terrible day, this day of God's choosing! Every Zavoy man was at work trimming the stones or planing logs, and every one had his back to the road. All at once Bogdan felt a touch on his arm.

'"Here is your dinner, my husband!"

'He just stood and looked at her. Down the path, hobbling along, came old Donna, the saddler's wife. Not another woman was in sight.

'"Radda," Bogdan groaned, "what's God got to do with you, my skylark?"

'But old Pope Cyril was already in front of her, sprinkling her head with holy water. It fell on the red overskirt and glistened in the sunlight like drops of blood.

The men had stopped their work; the priest picked up a rope, measured out her shadow on the ground, cut off the right length, and sprinkled it too with holy water.

Radda gaped at them, awestruck.

'"What is all this about, Bogdan?" she whispered.

'But he did n't answer, threw his tools in the river, put his arm around her shoulders, and led her back to the village. When the two had turned around a bend in the road, the elders chopped the rope to little bits and mixed it with the mortar.

'"Behold and verily is Radda's soul now mortared into the foundation!" Father Cyril pronounced. "All the floods of the Cherna will henceforth and forevermore be unavailing. *Gospody pomiluy!*"

'Now that their own womenfolk were safe, the men spat on their hands and got down to work to finish the bridge. But Bogdan did not return. He spent all his time tending and loving his wife: he would n't let her lift a finger; he

swept, he cooked, he carried wood and water. But what is wood and water? A strange ailment had taken hold of her: like a lily of the valley after a frost, she faded and withered up, and died in a few weeks. They buried her at the base of the great pillar of the new bridge.

'And now, Stefan, listen. That was over a hundred years ago,' Uncle Dimo concluded, brushing back his gray hair, 'but you can go to Zavoy village and there stands the old bridge as it has stood against a hundred spring floods. Radda's soul is holding it firm. They call it Radda's Bridge.'

It had grown dark in the tool-shack. Outside, the night-sheen of moon and star and gleaming water and water-polished rock played about tents and cabins. Gusts of snow-kissed air whisked around the camp and fanned the smoky fire in front of the cook-tent, where crouching and sprawling figures and bent heads were still outlined. Farther down the track glowed dingily the lantern-lit window of Mister Jim's cabin. The two men waited silently, in almost complete darkness. Uncle Dimo evidently expected a word from the young man, but the latter did not speak.

'It is God's plan with us workingmen,' the old man took it up again; 'there is no kicking against the pricks. What are we? Sweaty, ill-smelling bodies. Yet God chooses from among us some one to strengthen every work of man. You are young, you do not know yet; but be sure, Stefan, there is not one bridge, there is not one big building, if it is to last, that does not have some human soul at its foundation to give it strength and life. I've told you just one story; there are a thousand more. It is God's way. The rich man, he comes and orders and pays with his money; but money cannot buy this honor. God must elect you to it, if you are a good workman, as he elected Radda, as he has elected Dobry.'

And Uncle Dimo crossed himself piously. The Americanized Bulgar involuntarily followed the old man's example. He felt uneasy, stupid. After what he had heard, to persist in offering the bereaved father money seemed sacrilegious.

Once more Dimo broke the silence.

'I was going to ask you one thing. The iron plate at the foot of the big pillar, that plate with the writing on it — what is it about?'

'It has the names of the company's directors, Uncle Dimo, the directors and chief engineers and so forth.'

'But, Zasho, you know, told me it was about some president, that fellow with the gold chain in both pockets.'

'Yes, President Addison Van Allen Goldman, of the Directors of the Rocky Mountain Construction Company. The bridge will be named for him.'

'So they had picked him out? But see, God has chosen my Dobry first. It is for God to choose, not for man.'

Steve shuffled his feet uneasily.

'It is for God to choose and honor, Stefan, tell Mister Jim that. If a man scorns that choice, God brings damnation to that man. They must change the plate, make it right, as God wills it. Of course, as soon as they hear about Dobry, they themselves will want to do it, for the sake of the bridge.

'I don't know English, but when they ask, you tell them; let them write it simply, "The Bridge of Dobry." It needs nothing more; God will remember Dobry when He sees it.'

'I will tell them, Uncle Dimo.'

But the old man still hesitated.

'You know,' he added, 'I am not sure about this next thing; you tell them not to do it if they think it is vain in God's sight — but perhaps they might add: "Dobry, only son of Dimo of Zavoy village, grandson of Radda's child." Let them put that too, if they don't think it vain in God's sight.'

AS I LAYE A-THYNKYNGE

BY ROBERT M. GAY

It is very salutary now and then to let the mind run whither it listeth.

I waked this morning out of a dream in which I had been harkening to a voice cry in dolorous accents, —

'Glamis hath murthered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

The voice had been pursuing me, I would have said, for hours, through tortuous corridors, in and out of postern gates, along battlements, and into subterranean dungeons. Suddenly it was arrested by the clangor of a bell.

'Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell.'

I waked, as I have said. My alarm-clock was hammering away on the chair at my side. It was seven o'clock.

I reached over and silenced the detestable thing. Rain was splashing somewhere, and the piece of sky visible was leaden. 'I must get up,' said I to myself; and then, of course, turned over and looked at the wall-paper.

And so I laye a-thynkynge.

It was no cause for surprise that I had dreamed of Macbeth's castle. Only yesterday in class I read the very lines I have quoted, noting with pleasure how little Miss B—— sat on the edge of her chair, shivering, with speculative eyes, as if she saw the trembling thane with his hangman's hands. What is surprising is that now, as I looked at the wall-paper, I thought, not of the class of yesterday, but of incidents of — no, I will not say of how many years ago. Thought laughs at time, as at space, and performs greater miracles than Ariel's in the twentieth part of a minute.

As I lay between waking and sleeping, I was back in the corridor of a college hall, watching a lank figure, all arms and legs, that moved along before me 'with Tarquin's ravishing strides,' and ever and anon cast over its shoulder a look of unutterable horror.

'Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand?'

said a voice as from the grave. The figure paused. I could see the shaggy brows, the high-bridged nose, the black eyes fixed on space; and below, the loose-jointed body and shaking knees. A moment the form stood rigid, and then shot into the air with a swoop of a long arm and a howl like a coyote's, —

'Come, let me clutch thee!'

And so disappeared in a series of leapings and swoopings so purposely ungainly that I leaned against the wall in laughter. I had been sole spectator of a part of Shaughnessy's locally famous parody of the murder of Duncan.

I wish I could describe that parody, but find I cannot. Charlotte Cushman once said that Macbeth is the great ancestor of all the Bowery ruffians, — 'a foolish word,' but an excellent hint for parody, and one that Shaughnessy must have chanced upon. He went to classes seeing air-drawn daggers and clutching at them with the gesture of one catching flies; he pounced upon us hissing, 'There's blood upon thy face!' he scared under-classmen out of their

wits by screaming at them, 'The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon! Where got'st thou that goose look?'

I have not decided yet whether or not Shawn, as we called him, was a genius; but I had no doubt then. There was a little group of us, — Hetherington and Mangan and Winckelmann were the others, — each, doubtless, except possibly Mangan, queer enough in his own way. Because genius is often queer, it is the part of sanguine youth to think that queerness denotes genius; and I suppose that we were queer to the top of our bent. Shaughnessy, six feet two, of northern Irish, dark Irish, extraction, gaunt of face and loose of limb, was the versatile member of our circle. He could act, and play the 'cello, and sing baritone, and draw in charcoal, all so well that he was despondent of ever choosing among his talents one which he could bear to cultivate at the expense of the rest.

I remember my admiring envy of him one day as we sat in the studio on the top floor under old Professor Hertz, drawing from the plaster cast of a foot. It was a Greek foot that had never known a shoe, round and beautiful. Shaughnessy's charcoal sketch grew as if by magic, in black lines, muscular, until Old Hertzy, as we lovingly called him, exclaimed with lifted hands, 'Mein Gott, dot foot could kick!' My sketch, which before had seemed plump and soft and 'Grecian,' suddenly came to look like a pincushion; although Old Hertzy, gentle always as a woman, sought to comfort me by declaring that there were plump and skeeny feet, and which one liked best was a 'madder of dasde.' He did not see the point. The point was that I had merely drawn the cast, while Shaughnessy, looking at the same plaster, had seen the straining ground-spurning foot of Atalanta or Diana, and had drawn that. It was useless to argue with me. I knew. Shaughnessy had what I called genius.

Hetherington had it, too; but his ran to literature. He could write you a poem, an essay, a story, or make you a speech, at a moment's notice. He could speak French like a Frenchman. He could lead all his classes, and yet never be detected studying. I was quite sure that he, too, was a genius, though his special abilities were more within my apprehension.

And Winckelmann had it, perhaps more truly than either of the others. He was a German, thorough, burningly sincere. His industry was terrifying. He was a glutton in his reading. At one time he read Carlyle through, — *Sartor*, *Frederick*, the *Revolution*, the *Essays*, — every word. It took him six months, but he did it. He read Sir Thomas Browne through, too, even to the *Vulgar Errors*. And of course he smoked. All men who love Sir Thomas smoke, usually immoderately. He was philosophically inclined and was ready at any time to argue you up hill and down dale, all day and all night, on any subject in metaphysics or morals you cared to propound. In college, I remember, his hobby was convictions. Just to get him to talk, I used to scoff at convictions as a source of action, declaring that all my best decisions were the fruit of chance or impulse. Such heresy was all that was needed to set him going; and many a night we talked 'the low moon out of the sky' and 'drummed up the dawn,' amid clouds of smoke and thicker clouds of speculation. When he was in fettle, he was superb; his face was suffused, his eyes flashed, his hands beat the air, he shouted, he roared with laughter, he all but wept.

We men are accustomed to deride the garrulity of women; yet I doubt if any women under the sun could compete in loquacity with a pair or trio or quartette of young men engaged in the

exchange of views on metaphysics, literature, or art. We two or three or four — for Mangan seldom joined us — spent ambrosial nights. There were no problems too knotty, no reaches of hypothesis too vast, for us to attempt. Agreeing on nothing else, we agreed on a love of Shakespeare the all-inclusive, the metaphysician, artist, naturalist, poet; and chanted his praises, and listened to Shaughnessy read him and Winckelmann expound his thought and Hetherington analyze his stage-craft, many a time till second cock-crow — which is, as the bard himself tells us, three o'clock in the morning.

Mangan, when he found time from his social engagements to appear, smoked his pipe. Mangan was so Irish that he lapsed into brogue on occasion, and wit dripped from his tongue. No one could puncture a metaphysical balloon more adroitly than he. It was his custom to turn the conversation from æsthetical heights or depths to the growing of potatoes or the feeding of pigs. He was touched with socialism and we all caught it from him a little. He talked but seldom, but when he did, there was no stopping him. We rolled in merriment and begged him to have done, even while we prayed that he would go on.

We were always discovering somebody in those days. We discovered Maeterlinck, — or rather, Hetherington, who had spent a summer in Paris, introduced him to us. The Belgian had already written *L'Intruse* and *Les Aveugles*, I think, and *Les Sept Princesses* and *Pelléas et Mélisande* — what names to set youth mad! We all took to writing in the staccato somnambulistic style; except Mangan, who never took to anything except pipe-smoking and socialism. He said he preferred *Mother Goose*. I remember, too, how proud I was to discover Henley, and how we shouted, —

> 'Under the bludgeonings of chance
> My head is bloody, but unbowed';

and how we crooned, —

> 'The ways of Death are soothing and serene,
> And all the words of Death are grave and sweet.'

Even Mangan liked that.

One day we all went to the Metropolitan Museum, and for the first hour Shaughnessy refused to look at anything but Millet's The Sower. That picture served as an excuse for more interminable arguments. Mangan pronounced it a mud-daub, more to tease Shaughnessy than from conviction. And we fell out over Rubens, whom Winckelmann considered vulgar; and we agreed to admire Corot, and almost came to blows over Burne-Jones. It was during the rage for Manet and Monet, and we took them very seriously, as they deserved. We were somewhat scornful of Meissonier and Détaille, and dismissed David and his contemporaries with a sniff, as we always did the whole eighteenth century in all its manifestations.

And then came Wagner. Winckelmann attended seventeen Wagner operas in one season, sitting in the uppermost gallery, yearning like a god in pain, and finding in the music the answers to all the problems that beset him. He expounded the *Ring* cycle to us, humming motifs, and excited our wonder by really appreciating *Tristan and Isolde*, which was all Greek to us. His exposition of Wagner, with illustrations drawn from Shakespeare and Browning, remains in my memory as a purple cloud through which I see dimly his ruddy face and flaming eyes and a hand forcibly waving a cigar long since burned out.

That was a time of life to remember, when the mind was growing like corn in hot weather. It is a pleasant thought that all over the land there are little bands of youths doing as we did. I get wind of one now and then — some boy

with all the fire and foolishness, some girl with all the sensibility and sentimentality, by a chance look or word carries me back, as a whiff of lilacs or mignonette can transport us into our childhood.

He is a poor man who never was foolish. It is appalling to think over what he has missed. I am glad that there was a time when I was omniscient; that there was a time when an opinion was attractive because it was radical, and the 'miserable little virtue of prudence' was not a part of my moral code. I think it makes me more charitable toward youth. Whether it does or not, there can be no doubt that the surest corrective and sweetener of life is a vivid memory.

We all wrote, simply wrote, as an outlet for exuberance. I have forgotten the lists of primary and secondary instincts which we used to learn in psychology, but the *cacoethes scribendi* certainly ought to be among them. The more I talk intimately with boys and girls who have the conviction of genius, the more I am inclined to believe that every one of them has locked away somewhere, in his desk or his heart, a tragedy or an epic or a novel. To have that is normal to their age and temper. We had passed the tragedy-novel-epic stage, I think, and had taken to sonnets and ballades and short stories, the natural evolution. Sonnets to the moon, ballades on some refrain of fate or death, stories in the manner of Poe and Maupassant, — these were our avocation at the moment; a little later to give way to Ibsen and Zola and realism, with the Russians as the 'discovery' of the year. We went to the ends of the earth and of history for our subjects, and found our inspiration in ancient Egypt, India, Iceland, Cathay, the land of Prester John.

It is a commonplace of the rhetorical textbooks that the student should 'find his material in his own observation and experience'; but that is often the last place in which he wishes to look for it. We teachers seek to impose on generous youth the realism that only middle age really likes. We are agitated if our students love Poe and Hoffmann and wish to write stories of mystery, horror, and sudden death. We hold up as models Wordsworth and Arnold and Hardy and Howells, whom no vigorous youth can tolerate. We do not see the significance of the fact that, of all the books read in preparatory school and college, the ones most loved are such as *Romeo and Juliet*, *Macbeth*, *Faust*, *Les Misérables*, *Tales of the Grotesque*. We forget that every worthwhile boy has to go through his *Queen Mab* or *Locksley Hall* or *Childe Harold* period — live it, I mean, as well as read the books. These are the books of youth and that move youth; books that it will read (or others like them) somewhere, somehow; morbid, of course, but recording a step in development without which life is a poor thing.

It is a glorious faculty of youth to detest things as they are and love things as they are not, the old, the unusual, the remote. Only to-day I said to an ingenuous sophomore who desired to write a story about the ancient Persians, 'But, Miss So-and-so, do you know anything about the ancient Persians?' 'Only what I have read,' said she. And then dutifully I proceeded to point out the superior value of direct observation, personal experience, ending by holding up as possible material for fiction her friends, her neighbors, the local policeman, the corner grocer. 'If I have to write about corner grocers,' said she, 'I'd rather not write at all.'

It was a feminine answer, but rightly understood was sound enough. For her the ancient Persians were probably more real than the corner grocer, and

it may be that she had seen them more truly.

Foolishness, radicalism, morbidity are marks of promising youth, the obvious signs of inward ferment. The melancholy pose, the affectation of pessimism and cynicism, the sentimentality, the conviction of genius, that many of us deplore or deride in certain young people, may be as natural to their age and disposition as the sense of immortality of which Hazlitt writes so feelingly in one of his essays. We should rejoice to find them. They are among the indications of spiritual growth. They are at any rate not to be looked for in the pragmatic, the commonplace, the inane.

I often wonder what we should see if we could lift the parietal bones of our young people and take a peep at their thoughts, as the Devil on Two Sticks took off the roofs of the houses. If thoughts were visible, we might make some surprising discoveries. Once in a while the student, who usually talks about anything but his best thoughts, speaks out with startling distinctness. 'What right has he to usurp the office of providence?' said an intelligent and indignant boy to me the other day, referring to a teacher. The teacher, feeling that said boy needed 'sitting on,' had, as is the way of conscientious teachers, promptly sat on him. 'He said,' continued the student in a tide of words that would not be stemmed, 'that I think I'm a genius, but am not. How does he know? Stupider people than I have proved to be geniuses. If I think I'm one, what business is it of his? If I get any fun out of it, it's a harmless obsession. Is n't it better to have thought so and been mistaken, than never to have thought so at all?'

I could only reply heartily, 'By all means.'

I do not know who the teacher was, but his name is certainly Legion. 'A teacher,' says Julius Hare, in *Guesses at Truth*, 'is a kind of intellectual midwife. Many of them too discharge their office after the fashion enjoined on the Hebrew midwives: if they have a son to bring into the world, they kill him; if a daughter, they let her live. Strength is checked; boldness is curbed; sharpness is blunted; quickness is clogged; height is curtailed and depressed; elasticity is damped and trodden down; early bloom is nipped; feebleness gives little trouble, and excites no fears; it is let alone.'

Not many of us are like that, I think, nowadays. Most of us are on the lookout for strength and sharpness and the rest of the category, down to early bloom. We are only following the law of kind if it is our tendency to propagate teachers and scholars, like ourselves. The amount of genius, real or dubious, in any college must always be small. It is an interesting speculation, however, whether it might not be larger if we were not afraid of it. I have been much impressed by the difference of attitude to be discerned among teachers toward scientific industry, on the one hand, and creative originality, on the other. If a boy makes a hobby of scientific invention, we applaud; but are notoriously suspicious of a hobby for creative invention. Here we hasten to mew up the would-be eagle. Why should there be more joy in academic circles over one student who wins a scholarship than over a dozen who write good stories? It requires some courage to advance the theory that the latter may show the higher qualities. In moments of aberration I have a vision of the day when a creditable novel or book of verses will be adjudged to represent as much brain-power as a doctor's thesis, — But let us return to our wethers.

Hetherington and Winckelmann and the rest of our band perceived these things obscurely. We had a faculty of

white-haired old men, ripe and mellow, who, as I look back at them, seem to have had unlimited charity for the foolishness of youth. I have a theory that old age is in better touch with youth than middle age. The grandsires and grandams of all time are evidence. Through a beautiful foresight of nature the old folk are living their young days over again in memory, and yet have lived long enough to see that if youth is full of joyance and age of care, the care is a matter of no great account while the joyance was the rich reward of life. The old men of the faculty seem to have worried very little about us, academically, dealing more in good advice than in hard lessons. I remember the anecdotes and reminiscences in which they were wealthy and with which they pointed their advice, far better than their facts and theories.

As I look back at them, — Rufy and Hertzy and Brainy and Plymp and Kimby (these were their pet-names behind their backs), — one characteristic common to all comes to me strongly. They were all happy. They chirped and chuckled. Rufy loved to call us 'a pack of gumps,' and Brainy never tired of telling us that we were very young; yet I think that they enjoyed us almost as much as we did them. I have no impression that they lost any sleep over us, or ever conducted any extended investigations to find out whether or not we were studying. But they did succeed in conveying to us the feeling that the acquisition of knowledge is a joy. The most important lesson they taught us was that a man might be a scholar and be old and yet be happy — an impression we should never have gathered from our middle-aged teachers.

We never heard the word efficiency in those days, so far as I can remember, outside the physics laboratory. Would to heaven it had stayed there! It must not be supposed, however, that we did not work when we did work. As I look about me, I do not see many young men under our present efficient systems who seem to be working harder. Somehow we derived from the old men a thirst for knowledge, a restless curiosity, a joyous knight-errantry in the quest for truth. Surely, that teaching which can induce students to pursue their researches voluntarily outside of the classroom is the very best kind of teaching.

I get the impression to-day that most of the joy of college life is confined to the student body, and that that is often hectic. The faculties seem to me overworked, over-serious, lacking in what I call pedagogic faith — faith that the student may be trusted to get some good out of leisure. I suppose that we shall have to blame, as usual, the *Zeitgeist*. Crowded curricula, multiform 'student activities,' and all the full steam and weighted throttles of modern efficiency are pushing out of college life just the one element that should be characteristic of it — time; time for rumination, day-dreaming, thought.

It occurs to me that *rumination* was Brainy's favorite word. '*Rumination*, young gentlemen,' he was wont to say, 'means *chewing the cud*. Have you chewed the cud of this lesson, or have you simply bolted it?' He knew. It is only at this late day that I begin to discern a wise philosophy underlying the leisurely methods of the old men.

When I had reached this point of my ruminations I was compelled to get up. But this is what I thought as I laye a-thynkynge.

THE LIEUTENANT'S STORY

BY LIEUTENANT R. N. OF THE FRENCH ARMY

February 12. On the train, which at last is bearing us away to the war. My companions are asleep, wearied by a day and night of this endless journey. But I cannot sleep for joy. One thought possesses me. I am on my way to fight! Had I so wished I could have remained with the general staff as interpreter, but what I crave is action — the intense, mad action of battle. The enthusiasm of the first days of the war has not left me, but grew ever greater during the long months I had to spend in training camps, where I learned first to be a soldier, then an officer. But as soon as I received my appointment to the rank of *aspirant*, I asked for and obtained permission to start for the front. Am I cherishing illusions? Is it real, this glory of war that makes my head swim? The sadness of saying good-bye to my mother I have left far behind. The weight already began to lift when we made our triumphal departure from that little snow-covered town, through which we marched with the band at our head and the Marseillaise on our lips and in our hearts, amid the cheers of the people.

Just now the train is going through a beautiful bit of country. Never has the valley of the Saône that I know so well seemed so fair to look upon. Truly, 'la doulce France' is a mistress we may proudly live and die for. Die? No. I have a conviction that I shall not be killed in the war; I feel sure I shall be able to do my duty to the end, and once my task is finished, return to my mother and my own life.

February 13. We have just got out of the train. I am writing in the kindly warmth of a room some peasants have put at my disposal.

This morning, in the fog and chill of an early February dawn, our train stopped in the middle of a vast plain, grisly and wet, whose monotony was unbroken except for a few clumps of trees. The bugler gave us the signal to detrain by playing the regimental march. Instantly the men streamed out, still heavy with sleep, and benumbed by these two days of traveling. I hurried to the cars of my section, lined up my men, and stacked arms while waiting for orders. Fatigues were detailed at once to get rations and unload the cars.

But where were we? No one but the commander knew our itinerary in advance, for of course it has to be kept secret. We had a vague idea we were bound for Champagne. The station bore a name I did not know: Cuperly. I looked on my map and found that this village was right in the field of Châlons, several kilometres to the south of the villages of Perthes and Hurlus, which have so often been mentioned in the dispatches of late. So we are to be launched in the midst of an offensive! What joy!

I hastily scribbled a card to my mother and gave it to a trainman, who promised to mail it.

As we stood waiting in the cold, our attention was drawn to the auto-busses of a provision convoy going along the road, phantom-like, through the fog.

And we noticed also a dull rumble like a prolonged roll of thunder. It was cannon. 'Sling equipment! Take arms! Fours right! Forward! March!' And the battalion swung into a road that was broken up and covered with mud — a gray, filthy, liquid mud that seemed to flood the whole countryside. An artillery convoy came by and spattered us badly. It was cold. Two kilometres farther on we halted at the edge of a village where we were to breakfast. I promptly attended to the kitchens of my section; two men from each squad went to get wood, and before long four fires burned merrily. Pans were brought forth from their places above the knapsacks, and soon the portions of coffee and sugar provided us with a 'juice'[1] that was much appreciated in the dampness of the winter morning. I gave orders to warm some canned beef in wine for the men, and they had a real feast. While our soldiers were resting after their meal, we section commanders, together with the other officers, accepted the hospitality of some artillery officers, who made us welcome with several bottles of champagne. The festivity was at its height when the bugle sounded. It was time to start out once again. For what destination? We did not know.

We marched two hours along the slippery road before coming to La Cheppe, where we were to await the return of the brigade that was in the trenches. We took possession of our quarters. My section was comfortably billeted in a large barn well supplied with straw, and I chose to make my abode among my *poilus*. I should like to be in closer contact with them; I am determined to make friends with them. When the regiment left the training camp I was able to procure a few little extras that they wanted, and this evening they came and invited me to dinner. The artful member of the third squad had succeeded in getting into the good graces of an old peasant woman, who gave him two chickens. The men insisted on my doing the honors, and I accepted with great pleasure. We chatted together familiarly, and I told them how glad I was to be at the front, and enlarged especially on the great things I expected of them. 'With you, *mon aspirant*, we will go anywhere,' said a corporal; and they all applauded. Of course, I was immensely pleased.

February 14. The booming of the cannon all night kept me from sleeping. However, I was snug and warm in my bed of straw beside my dear friend Henry. We are glad to be together at the war after being chums in college.

I am on duty this morning with my section. We are posted for police duty at a crossroads, and we are instructed, in addition to keeping order in the village, to regulate the movements of the convoys which pass incessantly. What an infernal whirl! Not a minute passes without something going by — a great ammunition train, heavy cannon drawn by motor-tractors, a regiment of infantry returning from the trenches, muddy but triumphant. The *poilus* are radiant. We surround them. They give details. Good news! 'Hot fight, all right, but the Boches are catching it like fun.' And then there go our old Paris auto-busses, transformed into meat wagons. Some of them still flaunt their signs, 'Madeleine–Bastille,' 'Neuilly–Bourse,' 'Clichy–Odéon.' One is marked '*Complet*,' and the places, if you please, are filled by huge cattle. O auto-busses of Paris, you forget your luxurious existence of Parisian bourgeois, and jolt bravely on through the mud of Champagne, accepting these hardships to save your country. We take off our hats to you in your coat of

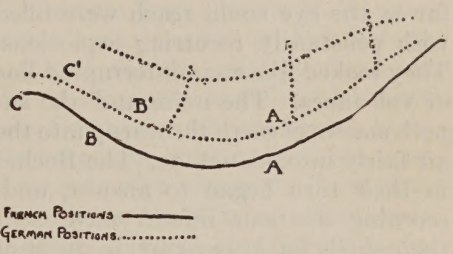
[1] In the original, *jus* — soldiers' slang for coffee. — THE EDITORS.

mud, for you also are doing your duty.

Weather still lowering. I took out of my little chest my old volume of Rabelais and I occupy my leisure moments feasting on the exploits of Picrochole. I have brought along a few books that are easy to handle, mostly our great classics that I have been neglecting these latter years. I wish to keep up my intellectual life.

This morning found us in the trenches — at last! The region opposite us was fairly uninteresting — barbed wire, torn-up earth, skeleton trees, and dead men's bodies. And the enemy was there, within 150 metres. I discovered this rather promptly, and, moreover, had a narrow escape. At a certain moment, very early in the morning, I went into the communication trench that formed the eastern end of my trench. There was a large hollowed-out place through which one could get a better view of what lay in front of us: at the left, the ruined village, in front, the labyrinth of trenches, and the skeleton wood. Suddenly, as if warned by some instinct, I turned away a little. Five or six bullets, undoubtedly intended for me, whistled through my window, one of them grazing my field-glass. Not a little shaken up, I left that dangerous spot. I soon began to laugh, and I should have enjoyed telling my neighbors, the Boches, that they had missed me. But I was more prudent after that.

Besides, everything was silent except for an occasional shell that passed high above our heads and burst so far away that we could not hear it explode. Listening-patrols, being useless during the day, were replaced by two sentries for each half-section, who watched through the loop-holes of the trench itself. The men in their warm dug-outs smoked their pipes, ate, read, or played cards. If this is war, thought many of them, it is n't half bad. But like most good things, it did not last. At nine o'clock a messenger came to tell me that the captain wanted to see me. I went to his headquarters, situated in the second line. Orders had just come. A French attack was to be delivered on the Boche trenches north and east of Perthes, and we were to sustain it. The object to be gained was as follows: the firing line was far from being straight; as a result of the vicissitudes of the recent fighting, the German trenches made a salient into the French trenches; it was desirable to destroy this salient. Here is a sketch of our position:



We were at A. To attack at this point would have been costly, for the distance between the two opposing lines was more than 150 metres. The plan was, therefore, to attack at C and B, so that, once having taken the German trenches C^1 and B^1, the whole system could be enfiladed. Our rôle was to put them on the wrong scent, and, at a specified time, to make as much noise as possible with our guns and machine-guns, in order to attract attention to ourselves at the moment when the main attack was being launched elsewhere.

So I went back to my trench and gave the men the necessary instructions. About ten o'clock we were startled by four loud reports coming almost simultaneously. It was a battery of 75's, stationed two hundred metres or so behind us. At the same instant the shells went whistling over our heads and raised four black clouds in the

trench opposite. It was the beginning of the bombardment. It was very violent. At the start we all ducked, but we gradually got used to it and learned to distinguish the difference in sound of the French firing. Some of the shells went by at mad speed and burst almost at once. Others took their time, especially our Rimailles, nicknamed the 'ox-cart,' which seems to take an airing before going to tell its tale to the Germans — and its tale is generally a terrible one.

Posted at a loop-hole, I watched through my glass the effect of the bombardment. All the German trenches as far as the eye could reach were filled with constantly recurring explosions. They looked like an uninterrupted line of volcanoes. The noise and the superb masses of earth thrown up into the air fairly intoxicated me. The Boches in their turn began to answer, and, scorning us poor infantrymen, sent their shells far in our rear, in quest of the gunners and their pieces. The chorus grew deafening. The sensation was that of being under a roof of steel — invisible, but with the voices of all the fiends. And in the midst of all this din, two larks kept flitting about joyously, and mingled their song of life with the dull chant of the engines of death.

New orders came, and I called together in my dug-out my two sergeants and four corporals. We were ordered to fire during exactly four minutes, from one minute past twelve to five minutes past twelve. A supply of cartridges was placed beside each loop-hole, so that every soldier could fire the greatest number of shots in the given time. All guns were inspected.

The bombardment was growing more intense, and it was no longer possible to distinguish the shots from each other. It was one uninterrupted boom — the efficiency fire that the Germans call *trommelfaren*, or drum-fire. For half an hour the uproar was enough to drive one mad; my head felt as if it were bound with iron and about to burst; and yet, in the midst of it all, it was a great satisfaction to think that the Boches were having to endure, in addition to the noise, the very deadly effects of our artillery. We were unquestionably better off than they. At ten minutes to twelve every one was at his post, and I also took my place with the second half-section. I had carefully set my watch according to the time that is telephoned every day at noon and midnight to the various officers' headquarters. At one minute past twelve the artillery lengthened its range. This was the moment, and I whistled. Immediately the guns began their clatter and the machine-guns their regular chop. At twelve-five another whistle. 'Cease firing.'

I had no sooner whistled than half a dozen Boche 77's fell very near our trench. As there was nothing more to be done, every one except the sentries went into the dug-outs. We were hotly bombarded, for the first six shells were followed by others and still others. We had not been looking for this, and the surprise was a trifle disagreeable. We had of a certainty fulfilled our mission well, for we had drawn both their attention and their fire. For two hours we were deluged with shells, and each one that came seemed to be coming straight at us, and in spite of ourselves we shrank together and ducked, measuring anxiously with our eyes the depth of the dug-out. Mine was fairly safe. I stayed in it some time with my sergeants, and we were none of us very happy. To tell the truth, the situation is a stupid one. The rôle one plays is purely passive, and it is not pleasant for a reasoning human being to sit by helplessly and feel coming toward him a mass of brutish matter capable of an-

nihilating him. Several shells fell near my dug-out. One even landed in the little winding trench that led to it, but the splinters were stopped by its turns. Otherwise, I should have received a visit from them.

But I could not desert my men entirely, so I went around to the various dug-outs. Sitting huddled together, my soldiers were not any more used to this kind of entertainment than I was, and would doubtless have preferred to be somewhere else; but no one was hurt and they were glad to see me. On coming in contact with them I resumed my rôle of chief, and, true to the theory of William James, by pretending not to be afraid, I very soon discovered that I was *not* afraid. I chatted with them and cracked jokes, and, all of a sudden, everybody felt better. Then I went back to my own quarters and made some tea on my brazier.

Shells were still raining down, but as none of them had done any harm up to that time, we bothered no more about them. They fell more especially in front of the trench, in the wire entanglement. That set me to thinking, and together with the machine-gun lieutenant I examined the situation. The Boches had battered down the parapet in several places, and the barbed wire was pretty badly damaged. Were they going to amuse themselves by attacking us? I doubled the sentries and gave orders that as soon as the bombardment slackened, every man should run to his loop-hole. I wondered what was up, as I did not know the result of the flank attack. I had no sooner sent word to the captain and the section commanders on either side, than I saw, through my glass, points of bayonets here and there gleaming in the sun above the edge of the enemy's trench opposite. 'Every man at the loop-holes!' I shouted; and in the midst of the downpour of shells every one ran to his post. Several of the men were covered with dirt by explosions; one even was knocked down by the impact of a bursting shell; but no one was hit.

Suddenly from the German trenches, like devils from their boxes, emerged the infantrymen, yelling and running toward us, waving their arms. They were in close formation, three deep, I think, so that nothing could be easier than to mow them down. I quickly seized a gun and fired with the rest. The machine-guns started in immediately, and hardly more than a minute later our assailants took flight, leaving many of their men on the ground. At fifty metres from us, forty or more Boches were lying flat on their faces as if waiting for the order to stand up. The machine-gun had done its work well. So the assault was beaten back, but every one remained at his post. Wounded men dragged themselves painfully to their lines; others were groaning. No one thought for an instant of firing at them. Then, when the danger was over, came a wave of emotion; I was frightened, but the joy of having escaped from a real danger made me very happy. 'Now you're real *poilus*,' I cried to my men. Everybody lighted a good pipe and a bluish smoke mounted up to the God of Battles, like the incense of gratitude.

The rest of the afternoon was uneventful. A few disgruntled shells came our way, but we had as an offset the thrilling sight of a splendid aeroplane reconnaissance. Six French 'planes, in a half-circle, flew over the German trenches. From time to time one of them dropped a spurt of flame into the deepening twilight, a signal for the artillery. Shells flew around our war-birds like a multitude of snow-flakes that remained floating a long time in the calm air. But without paying the least attention, the aviators continued their proud flight, and it

seemed to us poor buried infantrymen that they were bearing aloft all our pride as Frenchmen, all our will to conquer. We were enchanted, but at the same time a little moved. Then, slowly, night fell. The order came to detail two men from each squad to go with tent-sheets, under orders of the corporal on duty, to fetch rations from the kitchen.

The trench was then organized for the night. Listening patrols were posted in front of the trenches; it was decided that one squad from each half-section should watch at the loop-holes in case of a return offensive of the enemy. About ten or eleven o'clock it was time to think of mending the barbed wire. The fatigue brought a great quantity of the Brun networks, which fold and unfold like an accordion. They are very complicated and are fastened into the ground with a sort of fork. I wanted to direct the work myself, so, accompanied by six men, I crawled twenty or thirty metres from the trench; the work went on without a word being uttered. The six rows of wire were placed one behind the other, and in front were fixed strong *chevaux-de-frise*. We were then in the midst of 'No-Man's Land,' near the German corpses. We could hear the groans of the wounded, and some little moving about, which indicated that the Germans were coming to pick up their men. But we made no attempt to molest them, whereas soldiers who are old in the knowledge of this war tell me that German snipers are always trying to put a stop to the work of the stretcher-bearers.

This afternoon, everything being quiet, I invited the neighboring section commander to come and spend a little time with me. In the trenches we rarely have anything to drink but wine and coffee, and, by way of a special feast, I decided to make some chocolate. So I sent for a canteen of water, and poured some of the precious fluid into my pan and devoutly emptied in the chocolate and sugar. It was simmering gently on my brazier, and I was just on the point of adding condensed milk, when some one called me from the outside. It was my orderly coming to see if I needed anything. I invited him to join us, but at that precise moment the stupid battery of a 77 began to spit its six shells at us. Two burst so near that my faithful 'tampon' stumbled in fright and fell headlong, taking with him brazier, saucepan, and chocolate — our chocolate so nearly ready, which our eyes were drinking so hungrily. The poor chap was most unhappy. I laughed; but I must confess my laugh was a bit sickly. At that moment I detested the Germans worse than ever.

An exciting thing happened last night. It had been snowing, and about one in the morning, when I was chatting with the machine-gunner, the sentry outside began to fire. At the same moment a voice rang out in the night, 'Kamerad, Kamerad!' I quickly sent up a trench-rocket, and the light showed me a German soldier crawling toward us with a great clatter of tinware. I cried to the sentry to let him alone, and called to the man himself in German to come on. He appeared on the parapet and jumped into the trench. I had him taken to my headquarters and there, revolver in hand, ordered him to disarm. He had no weapons but his bayonet and a belt full of cartridges, but he was loaded down with canteens. I questioned him in German. He was a great big Bavarian who had got his fill of the war. To-day's bombardment, absolutely terrible, he said, had determined him to flee. He managed to be detailed for water-fatigue, then made his way to our lines. He had had nothing to eat, for our bombardment had made it impossible

to bring up food. I gave him some bread and chocolate while waiting for supper to arrive. I kept him until morning in order to ask him certain questions, especially as to the effect of our artillery on the trenches opposite. He told me that the attack of the day before had cost them many men, and furthermore, pointed out without much urging the positions of their machine-guns and also of a certain little revolver cannon that greatly annoyed us. I communicated this information to the artillery, and since then the revolver cannon is silent. I kept the man's cartridge-belt, and the canteens, rather good ones, which I distributed among my men. In the morning our Boche was sent to the commander. A happy man was he to have said good-bye to war.

March 4. This morning, reveille at eight; review of arms and clothing — a formality quickly gone through, for the men understand that their gun is their best friend and they take great care of it. And in spite of certain accounts in the papers, the soldier is not fond of being dirty. He does not revel in his mud and filth, but suffers from it. Some of this misapprehension is probably due to the false derivation credited to the word *poilu*. It is not derived from the fact that the soldier is hirsute and unshaven. It is an old word. Under the First Empire they were the grenadiers with their bear-skin bonnets, Napoleon's best troops. They called *brave à trois poils* any one who was worthy to be a grenadier. To-day the word *poilu* simply means a good soldier.

At last, this afternoon the baggage-master announced that our communications with the rear were open. He brought us a quantity of letters; I had for my share thirty-two. 'Joy, joy, tears of joy,' as Pascal said under slightly different circumstances.

March 15. We returned yesterday to cantonment. During the last five days, the most terrible I have yet spent, I have not had a minute of physical or mental quiet to write a single line of my diary. I have run the gamut, I think, of nearly all the emotions afforded by war: bombardment, attack, counter-attack, all the while in a most precarious position, long painful marches through the communication trenches, and, above and over all, the mud, that terrible enemy, much more terrible than the Boches. For the Boches have their moments of respite. The mud is there ever and always, implacable and relentless — the mud that keeps you from walking, chills you, clutches you, weighs you down, and drives you to despair. Five days of dragging one's self along up to the waist in the horrible, cold, gluey paste. It began as soon as we left Cabane-Puits. But at first it was bearable. We slipped or got stuck or splashed or splattered, but that was a mere nothing. The terrible part came when we went into the communication trenches. It was fortunate that our knapsacks were at Hill 181 and not on our backs. The chalk of Champagne, when combined with water, rapidly forms a soft paste in which one plunges up to the waist. And it was necessary to march in this; in other words, to put one foot before the other, to pull it out with enormous effort, only to replunge it in the mire, and so on for five kilometres. At the start, the effort was a conscious one, but at the end of the first hour the motions became automatic; all one's sensations resolved themselves into one dull pain in the whole body. Several times I got my leg stuck, and had to appeal to the man behind me to help get it out. One of the lieutenants left his shoe in the mud; he was literally caught like a lark on a lime-twig, and when, by dint of desperate efforts, he

brought forth his shoeless foot, a great laugh went round. But a little farther on we were sobered by a terrible discovery. We found the body of a soldier who had perished in the mud; he had evidently fallen while alone, and was not able to extricate himself from the horrible embrace of the mire. This was the first corpse I had seen and I was much affected.

And then the tiniest of obstacles interrupted the march and upset the distances — a telephone wire getting loose from a crumbling wall, a soldier who was stuck, a fatigue coming in the opposite direction: those ahead would have to stop and the ones behind struggle to march at the double to catch up with them. A regular march was impossible.

At the end of three hours we reached the village of Perthes, or rather, the ruins of Perthes, melancholy wraith of a village — a few dismantled walls, barns that looked as if they lay in the path of an avalanche, and a church by some miracle still standing, though all ruinous. Just at that moment we were obliged to halt in the communication trench. The Boches were firing shrapnel. We huddled against the bank. I was so tired that I slept a few minutes standing up, leaning on my stick. The sensation that people were moving awoke me, and once more began that slow, automatic, painful advance. A cold rain was falling, which in spite of my mackintosh trickled down my neck to my chest. Occasional spent bullets went grunting over our heads. Each moment seemed eternal.

The day broke, still overcast. We had been on the march more than four hours. Several shells burst near-by. One man had his head blown open, and remained standing. It was necessary to push this ghastly thing against the wall of the trench and nearly climb over it.

At last, after a long time, we stopped. I went with the guide to inspect my new quarters. The trench was an abomination — a charnel house — with dead piled upon dead, on the ground where you walked, above the parapets, in the walls of the trench, half buried, with either their heads sticking out or their feet or their hands or their knees. We were in a communication trench that had just been seized and hastily repaired to make it tenable. I was horribly agitated, but I managed to listen to the explanations of the officer I was replacing. We should have to use the greatest care. The trench was caught in an enfilade. Alas, our predecessors had not had a very gay time. They lost more than twenty killed or wounded. A pleasant prospect, truly. I went to get my men, and told them beforehand what to expect, so that they might be spared the worst of the shock I had had. It was not very cheering, the sight of all these dead, but our sufferings in the mud had dulled our sensibilities.

There are no dug-outs of course, and no possibility of digging any in this earth that crumbles at each stroke of the spade. I took my place nearly in the middle of the trench, on what looked like a seat that some ingenious soldier had dug in the wall. As it was rather high, I asked my orderly to dig down a little so that I could sit more comfortably. Several strokes of the pick brought to light the cloth of a uniform. I was sitting in the lap of a corpse. I went and took up my domicile a little farther on. The explosion of a shell knocked down some of the earth of the wall opposite, and in the breach appeared the green and earthy head of a corpse. From that moment, this head was my vis-à-vis, and once the first shudder of disgust had passed, I thought no more about it.

In the end, one gets used to living beside corpses, or 'maccabees,' as we

call them. They not only cease to make us uncomfortable, but they even make us laugh. Beyond the parapet there were two or three corpses, in the drollest attitudes. One looked as if he were invoking Allah, another was in the midst of a back-somersault. One of my *poilus* hung his canteen to a foot that was projecting over the wall; the others laughed and followed his example. The true French spirit was to the fore — an extreme adaptability, and, above all, good humor.

The odor of the corpses was nauseating, but pipes soon got the better of it. Meanwhile, shells and grenades kept pouring in on us. We were obliged to use the greatest care, and keep as near the side of the trench as possible. The shells were not very dangerous when they fell in the mud, for they either did not burst at all, or they exploded without much force; but when they went from one end of the trench to the other and landed farther on, they were indeed deadly. Toward noon a messenger came to bring orders from the captain. He was standing in front of me, nearly up to his waist in mud. Suddenly he was without a head; he tottered but did not fall; two streams of blood spurted violently from the headless body and bespattered me. It is hard sometimes not to have the right to have feelings; my men were all around me and I did not want them to see me blanch. I simply told them to cover his body with a tent-sheet that was lying near, and sent word to the captain.

These various shocks hardened me. After that, I was more or less indifferent to the terrible things that happened. I even ate with good relish in the company of the head that was sticking out of the trench. The day passed slowly, full of the anguish of explosions, to say nothing of the pain of moving and the cold that came from sitting motionless in this prolonged foot-bath.

Night fell early. Then came orders. In the darkness a trench was to be dug, joining the two ends of our position. The men were to start at the same time from the two communication trenches and meet before daybreak. The digging was done from the trench itself, working forward as the new trench advanced. Several times corpses were turned up; the place was a regular cemetery. The work went on rapidly. The trench was to be only a metre deep and the earth was very easy to dig. But the Boches threw hand-grenades, and I received for my share a splinter near my right eye. I stopped the bleeding and remained at my post. At three in the morning the crews met.

Rations arrived in very bad shape. The cooks had to make the same long trip through the mire that had cost us so many efforts. So they brought us the coffee cold, meat all covered with mud, and vegetables that had to be thrown away. The wine alone arrived intact. Instead of its being brought in pails, I had taken the precaution to have it put in tightly stoppered canteens, the same ones the Boche was carrying when he crawled up and surrendered. Although the fatigues had slipped down several times or been knocked down by the impact of shells, the *pinard* arrived untouched, to our very great joy. By good luck, every one was well supplied with canned goods.

In the morning, although we were exhausted by a sleepless night in addition to the strain of all our other hardships, the order came to attack. There was a good deal of grumbling, but I showed my men that, if our situation was pitiable, the thing to do was to improve it. It was to the interest of all of us to go across the way, where we should certainly be more comfortable, and the attack would not be dangerous. We should dash to the assault from the

trench dug the night before, at a moment when the Boches did not expect it, and there would be so little ground to cover that the risk would not be great. Besides, it was our duty, and I was certain my *poilus* would keep the promise they had made me to follow wherever I should lead.

At two o'clock the whole company was to take its place in the new trench; at 2.10 we were to deliver the attack. However, things did not happen according to schedule, and the Germans gave us the opportunity to take their trench almost without any losses on our own side, but with many losses on theirs.

Toward eleven o'clock, when our bombardment had only just begun, our machine-guns began to clatter, and likewise all the guns at the loop-holes. It was the Boches attacking. They had a hankering after the trench we had dug during the night, and wanted to launch an assault on our lines from that point — the exact thing that we were planning to do to theirs. They came on in full force, but there was time for the machine-guns to mow down numbers of them before the first ones reached the new trench. The mud kept them back, and the poor wretches made a tragic struggle to get their feet loose and to hurry. Three successive waves started. The machine-gun at the end of our trench was quickly shifted, and enfiladed our new trench full of Boches, killing nearly all of them. It was horrible but magnificent. But others were coming on. Then I commanded, 'Fix bayonets! Forward! Forward!' and we dashed against the assailants. The whole company followed my example and rushed forward. Was it to be a hand-to-hand fight? Our murderous grenades crushed the first row, and in the face of our air of determination the others hesitated, then turned tail. We threw grenades at them and fired at close range. We kept sticking in the mud and stumbling over bodies; but the opportunity was too good to be lost. We followed them home; their batteries and machine-guns could not fire for fear of hitting their own men. They had no sooner reached their trenches than we were at their heels, stopping just long enough to shower in grenades before we jumped in after them. I had a feeling that some one was aiming at me and I emptied my revolver point-blank into the head of an *Oberleutnant* who was wearing a monocle. I did this automatically by reflex action. I seized another enemy by the throat and struck him in the face with the butt of my revolver. He fell like lead. But the hand-to-hand fight did not last long. The forty soldiers who were left quickly surrendered.

'Quick! Quick!' I commanded. 'Reverse the trench!' In other words, pierce several loop-holes and turn the German machine-guns against their own trenches. We stopped up the communication trench, and opened up the ones toward the rear, and the prisoners filed through my former trench, which was once more a communication. We then prepared to ward off the counter-attack. Barbed wire was brought and securely fastened. The Germans proceeded to treat us to reprisal fire, which damaged our newly conquered trench rather badly, but did little real harm.

I lost nine men in all, four killed and five wounded. The Germans had been neatly outwitted. By quarter past eleven we were established in our new positions. These events had lasted but a very few minutes — the hand-to-hand fight just long enough to let me kill two Germans.

Nevertheless, the situation was none too cheerful. The German corpses were all about. Our grenades had done their work well, and any wounded were

drowned in the mud as they fell. As we walked, the bodies sank in deeper, for the bottom of the trench was literally covered with them, forming a sort of carpet under our feet. In spite of it we were radiant. The commander expressed his satisfaction. The counter-attack might come at any moment, but we were ready for anything; as for shells, we laughed at them. Every one gathered trophies. I carried off the revolver and field-glass of my Oberleutnant, also his notebook, which I proposed to decipher and hand over to the staff officers.

Night fell gradually. The air was very sharp, and it began to rain again. We all looked like Capuchin friars, with our blankets wrapped around us and our tent-sheets over our heads. No one could sleep, or rather, no one was allowed to sleep; but as I made my way with great difficulty back and forth in the trench, I saw several men asleep, holding their guns at the loop-holes. In order to keep them awake I made them fire salutes to the *commandement*. The bombardment was intense all night, but it was directed more especially against our second lines. That augured a counter-attack for the next day. At midnight word was sent that we should be relieved at 2 A.M. General rejoicing. At last we should be able to get some sleep! Quickly we folded blankets and tent-sheets, but we had a long wait in the rain that was falling and in the shells that were falling. It was not until daybreak that the others came to relieve us. And then began anew the fight with the mud. It took us nearly two hours to reach Perthes. There we learned that we were not to be sent to recuperate, but were to reinforce the third line in the fortified dugouts of Hill 200. Then we left the communication trenches — for they were in too bad a state — and walked in the road, almost in the open. A rather high parapet protected us from bullets and from being seen by the Germans, who were about a kilometre to the north. But we had to march bent double, alternately making rapid leaps and stopping. Of course, a few bullets came our way, but the Boches had not seen us and we were not much molested. Once, when we stopped, I saw lying in the road beside me a dead soldier, with his pipe still in his mouth. Evidently he had not suffered much.

After 500 metres on the road, we had to go into the communication trench again, that is to say, begin to flounder through the mire. A big German shell had fallen into the trench without bursting, and we had to climb over it. Dangerous engines those, that a mere trifle may cause to explode. I wonder now how we managed to keep going for another hour, for it seemed at every step that we should drop in our tracks. It had been impossible to send up rations, and we had nothing to drink. Some of the men suffered so greatly from thirst that they scooped up in their hands the muddy water that was lying stagnant in the trench and quaffed it with delight. I had a flask of mint, and I drank a swallow that refreshed me greatly. We were so tired toward the last that we could neither see nor feel, but stumbled on with our eyes shut, some of the men asleep as they went. At last we arrived.

These dug-outs were a sort of cave made in the side of the hill — large galleries well propped with planks, with the entrance carefully protected by a regular rampart of bags of sand. The minute we arrived we threw ourselves down and slept and slept, in spite of the big German shells that were bursting with a frightful hubbub, in spite of a French battery concealed near by, which kept up an incessant fire, and in spite of our consuming thirst. We did not wake up until the commissary

arrived, bringing letters and rations. Everybody demanded the letters first. We were in such sore need of a few words of endearment, much more so than of food! I got five letters, which I read with delight. I also got some eggs which my little godmother managed to send me from Lorraine; and they were a wonderful feast, sweet as a caress of the one who sent them.

Then we ate, and went to sleep again. We can't be entirely brutish, since letters bring us such joy. We have killed men, under penalty of being killed ourselves, and also because it was our duty, but these combats took place in a sort of frenzy, of action, of enthusiasm, and of suffering. I have killed two Germans and I am proud of it, and yet, I have not the soul of an assassin.

At eight in the evening the major received word that two companies were to be sent to the trenches. All the troops were jaded, all had labored long and hard; we drew lots — the 11th and 12th. So I had to set out again. I went to rouse my men. They grumbled a little but obeyed philosophically, buckling on their equipment and folding their blankets. At nine o'clock we set out to traverse in the opposite direction the ground we had come over in the morning: trench, road, trench, village, trench, mud, and again mud. It was impossible to maintain distances. One section got lost and had to turn back; then troops were met coming the other way, the ditch was narrow, and it was slow work squeezing through. Order was once more established as we came near our goal. The night was full of the uproar of a battle. The machine-guns were emitting in the distance the regular click of a sewing-machine, while the little guns sounded like the sputtering of fish in a frying-pan. A few bullets whizzed by. I heard one of the men say in his utter weariness, 'I hope one of those bullets is for me!' I chided him mildly, but it was exhaustion that wrung this cry from him, for the day before at the moment of the attack he had fought with the bravest.

We arrived at an empty second-line trench that we were to occupy and defend, in case of need. But it was very different from having the enemy right before us, and we could be comparatively tranquil. We went to sleep sitting in the mud, or in the dug-outs, where the brittle earth crumbled and fell in tiny frozen pellets. We slept the rest of the night and spent the following day almost without moving, wearily awaiting the moment to depart. We were disgustingly dirty, caked with mud from head to foot. We scraped it off our hands and faces with our knives; our hair was a strange substance that looked as if it would withstand any possible process of cleaning.

Toward eight in the evening orders came that we were to be relieved. They were greeted with a satisfaction not unmixed, for no one smiled as the prospect rose before him of the return trip through those communication trenches. Slowly, with many difficulties, and at the cost of great efforts, we made our way once more through the mire — simple automatons, with very little more notion of time and space than a pendulum on the end of its pivot.

We reached Hill 181 and solid ground, solid except for big shell-holes filled with water. A number of the men, blind with fatigue, fell into them, and had to be pulled out with rifles butts. Shells were falling, so we changed into open formation to march the 500 metres that lay between us and the kitchens. Hot coffee awaited us there, but we could not stop long enough to drink it, as the shells were coming down too fast. It was not until some distance farther on, when the coffee was cold, that we were able to refresh ourselves. The Germans were keeping up

a continuous bombardment of Cabane-Puits, so that we could not stay there, but had to go to B—— le-Château, twelve kilometres beyond.

The long column of the regiment wound through the plain four hours longer, with numerous halts and untold weariness. The knapsacks that we had picked up again dragged heavily on our shoulders. From time to time, exhausted men left the ranks and lay down in the road, falling asleep with their packs on their backs. We were very near the end of our tether, when the cock on the steeple appeared at a turn of the road. A long halt was made here, and the stragglers had time to regain their places before we marched into the village. Was it possible for us to shoulder arms and keep step, in our state of exhaustion?

Yes, indeed, and it was sublime. The colonel, before dismissing us to recuperate, wished to have us file before our flag, our beloved flag, blackened and torn by battles. We had earned this honor, and it made us forget everything else. Every man of all the mud-smeared ranks felt that his very soul was wrapped in the glory of that sacred emblem for which he had suffered so much and so willingly. Now, as a supreme reward, while we still bore upon us the marks of duty well done, we were to perform in the presence of the flag an immense and joyous act of faith in our native land. All the men felt the solemnity of the moment; and to the ringing notes of the farewell hymn that tells us to live and die for our Republic, these worn and footsore men, so covered with grime as to have scarcely a human semblance, defiled before the flag and presented arms as they never had presented them before. And when I saw my men stand up proud and straight to present arms, putting into this act all the strength that was in them, and when it was my turn to salute our colors, I was so stirred that the tears ran down my mud-stained cheeks. I am happy. I give thanks for all I have suffered, since it has won for me the joy of this moment.

(*To be continued*)

THE 'TIMES'

BY ALFRED G. GARDINER

I

In one of those cartoons that cut with such true and searching satire to the roots of contemporary life in England, Mr. Max Beerbohm represents Lord Northcliffe standing, with agonized face and outstretched arms, in the midst of a group of the grave and bearded old gentlemen of the *Times*, who are rushing eagerly forward as if to save him from falling, while from his lips comes the cry, 'Hold me! I feel the demon of sensationalism descending upon me.'

By a flash of brilliant wit and insight, the artist illuminates a situation, not merely piquant, but of national and

even world-wide importance. Whatever view may be taken of Lord Northcliffe, there can be no doubt that his capture of the *Times* has been one of the governing facts on the great stage of events. It brought an instrument of incomparable power under the sway of a personality of enormous but undisciplined force, and introduced into affairs a combustible element of incalculable possibilities.

The fusion was in a sense natural, and even inevitable. English journalism had, at the end of the nineteenth century, reached a stage in which some revolutionary change was imminent. It remained essentially what it had been for more than a century — the vehicle of the thought, the interests and temper of the leisured and educated middle class, relatively small in numbers but great in influence. Its appeal was sober and restrained, its methods grave and unadventurous, its spirit dignified even to dullness. The great change which had come over the face of English society in the preceding quarter of a century found little reflection in its character or appeal. That change began with the Education Act of 1870, and developed with the consolidation of the trade-union movement and the extension of the franchise which transferred political power from the few to the many. The centre of gravity in the nation had shifted from the middle class to the democracy, which had become possessed, not only of the rudiments of education, but of a powerful industrial organization and almost complete political enfranchisement. But the Press took little account of the transition. The penny standard still prevailed, and the Press still addressed itself in the old way to the old limited public. The democracy had taken possession of the seats of the mighty, but the journalists seemed unaware of the fact.

It was an unrivaled moment for an adventurer. A new kingdom of immense potentialities was calling for a king. In 1895 the claimant appeared in the person of Mr. Alfred Harmsworth. He was a young man, still on the right side of thirty, who had already discovered the vast possibilities opened up by a generation of universal education. He was not the first in the field. Cassells had tried, not unsuccessfully, to exploit those possibilities, but their standard was too high and too educational for complete triumph. The true path had been struck by Mr. George Newnes, with *Tit-Bits;* and young Master Harmsworth, a youth of eighteen or so, with his quick eye for what the public wanted and his adventurous passion, plunged into the same path with *Answers,* the prolific parent of a host of weekly journals of the *Comic Cuts,* the *Funny Wonder,* and the *Sunday Companion* type.

His success was unprecedented. He had imitators, but no one approached his sure instinct for the hunger of the rudimentary mind for information about the unimportant, for entertainment, and for cheap sentiment. He had taken the measure of the man in the street, for he himself was the man in the street, with his eager interest in the moment, his passion for sensation, his indifference to ideas, his waywardness, and his dislike of abstract thought. His energy of mind was astonishing, his ambition limitless, his vision for the material possibilities of things swift and amazingly sure. No grass grew under his feet and no scruples or principles impeded his path. The one touchstone he applied to men and things was the touchstone of success, and moral purpose in any shape was divorced from his extraordinary genius for business. That genius rapidly passed to a new plane of activity with his purchase of the *Evening News.* At his Midas touch that moribund journal leaped to life, and

out of it sprang the greatest achievement of his dazzling career.

There has been nothing in the story of English journalism comparable with the apparition of the *Daily Mail*. It found a vast territory unchallenged, which it proceeded to occupy with an efficiency and completeness that left little room for competition. It applied to the sphere of daily journalism the discovery that Alfred Harmsworth had made in the weekly press — namely, that what the democracy wanted was not instruction, but amusement. The Press had been serious and responsible, respectful to the past and its traditions, cautious about consequences, suspicious about anything that savored of sensation. And in consequence it had left the democracy cold and aloof. The *Daily Mail* repudiated all these conventions. It adopted sensationalism as its gospel. Every day must have its thrill, every paragraph must be an electric shock, every issue must be as full of 'turns' as a music-hall programme. 'What's wrong with the shop-window?' was Alfred Harmsworth's formula when the paper displeased him; and the formula contained the whole of his newspaper philosophy. His shop-window must be the talk of the town; woe to the window-dresser who put in the quiet grays and left out the brilliant trifles! Policies were nothing, parties were nothing, principles were nothing. All that mattered was that the great public should be kept humming with excitement. There was always war in the air and some enemy with whom to arouse passion. Sometimes it was the Boers, sometimes it was the French, whom we would 'roll in mud and blood' and whose colonies we would give to Germany. Sometimes it was the Irish, later it was the Germans. It did not matter whom, for Mr. Harmsworth had no rooted antipathies. He merely seized the handiest instrument for his purpose. If there came a lull in affairs and the public mind wanted rest and an idyllic interlude, then who so ready with his anodynes? He would set all the nation growing sweet peas; he would make it seethe with mild interest over the discovery that it was dying from eating white bread, and that if it would save itself it must start eating brown bread. But these were only the *entr'actes* of the great drama. War was the permanent theme, and out of the Boer War the *Daily Mail* emerged with an influence that was unrivaled. People laughed and scoffed, but they read it and insensibly were governed by it.

The unprecedented success of the paper naturally reacted on the Press generally. Before this tornado the old tradition withered away. The circulations which had satisfied the newspapers of the past seemed trivial beside the unparalleled sale of the newcomer, and in the competition of newspapers, as in the competition of the battlefield, it is numbers that count. It was mere obscurantism to assume that the appeal to the few and select was the important thing. Power and political influence had passed to the multitude, and it was the paper which had the ear of the multitude that was able to control the tides of national thought. Moreover, the advertiser was with the big battalions, and the resources with which he endowed the new venture enabled it to devote to its news-service an expenditure with which its rivals could not compete. Add to this the genius of its founder for sensation, a genius untrammeled by any respect for the past, for parties, or for scruples, and the nature of the convulsion which had overtaken the press world will be understood.

In the struggle to survive, some of the newspapers adopted the form and spirit of the *Daily Mail* without reserve; others adopted the form and attempted to adapt their tradition to the

new conditions. All felt the revolution in some measure. The *Daily News* and the *Daily Chronicle*, after a difficult transition period, came down into the popular halfpenny arena, bringing their principles with them, but seeking by the new methods of appeal to make them acceptable to the mass. The *Standard*, which next to the *Times* had seemed the most enduring thing in English journalism, had a slow and lingering death. The *Morning Post* and the *Daily Telegraph*, each entrenched in areas of exclusive strength, — the one as the organ of the aristocracy, the other as the chief advertising medium, — suffered least from the storm.

It was around the *Times* that that storm raged fiercest. The history of that journal had been a vital part of the history of the nation for more than a century. The dynasty of the Walters had become in a very real sense a sort of fourth estate of the realm. No family could claim to have had a more powerful or a more dignified influence on the life of the nation than theirs had been. They had often exercised their power in an anti-social and narrow way, but they had preserved from generation to generation a tradition of dignity and responsibility that was of inestimable value. Their personal honor and disinterestedness were above challenge. Their incorruptibility was never questioned, and they maintained a certain austere air of detachment and superiority as of a caste set apart. They never came into the public eye, or disguised themselves under titles. It was enough to be 'Walter of the *Times*.' What peerage could gild such a name? They were conscious of a power which had no rival and they would not compromise it by the fictions of power. They were not the suitors of kings or statesmen. They were the trustees of the nation; kings and statesmen must wait upon their word.

The earlier, more liberal, more generous spirit of the paper grew cold with time. Property and privilege usurped the sovereignty once exercised by nobler impulses, and John Bright's saying that he was 'never quite sure he was right until the *Times* said he was wrong' truly registered the change. But its motives were above suspicion, its authority unequaled. It commanded the respect even of those most hostile to its policy, and throughout Europe it was accepted as the authentic vehicle of the national purpose. As the forum of controversy it was inferior only to Parliament itself; for just as the main stream of advertising had canalized itself into the *Daily Telegraph*, so the great argument of affairs had been canalized through the columns of the *Times*. Its correspondence was unique in all the world. It was not possible to keep pace with the movement of modern thought without a careful study of the letters in the *Times*.

We may measure its strength by the catastrophe it survived thirty years ago. There has been no parallel in English journalism to the magnitude of that catastrophe. British politics were engulfed by one tyrannic theme, the subject of Home Rule for Ireland. The *Times* had throughout been the untiring and most powerful foe of nationalism. It stood for Unionism, with its corollaries of supremacy for Ulster and coercion for the rest of Ireland, with a passion and sincerity all the more formidable because of the intellectual capacity with which they were fortified. When, with the enormous prestige of its name and reputation, it launched the thunderbolt of 'Parnellism and Crime,' it seemed as if the cause of Home Rule had vanished visibly into the abyss. Nothing could rehabilitate it after this exposure of the complicity of Mr. Parnell in the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke,

and the policy of agrarian crime generally. Denials were useless. Here were the very letters, written by Parnell's own hand and bearing the guarantee of the *Times* for their genuineness. And after all, they were forgeries; and not merely forgeries, but clumsy forgeries. Brought to the test of the Parnell Commission, the whole accusation collapsed like a house of cards. The flight of Pigott in the midst of the trial, and his suicide in Spain, left the *Times* humiliated and exposed as the tool of a vulgar forger whose criminality was so apparent under examination that it ought not to have deceived a schoolboy.

No other paper could have survived such a disaster. The *Times* did survive, but it reeled under the blow and as years went on gave visible signs of distress. It seemed like an old wooden hulk, laboring under canvas and battling with newly invented ironclads, but so vast and powerfully timbered that it could not sink. It tried to modernize itself with enterprises like the publication of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and the establishment of the 'Times Circulating Library,' but these devices were unavailing. The process of dissolution was slow, but it seemed inevitable, and the vogue of the *Daily Mail* hastened it. Its prestige was still immense. The great still made it the vehicle of their utterances, and outwardly it seemed as imposing and enduring as ever; but in journalistic circles its fate was known to be in the balance. Would it simply founder or would it become a trophy of the young Alexander of journalism?

II

One day it was announced in a Sunday paper that it had been acquired by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, who had been Mr. Alfred Harmsworth's industrious challenger for the possession of the field of popular journalism. The mystery of that announcement is still obscure; but whoever made it played Mr. Harmsworth's hand very skillfully. It broke up Mr. Pearson's negotiations at the critical moment, and left the prize to fall a little later into the hands of Mr. Harmsworth — or, as he had now become, after a brief interval as Sir Alfred Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe. The fact was not announced with any flourish of trumpets. Lord Northcliffe was far too astute for that. He knew that the dramatic announcement of his association with the paper would be a shock to its prestige, and he needed to preserve that prestige intact for his future ambitions.

Those ambitions were Napoleonic in their scope. In ten brief years he had made himself the journalistic dictator of the country. He already controlled the most popular sources of public opinion. With his innumerable dailies, weeklies, and monthlies, it was almost impossible to escape the mesh of his net. Where he was not, one of his many brothers was. They almost divided the empire of sensational journalism between them, not as rivals but as members of one 'house' — that 'house of Harmsworth' of which the young Napoleon was accustomed to speak with unaffected reverence. The exaltation of that 'house' became his obsession. It must be indicated by those dignities which the Walters had scorned. He advanced to the peerage from the Tory side; his brother Harold advanced to the peerage from the Liberal side. The old party systems meant nothing to him, but he did not hesitate to use them as steps to greatness. He had a foot in both camps and cared for neither. He would use the old party ladder and kick it down when it had served his purpose.

But his dreams were not limited to journalistic conquest. That was only a

means to an end. He had made himself master of the *Times*, not to dwell in the sober shadow of the Walter tradition, but to make himself the visible autocrat of English affairs. In the past the *Times* had regarded itself as the adviser of the nation; he would make it the dictator of the nation. It was not enough to exercise power; it must be personal power. The sources of that power were now in his hands beyond all precedent. He could mould opinion as he willed. Through his popular papers he had control of the masses; through the *Times* he permeated the thought of the governing classes. Mr. Max Beerbohm's cartoon indicated the difficulties that beset his path, and the merely sensational basis of the philosophy with which he had to hold the *Times* public. But his extraordinary astuteness and freedom from intellectual or moral scruples enabled him to coördinate his address to his very diverse audiences. The coarse abuse and flagrant appeals to passion which were the staple of the *Evening News* were a little refined in the *Daily Mail* and came out in the *Times* in the forms of grave hints and suggestions delicately veiled, regretfully advanced. If the momentary object of attack were Lord Haldane, then he painted the town red with placards about the 'Haldane Scandal,' and in his popular papers denounced the statesman who had done more for the British army than any man in history, as a pro-German, if not a traitor. But in the *Times* it was gently hinted that Lord Haldane had so much sympathy with German ideas and so much knowledge of German philosophy, that — well, perhaps, it would be better, and so on.

The dose was skillfully adapted to the audience. The 'Asquith the Wobbler' of the *Evening News* became in the *Times* a sleepless attempt to undermine him by methods which would not revolt the educated mind. As I write there is a trifling, but illuminating illustration of the two styles. Lord Northcliffe has been to Spain and has written an article which appears in both the *Times* and the *Daily Mail*. Here are the placards side by side at the news-agents' shops:

The Times	*Daily Mail*
With the Germans in Spain	With the Huns in Spain
By Lord Northcliffe	By Lord Northcliffe

It is a small thing, but it tells the whole story; a small window, but it looks out on a large landscape.

It is this indifference to the codes of conduct governing the normal man which has given him such volition, and power of instant, crushing action. His enormous egotism tramples roughshod over friends and foes, over principles and sanctities. He has no yesterdays, no loyalties to anything but the wind that blows at the moment. To that he spreads his sail to the last stitch. He will reverse his whole course in a night. When Mr. Chamberlain opened his protection campaign, he came out against it with all his guns, derided it as the 'Stomach Tax,' seemed to have nailed the flag of free trade immortally to his mast. He went to Chamberlain's Glasgow meeting, saw the vast audience, the overwhelming enthusiasm, believed it spelled victory, and next morning came out in the *Daily Mail* as a sort of St. Paul of the new gospel — only to desert it again directly the gospel began to wane.

In the crisis of the Home Rule struggle he was the chief banner-bearer of Unionism, talked civil war, and went to Ulster to organize his corps of war correspondents for the great encounter. When the real war came and he had other sensations to occupy him, Home Rule became, if not an apocalyptic vision, at least a very reasonable and desirable thing. In a word, he applies

to affairs the ruthless opportunism of his business methods.

These methods have staggered Fleet Street. No one had better reason to know them than the late Lord Burnham, of the *Daily Telegraph*. He started a Sunday edition. Mr. Harmsworth met it with a Sunday edition of the *Daily Mail*. Public opinion rose indignantly against the 'seven-day newspaper,' and the rivals mutually agreed to bow to public opinion and suppressed their new ventures. Within a short time Mr. Harmsworth had purchased two existing Sunday newspapers and left his competitor 'in the cart.' Later, when Lord Burnham, on attaining his eightieth birthday, was visited at Beaconsfield by a deputation of journalists bearing congratulations, it was his rival, now Lord Northcliffe of the *Times*, who honored him by heading the deputation and delivering a speech of ecstatic praise. 'Generous man,' murmured old Lord Burnham. And within a few weeks the *Times* was brought down to a penny, and the whole Harmsworth artillery was turned upon the *Daily Telegraph*, which was the chief competitor of the *Times* in the new field that it sought to occupy.

It was inevitable, when the war came, with its disruption of normal conditions, that Lord Northcliffe would be a force that would have to be reckoned with for good or ill. He was easily the most powerful unofficial influence in the nation. Through his incomparable machine he could at once control the tide of popular passion and influence the thought of the governing society. The public of the *Times* had enormously increased with the reduction of price, and the fact that the paper was controlled by Lord Northcliffe had been revealed with such judicious caution that its prestige had not been seriously diminished. It reflected, of course, the waywardness of its owner and followed the moods of the *Daily Mail*, but it followed them with discretion and a carefully studied air of moderation. It combined the spirit of sensationalism with a gravity of deportment that disarmed its critics, and the authority of its correspondence columns balanced the tendency to levity in its policy.

The situation created by the war gave Lord Northcliffe an opportunity perfectly suited to his genius. A world in commotion was a world in which his passion for action could have unobstructed play. Sensation was the breath of his nostrils, and here was sensation on a scale beyond his wildest dreams. The impetus of events and the vastness of the issues had changed the balance of governance. Parliament suddenly found itself subordinated to the executive in a measure unknown before. Immense decisions had to be taken with an instancy and a secrecy that permitted of neither discussion nor question. The Cabinet had become essentially a Committee of Public Safety, invested with despotic powers and working behind a veil of mystery. In these circumstances Parliamentary criticism was silenced, was without that knowledge of the facts that made criticism effective. There was no medium like the French Committee system for keeping the general body of members privately informed and giving them the material for instructed criticism and a real influence over the Executive. Parliament was practically reduced to the task of countersigning the decrees of the Cabinet.

But while the British public in this respect had far less control over affairs than the French public, there was another sense in which liberty was much greater in Great Britain. From the outbreak of war the French Press was placed under the most rigid restrictions. M. Clemenceau himself was suppressed and his *L'Homme Libre* became *L'Homme Enchaîné*. Nominally the

Press in England was put under similar restraints, and a very drastic censorship was established, but in reality the control of the Press was never more than a fiction. It was a fiction, because from the outset Lord Northcliffe ostentatiously challenged the Government and the Government never took up the challenge. Lord Northcliffe's calculation was that his power with the public was so great that he could make himself the dictator of ministries and policies, and that his instinct for the popular mood of the moment would give him such a prestige outside that no Cabinet would venture a fall with him. It was both a sound and an unsound calculation. It was unsound in so far as it underrated Mr. Asquith's influence with the public, but it was sound in so far as it relied on the temperament of Mr. Asquith, his notorious indifference to the Press, his patience with obstruction and his dislike of side issues and personal controversies. Except for one scornful reference to 'the professional whimperers,' Mr. Asquith never made any reply to the torrent of abuse, misrepresentation and ridicule to which he, his colleagues, and his policy were daily subjected. Nor did he authorize any action to stem or stop the current.

There was one occasion when action seemed imminent. The Home Secretary, Sir John Simon, launched in the House of Commons an indictment of the gravest kind against the Northcliffe press. He showed how its policy of panic and pessimism had adversely affected neutral opinion, how it had prejudiced us with our Allies and encouraged the enemy, how it had compromised the delicate diplomatic situation in the Balkans and created perils in India and the Mohammedan world. It was felt that there could be only one logical sequel to that indictment, and that the license of the Northcliffe press was about to be abolished. But nothing happened, and the final impression left on the public mind by the episode was that Lord Northcliffe was too formidable a foe for the Government to muzzle.

That impression did not represent the fact. There was never a moment when the authority which Mr. Asquith exercised over the mind of the nation would not have enabled him to take any measure which he declared to be necessary in the public interest. Lord Northcliffe knew that, but he knew also the difficulties that encompassed the Premier, was in the secrets of all the intrigues that were afoot, and gambled confidently on Mr. Asquith's one undeviating purpose of preventing a rupture in the nation. It would have been easy for Mr. Asquith to overthrow the newspaper dictator. But he would have overthrown much else in the operation. The suppression of Lord Northcliffe would have been simple, but its consequences would have been far-reaching, for throughout the critical period of 1915 it was an open secret that Mr. Asquith's most powerful lieutenant, Mr. Lloyd George, had intimate relations with Lord Northcliffe. When the inner history of the war comes to be written, not the least fascinating chapter will be the story of the relations between the next-door neighbors in Downing Street — the one fiery, restless, impatient, scheming, autocratic, imaginative; the other cautious, unimpassioned, disinterested, dominated by the single idea of consolidating all the moral forces of the nation for one purpose. Mr. Lloyd George's method was to drive the nation before him to battle; Mr. Asquith's method was to carry the nation with him. Again and again, as crisis followed crisis, it seemed that Mr. Asquith would succumb to the storms that raged round him, but at the end of each crisis he was found still unscathed. He had yielded just enough

ground to hold his impetuous colleague and not too much to lose any considerable body of national support. When the nation emerged from the critical ordeal of 1915, it emerged with undiminished solidarity, with all its material forces developed, and with its moral unity unbroken. It was the victory of that patience and magnanimity which have been Mr. Asquith's contribution to the greatest task ever imposed on British statesmanship.

III

Throughout all this perilous phase Lord Northcliffe played the part of alarmist and prophet of disaster. It was a part which was natural to a mind that lived in the sensation of the moment, saw only the immediate incident, and was insensible to the great tendencies of the struggle. His journalistic instinct and his passion for power were alike provoked by the feverish disquiet of the public mind. It was easy to exploit that disquiet. The tragedy of Gallipoli, the disappointment in Mesopotamia, the failures of Neuve Chapelle and Loos, the diplomatic victories of the enemy in the Balkans, and the demonstrations of German military power in Russia and Serbia gave abundant material for concern, if not for alarm. A large and dispassionate consideration of the facts could temper that alarm by bringing into the calculation the invisible factors of the struggle — the influence of British sea-power, the changing balance of resources in men and material, the inevitable exhaustion of the besieged powers, the slow but pauseless effect of time on the equation. Truly seen, the dark days of 1915 were the reverse side of the facts that made the ultimate victory of the Allies assured. Germany started the war with its bolt forged, its machine ready, its strategy worked out to meet all emergencies. The Allies had to forge their bolt, invent their machine, discover a common policy and a common strategy in the midst of the struggle. If they could hold together and delay the decision they would win. The one peril was disruption.

It was that peril which was created by Lord Northcliffe's feverish exploitation of the reverses of 1915. His main purpose was to break the Asquith administration, and he used the emotions of the public with masterly and unscrupulous skill to achieve his end. He succeeded, by the most unabashed journalistic device, in giving the impression that his newspapers were forcing the hand of the Government against their will. The device was simple. Lord Kitchener explained it in the private speech he made to the members of the House of Commons three days before his death. It was to learn what was contemplated by the Government and then to start a raging demand for it in the newspapers. When the action was taken a little later, the streets were painted red with 'Another victory for the *Daily Mail*,' and purple with a more demure claim on behalf of the *Times*. There was no one to dispute these claims, for they could be disputed only by the men whose mouths were sealed and who, in any case, could not enter into a public controversy with an enterprising journalist as to who was running the war.

The triumphant illustration of this method was in the matter of the shells, from which Lord Northcliffe obtained the most splendid advertisement of his career. The reality of the claim in that matter may be submitted to a very simple test. France and England were alike belated in their view of the part to be played by big guns and explosive shells in modern warfare. It is unfair to compare them in this matter with Germany, whose early superiority was

largely the fruit of a wonderful accident. Germany had prepared great howitzers and high explosive shells, not for a trench warfare which she did not anticipate, but for the reduction of great fortresses. When the defeat at the Marne changed her plans and sent her back to start the great trench war on the Aisne, she found that the material she had prepared for the reduction of fortresses was perfectly adapted to the reduction of trenches. Hence her superiority. The Allies had nothing to compete with this accidental advantage, except naval guns imperfectly readjusted for the unforeseen purpose. But, putting aside this comparative question, it is true that the idea of mobile war hypnotized military thought both in France and England. It was believed that big guns would impede the mobility of armies in the field, and the deep-rooted faith in shrapnel shell, which resisted the teaching of trench experience for several months, was a legacy of the Boer War.

When the change came, it came in both countries. If there was priority, it rested with France, where the full revelation came from the Parliamentary Committee at Christmas, 1914. But in France there was not a whisper of a newspaper agitation on the subject. The thing was done as silently as the woods turn from brown to green in spring. Meanwhile, in England the Northcliffe press was making the enemy world rejoice and the public at home shudder by its panic campaign, which announced to the Germans that we had no munitions with which to check them, and to the English people that their sons were being sacrificed to the criminal incompetence of their rulers. This indifference to consequences marked all the phases of that year of newspaper 'stunts' — the faked figures to prove that the blockade was no blockade, and that Sir Edward Grey was preventing the navy from doing its work in order to 'feed Germany'; the famous or infamous map of Germany's route to India; the adoption of the preposterous Mr. Pemberton-Billing as the prophet of the air; the play made with the reverses of Russia; the daily gibbeting of the country as a nation of 'slackers'; the unblushing conversion of every misfortune, real or imagined, small or great, into a new weapon against the Government.

The effect of all this upon French opinion was apparent in the widespread suspicion of our good faith that prevailed in that country. It was to counter that disastrous consequence that in the midst of the uproar a body of French journalists were brought over to England to see for themselves and to tell their people the facts. In Germany the Northcliffe press was welcomed as a prophet. Its map was reprinted and its attacks on England were circulated, not only at home, but in all neutral countries and especially in the Balkans, where the diplomatists, engaged in the most delicate of tasks, found themselves fighting an enemy armed with munitions made in England and bearing the hall-mark of the best-known English newspapers. It was the hour of the triumph of the sleepless 'Fat Boy,' as the *Spectator* dubbed Lord Northcliffe; but the price of that triumph was high.

Occasionally Lord Northcliffe's instinct failed him. His memorable attack on Lord Kitchener made him for a moment the object of universal execration. It had been his proudest boast that he had made Lord Kitchener War Minister. It was as empty a boast as the rest. Lord Kitchener had been appointed at the moment when, sure of the event, the Northcliffe papers began kicking with magnificent fury at the door which they knew was already open. It is true that they accomplished

one thing. They robbed the country in the midst of its necessity of the services of one of its ablest statesmen, Lord Haldane. When the war broke out Lord Haldane, then Lord Chancellor, gave emergency service at the War Office, of which he had been the most brilliant civilian head in history. No one, in the full light of subsequent events, can doubt that the best arrangement would have been for Lord Haldane and Lord Kitchener to have gone to the War Office in joint control — Lord Haldane to organize the nation, Lord Kitchener to organize the army. But the prestige of Lord Kitchener at this time was so great that the Government took the tempting course of endowing him with absolute and uncontrolled power in all directions. Lord Northcliffe's campaign had nothing to do with this decision, but it did destroy Lord Haldane, of whom, when he was reorganizing the army, Lord Northcliffe had been the most enthusiastic supporter. The public passion needed a villain of the piece, some visible embodiment of Germany, and Lord Northcliffe threw Lord Haldane to the wolves. When the 'shell' crisis came Lord Haldane's banishment for the period of the war was accomplished. It was an easy victory for an unscrupulous newspaper campaign.

But when Lord Northcliffe turned to rend Lord Kitchener he suffered a shattering reverse. What the final judgment of history on Lord Kitchener's part in the war will be is not a matter for discussion here. That he made many mistakes, like every one else, goes without saying; but seen in the large, it is doubtful whether any one did more splendid service to the country in circumstances of incredible difficulty. Certainly no one preserved an attitude of more unswerving loyalty to the nation and the cause, or a nobler indifference to advertisement and personal interest. He had never used the Press to exploit himself and he refused to be a tool of the Press. That was his offense in the sight of the Press dictator, who measured ministers by their accessibility to his influence. If they would not accept him as their adviser, if they would not live on his sufferance, then they must be overthrown.

It was this motive that ran through all the fierce controversies of those days. The issues were always secondary to the personal aims. They were weapons, not in the fight with Germany, but in the fight with individuals at home. The main object of that fight was to bring down the phalanx of which Mr. Asquith was the centre, and to substitute as the dominating element in the Government men who owed allegiance to the *Times* and the *Daily Mail*. The fall of Lord Haldane had given early promise of success. He had been attacked as the most vulnerable member of the Asquith-Grey-Haldane triumvirate which stood in the way of the mob dictatorship. All the subsequent energies were concentrated on completing the victory. That was the purpose of the attack on Lord Kitchener. He had disappointed expectations by attaching himself to the triumvirate and revealing a quality of responsible statesmanship which only those who had closely followed his career had suspected. He came under the personal sway of Mr. Asquith and remained loyal to him throughout.

It was this personal influence which Mr. Asquith exercised on those about him that finally defeated all the intrigues of the 'ginger groups' and 'strong men' of whom Lord Northcliffe was the inspirer, and to a large extent the master. When the Coalition was formed it was anticipated that the days of Mr. Asquith's supremacy were numbered. He and Sir Edward Grey would be driven out and their places would be filled by a Lloyd George-Carson-Curzon combination, with men

like Lord Derby, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Bonar Law, and Mr. Balfour to give it countenance, and with Lord Northcliffe as 'Mayor of the Palace.' But the schemes withered away. Mr. Balfour, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Curzon, and Lord Derby became devoted Asquith men, and, enraged at this black ingratitude, Lord Northcliffe turned his anger on them with the fury of a disappointed child.

Once it seemed that the central tower had really fallen. Sir Edward Carson came out of the Cabinet at the darkest moment of the Balkan situation, when the failure of the Gallipoli expedition was apparent and Bulgaria had declared war on the side of the enemy. He was hailed as the strong man who was to deliver the nation from the incompetent bunglers who were bringing it to destruction. Let Mr. Lloyd George follow him and the State was saved. But the speech in which Sir Edward indicted the Government turned the tide once more. If this was the alternative, then, in heaven's name, let us stick to the old pilot. Again and again — now on the blockade, now on the conscription issue, now on Ireland — it seemed that Mr. Asquith must go; but at the end of every crisis he emerged stiff and erect, master of the field, with the old phalanx solid around him, and with the 'doubtfuls' still more doubtful whether they could go out into the open against him. Through all this time of unprecedented trial he preserved an attitude of contemptuous indifference to his assailants. He did not argue with Lord Northcliffe as President Lincoln argued with Greeley. He passed him by as though he were not aware of his existence.

It may be that the waters will rise again, but at the moment it would seem that the steadfastness of Mr. Asquith has won the final victory. The great tendencies of the war have revealed themselves, and the agitations and fears of 1915 are a memory. There is little for the sensational journalist to exploit, and to-day Lord Northcliffe, with that sublime effrontery which is one of his most astonishing traits, is writing from Spain in a spirit of pained surprise at the prevalence in the neutral world of the idea that England has not taken its fair part in the war. For eighteen months he devoted his enormous megaphone to shouting in the ears of the world that we were a nation of 'slackers' and 'shirkers.' To-day he is shocked to find that there are people in Spain who believe these slanders. They have been his contribution to the cause of his country — they and the crises which, but for the firm mind of Mr. Asquith, would have brought us to disruption and disaster. It has taken us nearly a year to live those slanders down. But it will remain a question for democracy whether it ought to take such a risk in a time of peril. The freedom of the Press is a cherished instrument of democracy, but if that freedom is used to establish a mob dictatorship over the constitutional instrument of government, it is clear that democracy itself will suffer. The French have shown the true way of solving this difficult problem by controlling the Press and giving Parliament, through its committees, a real authority over the Executive.

INTERNED IN HOLLAND

BY LIEUTENANT AUGUSTE D'HARCOURT

I

On February 3, 1915, Lieutenant Coutisson, of the French Aviation Corps and I, his observation officer, set out on a Voisin biplane from St.-Pol-sur-Mer, to reconnoitre the region embracing Tourcoing, Roubaix, Avelghem, and Courtrai. The weather was clear, but heavy clouds in the west foretold a stormy afternoon. For several days bad weather had prevented any flight in the rear of the enemy's lines. As a survey of the lines seemed possible, we felt we must attempt it; accordingly we set out from the aviation field of St.-Pol-sur-Mer at eight o'clock in the morning.

A little before eleven o'clock we had finished our reconnoitring, and were returning to our lines from Avelghem to Courtrai, when a strong west wind began to blow. For almost three quarters of an hour Coutisson did his best to get back to our lines. Twenty kilometres still separated us from our first-line trenches. We had just enough gasoline to last half an hour and we were making only three kilometres an hour. There was only one thing left for us to do — namely, to try to reach Holland. I knew the country well and could speak its language, having passed almost three years in the metropolis and its colonies. I had no doubt about being able to get us out of the scrape.

With the wind at our backs, in twenty minutes we were within sight of the Scheldt. I should have preferred to go as far north as possible, so as to land among the islands south of the Meuse, whose topography I am well acquainted with, but the motor began to slow up as the gasoline was giving out. Below us lay an island, an isolated farm, and a pretty meadow.

The landing was somewhat exciting, for a wide canal loomed up before the biplane, which was rolling dangerously; however, Coutisson succeeded in righting the machine before it pitched head-first into the heavy soil on the other side of the canal. We fully appreciated at that moment the landing-speed of the Voisin, whose refusal to go against the wind had just played us such a nasty trick.

We got down on the ground and went to meet a peasant who came running up to us. I had no difficulty in persuading him to sell us a couple of suits of clothes. We were already hoping to get off without being seen, when other peasants came up out of curiosity and made signs to our benefactor not to help us. Our last hope of escape was taken away by the arrival of a police-officer, who took us to Colijusplaats. From there we sent a telegram to our chief, Captain Bousquet, to make him feel easy about us.

Toward evening two Dutch officers arrived from Middelburg, and, on our refusal to give our parole, they stripped our pockets of everything in them and took us to Fort Wiericherschans, which we reached on February 4, after a long roundabout journey. There we found the only Frenchman interned in Holland before us, Lieutenant

Chauvin, interpreter for the Royal Naval Division, and also about forty men of that unit, who had been sent somewhat late to the defense of Antwerp and had been obliged to go over into Holland after fighting for a few days.

Wiericherschans is an old abandoned fort which served as a powder-magazine before being used as an internment camp. It is situated on the bank of the 'Old Rhine,' in the midst of the lowlands between Leyden and Utrecht, and is surrounded by water. The fort consists of two groups of buildings, one reserved for the interned officers and the other for the use of the small garrison consisting of about one hundred men. The life that we led there was rather monotonous, but quite endurable. The food was good. During the daytime we were permitted to take walks on the ramparts. Tramps outside of the fort under the escort of guards were arranged for us. Leaves of absence for the whole day were soon given, to go to The Hague or to Rotterdam. Our letters and packages were not opened. Major Van Boecop, the commanding officer at the fort, tried to make our lot easier by installing a library, and afterwards a tennis-court. In spite of all these kind attentions our sole idea was to get back our liberty. All our thoughts as well as our talks centred about that one object.

The building that we occupied was in an enclosure shut in by a high barbed-wire fence. This yard was lighted up at night and guarded by numerous sentinels. On one side was a grated door, locked at night, which gave access to the soldiers' barracks. But as their lunch-room was located in the enclosure we lived in, there was a continual going and coming through this door every evening between eight and nine o'clock.

If we could succeed in getting soldiers' uniforms we ran a good chance of passing the sentinel at the gate without attracting his attention. After that it would be a simple matter for us to cross the outer yard, which was not lighted at night, climb over the wall surrounding this yard, and so get to the water's edge. But we needed some one outside of the fort to get uniforms for us and to take us off in a boat.

On February 17 Mr. ——, to whom we had written on February 14, visited us. We made known to him our plan of escape; he was kind enough to promise to help us and told us that his best friend would look after us. Soon we received small parcels containing two caps and two khaki suits. Then we were ready and had only to await the date agreed upon for the escape, which was February 26. But a telegram, followed by a letter, informed us that the project was put off and directed us to await instructions. Days passed and no news came.

Meanwhile, the commander of the fort, wishing to make the interned officers as comfortable as possible, piled up the difficulties that stood in the way of our escape, without even trying to. He had a new guard-house built outside of the fort and transferred the soldiers' lunch-room to the outer yard. From March 5 on, the going and coming, on which the successful execution of our plan depended, died off considerably, to our great despair. Only a few orderlies now passed through the gate between eight and nine o'clock in the evening. Postponing the date fixed for our escape would, perhaps, upset all our plans.

Hearing, on March 25, that an English officer, Lieutenant Pitel, and a few comrades were preparing to escape, I came to a decision. Since Coutisson was likely to be exchanged, I would leave with the English. If I let them get the start of me, their flight would

result in an increased vigilance which would make my escape all the more difficult for me. I talked with Lieutenant Pitel without making known my plan. We promised not to attempt to get away by the gate without first consulting with one another. I then had a letter taken to ——, explaining the situation. I brought the letter to a close by saying that, with or without help, my mind was made up, but that I needed a pass and some money. I said that I would call on March 28.

When we were given a leave of absence in exchange for our parole, given in writing, we received a pass, which opened all doors to us. This we handed back, on our return, to the commanding officer, who then gave us back the papers that we had signed and given to him before leaving. Now, on March 26, I found among my papers a pass of which the commander at the fort had, by mistake, given me an extra copy, and which I had happened to keep. This circumstance facilitated the most difficult part of my escape, as it permitted me, by simply changing the date, to leave the fort without the help of any one outside, and also without hindering the plans of the Englishmen or even of Coutisson, in case he should not be exchanged.

On March 28 I got permission to go to The Hague, where I learned that the French government had refused to exchange Coutisson. Mr. —— and I now agreed on the following plan. As Coutisson had made no promises to the Englishmen, he was to follow the first plan of escape, while I was to take advantage of the pass that was still in my possession. Once free, we still had to get on board a vessel. Mr. —— told me that he would attend to all the necessary details, that there was no need of my worrying, that all we had to do was to leave the fort and he would attend to the rest. He put me in touch with ——, who had carefully studied the surrounding country and who was to help us. Coutisson was to go to The Hague on leave of absence the next day and would arrange the final details with him.

Everything was carried out as we had planned; Coutisson's escape was arranged for that very evening (March 29). He returned to the fort about seven o'clock, and reported immediately to Major Van Boecop.

After dinner Coutisson and I retired to our room as we were in the habit of doing each evening. Quickly my comrade shaved and dressed up as a Dutch soldier; he would never have been recognized. When he was ready, I went to make sure that the way was clear and then came back to get him. We shook hands as people do only at such moments, and wished each other good luck.

I left the room whistling, in order to attract the attention of the sentinel, before whom Coutisson passed very coolly. I saw him cross the porch, open the gate, and enter the outer yard, where I lost sight of him. It was then about half-past eight. My joy knew no bounds. But what a night for an escape! There was a clear sky and a full moon; it was bitterly cold. The attempt was made under the worst conditions. I soon learned that it had succeeded marvelously.

As for myself, who was to escape the next morning, March 30, by means of my duplicate pass, I arranged matters so that our absence should be found out at the last moment possible. I placed in our beds dummies made up of suits stuffed with soiled linen. The arrangement was a success, for they did not learn about our escape till eleven o'clock in the morning, five hours after my departure and fifteen after Coutisson's.

So at half-past six I left by the main

door of the fort, which I passed through without the least difficulty. We had decided that I should go to Amsterdam; at Leyden, however, I met a messenger from ——, who asked me to join him at The Hague. Fearing lest I should be held up at Leyden by a telephone call from Wiericherschans, I looked for and found an automobile that took us to The Hague, where we arrived at nine o'clock. An hour later we were assembled at ——'s, where I found Coutisson, who had arrived the evening before. Shortly afterward we were taken to Scheveningen. There we waited over an hour for the arrival of a person who was to hide us, and who took us to the houses of a Mrs. Westman-Kramer and her sister who lived in two small connected pavilions at 250 Van Aersenstraat. One of these ladies gave us her apartment, where we spent the day. As we were worn out with fatigue, we retired immediately after dinner.

Toward one o'clock in the morning (April 1) Mrs. Westman-Kramer came rushing into the little drawing-room where I was resting on a couch and cried out, 'Get up! You are caught!'

Awakened abruptly from a sound sleep, I rose quickly without understanding exactly what she said, and went to the door, where I ran into a police inspector. In the street were half-a-dozen policemen. Soon Coutisson was brought out. We were somewhat anxious about the persons who had been so kind as to take us in. A gentleman, introduced to me as Mr. de Vos, assured me that the ladies would not be prosecuted. No sooner were we dressed than they took us in a motor-car to the police-commissioner's office, where we passed the night in separate rooms and under a heavy guard.

The next morning the police commissioner came to question us, — he was very courteous, too, — but we refused to make any statement. Brought back in a motor to Fort Wiericherschans under a heavy guard, we were received very coolly by Major Van Boecop, who prevented us from communicating with our comrades and proceeded to examine us, assisted by a law officer, in the presence of General Onnen, who was in charge of the camps for interned soldiers.

They put us under close arrest, in solitary confinement, the windows of our cells being heavily barred, while sentinels were placed before our doors. It was only after repeated protests and complaints that they finally allowed us to walk for an hour each day, under guard, in a small yard.

A few days later, Coutisson and I received orders to prepare to leave for an unknown destination. That signified, we knew only too well, that we were to be sent to the island of Urk, where the Dutch government interned the 'dangerous' officers of the Allies.

II

Urk is a picturesque little island, in the middle of the Zuyderzee, forty kilometres from the coast, with a population of about 2000, mostly fishermen. It is one large family — for all are more or less related — which has kept the manners and customs of the past.

The sympathies of these simple people are with the Germans, who buy their fish, whereas the English seem to them to be only competitors. Thanks to this circumstance (which the Germans have made the most of) and also to the fact that the garrison is recruited on the island and that each soldier has been notified that he will be transferred to some other place if any interned officer should escape, the whole population can be said to guard us.

At the time of our arrival there were not many interned officers,—only three Englishmen and seven Belgians. The

Englishmen had been interned there after they had failed in an attempt to escape, the others for having asked for a return of the parole which, after the hardships of a retreat and of painful forced marches, their superior officers had requested the Dutch authorities to give them. The number was soon increased by the arrival of some Belgian officers, a few Englishmen, and Lieutenant Chauvin, who joined us for having attempted, like us, to escape from Wiericherschans. By September, 1915, there were about forty of us. We were housed in a one-story portable wooden building, surrounded by two barbed-wire fences between which armed sentinels paced. At night powerful lights illuminated the building and grounds about it. At the beginning each of us had his own room; but later we were obliged to share our quarters with one or two comrades when the interned officers became more numerous.

They did their best to make us comfortable. The food was very bad in the beginning, but improved little by little. Every month we could spend three days at The Hague; besides, during the summer, there was no lack of diversion: we could bathe and play tennis. Until nightfall we were allowed to tramp about the island under guard. Although we were not permitted to enter the houses or talk with the people, those walks were our happiest moments. When winter and the rainy season came on, however, confinement there became exceedingly disagreeable. The building was cold and damp and could not be sufficiently heated; the rain entered certain rooms.

We arrived at Urk fully decided not to remain there, but we realized, all the same, how difficult it would be to escape from that place. The very strict supervision that we were under had been made even stricter after Rainey, the English aviator, had attempted to get away. From that time on a torpedo-boat was kept in the roadstead and a watchman in the top of the church-steeple, whose business it was to make known the approach of any suspicious-looking boats.

After a thorough examination and discussion of the situation, we decided to dig a tunnel. This solution — the most complicated, the most risky, and the least sure of success — seemed, on first consideration, to be a very foolhardy one. All the same, it certainly must have been the only one possible, as French, English, and Belgian officers, of different temperaments and good judgment, did not think of any better. The scheme was not such a crazy one, after all, as it almost succeeded.

This decision arrived at, we set to work at once — it was the beginning of July — but were discovered at the end of three weeks. This mishap, far from discouraging us, taught us a lesson, and toward the middle of August we bored a new tunnel, which, starting from my room, would come out in the middle of a cemetery, in a little room that was used as a morgue, about fifteen metres distant from a hole that we dug under the floor of my room.

We made very slow progress in the beginning, for there was room for only one workman; but soon we made the hole wide enough for four men to work in it at a time. A little later the work was divided into two periods, one from two to half-past six in the evening, the other from eight till midnight. For tools we had our knives; afterwards, children's shovels that we were fortunate enough to get hold of.

From the very beginning a serious problem had to be solved, — namely, how to dispose of the earth taken out of the tunnel. We soon had to give up carrying it outside in our pockets and there disposing of it, as we accomplished nothing by pursuing such a slow

method. The idea occurred to us next to put it in the narrow space between the floor of our room and the ground. To accomplish this, we dug a whole network of trenches and piled up the earth that we took out of the tunnel on the edges of the trenches. We then pushed it back under the floor as far as possible and heaped it up by means of scoops. We dug forty metres of such trenches.

As the tunnel was only three metres below the surface of the ground, we were much annoyed by the water that entered it on rainy days. We partly provided for a drainage-system by sinking a series of sumps, one of them three metres deep, with a diameter of one and one-half metres, at the tunnel's entrance. These sumps were about large enough to hold the water that filtered down from above, but we still had to dig a large reservoir, ten metres from the tunnel, and carry the water to it in five-litre jugs.

We were also annoyed considerably by the walls of the tunnel caving-in rather frequently. We soon had to brace them up with small boards that we had untold difficulty in procuring and that we fastened in place with metallic clamps. Finally, as we made headway, our lamps went out in the foul air. After we had propped up the walls, we then had to ventilate the tunnel. This we succeeded in doing by means of bellows and a rubber tube about thirty metres long. One of our comrades in the room above worked the arrangement.

The earth was hard and cold and often mixed with large stones that we had great difficulty in digging out and carrying off. Every few moments a stream of water came rushing in. We were in mud and water all the time; we crawled along in slime, as we could work only when stretched out flat, now on our backs, next face-down, sometimes on our sides, and almost always in a cramped position. Under such conditions, we were lucky if we could advance forty centimetres in twenty-four hours.

The fatigue brought on by this wearing work could not compare with the nervous strain that we were kept under by our anxiety to quiet the restless vigilance of our guards so as not to compromise the success of our enterprise by any indiscreet act.

Before we arranged our reservoir, we carried off the water in the tunnel in bottles, concealed under our clothes, and emptied them into the toilets. As we had more than two hundred bottles to empty every day, we were continually going back and forth between the toilets and our room. More than once we happened to meet the colonel or some Dutchmen, when the fear of having our trick discovered can be only too easily imagined. Quite frequently some of the interned soldiers who were not in the secret, or some Dutch officers, visited us, when we were obliged to stop ventilating the tunnel. The men working below suffered considerably at such times.

In order to avoid arousing the slightest suspicion, we had decided to leave the door of my room wide open. Coutisson and I took turns watching. When the time came for shifting gangs, we closed the door for about ten minutes, but, as it could not be locked, this period was a critical one and full of excitement. We had to move quickly and without speaking to one another. As soon as we had hung up our working clothes in the closet and put on our everyday suits, one of us who was not on duty in the tunnel cleaned up the dirt left by the workmen and threw back into the hole the earth that the men had brought up on their shoes or that had stuck to their clothes. Besides, every morning, at daybreak, it was absolutely necessary to wash out the rooms thoroughly, so as not to leave

the slightest trace of anything that could cause suspicion.

The opening of the tunnel was hidden by a large chest on which the bed rested. Under the bed we had heaped up such a pile of bottles, hand-bags, boots, and the like, that it would never have occurred to the most inquisitive person that the entrance to a tunnel could be concealed at that spot. After working three months and a half like dogs, we had dug forty metres of trenches and twelve metres of tunnel; scarcely two metres of earth separated us from freedom.[1]

After much difficulty we had succeeded in procuring a boat, and made ourselves thoroughly familiar with the routes around the Zuyderzee and in the northern part of Holland, and we were preparing to leave early in December, when an indiscreet remark or act, by somebody outside of the island, caused General Onnen to telephone to Colonel Vreedenberg that there must be a tunnel under the Frenchmen's room. The colonel immediately examined our room from top to bottom, without finding the entrance to the tunnel, so well had we hidden it; but, in spite of the perfectly natural arrangement of everything in the room, hitherto our best safeguard, the information was too definite to be disregarded. Coutisson and I were taken out and put into another room, and the moving of our belongings disclosed the whole plot.

An officer of the Dutch Engineer Corps was sent out to draw up a report on our work. He was amazed, and did not hide from us how sorry he felt that such a work had not been carried to a successful issue. The inhabitants of the island did not take the thing so well; they were sure that we had intended to place a mine under the building and blow it up.

As a result of this work, I fell seriously ill of inflammation of the liver, due to poisoning contracted in the tunnel, and I had to be carried to Amsterdam, where I passed more than two months in the most absolute immobility. Meanwhile, I did not lose sight of my objective. As the physicians believed that my return to Urk might bring about a dangerous relapse, I succeeded in getting the authorities to send me to the military hospital at Utrecht.

III

I arrived at Utrecht preceded by a reputation that argued ill for the success of my plan. Captain Van der Minne was taking the place of Colonel Folmer,[2] the Director of the hospital; he was not pleased at all to see me arrive. He called my attention to the fact that he not only had to keep watch over an officer whose only thought was to escape, but that a hospital was not a place to intern men in, and that I occupied, without any reason for it, the bedroom intended for three patients. Then he arranged with a physician to declare that I was completely cured, and took official steps to have me sent back to Urk.

These plans, about which I was kept posted in a roundabout way, were about to be carried out when I finally succeeded in escaping under the following circumstances.

The room that I occupied at the hospital was on the second story of an old and very high building. My windows, heavily barred, looked on a garden twenty feet below. A steel grating,

[1] Coutisson and I were helped at first by four officers; two Englishmen and two Belgians. A little later three more Belgians joined us, so that our group was finally made up of nine persons. — — The Author.

[2] In March, 1915, Colonel Folmer had been brought up before a court-martial for having failed to prevent an English officer from escaping. — The Author.

locked by a chain and padlock, had been erected before my door. This the officer in charge of me personally locked; he also kept the key. My guard, besides this officer, consisted of a non-commissioned officer, a corporal and twelve men.

This officer occupied a room next to mine while he was on duty. There was no bed in it, his orders being to keep a sharp look-out all night, with the windows wide open. The room above mine served as a guard-house, the one below being occupied by the doctor on duty. Two armed sentinels stood guard at my door while two more were stationed in the garden under my windows.

The walls were thick and, of the four windows of my room, — all sash-windows, — two opened with great difficulty and at the top. The other two were nailed up, but one could be opened at the bottom. I succeeded in forcing it up, and it was plain that, by sawing two bars, I could lower myself, by means of a rope, down to the roof of a building which divided the garden into two parts. From this roof I could reach that part of the garden where there were no sentinels, and then should have only to climb over the wall surrounding the hospital to find myself in the town.

Before undertaking anything, I talked the matter over with ——, who had shown an inclination to be of service to me several times during my illness. I told him how I dreaded to return to Urk and what I planned to do. He gave me the two hundred florins I asked him for, but expressed his regret at not being able to help me more, on account of the strict watch that was kept over his colleagues. Evidently he had his doubts about the success of a plan that must have smacked of the romantic to any reasonable person. As for myself, determined as I was to succeed, I set to work alone.

Meanwhile I had got a rope and a saw, both absolutely necessary, and I began to saw the bars. I could work only at night, for during the daytime I was free, on parole, from ten o'clock in the morning to nine o'clock in the evening. During that time I was under obligation, not only not to escape, but also not to prepare to escape. I spent all the time that I was outside visiting my new acquaintances, my sole occupation apparently being to make the most of the pleasures of society. I acted as if the last thought to enter my mind was to escape. On my return in the evening I reported to the officer on duty, who gave me back the written pledge that I signed and handed over to him every time I went out. After that I was at liberty to prepare my flight.

It took me fifteen nights working all night long to saw the bars in two. I worked in the dark with the shutters drawn down over the window through which I was to escape. I tried to lessen the noise that the saw made in biting into the iron by giving two or three rasps, then stopping and beginning again after a moment. The least noise that would have interrupted the deep silence of the night could be heard by the officer on guard, the sentinels posted at my door, or the soldiers in the guardroom, whose windows overlooked mine. Now and then I had to wait hours at a time for a favorable moment, for the guard under my windows was made up of young soldiers, who, with a respect for discipline that was meritorious but extremely annoying to me, did not remove their eyes from my windows while they were on duty.

When it was time for me to stop work I cleaned the bars and covered up the cracks by sticking pieces of black paper on them and rubbing the whole over with coal. When I had at last

cut the bars in two, I wedged them in place with match-ends soaked in a little glue, again covering the whole over with black paper. As the sentinels in the garden had the habit of walking up and down beneath my windows, I thought that I could avail myself of the short interval when they had their backs turned, to slip to the ground; but I was disagreeably surprised to learn, after four whole nights spent watching, that (as a result of new orders undoubtedly) they no longer walked to and fro, but stood still directly beneath my windows. As to bribing men who were changed every twenty-four hours, it was no use to think of that.

This supervision, the minute perfection of which annoyed me exceedingly, had, all the same, one flaw in it which I finally discovered and of which I took advantage. When I came in at nine o'clock in the evening, the officer accompanied me to my room and then went to arrange the night-watch — no sentinels being on duty during the daytime. But he often gave me back my parole before he went to station the guards. With a little good luck on my side and by acting quickly, I should have time to reach the garden before the sentinels came down from the guardroom, situated, as I have previously said, just above my chamber.

On the evening that I had set for my escape, I returned at half-past seven instead of nine o'clock, and invited, as usual, the officer on duty to take tea with me. At nine o'clock I told my guest that I should have to ask him to excuse me, as I was very tired, and wanted to retire, and I bade him good-night — taking good care, before he left, to burn up the written pledge that he had given back to me.

He went out. Without losing a second, I turned up my coat-collar, to cover the white of my shirt, and went to the window. At that moment the officer came back, made a few remarks to me which I did not understand and to which I made some indefinite reply, then went out again without noticing my confusion.

I turned down the lamp, ran to the window, and glanced outside; not a soul was in sight. I pulled the bars aside, arranged the rope, opened the shutters, and slipped through the small opening that I had made. It was a tight squeeze, and in struggling through I tore my trousers badly. I slipped down the rope. In the room below the doctor was reading his paper with his back turned to the window; he started to turn round, saw nothing, and went on with his reading.

I had reached the roof of the adjoining building and was beginning to cut the rope, when I noticed two soldiers at the window of the building about ten metres away from the one I had just got out of, staring at me without apparently understanding what I was doing. They did not remain quiet long, but commenced to shout to the guard at the top of their voices. The racket they made soon aroused all the others, who began to shout in their turn.

Leaving the rope where it was, I ran to the edge of the roof, which was much too high for me to risk leaping to the ground. There was a small fir tree two metres away from the roof; I jumped for it and grasped a branch, which broke under my weight and let me down gently to the ground. Across the officers' garden I ran, climbed over the hospital wall, and found myself in the street near a good old soul who stood glued to the spot with fear. I continued to rush on and did not resume my ordinary gait till I had turned twice to the left. I had wrapped up one of my hands, which was bleeding, in my handkerchief, and held up my torn trousers with the other.

I was now free, but somewhat worried lest I should be caught, for I knew I should be acting very unwisely if I followed my first plan and tried to leave Utrecht. This hitch in my programme did not take me unawares. I went and called on a Hollander whom I scarcely knew, but who I felt sure was favorable to our cause. This kind gentleman hid me four days in a garage. During the daytime I hid in a tool-closet; at night I slept in an automobile.

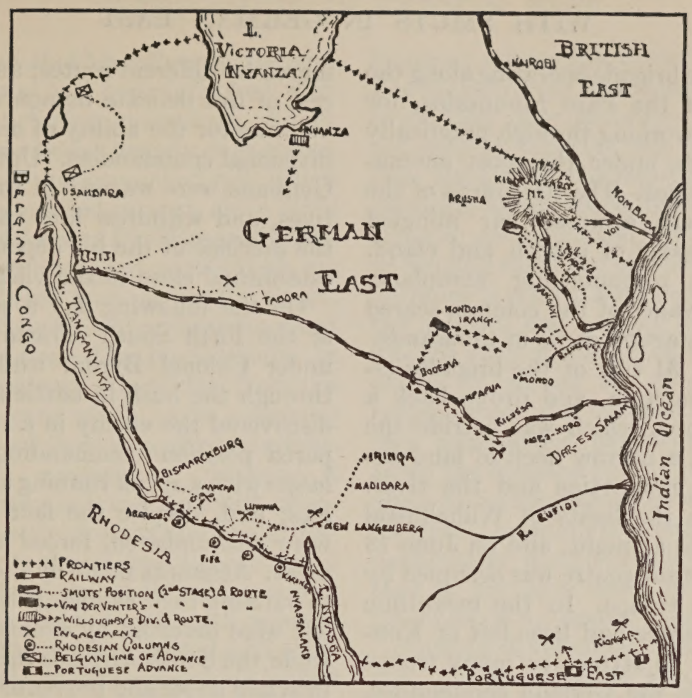
He kept me posted on what was going on outside, with special regard to the inquiries that were being made for me. All the roads leading out of the town were guarded; all the automobiles were examined. At the railway stations policemen, with my photograph in their hands, stood at all the ticket-windows, while the trains were carefully searched before their departure. They telegraphed the news of my escape all over Holland.

As the police did not find me at Utrecht, they believed that I had left the city. Consequently the search for me relaxed somewhat, except in the large cities and in the ports. On the evening of the fourth day after my escape from the hospital, I left Utrecht on a bicycle at nightfall, with moustache shaved off and wearing eye-glasses, accompanied by my good friend. We rode along for forty kilometres, looking as innocent as two persons off on a pleasure-trip, until we came to a small dwelling situated in the country, where I remained a fortnight, going out only for two hours each night.

My departure was arranged in the greatest mystery and with great success, as I was able to go aboard the boat without even being seen. I was first hidden in a sort of locker used to keep odds and ends in, where I remained fourteen hours without stirring, closeted with ropes, paint-pots and cordage. After the boat got under way, they had me come out of my hiding-place and took me to a little store-room, into which I climbed through a trap-door; for, as all vessels underwent a final and very thorough search just before leaving the Dutch coast for good, it was necessary to take every possible precaution. I did not consider that they had taken sufficient precautions; and as I felt, beneath my feet, a metallic plate, I unbolted it and discovered a hole into which I got with great difficulty, and there I remained for five hours, astride the cylinder inside of which the screw-shaft revolved.

Toward half-past seven in the evening I could tell, by the rocking of the vessel, that we were at sea; so I came out of my hole, where I was beginning to suffer considerably from lack of both space and air. A little later they came to tell me that all danger was over; I was safe at last. On my arrival at London on the following day, I had some trouble with the police. This was quickly straightened out as soon as I called at the consulate-general and the embassy.

A few days later I returned to Paris *via* Southampton and Havre. I reported at once to the Director of Aeronautics, Colonel Régnier, then to the Director of Cavalry at the Ministry of War, and finally to the headquarters of the 27th Regiment of Dragoons at Versailles, where I was reinstated, for the time being. I have been given a leave of absence for thirty days, at the expiration of which I hope to enter an aviation-school and be put in command of a fighting aeroplane.



WITH SMUTS IN GERMAN EAST

BY CYRIL CAMPBELL

D' ye ken Jan Smuts when he 's after the Hun?
D' ye ken Jan Smuts when he 's got 'em on the run?
D' ye ken Jan Smuts when he 's out with his gun
And his horse and his men in the morning?
Yes, I ken Jan Smuts and Jourdain too,
Van der V. and the sportsman Selous,
Springbok and Sikh, for they 're all true-blue,
When they 're strafing the Hun in the morning.

Marching song of the South African Troops.

My previous account [1] of the initial operations in this campaign brought the tale of events down to the seizure of Moshi, the railhead of the Tanga–Kilimanjaro line, and the establishment of Van der Venter at Kondoa-Irangi, threatening the central railway from Dar-es-salam to Tanganyika. Since then Smuts's men have made steady progress through a dense bush country, under blazing suns and torrential rains, turning elaborately prepared positions, and fighting an endless series of minor engagements which have ended, without exception, in the retirement of the Germans.

The first task of the invading army was to clear the enemy away from the Tanga railway, and Smuts set to work methodically, sweeping the country from the frontier to the Pangani with three mobile columns, which throughout their advance maintained constant communication with each other by means of wireless. It was a strange route that the invaders followed, es-

[1] In the *Atlantic* for August, 1916.

pecially the brigade operating along the foothills of the Pare Mountains, for they were working through practically virgin bush, under the most anomalous conditions. The tire-tracks of the latest-pattern armored car mingled with the spoor of ostrich and eland, while the reconnoitring aeroplane, ever in advance of the column, scared away the startled game in thousands.

By May 31 two of the brigades effected a junction, and drove back a German force which was astride the railway on a narrow neck of land between the mountains and the river. From here the lights of Wilhelmstal were visible at night, and on June 13 that important centre was occupied by the Union troops. In the meantime Van der Venter had been left at Kondoa-Irangi to attract as many troops as Vorbock, the German commander, thought fit to detach; and the importance placed by the enemy on the British grip of this strategic spot could be best estimated by the furious attempts they made to recover it. For four days Van der Venter was beleaguered, and the garrison was on very scanty rations, since some expected convoys, warned by the firing, did not dare approach until reinforcements came up. At last, however, the pressure relaxed, and the brilliant cavalry leader lost no time in opening a new sweeping movement eastward, as soon as he was apprized of Smuts's intention of moving south from Wilhelmstal and trying to corner the Germans, who were retiring sullenly on Handeni.

Smuts's plans for the capture of this centre were elaborate to a degree, for, after detaching a brigade to complete the clearance of the railway and occupy Tanga (which was done by July 12, with little difficulty), he divided his main force into four different columns, all of which were timed to reach the same objective at dawn after a night march by different routes; and the success of this delicate manœuvre speaks volumes for the ability of his staff and divisional commanders. Unluckily the Germans were warned in time by natives, and withdrew into the bush at the sacrifice of the big dépôt they had established close to the village.

On the following day a small force of the Fifth South African Infantry, under Colonel Byron, while moving through the bush in battle formation, discovered the enemy in a strong prepared position commanding an open *laagte* with a *spruit* running at right angles; and, despite the fact that they were outnumbered, forced an engagement. Attempts made by the Germans to outflank their assailants to right and left were defeated by counter-attacks, while the South Africans threw up improvised cover and prevented any rush *en masse* by the accuracy of their rifle-fire. After three hours of this, Byron found it necessary to consolidate the perimeter of his defense; with darkness coming on, however, the positions of the German machine-guns were revealed by spits of flame, and the British reëngaged with such insistence that on the arrival of reinforcements the enemy fell back once more.

Despite the difficulties and dangers of pressing the pursuit through such country, Smuts moved off as soon as his scouts had learned something of the native tracks. On June 23 secret orders were given for a night march with unwheeled transport, the guns being carried on mules; and late that afternoon long lines of infantry, in Indian file, vanished into the dim recesses of the forest. The march was accomplished in silence, even smoking being forbidden. On the 24th the enemy was located on an intrenched ridge, protected by the Lukigura River, and General Sheppard contained this force with various feints at a frontal attack, pend-

ing the arrival of his colleague, General Hosken, who had been intrusted with a wide enveloping movement. About noon he was heard heavily engaged on the flank of the intrenched hill, which was finally carried in very clean style by a mixed force of Fusiliers and Kashmiris, while Sheppard repulsed an attempt to break back across the river.

That this position had been long and carefully prepared by the Germans 'in case of accident,' was evident from the elaborate care given to its construction. One of their gun-pits in particular was a masterpiece. Imagine a trench thirty yards in length with sleeping-cubicles for the gunners and galleries leading to the officers' dug-out, magazine, and pit, the whole being covered with heavy timber and earth mounds on that. These were planted with aloes 'all alive-O,' so that everything looked innocent enough even in the case of aerial reconnaissance. Thorn *bomas* and machine-guns guarded every possible avenue of approach — from the front. The Germans seemed incapable of imagining an attack from any other quarter.

Any artillerist will understand at once that the unique nature of this forest fighting demanded the evolution of a special system of observing; and, as a result of some study of the local conditions, Brigadier-General Crewe developed the 'forward observing officer' into a 'coöperating officer.' Whenever infantry were attacking with artillery in support, he was sent forward to accompany the infantry unit; it was his special business to 'see for himself how and where the artillery fire may best be directed, and pass on and, as far as possible comply with, the requests of the commander of the regiment or brigade with whom he is working.'

This modern development meant that the artillery fire was directed from the advanced infantry firing-line — an immense advantage in such country. The big field-guns now in use are so sensitive that their accuracy is affected, not only by different lots of ammunition, but also by the weather and temperature, more especially in a tropical climate; consequently, the registering or ranging shots are of the utmost importance in correcting idiosyncrasies of the moment and judging distance. It was the duty of this forward observing officer to 'record the effect of such ranging shots, and to submit to his battery commander suggestions as regards the distance and direction of the areas to be bombarded or searched by shell fire'; points of reference which are particularly useful in indirect fire — that is, for guns firing from covered positions on an unseen target.

Another development introduced by the artillery brigadier was the 'artillery reconnoitring patrol,' riding with the screen or, at any rate, the advanced mounted troops of a brigade or division going into action. Once the enemy was brought into touch in position, or whenever an outpost line or chance encounter prevented further advance, the officer commanding the patrol was intrusted with the task of reconnoitring suitable positions for guns, and of sending back in a report to the battery or brigade commander any information concerning the best lines of approach, roads for the advance of guns, and any other details likely to be of use from an artillery point of view. These measures converted artillery into a forward arm, and increased its mobility enormously — a consideration of the highest importance in this country of long distances. The Great War has forever quashed the old dictum that 'big guns never kill anybody'; and as for the artillery fire in this minor theatre, a pathetic but welcome tribute to its effectiveness was contained in a half-finished letter found on the body of a

German officer and addressed to his wife: 'The English have brought up their 5-inch guns, and that is why we have had to abandon our positions.'

But to return to the main narrative. With the taking of Handeni, and the defeat of the enemy on the Lukigura, the resistance in the coast area died away, and Smuts was able to consolidate his positions and to occupy at his leisure, in coöperation with naval landing parties, the smaller ports of Pangani and Sandani. Tanga, as we have seen, had already fallen, and this afforded a new and valuable base, since all necessary supplies could be brought there direct by sea, thus saving the circuitous route from Mombasa along the new light railway linking Maktau and Moshi. Smuts then advanced to Mondo, and awaited further developments.

The cordon was now fast drawing close. On May 24 the Rhodesian column under General Northey made its first big offensive movement in the campaign, and cleared the enemy forces which were threatening the Stevenson Road, that great artery connecting Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika. Northey had divided his force into four small divisions, with their respective bases at Karonga, Fort Hill, Fife, and Abercorn: and a simultaneous movement was directed against the German positions which dominated the frontier. These had been strengthened enormously during the previous period of inaction, and they evidently anticipated a frontal attack. If this had been attempted, the British losses must have been severe; indeed, it is doubtful whether any of the German intrenchments could have been carried in face of machine-gun fire. But Northey had not spent months in Flanders for nothing. He did not intend to throw away lives in a direct assault without the heavy artillery to blast a way through. Consequently, for a week previous to the attack, his column commanders were ordered to threaten the enemy continuously at various points along the two-hundred-mile front, and thereby keep him in a state of uncertainty as to when or where the blow or blows would fall.

These tactics succeeded admirably; the first position on the extreme German left was evacuated for some reason without even a pretense of resistance, whereupon the garrison of the second fort, finding its communications threatened to right and left, also promptly retired without firing a shot. The two remaining contingents, at Luwiwa and Namema, were invested. Colonel Rogers, who was in charge of the tiny force round the former place, threw up a circle of fortified posts all round the enemy and gradually drew closer; but even so he had a perimeter of five thousand yards to hold with insufficient men, so that it was scarcely surprising that one night the Germans found a weak spot in the cordon and broke through. The Namema garrison, rendered desperate by scarcity of water and shortage of food, also smashed a way through, but their sortie cost them dear, and they were obliged to sacrifice their guns and supplies, while Colonel Murray followed hard on their tracks in the direction of Bismarckburg. On June 8, hearing that Simson, who was in command of the Lake Tanganyika Naval Expedition, had shelled the town he pressed on and occupied the place, the Germans retiring up country.

In the meantime the other three Rhodesian columns had coalesced, and pushed the enemy back on New Langenburg, from which they were driven out, and Northey's army advanced boldly straight through the colony toward Iringa, their ultimate object being to join hands with Van der Venter and Smuts. It is easy to criticize the failure to capture the two garrisons, but it must be remembered that the

column commanders had neither the men nor the guns for a frontal attack; that the German positions were enormously strong against light field-guns; and that the perimeter to be held was so great that any determined enemy, careless of sacrificing lives, could pierce the line at some point and escape before supports could be brought up. Against this should be set the fact that even the temporary investment of these garrisons prevented the concentration of troops for the defense of New Langenberg, and that the separation of the German forces facilitated the rapid advance of the invaders.

Events now moved on apace. The Belgians, who had been engaged in the slow and laborious task of clearing away the Germans from the broken country between Victoria Nyanza and Tanganyika, made a sudden swoop under General Tombeur on to Usambara, which formed a most convenient base for the succeeding descent on Ujiji, the lake railhead of the central line. From here they steadily rolled back the enemy on Tabora, the inland capital and seat of the last official wireless installation which maintains communication with Berlin. During our advance, we had secured some amazing examples of the information ladled out to the troops: the total destruction of the British grand fleet in the Horn Reef battle; the capture of Calais; the burning of London and Paris, and fictitious victories fought and chronicled solely by Wolff's Bureau correspondents, and intended doubtless to spur on the drooping spirits of the colonial troops. That many of these ridiculous reports had been swallowed wholesale was evident from the naïve remarks made by prisoners; and in consequence no little importance was attached to the destruction of this wireless, since that would cut off the enemy from all communication with the outside world, and make them dependent on their officers for scraps of encouraging information. To assist the Belgians therefore, Sir Charles Willoughby was placed in command of a separate British column; and after the motorboat squadron had cleaned up the myriad tiny islets which stud the southern half of Lake Victoria Nyanza, he established his base of operations at Muanza, and struck down country on the same objective. In the far southeastern corner the Portuguese had also come into action, and repulsed two German raids on Kionga and Unde, after which their forces crossed the frontier in combination with a light cruiser that sailed up the Rovuma and detached naval landing parties at two strategic points, and occupied a fairly extensive strip of territory along the northern banks of that river. The Germans were being quietly rounded up on all sides, and the time had now arrived for a vigorous effort by the main force, which had been steadily massing within striking distance of the rail.

The blow was struck, not for the first time in this campaign, by Van der Venter, who made one of his characteristic sudden dashes with a quadruple mounted column, and cut the line at Dodoma. His force met with a determined resistance, but once again Van der Venter's dispositions rendered absolutely abortive a magnificent series of intrenchments on Dodoma Nek. Commanding a tortuous ravine, and buttressed at either end by hills with a well-defined glacis, this position, with its guns, trenches, rifle-pits, and barbed wire, might have held up a bull-headed general for a month. The weaker party, if he be wise, makes up for his weakness by intrenchments; the stronger party should leave the intrenchments alone and use his strength to go round them. Van der Venter went round them, and by these tactics — at once simple, efficacious, and, best of all, almost blood-

less — forced them to evacuate the *nek*, and in a few hours established himself astride of the railway, while the Germans fell back on Mpapua. But this turning of their flank had not prevented them from doing a lot of indiscriminate firing, and an examination of their gun-pits proved instructive, many of the shell-cases being found marked,—

Patronenfabrik

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thus affording the most damning confirmation of what had long been suspected — that even up to the end of last year, and despite the British command of the sea and the total disappearance of the German merchant marine, the enemy had obtained secret supplies from some source. Doubtless many an ostensibly neutral cargo consigned to Beira or Delagoa Bay could have told a strange tale, had it found speech, before the intervention of Portugal put an end to a profitable trade.

Having secured a firm grip of the railway, Van der Venter now swung eastward again, and after a real old-fashioned action in the open took Mpapua and linked up with an advance column sent by Smuts from Mondo. The position of the Germans was now precarious in the extreme. Not only were their two main forces hopelessly cut off from each other, but the severed remnants had to face the prospect of being driven very shortly from the tiny span of railway left to each respectively.

The pressure was not relaxed. Van der Venter, continuing his rapid progress, came up with the German rearguard outside Kilossa, and after a brisk engagement scattered them toward the coast, and occupied that important post; while Smuts, losing no time in following up this advantage, sent one of his brigades to coöperate with a strong naval landing force, which on September 6 entered Dar-es-salam. In this way the British flag was hoisted over yet another German capital, while the Germans notified the removal of their seat of government from Dar-es-salam (which means in the native tongue 'The Haven of Peace') to Moro-Moro. Some time later the news came through that after ten days' desperate fighting the Belgians had occupied Tabora, so that there is no alternative left the enemy save surrender or a desperate attempt to carry on a guerilla war among the swamps and forests.

The accompanying map will give a better idea of the various moves in this campaign than the unavoidably disconnected narrative I have patched together. To give a detailed account of the operations of even one column would exhaust an issue of the *Atlantic* and be very dull reading for any but a military student; but the broad lines on which it was worked are sufficiently clear, I hope, to show that it might well be taken as a model by any general who has to fight in a difficult country. Danton's maxim, 'De l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace,' was Smuts's motto, to which he added, Mobility, mobility, mobility.

The men themselves cannot be praised too highly. Though it would be an idle exaggeration to compare their troubles with those cheerfully undergone daily in Flanders, it is no small test of fortitude to march and fight for months in a tropical climate, often on the scantiest rations, and always tormented by the myriad insect pests of the bush. The motor-cycle despatch-riders in particular had a most arduous task, and it was marvelous how they and their machines stood the strain; but perhaps a true incident will best illustrate something of their dangers.

One day a Rhodesian patrol came across a white man, stark naked and apparently insane, staggering along a native path. They brought him into camp, and after some days' rest and attention he recovered his senses and could narrate his experiences. He was bringing a despatch for Northey from Van der Venter, and left the main road in order to escape a nasty bit, where it was also possible he might run into a German outpost. His détour took him into a terrible maze of bush, and, as he bumped along, he lost an important part of the machine, and was unable to find it. He spent a day trying to contrive a makeshift from odd spare parts, but failed, so he was obliged to abandon the machine. As luck would have it, he came across no game, and though he managed to shoot a small bird with his rifle, he was too weak by the fourth day to carry this weapon. Then he could remember nothing more save walking blindly forward, till at last, half unconscious, he turned into the track where he was so luckily picked up.

One of the most gratifying things, from the point of view of the future, was the hearty welcome accorded the invaders by the natives of the colony. The strict respect paid to property won the chiefs over at once, since the Germans had requisitioned all the foodstuff they could lay their hands on, and gave nothing in exchange save handfuls of the Austrian 20-*heller* piece of 1916, which is valueless, for the equatorial savage disdains all save gold and silver coinage. From these willing allies we learned of the depression among the enemy native troops, who never fought with the same vim after the Salaita battle; while the porters and carriers melted away from the German camps whenever they had the chance. Fair and honest treatment, even in the purchase of a little Indian corn, works wonders with the native, although the Teuton colonizer was never able to master this simple fact; and the square dealing of the invaders will go far to establish a sense of friendliness and security despite the change of masters.

Common justice demands that, before closing the article on the campaign, a few words should be said about the great leader and organizer of the operations, though space will allow but a thumbnail sketch. Smuts was born near Malmesbury in the Cape Colony, and after doing well at school was sent to Cambridge, where he took a brilliant degree. He was given a government post under Kruger, and was marked out as one of the rising young men whose possibilities were bounded only by their talents. The outbreak of the South African War changed his prospects, but he soon came back into prominence after the war by proposing at the Pretoria Customs Conference of May, 1908, six resolutions on the subject of closer union. On the realization of union, he entered Botha's first cabinet, which was dissolved and reformed owing to the independent attitude of Hertzog. But trouble soon threatened the government from a new quarter. At the beginning of that eventful year, 1914, the Johannesburg strikes threatened to paralyze the communications of the country. The crisis called for a strong man; and just as Briand had shown his mettle in smashing the French railway strike by utilizing the military despite the howls of his quondam colleagues, the Socialists, so Smuts displayed no hesitation in calling out the burghers for the protection of law and order, while the subsequent rioting afforded him the pretext of deporting the Labor leaders — an act which, though it may be condemned as arbitrary and unconstitutional, was eminently effective at the time.

The autumn of the same year saw

the opening of the Great War and the South African Rebellion, with the consequent disclosure of Beyers's treachery, which first became known by the publication of the correspondence that had passed between the two former comrades. The letter of Beyers, announcing his resignation, was a specious but laborious apologue, based on false premises and therefore leading to false conclusions. The reply of Smuts was a masterpiece of trenchant remorseless logic, with the skilled brain which belongs by training and profession to the lawyer apparent in every line. An intellect that combines such delicacy with such massiveness can aptly be compared only to one of those machines which can be regulated at will to crack an eggshell or crush to powder some stubborn substance. Smuts then took over the portfolio of Minister of Defense, and on the victory of his party at the October polls, offered his services to the Imperial Government. That fifteen years of civil life have not blunted his military skill can be seen in the above narrative; and after a careful study of the campaign, one might well think that it had been intrusted to a man who had spent his life in absorbing the manœuvres and combinations of the great masters of war. Despite all the alterations in the methods of war, the principles of strategy are immutable, and Smuts has grasped them to some purpose.

His tactics in the Cape Assembly are just what one might expect from his record in the field. His powers of debate are of the highest order; his speaking would command attention even in the hall whose walls have echoed to the voices of Pitt, Sheridan, and Burke — for it is a model of all that has, in every age, been held in the highest estimation by English Parliaments — ready, weighty, perspicuous, condensed. His sense of the feeling of the House is exquisite, while he is a past master of parliamentary tactics; indeed, such is his dexterity on occasions that, if one fault can be found in a demeanor otherwise faultlessly courteous, it is that he sometimes displays a contempt for consistency or accuracy in petty details. In political circles, even among his own friends, he is marked by an air of lofty reserve and cold indifference, which does not suffer his person to be familiarized out of reverence.

No one can study the features of this great Afrikander, the lofty forehead, the keen penetrating eye, the resolute chin, and the firm indomitable mouth, without realizing that here is a man who has the talents and the will to achieve anything. Much indeed has he done already, and if Germany's two sub-continental colonies are to be added to the Union, Smuts must be ranked with Rhodes and Botha as the third member of the great Triumvirate which foresaw and strove for the realization of a great ideal — the foundation and construction of another great white nation, fit to rank with the other great offshoots of Anglo-Saxon stock.

Not unnaturally it is work of this kind which is gall and wormword to bigoted recalcitrants like Hertzog and his Nationalists, and forms the mainspring of their usual gibes against 'The Englishman' or 'The Imperialist.' But the stirring words which Smuts sent to the British Parliament on the second anniversary of England's declaration of war were by no means the empty grandiloquent phrases of the patriotic platform hack. They are redolent of the fragrance of liberty, and in soundness of judgment, unselfishness, and rectitude of intention, they might have been uttered by any of the great figures of the past who have striven for the good of humanity.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

IO FORTUNA!

We of to-day do not, as any part of our philosophy, believe in Fortune. Some of us consider every possible event as decided by the conscious providence of God; some of us regard all happenings as linked inevitably together in a logical infinity of cause and effect; and most of us perhaps think of the world about us as a sort of combination of the two, wherein at least nothing can fall by chance. And yet, though we admit abstractly this philosophy, it fails of application to our concrete circumstances. Doubtless, the coin falls at the will of God; but that will we can neither fathom nor forecast. Surely the turn of the card is due to natural causes, but to causes intricate and remote beyond our possible knowing. So that for practical purposes we dwell among continual accidents; and in no such very different case from our own children, for whom life is all one wild and wanton tissue of adventure. All things are dreamed of in our philosophy, but few are clearly seen: it may be true, but it does not fit the facts.

The child is forbidden an apple because mother says no; or because there is none on the table. Even the cultured mother who believes in reasoning with her child can hardly alter that, for he has but to ask why, half a dozen times, to reach the limit of her understanding. The child is given a toy because father has brought him one, or because it is his birthday. How may these good things be, that they may come about more often? And there the child goes hand in hand with all the saints and sages of the world up to the closed doors of that dark temple where the Sphinx, inscrutably smiling, answers the universal question with 'Because.'

And so we are not after all much wiser than our forefathers; and we may well enough accept, for actual concerns, their fable of Lady Fortune with her wheel, wantonly false or fair, mocking her followers and favoring them who pay her small regard, sure only of changefulness. Ultimately false, it agrees none the less truly with our seeing, as a picture showing the world flat instead of round. Wiser still is that more ancient vision of affairs as governed by the gods, beyond and above whom lurks an arbitrary Fate. For it more represents our actual state, able to know and to control our destinies to some extent: while yet, through and over all, incalculable chance remains.

It is fashionable to deceive ourselves upon this point; in endeavoring to do so we have worn threadbare sundry fine quotations. If 'man is man and master of his fate' we must allow that he has failed somehow to solve the servant problem. 'You can have what you want, if you want it enough' may serve to strengthen weak desires. But you will some day want a thing as much as you can bear, and remain wanting; while again some best thing in your life will come as a free gift, neither toiled nor longed for. Even Henley's famous boast has a rather hollow sound, as of one crying aloud that nothing can make him cry. It was well for his head to be unbowed, no doubt; yet he might have been better pleased if it had not been bloody. We cannot face things as they are, for we cannot see them as they are; but we shall do as wisely, and perhaps as bravely, to face them as they appear.

And how to face them? The ancient wisdom bade us go against fortune as a gambler may, scorning her favor and

her frown, striving to be neither elated nor downcast. But this is to turn down the light alike upon good and evil, and so become merely less alive. The later wisdom bids us believe by faith that all is well: cold comfort when we happen to be feeling far from well ourselves. And the most recent fashion bids us to bluff and bluster and pretend, with every ass flaunting a lion's skin and every ostrich hiding from trouble. Perhaps the child is really wiser than all. At least, he is proverbially happiest, though he lives more than any of us among unreasonable accidents. For he looks backward without shame and forward without fear — passionately attentive to pleasure, and of pain as easily forgetful as may be. Weep he must, but in a moment you shall find him laughing. In the midst of both, he will make the most of his joys and the least of his sorrows. And his deepest secret is this, that he looks upon all fortune as adventure. For it is not for nothing that upon one stem have grown the two words *Happen* and *Happiness*.

HERITAGES OF THE LORD

THE sun shone through the high windows on the judge's yellow hair. It touched the calf-skin volumes on his orderly desk. It glowed through the folds of the large silk flag above the bookcase. Yes, the court-room was tolerable. But not the sun itself could brighten the sordid room across the hall, — that room packed with grimy, lowering fathers, grimy, worried mothers, grimy, sullen, abnormal children.

'Next case,' said the judge curtly.

A starchy probation officer laid papers before him. She looked like an animated ledger. She, if any one, could convince you that we are made of carbohydrates and proteids, and that the joy of life is a mere figure of speech.

The ushers fluttered about a grimy caravan that came in from across the hall. They ranged their charges before the court. In front were a small boy and girl. Their clothes seemed impregnated with the dust of ages. The little girl's dress alone would have sufficed to silt up the multitudinous seas.

'Your Honor, Mr. Housel asks the court to commit these children to homes,' said the probation officer.

The judge fumbled the papers. He turned calm, blue eyes on the father.

'I committed two of Mr. Housel's children last year,' he remarked.

The man's hat, once black, was now green. He turned it round in his stiff fingers. With a face all anxious goodness, he watched the judge.

'The mother can't keep them from running the streets,' stated the probation officer. 'She's feeble-minded. She has no control over them.'

The grimy woman plucked at her husband's sleeve, and muttered unintelligibly.

'How about the father?' asked the judge.

Shuffling his lumpy boots, the man cast his eyes on the judge's blue silk socks and patent leather shoes.

'*He's* all right,' the probation officer replied. 'Sober, kind, hard-working. He makes two dollars a day regularly.'

'Why can't he control the children?'

'He's away all day, your Honor. He works on the railroad.'

'Can't the mother be advised? Is there no hope of improved conditions?'

'No, your Honor. She's feeble-minded.'

The judge frowned at his neat fingernails. He addressed the father, mildly.

'Where does your wife come from?'

The grimy man lifted his gaze from the blue silk socks to the blue eyes.

'From Virginia, Judge,' he stammered.

'You married her in Virginia?'

'Yes, Judge.'

'How old was she?'

'Seventeen.'

Evidently this draggled creature, who looked as if she had been salvaged from an ash-barrel, was actually seventeen, once upon a time.

'Virginia allows feeble-minded persons to marry,' commented the probation officer.

The probation officer was clean and practical. Life showed her only its black and white. No dusty section-hand had ever courted her in Virginia in May. And yet perhaps even probation officers are marriageable at seventeen. Now, with unemotional ease, she discussed the feeble mind of the grimy woman in the grimy woman's presence.

'You wish me to commit these children as I did the others last year?' the judge turned to the father.

'Yes, Judge.'

The woman plucked again at her husband's sleeve, inarticulate.

'She wants to keep the baby,' he ventured to the probation officer. He dared not address this bold demand to the court.

'Which is the baby?' inquired the judge.

'The baby is n't here,' explained the probation officer. 'It's a little baby. Only a few months old. Born since you committed the others, last year.'

'What do *you* think?' the judge asked the probation officer.

'Oh, she might as well keep the baby,' she conceded, indifferently. 'She can't do it any harm, yet.'

The grimy woman's face relaxed its tension.

The judge signed commitment papers. The hearing was over.

'Next case,' commanded the court as the grimy family filed out.

'But you can't let her keep the baby when it gets older,' protested the visitors to the probation officer.

She shrugged.

'By that time there'll be another baby,' she predicted.

'For the state to support!'

'For the state to support. Exactly.'

'And the mother feeble-minded!' The visitors were horrified.

'They're all subnormal,' added the probation officer.

And, remembering great families that have died out in Virginia, the visitors asked, 'What of a state that lets its best stock perish, and permits a feeble-minded woman to bear five children?'

'Don't blame Virginia,' remonstrated the probation officer. 'She just happened to be from Virginia. Plenty of other states do the same thing. They won't restrict the liberty of the citizen.'

The visitors exclaimed indignantly.

'Laws are much occupied with the rights of citizens. The right to be born, especially. Why should the law overlook the right of the citizen not to be born feeble-minded?'

Nobody seemed to know the answer.

'You say the father of those children works hard?' continued the visitors.

'He earns good wages,' agreed the probation officer.

'Should n't the law have protected him and his descendants from this blight? If he had known that his children would be defective, can any one suppose he would have married such a woman? How could he know that she was feeble-minded? And he had a right to know.'

The probation officer smiled commiseratingly. She was not paid to worry about the law.

POETS' HARD TIMES

THESE are hard times for the honest minor poet: not because, as Mr. George Moore adventurously asserts, Art is dead under the curse of universal locomotion, nor because the singer is denied a just hearing by the public. What

has happened bears some resemblance to a tragedy; but like certain other tragedies, its result is bound to be wholesome, like the pure touch of fire.

The honest minor poet wakes up in these days to find himself a child in a world of energetic, serious maturity. Even the daily headlines bring home to him that no one needs his songs of hills and leaves and clouds, of elfin things and gypsy feet, even of love and death, touched as they are in his music with the kind deceiving shimmer of dreams.

> He listens when the trumpets cry;
> He dreams through all the battle-thunder.
> His bloodless battles climb the sky,
> Cloud-legions, led by wide-eyed wonder.
>
> And when the torn and panting hosts
> Limp back to dull sleep or swift dying,
> Still is he generalled by ghosts,
> With dreamy sunburnt banners flying.

Probably, even if the War had not shaken the world into a sort of passionate, if unwilling, seriousness, the dreamer of quiet dreams would have found himself quite as much an innocent among hard able-bodied and able-minded men. Social and industrial battles surge up to our very doorsteps; and the man or woman who clicks the latch and sits by the fire within is accounted a fool or a criminal by the strugglers in the street.

But with the nations reeling like drunken regiments, with blood and death on land and under sea and up in the clean clouds, and an overpowering uncertainty at the heart of every vision of peace and progress, it is no wonder that the little singer finds himself beaten into humble silence.

If he is honest, he knows that the world needs the burning insight and power of a prophet, or the simplicity of eternal child-like Truth. If he is not great enough in complexity to attain the one, nor great enough in simplicity for the other, he has nothing to say. His stars and brooks will stand the test only if somehow he can weave them into the vast troubled web of human experience. Pale pools, white birds, green fishes, blue gardens, are truly the playthings of an artistic moment; and 'all the little emptiness of love' is like a rose blown down the wind, unless he can give it the substance of life more mightily than any sweet-chiming words alone can do. Poetry cannot dabble in strange forms, nor try to spice itself to vitality with new labels for old devices. Now, more than ever, poetry must speak for itself.

It is because of this high necessity that the singer is cast back into silence. He is like a young person in a house of tumult and sorrow. He yearns to help, but he is dumb before the terrible or noble facts about him. If he utters himself, he is aware of inadequacy, and expects to be brushed aside. Even if sometimes he feels sure that his dream-knowledge sees deeper than the darkened eyes of his friends, he dares not insist, till Time has given him the right to be heard. He must grow up before he can speak.

Even so the little poet who is clear-sighted enough to take himself less seriously than he takes the passionate and various vividness of life, knows that he must grow up. Or, to put it more plainly, he must be great to be worth hearing. When he can never be great, nothing is left for him but silence, and wonder. He may always keep the wonder.

Herein lies the wholesome beauty of this small tragedy of still-born dreams and songs. After all, silence and wonder are better than empty speech and eyes blind to the purifying fires of Experience. The world will not miss the little poet, nor he the world too much. His courageous silence will leave more sky-room for the great songs sure to come. His wonder will open to him some private port of Paradise, gleaming with the proud light of Truth.

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THE PROBLEM OF AMERICAN JUDAISM

BY RALPH PHILIP BOAS

DESPITE the fact that we are ceasing to persecute people who disagree with us in religion or politics, we only dimly realize that one of the greatest evils of persecution is the fact that it saves its victims the trouble of justifying themselves. Persecution begets martyrdom, a glory as lacking in reason as its progenitor. Whether Sir Roger Casement was right or not is now only an academic question; his execution, by enshrining him forever in the Pantheon of Irish martyrs, makes the heart rather than the mind his judge. So it is with the Jews. Jews have not troubled themselves to justify, on any rational ground, the tenacious fight of their race against the storms of nineteen centuries of persecution. The fight has been its own justification. Obviously, a race that has endured what theirs has withstood must have some glorious mission to perform; to define that mission would be an element of positive weakness, since their enemies would then have a chance to meet them on the ground of reason, where their peculiar virtues, tenacity, single-mindedness, and pliant heroism, would avail them nothing.

It is, therefore, a happy chance for the American Jew that his age-long persecution has either ended or has degenerated into petty social discrimination. For he must now realize that the day has gone when he could justify himself by recalling his heroic miseries. In other days and other countries he faced only the problems of existence. New ideas and opportunities could not pass the walls of the ghetto; custom made adherence to old ceremonies and beliefs not only easy but imperative. The Sabbath was the one day on which the Jew could be a man instead of a thing; the recurrent holidays gave him his one outlet for the emotions rigidly suppressed in daily life; the study and analysis of the Law and the Talmud furnished the intellectual exercise that his eager mind was denied in the schools and the learned circles of the country which tolerated him. The very fact that he was confined within a pale, therefore, made it easy for him to keep his race a distinct entity.

But now, if he is unable to find a rational ground for his religious and racial unity, he will meet a foe more insidious than persecution — the gradual disintegration of race and religious consciousness within the faith. Ironically enough, what pales, pogroms, and ghettos could not accomplish, freedom promises to bring to pass. So the time has come when the Jew in America must decide what he is going to do with and for himself; his enemies can no longer save him the effort of decision.

The issue is of as much concern to Christians as to Jews. For there exist in Judaism a great many kinds of energy, as the not inglorious roll of Jewish artists, merchants, musicians, philosophers, and men of letters indicates. What is true of Europe is true also of the United States: the Jew occupies a position the importance of which is out of all proportion to his numbers. Hence the problem of Judaism is of real interest in America, because the influence which the Jew can have upon social life and the current political and financial situation depends almost entirely upon his mode of life and manner of thought.

The problem is not, of course, recognized by every Jew; the great mass of Jews thinks as little as the great mass of Christians. It accepts its lot with the common fatalism of humanity and worries not at all about the reason for being. This carelessness is especially true of the foreign-born Jews who live in the ghettos of the great cities. They are so intensely preoccupied with the struggle for existence that they have no thought for problems of the adjustment of Judaism to American life. Yet, however passive they themselves may be, their children, like all men who wish to order their lives rather than submit to the shifting currents of the mass, must seek out their path. That path must begin at the intense self-consciousness which has always characterized Judaism — a self-consciousness which, firmly imbedded in the Jewish nature even in pre-Christian times, has for the last two thousand years been made practically inextricable.

A Jew's first recognition of insulation comes in boyhood. The convention which exists in America, that one man is, or ought to be, as good as another, is accepted by a young person with the utter inability of youth to comprehend the shadings and equivocations of the use, in the adult vocabulary, of such words as *democracy* and *equality*. It is, therefore, a striking moment in a Jewish boy's life when he first realizes that, though a potential American citizen, he is, nevertheless, not like others. The realization is the more acute inasmuch as peculiarity is the last mark of distinction that a youth craves. He wants to be like others, and though the level of the 'others' may be a low one, he prefers it to the experience of isolation which the atavistic savagery of youth can make so poignant.

The recognition of his peculiarity comes from two sources — his comrades, who bring forcibly to his attention that nineteen hundred years ago the mob preferred Barabbas to Jesus; and his parents, who strive to sweeten persecution by building up an appreciation of a striking history and a splendid mission. But the concrete experience of facing a ring of jeering schoolboys for five minutes is far more incisive than hours of instruction in a history which can make little appeal to the adolescent. For the Jew never 'won'; his history is a record of patient martyrdom.

After all, neither the fact that Rabbi Akiba died at the hands of the Romans, crying the 'Shema,' the sacred formula of Judaism, nor that Jews, stripped to the skin, were forced to run races in the Italian carnival amid the jeers of the populace, affords much of that consciousness of heroism so dear to the youthful heart. And the splendid mission is so vague that even faithful adults experience some difficulty in defining it. Is it not true that sincerely religious men and women seldom attempt to interpret their religion in the cold terms of theology? To most of us religion comes from contact, habit, and example rather than from reason. Hence the Jewish parent, an adherent of one of the least dogmatic religions in the world, finds much difficulty in satis-

factorily explaining to the literal youth this faith, the inevitable result of which seems to be pain and sorrow. The net result of the boyhood experience of the Jew who is sensitive to impressions, is an intense self-consciousness which, although thoroughly developed from without and within, rests upon no pleasant or satisfactory basis.

What the Jew is going to do with this self-consciousness may, to Christians, seem of little moment. It is not of that loyal kind which moves men to blow up munition factories, or to plant bombs in steamships. For others, doubtless, its implications are not of great importance. For himself, however, they are everything. His self-consciousness colors his whole point of view. It is not a simple thing. It is compounded of many factors. It is both racial and religious; it makes him both hopeful and despondent; it gives cause both for pride and for a feeling of inferiority; it makes him clannish, and it makes him long for a wider field of acquaintance.

Judaism differs from Christianity in this — that while one chooses to be a Christian, one is born to be a Jew. An atheist born of Jewish parents is an atheist Jew, just as Disraeli, baptized in the Church of England, was nevertheless the 'Jew Premier.' Judaism is not a state of mind, or a philosophy, or a conviction; it is a tie of blood. Yet it is also religious. The assumption is that every Jew will automatically subscribe to a certain religious point of view, vague though it is; at least, that he will attend the synagogue on the high holidays, and that he will continue such vital customs as circumcision and the 'Kaddish,' the service for the dead. Nevertheless, though he does none of these things, he is still a Jew. Moreover, this connection which is thrust upon him is of immense significance. It makes him heir to a history, to a tradition, and to a way of life. Most important of all, it determines for him, in no small measure, the reception which he will receive from the world. Though active and vehement opposition to Jews from mature men and women has practically disappeared in America, it is by no means true that the historical connotations of *Jew* have vanished. To even the best-intentioned man in the world, Jew has not the same quality of meaning that attaches to Lutheran, Congregationalist, or even Catholic.

Judaism is clannish. Jews undoubtedly hang together. The combination of persecution with its inevitable concomitant, self-justification, acts as a centripetal force in driving Jews upon themselves. Just as Jews have the almost grotesque notion that a man will make his philosophic and religious convictions 'jibe' with his birth, so they have the wholly grotesque notion that a man should choose his friends and his wife from the small group among whom he happens to be born, though later education and environment may move him a thousand miles away. The results of this clannishness are paradoxical. For instance, the average Jew is sure that the chief reason why Anti-Semitism is everywhere ready to show its ugly head, is jealousy of the splendid history and the extraordinary business ability of the race. At the same time he subconsciously assumes the inferiority which has long been attributed to him, covering his feelings, however, by uncalled-for justification and bitter opposition to all criticism. It is torture to him, for example, that *The Merchant of Venice* should be read in the public schools. Who can blame him? For Shylock, although undoubtedly an exaggerated character, nevertheless makes concrete those qualities the portrayal of which hurts because it bears the sting of truth.

The development of committees 'On Purity of the Press' in Jewish societies,

and the extraordinary wire-pulling over the Russian treaty and the Immigration bill, show to what lengths this consciousness can go. It is impossible for the Jew to be entirely at ease in the world. He is introspective and suspicious, often unhappy, always sure that, for good or ill, he is a marked man among men.

There are three attitudes which Jews in this country take toward their problem — a few as a result of having thought it through, the majority as a result of the forces of inertia, environment, or chance, forces of which they themselves are perhaps not aware. Some Jews attempt to get rid of their self-consciousness by separating from the group. They deliberately set out to convince themselves that there is no difference between them and other men, and that they can act and live in all respects like other American citizens. A second group find their fellow Jews entirely satisfactory. They are conscious of a difference between themselves and others, but, living as they do in large cities where the Jewish community numbers hundreds of thousands, they feel no need of association with non-Jews other than that which they get in business. They are rich, or at least well-to-do; they have all the comforts that money can buy; they occupy fine streets and build expensive synagogues. They are willing, not only to accept their group-consciousness, but to develop it to the fullest extent by means of societies and fraternal orders. In the third place, there is a small group of Jews keenly conscious of their race, who would like to make Judaism vital as a great religion and a great tradition. They differ from the second group in that they not only accept their individuality but try to justify it. It is not sufficient for them that there should be enough Jewish organizations and undertakings to make a respectable year-book: they are interested in showing why such organizations should exist. They not only *are* Jews, but they *want to be* Jews; they want to feel that Judaism really has a mission to fulfill and a message to carry to the questioning world.

The Jew who attempts to solve his problem by separating from his community must leave the great centres of Jewish life and go to some small town where he may make a fresh start. There he will find himself in an anomalous position. He will have neither the support that comes from rubbing elbows with one's own kind, nor the mental and moral stiffening that comes from active opposition. He will be simply an odd fish, and as such will be subject, not to antagonism, but to curiosity. What cordiality he meets with is the cordiality of curiosity. He is a strange creature, similar — on a far lower scale of interest — to a Chinese traveler or a Hindu student. He is engaged in conversation on the 'Jewish problem,' or Jewish customs and history, until he sickens with trading on the race-consciousness that he is striving to forget. With cruel kindliness his friends impress upon him that his Judaism 'makes no difference,' with the result that he finds himself anticipating every imminent friendship by a clear statement of his race, lest the friendship be built upon the sands of prejudice. His social relations must be above reproach. A hasty word, an ill-considered action, in other men to be put down to idiosyncracy, in him is attributed to his birth. Even when there exists the frankest and most open friendship, he is continually seeing difficulties. The fathers have eaten a sour grape and the children's teeth are set on edge. The self-consciousness that he learned in youth reappears in maturity. Whether he will or no, a Jew he remains.

If he finds his situation intolerable,

he may, of course, utterly and completely deny his Jewish affiliation. He may consort with Christians, join a Christian church, marry a Christian wife, and tread under foot the old associations that will occasionally cast a disagreeable shadow across his life. Unfortunately for such a solution, a cloud still hangs about the idea of apostasy. Such a refuge seems to a man of honor despicable. It is a cowardly procedure, surely, to deny one's birth and sail under false colors, the more so since, though it does no harm to others, it gains advantage for one's self. Why should it be treason for a Jew to abandon his religion and forget his birth any more than for a Frenchman or a Swede to do so? Probably for the reason that no one cares whether a man was born in France or not, whereas in certain circles it makes a great deal of difference if a man was born in Jewry. Furthermore, Christians feel strongly that the Jew who forsakes the religion into which he was born, does so, not because his eyes have been opened upon the truth, but because he sees in apostasy definite material advantages. The Jew who would take this means of obtaining peace, therefore, would find himself cursed by an irrational idealism which can disturb while it cannot fortify and achieve.

If, however, he returns to some great centre of Jewish life and attempts to affiliate with his own people, he is in a perilous position. He is more than likely to meet with distrust where he seeks sympathy. Jews are so extremely sensitive to criticism and so keenly conscious of the social discrimination which they encounter from Christians, that they can hardly believe that a man who seems to have lived for several years on an equal footing with Christians has not either denied his birth, in which case he has been a traitor, or has not certain qualities of mind which, since they have been palatable to Christians, must be severely critical of Jews.

And, indeed, they have, perhaps, a measure of justice in their position. It is impossible for a Jew to live apart from his race for several years without looking upon his people with a new light. For one thing, distance has enabled him to focus. He has learned to sympathize more than a little with those hotel-keepers whose ban upon Jews is a terrible thorn in the flesh of the man whose money ought to take him anywhere. He has come to see that the clannishness of Jews serves only to intensify what social discrimination may exist, and to make present in the imagination much that does not. He has realized that persecution is not necessarily justification, and that because a Jew was blackballed at a fashionable club does not prove that he was a man of first-rate calibre. And finally, he has perceived that there is an arrogance of endurance as well as an arrogance of persecution, and that for a man to be continually assuming that people are taking the trouble to despise him for his birth, is to postulate an importance that does not exist.

On the other hand, he has, because of his distance, idealized Judaism. In his retirement he studied the history of his people; he thrilled with their martyrdoms; he marveled at their tenacity and their fortitude. He built up for himself on the cobweb foundation of boyhood memories, visions of the simple nobility of Jewish ritual and ceremonies, and vague ideals of an inspiring religious faith. He may, perhaps, have met, far more frequently than ill-will, a sentimental and unbalanced adulation of Jews. The cult of the new is with us, and the history, the folk-lore, the literature, and the customs of Judaism have, for many people who pride themselves on their social liberality, the fascination of novelty. It is the easiest thing

in the world for a Jew to yield to this sentimental tolerance, and to view his people in a rosy light.

It is, therefore, something of a shock to him when he reënters a great Jewish community, for he finds that the great mass of American Jews have sunk into a comfortable materialism. What persecution could not accomplish, success in business has brought to pass. The innate qualities of the Jew could not save him from the fate of the Christian who has become rich in a hurry — grossness and self-conceit. That Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked is as true now as it ever was, and there is little reason to expect that the race which was hopelessly cankered by national prosperity in the days of Solomon can escape a similar fate in the twentieth century.

Moreover, the Jew in America finds, for the first time, a clear field for the qualities which twenty centuries have developed in him: shrewdness, tenacity, single-mindedness, patience, self-confidence — qualities without which he must long ago have perished. In America, with all the bars which restrain him in Europe lowered, these qualities have received abnormal development. In Europe they were checked, not only by persecution, but by the religious idealism of the synagogue and the intellectual idealism of the traditional Talmudic education.

The sad result is that in prosperity the Jewish self-consciousness ceases to be religious and becomes merely racial. The elements that add something of dignity, grace, and spiritual power to even the most sordid congregation of ghetto Jews disappear. And with the reverence of the traditional synagogue service has departed the discipline which strengthened the lives of the faithful. The minute regulations of the dietary laws, the diversity of the ancient formulas of worship, the tortuous and crabbed study of Talmudic lore, had this advantage: they stiffened the backbone and strengthened the faculties of a race which might otherwise have been crushed under the heaviest burden that a race has ever borne. But the discipline of the ancient law has departed. Spacious synagogues stand empty. Having outlived poverty and persecution, the well-to-do Jew is left in a state of good-natured and satisfied religious apathy. The Jew has always prided himself on his common sense; his common sense now does him the ill turn of banishing whatever mysticism Judaism may once have had. And without mysticism there can be no genuine religious enthusiasm; it takes more to see God than the ability to distinguish between profit and loss.

The time was when small groups of Jews could develop a truly admirable aristocracy of manners and of intellect, an aristocracy ennobled by religious zeal, humility, and devotion. Such groups are still to be found among English and Portuguese. Even in the United States many individuals continue the traditions of the groups whence they sprang. Such a coherent aristocracy is impossible, however, in this country, because the Jew in America is subject to an influence which is hardly so strong in any other group of people — the steady and resistless modification of his character and ideals by parvenus. The number of immigrants, or children of immigrants, from countries where for centuries they have been trained in an atmosphere of slavish cunning and worship of money, who become rich, is almost incredible. In Russia, Galicia, or Roumania, they cultivated a self-respect by rigid adherence to dignified and beautiful customs; in America the florid exuberance of newly acquired wealth cannot be dignified. Clannishness, exclusion from circles of good taste and good breeding, the infiltration of the parvenu East-European

Jews, and imitation of the most obvious aspects of Americanism — its flamboyant and tasteless materialism — all combine to make the thoughtful Jew sadly question what hope lies in the bulk of the Jews who live in the great American cities.

There remains to him the small group of men who are trying to make the Jewish self-consciousness of real value. They are not content with prosperity and material growth; they realize that the past services and achievements of Judaism do not in themselves justify Judaism to-day. Nor do they feel that because college fraternities do not admit Jews, Judaism is sufficiently justified. They deplore social discrimination, but they realize that it is only an incident. To every thinking man comes sometimes the ringing question, 'How can I justify my existence?' That question they are willing and eager to answer. They understand that their only rational justification lies in their ability to show what there is now in Judaism which demands respect, and to demonstrate what Judaism is doing, either for the world or for itself, that it should maintain its integrity.

At this point one immediately thinks of Zionism. This is a concrete movement impelled by a genuine idealism. It knows what it wants to do: it has an organization; it is achieving definite results; and it is actuated by a spirit of helpfulness and by an ideal of racial unity. But what value has Zionism for the perplexed Jew who wishes to live in the United States? It may take his mind off his problem, but it offers no solution. Zionism is essentially a movement to help some one else. American Zionists do not propose to emigrate themselves; they aim at the establishment of a state where oppressed Jews will have peace.

The final refuge is the small group who are attempting to revivify American Judaism and fit it to modern conditions. Could their efforts be successful, the prosperous American Jew might be lifted out of his contented materialism and, by means of religion, be reborn to dignity, nobility, and spiritual power, he might make of Judaism a vital force. Here if anywhere lies the hope of American Judaism.

When one takes stock of conditions, however, it is hard to hope. The few men who are working fare but ill. They have no organization and no common aims. There is in sight no striking personality who can lead a revival; Judaism by its very nature tends to produce commentators and dialecticians rather than leaders fired with the zeal of religious awakening. The great Jewish leader in the nineteenth century was Isaac M. Wise, the founder in America of so-called 'Reformed Judaism.' The movement succeeded because it had a prosaic aim — to de-orientalize the practice of the synagogue and to remove the sacredness from the long-established customs entailed by observance of the dietary laws. Besides, it sailed on the current of the spirit of the time; what reforms it effected would probably have come about even without organized effort. But it made no attempt to give Judaism that which a religion must have if it is not to perish: elevation, imaginative insight, spiritual power, a realization of the majesty of God, a yearning for his love. A well-conducted Reformed congregation hardly differs from a body of agnostics. Two phenomena show pretty clearly where modern leadership is guiding Judaism: the large numbers of Jews who are professed agnostics, in all the senses of that convenient term, and the equally large numbers who seek in various mystical sects the consolations of religious romanticism.

The present status of American Judaism makes its value as a religion by

which men can live distinctly questionable. Aided by persecution and poverty, it furnished admirable discipline to a race naturally stubborn and tenacious. Persecution, poverty, and discipline gone, what is left? — an indistinct monotheism joined to an ethical tradition never formulated into a system, and only vaguely defined. None of the great Jewish philosophers ever succeeded in establishing a Jewish creed; indeed, there was no need of one when common suffering wrought so effectual a bond. Now a more searching test awaits Judaism, a test that may decide its existence. If it is to remain as a religion it must now show that it has power to restore the great bulk of prosperous American Jews to a state of religious activity. Whether after the lapse of centuries there are alive in Judaism any of the quickening impulses which will give it that power is a question that it is useless to debate — time must give the answer.

Meanwhile Jews must face their problem squarely. They must realize that they cannot live on their ancestors, and that when men point the finger of scorn they are not thereby justified in assuming that they have been chosen as the witnesses of Truth, to live forever on their wrongs. The fact is that, if Judaism must be a group of men without religious ideals, incapable of making their intricate self-consciousness meaningful and valuable, it is far better that Judaism should disappear.

Meanwhile, those who value the presence of religion in the world may hope that somewhere among the hundreds of Jewish young men in this country there is some one who will be fired with that spirit which came into the hearts of men centuries ago under the Judæan stars. Is the stream of spiritual energy that once flowed into the world from Palestine dried up, now that the folk of Palestine live in other countries? Those who are not Jews should remember that their attitude will have a profound effect upon the answer to this question. The United States is deeply concerned whether several millions of her most energetic citizens live in the clear light of religious sincerity, ennobling their lives and dignifying their actions by the lofty moral principles which their ancestors gave to the world, or whether they live in a crass materialism and are given over chiefly to the acquisition of wealth.

At all events it must be remembered that, since the problem of Judaism comes from intense self-consciousness, persecution and sentimental tolerance are both bad for the Jew. The one saves him the trouble of seeking out his reason for existence; the other flatters him into a belief that there is no necessity for the search. If men will treat Jews like other people, instead of nourishing their age-long notions of peculiarity, they will make it easier for time to settle the Jewish problem as it settles all others.

THE CRUISE OF THE 'DAMPIRATES'

FURTHER RECOLLECTIONS OF A REBEL REEFER

BY JAMES MORRIS MORGAN

I

BERMUDA is only six hundred miles from Charleston; a fast ship could do the distance easily in forty-eight hours, but the Herald was slow: six or seven knots was her ordinary speed in good weather, and eight when she was pushed. She had tumbled about in the sea so much that she had put one of her engines out of commission and it had to be disconnected. We were thus compelled to limp along with one, which of course greatly reduced her speed. On the fifth day the weather moderated and we sighted two schooners. To our surprise, Captain Coxetter headed for them and, hailing one, asked her for her latitude and longitude. The schooner gave the information, adding that she navigated with a 'blue pigeon' (a deep-sea lead), which of course was very reassuring. We limped away and went on groping for Bermuda. Captain Coxetter had spent his life in the coasting trade between Charleston and the Florida ports, and even when he commanded for a few months the privateer Jeff Davis, he had never been far away from the land; but such was the jealousy of merchant sailors toward officers of the Navy that, with one of the most celebrated navigators in the world on board, he had not confided to anybody the fact that he was lost. On the sixth day, however, he told Commodore Maury that something terrible must have happened, as he had sailed his ship directly over the spot where the Bermudas ought to be!

Commodore Maury told him that he could do nothing for him before ten o'clock that night, and advised him to slow down. At ten o'clock the great scientist and geographer went on deck and took observations, at times lying flat on his back, sextant in hand, as he made measurements of the stars. When he had finished his calculations, he gave the captain a course and told him that by steering it at a certain speed he would sight the light at Port Hamilton by two o'clock in the morning. No one turned into his bunk that night except the Commodore and his little son; the rest of us were too anxious. Four bells struck and no light was in sight. Five minutes more passed and still not a sign of it; then grumbling commenced and the passengers generally agreed with the man who expressed the opinion that there was too much d——d science on board and that we would all be on our way to Fort Lafayette as soon as day broke. At ten minutes past two, the masthead lookout sang out, 'Light ho!' and the learned old Commodore's reputation as a navigator was saved.

We ran around the islands and entered the picturesque harbor of St. George shortly after daylight. There were eight or ten other blockade-runners lying in the harbor, and their captains and mates lived at the same little

whitewashed hotel where the Commodore and I stopped, which gave us an opportunity of seeing something of their manner of life when on shore. Their business was risky and the penalty of being caught was severe; a reckless lot they were, who believed in eating, drinking, and being merry, for fear that they would die on the morrow and might miss something.

The men who commanded many of these blockade-runners had probably never before in their lives received more than fifty to seventy-five dollars a month for their services; now they got ten thousand dollars in gold for a round trip, besides being allowed cargo space to take into the Confederacy goods which could be sold at a fabulous price, and also to bring out on their own account a limited number of bales of cotton worth a dollar a pound. In Bermuda these men seemed to suffer from a chronic thirst which could be assuaged only by champagne; and one of their amusements was to sit at the windows with bags of shillings and throw handfuls of the coins to a crowd of loafing negros in the street and watch them scramble. It is a singular fact that five years after the war not one of these men had a dollar to bless himself with. Another singular fact is, that it was not always the speedier craft that were the most successful. The Kate (named for Mrs. William Trenholm) ran through the blockading fleets sixty times, though she could not steam faster than seven or eight knots. That was the record; next came the Herald — or the Antonica, as she was afterwards called.

Commodore Maury was a deeply religious man. He had been lame for many years of his life, but no one ever heard him complain. Although he had been many years in the navy, he scarcely ever put his foot on board of a ship without being seasick, and through it all he never allowed it to interfere with his duty. He was the only man I ever saw who could be seasick and amiable at the same time; while suffering from nausea, he could actually joke! I remember once entering his stateroom, where he was seated with a Bible on his lap and a basin beside him. I told him there was a ship in sight, and between paroxysms, he said, 'Sometimes we see a ship, and sometimes ship a sea!'

Not knowing of his world-wide celebrity, I was surprised to see the deference paid him by foreigners. We had no sooner settled ourselves at the Bermuda hotel than the Governor sent an aide to tell 'Lieutenant' Maury that he would be pleased to receive him in his private capacity at the Government House. In Europe the Commodore was known only as 'the great Lieutenant Maury'; they entirely ignored any promotions which might have come to him. The commander of Fort St. George also called on him, but took pains to explain that it was the great scientist to whom he was paying homage, and not the Confederate naval officer.

We remained in Bermuda for more than two weeks, waiting for the royal mail steamer from St. Thomas, on which we were to take passage for Halifax, N.S. Simultaneously with her arrival the United States sloops-of-war San Jacinto and Mohican put in an appearance, but did not enter the harbor, cruising instead just outside the three-mile limit, and in the track the British ship Delta would have to follow. Instantly the rumor spread that they were going to take Commodore Maury out of the ship as soon as she got outside,— color being lent to this rumor by the fact that it was the San Jacinto which had a short time before taken the Confederate Commissioners, Mason and Slidell, out of the Royal Mail Steamship Trent, — and I must say that we felt quite uneasy.

On the day of our departure a Mr.

Bourne, a gentleman utterly unknown to me, asked me to accompany him to his office and there counted out a hundred gold sovereigns, sealed them in a canvas bag, and asked me to sign a receipt for them. I assured him that there must be some mistake, but he insisted that all was in order and that the money was given me by Mr. Trenholm's orders. Having had free meals and lodging on the blockade-runner, it was the first intimation I had that money would be necessary on so long a journey as the one I was about to undertake. I was still glowing with the satisfaction of the moneyed man when our ship nosed her way out of the harbor. The two American warships, as soon as we got outside, followed us; but as we rounded the headland we saw the British men-of-war Immortality and Desperate coming from Port Hamilton under a full head of steam. We expected every moment to witness a naval fight; the American ships, however, seemed satisfied with having given us a scare, while the Britishers followed us until we lost sight of them in the night.

We had one more thrill when we arrived off Halifax harbor. The sea was running very high, and a dense fog surrounded us. Suddenly the fog lifted for a moment and that cry, so dreaded by seamen, 'Breakers ahead!' came from the masthead lookout. The course was changed and the fog, more dense than ever, made it impossible to see the forecastle from the after part of the ship. We had not proceeded very far on our new course when again the fog lifted for a second or two, and again came the cry of the lookout, 'Breakers ahead!' followed by a frightened appeal: 'For God's sake, stop her, sir! We're right on them!'

The ship was stopped and backed. Again the course was changed, and in a few moments steam sirens seemed to be sounding all round us. Suddenly out of the gray pall rushed a great ocean liner, so close that she seemed for a moment to be on top of us. Grazing our side, she carried away with her one of our quarter-boats, and with her siren still screaming, she disappeared behind the veil of fog. Following the sound of her whistle, we soon dropped anchor in the harbor.

The governor of the colony of Nova Scotia, the general commanding the troops, and the admiral of the fleet, all treated 'Lieutenant' Maury, as they insisted upon calling him, with the most distinguished consideration, inviting him to dinners and receptions to which, as his aide, I had to accompany the great man. I particularly enjoyed the visit to Admiral Milne's flagship, the Nile, of 72 guns carried on three decks. The old wooden line-of-battle ship, with her lofty spars, was a splendid sight, and the like of her will never be seen again. What interested me most on board of her were the eighteen or twenty midshipmen in her complement, many of them younger and smaller than myself. They all made much of me and frankly envied me on account of my having been in battle and having run the blockade.

The officers of the garrison also were very kind to me, and they told me a story about their commander, General O'Dougherty, that I have never forgotten. It was about a visit the chief of the O'Dougherty clan paid to the general. Not finding him at home, he left his card on which was engraved simply, 'The O'Dougherty.' The general returned the visit and wrote on a blank card, 'The other O'Dougherty.'

After a few pleasant days spent in Halifax the Cunard steamer Arabia, plying between Boston and Liverpool, came into port and we took passage for Liverpool on her. The Americans on board resented our presence, and of course had nothing to do with us; but a

number of young officers of the Scots Fusilier Guards, who were returning home for the fox-hunting, were very friendly. They had been hurriedly sent to Canada when war seemed imminent on account of the Trent affair. It was the first time a regiment of the Guards had been out of England since Waterloo, and they were very glad to be returning to their beloved island. Among these young officers was the Earl of Dunmore, who, a few months earlier, wishing to see something of the war between the States, had obtained leave of absence, passed through the Federal lines, and gone to Richmond and thence to Charleston. He had traveled *incognito* under his family name of Murray.

At Charleston he had been entertained by Mr. Trenholm, and that gave us something to talk about. Dunmore was of a very venturesome disposition, and instead of returning north on his pass, he decided to enjoy the sensation of running the blockade. The boat he took passage on successfully eluded the Federal fleet off Charleston, but was captured by an outside cruiser the very next day. The prisoners were of course searched, and around the person of 'Mr. Murray,' under his shirt, was found wrapped a Confederate flag — the flag of the C.S.S. Nashville, which had been presented to him by Captain Pegram. Despite his protestations that he was a Britisher traveling for pleasure, he was confined, as Mr. Murray, in Fort Lafayette. The British Minister, Lord Lyons, soon heard of his fix and requested the authorities in Washington to order his release, representing him as the Earl of Dunmore, a lieutenant in Her Majesty's Life Guards. But the commander of Fort Lafayette denied that he had any such prisoner, and it required quite a correspondence to persuade him that a man by the name of Murray could at the same time be Lord Dunmore.

The Arabia was a paddle-wheel full-rigged ship, appearing to us to be enormous in size, though as a matter of fact she was not one tenth as large as the modern Cunard liner. She did not even have a smoking-room, the lovers of the weed having to seek the shelter of the lee side of the smokestack in all sorts of weather when they wished to indulge in a whiff. A part of this pleasant voyage was very smooth, but when we struck the 'roaring forties' the big ship tumbled about considerably and my commodore was as seasick and as amiable as usual.

II

The next few months I spent agreeably enough among pleasant people in France and England, with no serious work on my hands. Not so, however, the Confederate agents. In spite of the tireless efforts of Charles Francis Adams, the American Minister to Great Britain, the commerce-destroyer Alabama had been got to sea, and early in April, 1863, I was notified that her running-mate, the Georgia, to which I had been assigned for duty, was ready to slip out of British waters.

The entire matter of the commissioning of the Georgia had been wrapped in darkest secrecy, which was maintained to the very end. One night, about half-past nine, I left the London Confederate headquarters in Little St. James Street, with a party of fellow officers, and took the train for Whitehaven, a seaport about an hour's ride from London. There we went to a small inn, where we met Commander Maury,[1] Doctor Wheeden, and Paymaster Curtis, and were soon joined by others — all strangers to me. We waited at the inn about a couple of hours; there was

[1] William L. Maury, cousin of the famous Commodore Matthew F. Maury, so often mentioned in preceding pages. — The Editors.

little, if any, conversation, as we were all too anxious, and were all thinking about the same thing. In those two hours it was to be decided whether our expedition was to be a success or a failure. If Mr. Adams, the American Minister, was going to get in his fine work and baulk us, now was his last opportunity.

A little after midnight, two by two, we sauntered down to the quay, where we found at least a hundred people gathered near a little sea-going tug called the Alar. It was blowing a gale and a heavy sea was rolling in, which caused the little boat to bump herself viciously against the stone dock, so that, but for her ample fenders, she must have stove her side in. We hurried on board and Mr. Chapman, taking up a position by the pilot-house, said to the crowd on the dock, 'Now, men, you know what we want of you: all who want to go with us, jump aboard!' About sixty responded to the invitation. The lines were cast off and the Alar shot out of the slip as a man on shore proposed three cheers for the Alabama, which were lustily responded to by our fellow passengers.

As we cleared the end of the docks, the little Alar poked her nose into a huge sea, and tried to stand erect on her stern, but not being able to accomplish that feat, she fell down into the trough and the next wave passed over her, drenching every man aboard to the skin. She next tried to hold her stern in the air while she stood on her stem, and when the foaming sea reached her pilot-house, she rolled over on her side as though she was tired and wanted to take a nap; but she was disturbed by another comber picking her up and slamming her down on the other side, with such force as to make every rib in her tiny body quiver. There were no secrets in that contracted space. The men aboard were supposed to be the crew of our cruiser, and the cargo of the tug consisted of our guns, shipped as hardware in boxes, and our ammunition. We were all huddled up together, and plainly heard the engineer tell the captain that one more sea like the last one which came aboard would put out the fires. For more than three days and nights, cold and wet, with no place to sleep and little to eat, we stumbled and tumbled down the English Channel; finally, when the gale abated at last, we saw on the horizon a trim-looking little brig-rigged steamer idly rolling on the swell of the sea, apparently waiting for something, and we steered for her. She proved to be the 'British' steamer Japan; her papers said that she was bound from Glasgow to Nagasaki,with an assorted cargo, but we doubted their accuracy.

Commodore Matthew F. Maury, who had bought and fitted out this ship, which had just been completed at Dunbarton on the Clyde, had outwitted the British government, but not Mr. Adams, who had warned the authorities of her character. How the British government could have been held responsible for her escape without stopping their whole commerce, passes my understanding. The vessel had not the slightest resemblance to a man-of-war; she nominally belonged to a private party, and there was not an ounce of contraband in her cargo, which consisted of provisions, coal, and empty boxes. Her captain himself did not know for what purpose she was intended. His orders were to proceed to a certain latitude and longitude near the island of Ushant on the French coast, where a tug would meet him and give him further instructions from his owner.

When we had approached close enough to the Japan to hail, Commander Maury went aboard the brig. What passed between him and her skipper I had no means of knowing; but soon the

Japan passed us a hawser, as there was some slight trouble with the Alar's engines which needed immediate attention. We were taken in tow and no sooner did the Japan start ahead than accident number one occurred. The hawser became entangled in the Japan's screw, jamming it. It took several hours to cut it loose, and when this was accomplished, we proceeded to Ushant, going around it in search of smooth water so that we could transfer our guns from the tug to the cruiser that was to be. We dropped anchor after dark in a little cove and began operations, despite the angry protests of the French coastguards from the shore. Judging from their language they must have been furious as well as helpless.

The men we had brought from Whitehaven worked most energetically, and by midnight we had our two twenty-four pounders and the two little ten-pounder Whitworth guns on board, as well as the ammunition and the traverses; but unfortunately the sea was rising all the time, and the little tug alongside was pitching and rolling so much that it was too dangerous to attempt to get the biggest gun, a thirty-two pounder Blakeley rifle, out of her. So we got under way again and proceeded to the mainland, not many miles from Brest, a great naval station where we knew a French fleet was assembled. Working like beavers, and protected by a headland there, we finally succeeded, and then stood out to sea where, after we had got safely beyond the three-mile limit, we stopped. Commander Maury then called all hands to the mast and read his orders, hoisted the Confederate flag and his pennant, and declared the Confederate States cruiser Georgia to be in commission.

His remarks were received with three lusty cheers. He next asked the men who were going with us to step forward and enlist for three years or the war; but alas! a sea-lawyer had been at work and not a man came forward. The spokesman demanded higher wages on account of the dangers of the service, and when told that the Georgia was a man-of-war and the pay was fixed by law, every man-jack of them went over the side and boarded the tug. To our surprise nine of the crew of the late merchantman Japan now stepped forward and said they would like to go with us — an offer which was instantly accepted. With these men as a nucleus for a crew, we cast off the Alar's line and never saw or heard of her or the men on board of her again. We afterwards learned that our presence at Ushant and on the coast of France had been signaled to Brest, and that a fast frigate had been sent in all haste to capture us for our breach of French neutrality.

It was April 9, 1863, when this little friendless ship of only about five hundred and fifty tons started on her long and hazardous cruise. She was as unfitted for the work as a vessel could conceivably be: she lay very low in the water and was very long for her beam; her engines were gear engines, — that is, a large wheel fitted with lignum-vitæ cogs turned the iron cogs on the shaft, — and frequently the wooden cogs would break. When they did, it was almost as if a shrapnel shell had burst in the engine-room, as they flew in every direction, endangering the lives of every one within reach. Her sail-power was insufficient, and, owing to her length, it was impossible to put her about under canvas. She was slow under either sail or steam, or both together. Such was the little craft which we got slowly under way, bound we knew not where, Ushant Island bearing east-southeast, four and a half miles distant.

The morning of the tenth of April

dawned fair, with light breezes and a comparatively smooth sea, and officers and men set to work fastening to the deck iron traverses for our pivot gun. Then came a most difficult job, short-handed as we were — that of mounting the guns on their carriages; and to add to our troubles, the sea commenced to rise. With all the most intricate and ingenious tackles our seamanlike first lieutenant could devise, it was a tremendous strain on us, as the heavy gun swung back and forth with the roll of the ship. However, by almost superhuman exertion we succeeded in getting the guns into their places on the carriage; then we felt very man-of-warish indeed. 'Dampirates,' the Yankees always used to call us, though we never accepted the compliment.

Day after day, with a pleasant breeze, we steered a course somewhat west of south, meeting but few ships, and those we saw displayed neutral colors when we showed them the British or American ensign. During the whole cruise we saw our Confederate flag only when we were in the act of making a capture or when we were in port. Usually, we showed strange sails the Stars and Stripes. On April 25, there being several vessels in sight, we got up steam and made chase after them. The merchantmen we approached one after the other showed us neutral colors until we were becoming disheartened, when suddenly, about four o'clock in the afternoon, we descried on the horizon a big full-rigged ship with long skysail poles — the sure sign of the Yankee. She appeared unwilling to take any chances with us and cracked on more sail, while we pursued her under steam. A little after five o'clock we hauled down the British colors, hoisted the Confederate flag, and sent a shot bounding over the water just ahead of her, which, in the language of the sea, was an order to 'heave to.' In less time than it takes to tell, the main-yard of the doomed ship swung round and her sails on the main and mizzenmast were thrown aback, as the American flag was broken out and fluttered from her peak. We immediately lowered a boat and our second lieutenant, Mr. Evans, accompanied by me, rowed over to the prize, which proved to be the splendid ship Dictator, from New York, bound to Hongkong with a cargo of coal. She carried no passengers.

After looking over the ship's papers, we made her crew lower their own boats and forced the captain, his three mates, and the crew of twenty-seven men to get into them with their personal belongings. We then ordered them to pull for the Georgia, which they did with no enthusiasm whatever. On arriving alongside the cruiser, they were allowed to come over the side only one at a time, and were then hurried below and placed in irons. It was not considered advisable to give them time enough to see how weak our force was. The captain was invited by our commander to share the cabin with him, and the first mate was confined in my room, but neither of them had any restraint put on him, except that they were not allowed to go forward of the mainmast, or to hold any communication with their men. On board the Dictator we found a fine assortment of provisions, and sent several boat-loads to our own ship. This was necessary, as we had now to feed the prize's crew as well as our own.

The Georgia lay near the Dictator all night, and in the morning we attempted to replenish our coal-bunkers from her; however, the rising sea made this impossible, and after coming very near swamping our small boats, we gave it up. It seemed hard that we should have to go without the fuel so precious to us, while several thousand tons of the very best were within a few cables' length of our vessel. However, it might

as well have been in the mines of Pennsylvania, whence it came, for all the good it was to us.

Finally, the Georgia made signal to burn the prize, and Lieutenant Evans asked me if I would like to try my hand at setting her on fire. There were quantities of broken provision boxes lying about the deck, which I gathered and placed against her bulwarks; then I lighted a match and applied it. The kindling-wood burned beautifully, but when its flames expired there was not a sign of fire on the side of the ship. I was surprised and puzzled, and turned to seek an explanation from my superior officer, who was standing nearby, laughing heartily. He told me not to mind; he would show me how it was done. (He had had previous experience in the gentle art when a lieutenant with Captain Semmes on the Sumter.) I followed him into the cabin, where he pulled out several drawers from under the captain's berth, and, filling them with old newspapers, he applied a match. The effect was almost instantaneous. Flames leaped up and caught the chintz curtains of the berth and the bedclothes, at the same time setting fire to the light woodwork. The sight fascinated me; I stood watching it as though I were dazed, when suddenly I heard the lieutenant's voice call excitedly, 'Run, youngster, run, or we shall be cut off from the door!' We rushed out, followed by a dense smoke and leaping flames, reached the gangway just ahead of them, and hastily went over the side, down the ladder, and into our boat, which was waiting for us. By the time we reached the Georgia, the prize was one seething mass of flames, from her hold to her trucks. It was a strange and weird sight to see the flames leaping up her tarred rigging, while dense volumes of smoke, lighted by fire from the blazing cargo below, rolled up through her hatches.

The Dictator, exclusive of her cargo, was valued at eighty-six thousand dollars. By decree of the Confederate government we were to receive one half of the value of every ship destroyed, and the full amount of the bonds given by vessels carrying neutral cargo. Under the law regulating the distribution of prize-money, the total amount was divided into twentieths, of which the commanding officer got two and the steerage officers got the same, the rest being shared by the wardroom officers and the crew. As I was the only midshipman or steerage officer on board of the Georgia for most of the cruise, the amount of prize-money (still due me) I should have received would almost have equaled the share of the captain.

When we parted company with the burning Dictator, we had hardly got well under way when the always exciting 'Sail ho!' was heard coming from the masthead look-out, followed by the officer of the deck's query, 'Where away?' and the answer, 'Two points off the port bow, sir!' Away we dashed in pursuit, only to be disappointed again and again when the chase showed neutral colors. If we had any cause to suspect that they were not what their colors represented them to be, we boarded them and examined their papers. Strange sail were plentiful, but no American craft among them.

One day we chased a paddle-wheel, bark-rigged steamer; it seemed rather strange that we should overhaul her so rapidly, but when we got near her, we discovered that her engines were disconnected, and that her paddles were being turned from her momentum through the water. As we approached, with the British flag flying proudly at our peak, we made a second and more disconcerting discovery: she was a man-of-war! Out came her ensign, the 'Union Jack'; in a twinkling, that British flag came down from our peak, and

was replaced by that of the Confederacy. The Englishman then dipped his colors to us — a courtesy which we very much appreciated and which we returned with great satisfaction, as it was the first salute of any kind we had received.

On the 29th of April, at about three bells in the forenoon watch, we found ourselves near the island of San Antonio, one of the Cape Verdes. With all sail set, we bowled along before a stiff northeast breeze, which soon brought us in between San Antonio and the island of St. Vincent, where the highland on either beam acted as a promontory, and there before our eyes we saw the town and harbor of Porto Grande. There also we saw a sloop-of-war peacefully lying at her anchor, with the Stars and Stripes fluttering from her peak! Instantly, everybody on our ship was in a state of excitement and commotion. The officer of the deck gave the order 'Hard-a-port!' quickly followed by a rapid succession of orders through the speaking-trumpet. Officers and men rushed aloft, and, working like Trojans, soon had her under bare poles. Four bells were rung for full speed ahead, and the little ship gallantly breasted the high sea in the face of the half gale of wind; but neither patent log nor the old-fashioned chip-and-line could be persuaded to show more than four-knots speed.

Commander Maury was evidently very anxious, and sent for the English chief engineer and asked him if that was the best he could do. The chief said he thought it was. Then the commander told him that, if the American man-of-war was the Mohican, as he thought she was, he had served on board her and she could make seven knots easily against that sea and wind. 'You know,' he added significantly, 'that being caught means hanging for us, according to Mr. Lincoln's proclamation!'

The chief disappeared below and in a few minutes our improvement in speed was remarkable. We were gratified, as well as surprised, when we found that we were not being pursued. We afterwards learned that the sloop-of-war, not expecting a visit from us at such an unconventional hour, had let her steam go down and could not get under way until she got it up again. We ran around the island, and finding a cove, dropped anchor there, sending a lieutenant ashore to climb the promontory, from which lofty point of vantage, with the aid of his marine glasses, he plainly saw our would-be captor steaming out to sea in the opposite direction from our snug hiding-place. If she had sighted us, it is easy to imagine what would have happened, as she carried ten guns — all of which were much heavier than our biggest piece of ordnance — and the little Georgia had more than twice as many prisoners on board of her as she had crew. In fact our crew would not have been sufficient in numbers to handle and serve our forward pivot gun.

When night came, we weighed anchor and put to sea, and the next morning were busily engaged chasing and examining ships. Sometimes we would 'bring to' an American, then be disappointed because he had changed his flag, and his papers as a neutral would be all correct. Most neutral vessels feared us, and as soon as they suspected our character, would attempt to escape, thus causing us much unnecessary burning of coal. Few of them appeared to be friendly to us, and, when asked for news, seemed delighted when they had the courage to tell us some rigmarole about great disasters to the Confederate armies which they invented for the occasion. Some few gave us newspapers, and kindly told us the truth as to what had happened before they left some port in the world from which we were excluded.

It was a fortunate thing for us that we had not been able to land our prisoners on the Cape Verde islands, as we had intended to do. We had treated these unfortunates kindly; they received the same rations our own men did, and one half of them were released from their irons and allowed to roam around the deck in the day-time. They must have become attached to us, for first one man and then another asked to be permitted to talk to our first lieutenant, and when this was granted, would request to be allowed to ship aboard. To our surprise the second and third mates and twenty-seven seamen joined us, and afterwards proved to be among the very best men we had.

The captain of the Dictator had shared Commodore Maury's cabin and seemed a very nice man; the first mate, however, was of a very different type. He was quartered in my stateroom, while I had to sleep in a hammock slung out in the steerage. He took his meals with me and was allowed to take his exercise on the poopdeck. Of course neither he nor the captain was subjected to the inconvenience of having irons put on them; but Mr. Snow, the first mate, repaid our consideration by writing the story of his capture and 'inhuman' treatment by the 'pirates' on board the 'Georgia.' He placed this romance in a bottle which he corked tightly and sealed with sealing-wax, which he borrowed from me; then he threw it out of the air-port in hopes that it would drift ashore. It did. Years after the war was over, it was picked up on the coast of Norway, and its lying contents were published to the world.

(*To be continued*)

THE KNIGHT'S MOVE

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

I

Havelock the Dane settled himself back in his chair and set his feet firmly on the oaken table. Chantry let him do it, though some imperceptible inch of his body winced. For the oak of it was neither fumed nor golden; it was English to its ancient core, and the table had served in the refectory of monks before Henry VIII decided that monks shocked him. Naturally Chantry did not want his friends' boots havocking upon it. But more important than to possess the table was to possess it nonchalantly. He let the big man dig his heel in. Any man but Havelock the Dane would have known better. But Havelock did as he pleased, and you either gave him up or bore it. Chantry did not want to give him up.

Chantry was a feminist; a bit of an æsthete but canny at affairs; good-looking, and temperate, and less hipped on the matter of sex than feminist gentlemen are wont to be. That is to say, while he vaguely wanted *l'homme moyen sensuel* to mend his ways, he did not ex-

pect him to change fundamentally. He rather thought the women would manage all that when they got the vote. You see, he was not a socialist: only a feminist.

Havelock the Dane, on the other hand, was by no means a feminist, but was a socialist. What probably brought the two men together — apart from their common likableness — was that each, in his way, refused to 'go the whole hog.' They sometimes threshed the thing out together, unable to decide on a programme, but always united at last in their agreement that things were wrong. Havelock trusted Labor, and Chantry trusted Woman; the point was that neither trusted men like themselves, with a little money and an inherited code of honor. Havelock wanted his money taken away from him; Chantry desired his code to be trampled on by innumerable feminine feet. But each was rather helpless, for both expected these things to be done for them.

Except for this tie of ineffectuality, they had nothing special in common. Havelock's life had been adventurous in the good old-fashioned sense: the bars down and a deal of wandering. Chantry had sown so many crops of intellectual wild oats that even the people who came for subscriptions might be forgiven for thinking him a mental libertine, good for subscriptions and not much else. Between them, they boxed the compass about once a week. Havelock had more of what is known as 'personality' than Chantry; Chantry more of what is known as 'culture.' They dovetailed, on the whole, not badly.

Havelock, this afternoon, was full of a story. Chantry wanted to listen, though he knew that he could have listened better if Havelock's heel had not been quite so ponderous on the secular oak. He took refuge in a cosmic point of view. That was the only point of view from which Havelock (it was, by the way, his physical type only that had caused him to be nicknamed the Dane: his ancestors had come over from England in great discomfort two centuries since), in his blonde hugeness, became negligible. You had to climb very high to see him small.

'You never did the man justice,' Havelock was saying.

'Justice be hanged!' replied Chantry.

'Quite so: the feminist slogan.'

'A socialist can't afford to throw stones.'

The retorts were spoken sharply, on both sides. Then both men laughed. They had too often had it out seriously to mind; these little insults were mere convention.

'Get at your story,' resumed Chantry. 'I suppose there's a woman in it: a nasty cat invented by your own prejudices. There usually is.'

'Never a woman at all. If there were, I should n't be asking for your opinion. My opinion, of course, is merely the rational one. I don't side-step the truth because a little drama gets in. I am appealing to you because you are the average man who has n't seen the light. I honestly want to know what you think. There's a reason.'

'What's the reason?'

'I'll tell you that later. Now, I'll tell you the story.' Havelock screwed his tawny eyebrows together for a moment before plunging in. 'Humph!' he ejaculated at last. 'Much good anybody is in a case like this. — What did you say you thought of Ferguson?'

'I did n't think anything of Ferguson — except that he had a big brain for biology. He was a loss.'

'No personal opinion?'

'I never like people who think so well of themselves as all that.'

'No opinion about his death?'

'Accidental, as they said, I suppose.'

'Oh, "they said"! It was suicide, I tell you.'

'Suicide? Really?' Chantry's brown eyes lighted for an instant. 'Oh, poor chap; I'm sorry.'

It did not occur to him immediately to ask how Havelock knew. He trusted a plain statement from Havelock.

'I'm not. Or — yes, I am. I hate to have a man inconsistent.'

'It's inconsistent for any one to kill himself. But it's frequently done.'

Havelock, hemming and hawing like this, was more nearly a bore than Chantry had ever known him.

'Not for Ferguson.'

'Oh, well, never mind Ferguson,' Chantry yawned. 'Tell me some anecdote out of your tapestried past.'

'I won't.'

Havelock dug his heel in harder. Chantry all but told him to take his feet down, but stopped himself just in time.

'Well, go on, then,' he said, 'but it does n't sound interesting. I hate all tales of suicide. And there is n't even a woman in it,' he sighed maliciously.

'Oh, if it comes to that, there is.'

'But you said —'

'Not in it exactly, unless you go in for *post hoc, propter hoc*.'

'Oh, drive on.' Chantry was pettish.

But at that point Havelock the Dane removed his feet from the refectory table. He will probably never know why Chantry, just then, began to be amiable.

'Excuse me, Havelock. Of course, whatever drove a man like Ferguson to suicide is interesting. And I may say he managed it awfully well. Not a hint, anywhere.'

'Well, a scientist ought to get something out of it for himself. Ferguson certainly knew how. Can't you imagine him sitting up there, cocking his hair' (an odd phrase, but Chantry understood), 'and deciding just how to circumvent the coroner? I can.'

'Ferguson had n't much imagination.'

'A coroner does n't take imagination. He takes a little hard, expert knowledge.'

'I dare say.' But Chantry's mind was wandering through other defiles. 'Odd, that he should have snatched his life out of the very jaws of what-do-you-call-it, once, only to give it up at last, politely, of his own volition.'

'You may well say it.' Havelock spoke with more earnestness than he had done. 'If you're not a socialist when I get through with you, Chantry, my boy —'

'Lord, Lord! don't tell me your beastly socialism is mixed up with it all! I never took to Ferguson, but he was no syndicalist. In life *or* in death, I'd swear to that.'

'Ah, no. If he had been! But all I mean is that, in a properly regulated state, Ferguson's tragedy would not have occurred.'

'So it was a tragedy?'

'He was a loss to the state, God knows.'

Had they been speaking of anything less dignified than death and genius, Havelock might have sounded a little austere and silly. As it was — Chantry bit back, and swallowed, his censure.

'That's why I want to know what you think,' went on Havelock, irrelevantly. 'Whether your damned code of honor is worth Ferguson.'

'It's not my damned code any more than yours,' broke in Chantry.

'Yes, it is. Or, at least, we break it down at different points — theoretically. Actually, we walk all round it every day to be sure it's intact. Let's be honest.'

'Honest as you like, if you'll only come to the point. Whew, but it's hot! Let's have a gin-fizz.'

'You are n't serious.'

Havelock seemed to try to lash himself into a rage. But he was so big that he could never have got all of himself into a rage at once. You felt that only part of him was angry — his toes, perhaps, or his complexion.

Chantry rang for ice and lemon, and took gin, sugar, and a siphon out of a carved cabinet.

'Go slow,' he said. He himself was going very slow, with a beautiful crystal decanter which he set lovingly on the oaken table. 'Go slow,' he repeated, more easily, when he had set it down. 'I can think just as well with a gin-fizz as without one. And I did n't know Ferguson well; and I did n't like him at all. I read his books, and I admired him. But he looked like the devil — *the* devil, you 'll notice, not *a* devil. With a dash of Charles I by Van Dyck. The one standing by a horse. As you say, he cocked his hair. It went into little horns, above each eyebrow. I'm sorry he's lost to the world, but it does n't get me. He may have been a saint, for all I know; but there you are — I never cared particularly to know. I am serious. Only, somehow, it does n't touch me.'

And he proceeded to make use of crushed ice and lemon juice.

'Oh, blow all that,' said Havelock the Dane finally, over the top of his glass. 'I'm going to tell you, anyhow. Only I wish you would forget your prejudices. I want an opinion.'

'Go on.'

Chantry made himself comfortable.

II

'You remember the time when Ferguson did n't go down on the Argentina?'

'I do. Ferguson just would n't go down, you know. He'd turn up smiling, without even a chill, and meanwhile lots of good fellows would be at the bottom of the sea.'

'Prejudice again,' barked Havelock. 'Yet in point of fact, it 's perfectly true. And you would have preferred him to drown.'

'I was very glad he was saved.' Chantry said it in a stilted manner.

'Why?'

'Because his life was really important to the world.'

Chantry might have been distributing tracts. His very voice sounded falsetto.

'Exactly. Well, that is what Ferguson thought.'

'How do you know?'

'He told me.'

'You must have known him well. Thank heaven, I never did.'

Havelock flung out a huge hand. 'Oh, get off that ridiculous animal you're riding, Chantry, and come to the point. You mean you don't think Ferguson should have admitted it?'

Chantry's tone changed. 'Well, one does n't.'

The huge hand, clenched into a fist, came down on the table. The crystal bottle was too heavy to rock, but the glasses jingled and a spoon slid over the edge of its saucer.

'There it is — what I was looking for.'

'What were you looking for?' Chantry's wonder was not feigned.

'For your hydra-headed Prejudice. Makes me want to play Hercules.'

'Oh, drop your metaphors, Havelock. Get into the game. What is it?'

'It's this: that you don't think — or affect not to think — that it's decent for a man to recognize his own worth.'

Chantry did not retort. He dropped his chin on his chest and thought for a moment. Then he spoke, very quietly and apologetically.

'Well — I don't see you telling another man how wonderful you are. It

is n't immoral, it simply is n't manners. And if Ferguson boasted to you that he was saved when so many went down, it was worse than bad manners. He ought to have been kicked for it. It's the kind of phenomenal luck that it would have been decent to regret.'

Havelock set his massive lips firmly together. You could not say that he pursed that Cyclopean mouth.

'Ferguson did not boast. He merely told me. He was, I think, a modest man.'

Incredulity beyond any power of laughter to express settled on Chantry's countenance. 'Modest? and he *told* you?'

'The whole thing.' Havelock's voice was heavy enough for tragedy. 'Listen. Don't interrupt me once. Ferguson told me that, when the explosion came, he looked round — considered, for fully a minute, his duty. He never lost control of himself once, he said, and I believe him. The Argentina was a small boat, making a winter passage. There were very few cabin passengers. No second cabin, but plenty of steerage. She sailed, you remember, from Naples. He had been doing some work, some very important work, in the Aquarium. The only other person of consequence, — I am speaking in the most literal and un-snobbish sense, — in the first cabin, was Benson. No' (with a lifted hand), '*don't interrupt me.* Benson, as we all know, was an international figure. But Benson was getting old. His son could be trusted to carry on the House of Benson. In fact, every one suspected that the son had become more important than the old man. He had put through the last big loan while his father was taking a rest-cure in Italy. That is how Benson *père* happened to be on the Argentina. The newspapers never sufficiently accounted for that. A private deck on the Schrecklichkeit would have been more his size. Ferguson made it out: the old man got wild, suddenly, at the notion of their putting anything through without him. He trusted his gouty bones to the Argentina.'

'Sounds plausible, but —' Chantry broke in.

'If you interrupt again,' said Havelock, 'I'll hit you, with all the strength I've got.'

Chantry grunted. You had to take Havelock the Dane as you found him.

'Ferguson saw the whole thing clear. Old Benson had just gone into the smoking-room. Ferguson was on the deck outside his own stateroom. The only person on board who could possibly be considered as important as Ferguson was Benson; and he had good reason to believe that every one would get on well enough without Benson. He had just time, then, to put on a life-preserver, melt into his stateroom, and get a little pile of notes, very important ones, and drop into a boat. No, don't interrupt. I know what you are going to say. "Women and children." What do you suppose a lot of Neapolitan peasants meant to Ferguson — or to you, and me, either? He did n't do anything outrageous; he just dropped into a boat. As a result, we had the big book a year later. No' (again crushing down a gesture of Chantry's), 'don't say anything about the instincts of a gentleman. If Ferguson had n't been perfectly cool, his instincts would have governed him. He would have dashed about trying to save people, and then met the waves with a noble gesture. He had time to be reasonable; not instinctive. The world was the gainer, as he jolly well knew it would be — or where would have been the reasonableness? I don't believe Ferguson cared a hang about keeping his individual machine going for its own sake. But he knew he was a valuable person. His mind was a Kohinoor among minds. It stands to reason that you save the Kohinoor and let the

little stones go. Well, that's not the story. Only I wanted to get that out of the way first, or the story would n't have meant anything. Did you wish,' he finished graciously, 'to ask a question?'

Chantry made a violent gesture of denial. 'Ask a question about a hog like that? God forbid!'

'Um-m-m.' Havelock seemed to muse within himself. 'You will admit that if a jury of impartial men of sense could have sat, just then, on that slanting deck, they would have agreed that Ferguson's life was worth more to the world than all the rest of the boiling put together?'

'Yes, but —'

'Well, there was n't any jury. Ferguson had to be it. I am perfectly sure that if there had been a super-Ferguson on board, our Ferguson would have turned his hand to saving him first. In fact, I honestly believe he was sorry there had n't been a super-Ferguson. For he had all the instincts of a gentleman; and it 's never a pleasant job making your reason inhibit your instincts. You can't look at this thing perfectly straight, probably. But if you can't, who can? I don't happen to want an enlightened opinion: I've got one, right here at home. You don't care about the State: you want to put it into white petticoats and see it cross a muddy street.'

'I don't wonder the socialists won't have anything to do with you.'

'Because I'm not a feminist? I know. Just as the feminists won't have anything to do with you because you're so reactionary. We're both out of it. Fifty years ago, either of us could have been a real prophet, for the price of a hall and cleaning the rotten eggs off our clothes. Now we're too timid for any use. But this is a digression.'

'Distinctly. Is there anything more about Ferguson?'

'I should say there was. About a year ago, he became engaged. She's a very nice girl, and I am sure you never heard of her. The engagement was n't to be announced until just before the marriage, for family reasons of some sort — cockering the older generation somehow. I've forgotten; it's not important. But they would have been married by now, if Ferguson had n't stepped out.'

'You seem to have been very intimate with Ferguson.'

'He talked to me once — just once. The girl was a distant connection of my own. I think that was why. Now I've got some more things to tell you. I've let you interrupt a good lot, and if you 're through, I'd like to start in on the next lap. It is n't easy for me to tell this thing in bits. It's an effort.'

Havelock the Dane set down his second emptied glass and drew a long breath. He proceeded, with quickened pace.

III

'He did n't see the girl very often. She lives at some little distance. He was busy, — you know how he worked, — and she was chained at home, more or less. Occasionally he slipped away for a week-end, to see her. One time — the last time, about two months ago — he managed to get in a whole week. It was as near happiness as Ferguson ever got, I imagine; for they were able to fix a date. Good heaven, how he loved that girl! Just before he went, he told me of the engagement. I barely knew her, but, as I said, she's some sort of kin. Then, after he came back, he sent for me to come and see him. I did n't like his cheek, but I went as though I had been a laboratory boy. I'm not like you. Ferguson always did get me. He wanted the greatest good of the greatest number. Nothing petty about him. He was a big man.

'I went, as I say. And Ferguson told me, the very first thing, that the engagement was off. He began by cocking his hair a good deal. But he almost lost control of himself. He did n't cock it long: he ruffled it instead, with his hands. I thought he was in a queer state, for he seemed to want to give me, with his beautiful scientific precision, — as if he'd been preparing a slide, — the details of a country walk he and she had taken the day before he left. It began with grade-crossings, and I simply could n't imagine what he was getting at. It was n't his business to fight grade-crossings — though they might be a very pretty symbol for the kind of thing he was fighting, tooth and nail, all the time. I could n't seem to see it, at first; but finally it came out. There was a grade-crossing, with a "Look out for the Engine" sign, and there was a towheaded infant in rags. They had noticed the infant before. It had bandy legs and granulated eyelids, and seemed to be dumb. It had started them off on eugenics. She was very keen on the subject; Ferguson, being a big scientist, had some reserves. It was a real argument.

'Then everything happened at once. Towhead with the sore eyes rocked onto the track simultaneously with the whistle. They were about fifty yards off. Ferguson sprinted back down the hill, the girl screaming pointlessly meanwhile. There was just time — you'll have to take my word for this; Ferguson explained it all to me in the most meticulous detail, but I can't repeat that masterpiece of exposition — for Ferguson to decide. To decide again, you understand, precisely as he had decided on the Argentina. Rotten luck, was n't it? He could just have flung towhead out of the way by getting under the engine himself. He grabbed for towhead, but he did n't roll onto the track. So towhead was killed. If he had got there ten seconds earlier, he could have done the trick. He was ten seconds too late to save both Ferguson and towhead. So — once more — he saved Ferguson. Do you get the situation?'

'I should say I did!' shouted Chantry. 'Twice in a man's life — good Lord! I hope you walked out of his house at that point.'

'I did n't. I was very much interested. And by the way, Chantry, if Ferguson had given his life for towhead, you would have been the first man to write a pleasant little article for some damned highbrow review, to prove that it was utterly wrong that Ferguson should have exchanged his life for that of a little Polish defective. I can even see you talking about the greatest good of the greatest number. You would have loved the paradox of it: the mistaken martyr, self-preservation the greatest altruism, and all the rest of it. But because Ferguson did exactly what you would have said in your article that he ought to have done, you are in a state of virtuous chill.'

'I should have written no such article. I don't see how you can be so flippant.'

'Flippant — I? Have I the figure of a flippant man? Can't you see — honestly, now, can't you see? — that it was a hideous misfortune for that situation to come to Ferguson twice? Can't you see that it was about as hard luck as a man ever had? Look at it just once from his point of view.'

'I can't,' said Chantry frankly. 'I can understand a man's being a coward, saving his own skin because he wants to. But to save his own skin on principle — humph! Talk of paradoxes: there's one for you. There's not a principle on earth that tells you to save your own life at some one's else expense. If he thought it was principle, he was the bigger defective of the two. Of

course it would have been a pity; of course we should all have regretted it; but there's not a human being in this town, high or low, who would n't have applauded, with whatever regret — who would n't have said he did the only thing a self-respecting man could do. Of course it's a shame; but that is the only way the race has ever got on: by the strong, because they were strong, going under for the weak, because they were weak. Otherwise we'd all be living, to this day, in hell.'

'I know; I know.' Havelock's voice was touched with emotion. 'That's the convention — invented by individualists, for individualists. All sorts of people would see it that way, still. But you've got more sense than most; and I will make you at least see the other point of view. Suppose Ferguson to have been a good Catholic — or a soldier in the ranks. If his confessor or his commanding officer had told him to save his own skin, you'd consider Ferguson justified; you might even consider the priest or the officer justified. The one thing you can't stand is the man's giving himself those orders. But let's not argue over it now — let's go back to the story. I'll make you "get" Ferguson, anyhow — even if I can't make him "get" you.

'Well, here comes in the girl.'

'And you said there was no girl in it!'

Chantry could not resist that. He believed that Havelock's assertion had been made only because he did n't want the girl in it — resented her being there.

'There is n't, as I see it,' replied Havelock the Dane quietly. 'From my point of view, the story is over. Ferguson's decision: that is the whole thing — made more interesting, more valuable, because the repetition of the thing proves beyond a doubt that he acted on principle, not on impulse. If he had flung himself into the life-boat because he was a coward, he would have been ashamed of it; and whatever he might have done afterwards, he would never have done that thing again. He would have been sensitive: not saving his own life would have turned into an obsession with him. But there is left, I admit, the murder. And murders always take the public. So I'll give you the murder — though it throws no light on Ferguson, who is the only thing in the whole accursed affair that really counts.'

'The murder? I don't see — unless you mean the murdering of the tow-headed child.'

'I mean the murder of Ferguson by the girl he loved.'

'You said "suicide" a little while ago,' panted Chantry.

'Technically, yes. She was a hundred miles away when it happened. But she did it just the same. — Oh, I suppose I've got to tell you, as Ferguson told me.'

'Did he tell you he was going to kill himself?' Chantry's voice was sharp.

'He did not. Ferguson was n't a fool. But it was plain as day to me after it happened, that he had done it himself.'

'How —'

'I'm telling you this, am I not? Let me tell it, then. The thing happened in no time, of course. The girl got over screaming, and ran down to the track, frightened out of her wits. The train managed to stop, about twice its own length farther down, round a bend in the track, and the conductor and brakeman came running back. The mother came out of her hovel, carrying twins. The — the — thing was on the track, across the rails. It was a beastly mess, and Ferguson got the girl away; set her down to cry in a pasture, and then went back and helped out, and gave his testimony, and left money, a lot of it, with the mother, and — all the rest. You can imagine it. No one there considered that Ferguson ought to have

saved the child; no one but Ferguson dreamed that he could have. Indeed, an ordinary man, in Ferguson's place, would n't have supposed he could. It was only that brain, working like lightning, working as no plain man's could, that had made the calculation and *seen*. There were no preliminary seconds lost in surprise or shock, you see. Ferguson's mind had n't been jarred from its pace for an instant. The thing had happened too quickly for any one — except Ferguson — to understand what was going on. Therefore he ought to have laid that super-normal brain under the wheels, of course!

'Ferguson was so sane, himself, that he could n't understand, even after he had been engaged six months, our little everyday madnesses. It never occurred to him, when he got back to the girl and she began all sorts of hysterical questions, not to answer them straight. It was by way of describing the event simply, that he informed her that he would just have had time to pull the creature out, but not enough to pull himself back afterwards. Ferguson was used to calculating things in millionths of an inch; she was n't. I dare say the single second that had given Ferguson time to turn round in his mind, she conceived of as a minute, at least. It would have taken her a week to turn round in her own mind, no doubt — a month, a year, perhaps. How do I know? But she got the essential fact: that Ferguson had made a choice. Then she rounded on him. It would have killed her to lose him, but she would rather have lost him than to see him standing before her, etc., etc. Ferguson quoted a lot of her talk straight to me, and I can remember it; but you need n't ask me to soil my mouth with it. "And half an hour before, she had been saying with a good deal of heat that that little runt ought never to have been born, and that if we had decent laws it never would have been allowed to live." Ferguson said that to me, with a kind of bewilderment. You see, he had made the mistake of taking that little fool seriously. Well, he loved her. You can't go below that: that's rock-bottom. Ferguson could n't dig any deeper down for his way out. There *was* no deeper down.

'Apparently Ferguson still thought he could argue it out with her. She so believed in eugenics, you see — a very radical, compared with Ferguson. It was she who had had no doubt about towhead. And the love-part of it seemed to him fixed: it did n't occur to him that that was debatable. So he stuck to something that could be discussed. Then — and this was his moment of exceeding folly — he caught at the old episode of the Argentina. *That* had nothing to do with her present state of shock. She had seen towhead; but she had n't seen the sprinkled Mediterranean. And she had accepted that. At least, she had spoken of his survival as though it had been one of the few times when God had done precisely the right thing. So he took that to explain with. The fool! The reasonable fool!

'Then — oh, then she went wild. (Yet she must have known there were a thousand chances on the Argentina for him to throw his life away, and precious few to save it.) She backed up against a tree and stretched her arms out like this' — Havelock made a clumsy stage-gesture of aversion from Chantry, the villain. 'And for an instant he thought she was afraid of a Jersey cow that had come up to take part in the discussion. So he threw a twig at its nose.'

IV

Chantry's wonder grew, swelled, and burst.

'Do you mean to say that that safety-deposit vault of a Ferguson told you all this?'

'As I am telling it to you. Only much more detail, of course — and much, much faster. It was n't like a story at all: it was like — like a hemorrhage. I did n't interrupt him as you 've been interrupting me. — Well, the upshot of it was that she spurned him quite in the grand manner. She found the opposites of all the nice things she had been saying for six months, and said them. And Ferguson — your cocky Ferguson — stood and listened, until she had talked herself out, and then went away. He never saw her again; and when he sent for me, he had made up his mind that she never intended to take any of it back. So he stepped out, I tell you.'

'As hard hit as that,' Chantry mused.

'Just as hard hit as that. Ferguson had had no previous affairs; she was very literally the one woman; and he managed, at forty, to combine the illusions of the boy of twenty and the man of sixty.'

'But if he thought he was so precious to the world, was n't it more than ever his duty to preserve his existence? He could see other people die in his place, but he could n't see himself bucking up against a broken heart. Is n't that what the strong man does? Lives out his life when he does n't at all like the look of it? Say what you like, he was a coward, Havelock — at the last, anyhow.'

'I won't ask for your opinion just yet, thank you. Perhaps if Ferguson had been sure he would ever do good work again, he would n't have taken himself off. That might have held him. He might have stuck by on the chance. But I doubt it. Don't you see? He loved the girl too much.'

'Thought he could n't live without her,' snorted Chantry.

'Oh, no — not that. But if she was right, he was the meanest skunk alive. He owed the world at least two deaths, so to speak. The only approach you can make to dying twice is to die in your prime, of your own volition.' Havelock spoke very slowly. 'At least, that 's the way I 've worked it out. He did n't say so. He was careful as a cat.'

'You think' — Chantry leaned forward, very eager at last — 'that he decided she was right? That I 'm right — that we 're all of us right?'

Havelock the Dane bowed his head in his huge hands. 'No. If you ask me, I think he kept his own opinion untarnished to the end. When I told him I thought he was right, he just nodded, as if one took that for granted. But it did n't matter to him. I am pretty sure that he cared only what *she* thought.'

'If he did n't agree with her? And if she had treated him like a criminal? He must have despised her, in that case.'

'He never said one word of her —bar quoting some of *her* words — that was n't utterly gentle. You could see that he loved her with his whole soul. And — it 's my belief — he gave her the benefit of the doubt. In killing himself, he acted on the hypothesis that she had been right. It was the one thing he could do for her.'

'But if no one except you thinks it was suicide — and you can't prove it —'

'Oh, he had to take that chance — the chance of her never knowing — or else create a scandal. And that would have been very hard on her and on his family. But there were straws she could easily clutch at — as I have clutched at them. The perfect order in which everything happened to be left — even the last notes he had made. His laboratory was a scientist's paradise, they tell me. And the will, made after she threw him over, leaving everything to her. Not a letter unanswered, all little bills paid, and little debts liquidated. He came as near suggesting it as he could, in decency. But I dare say she will never guess it.'

'Then what did it profit him?'

'It did n't profit him, in your sense. He took a very long chance on her guessing. That was n't what concerned him.'

'I hope she will never guess, anyhow. It would ruin her life, to no good end.'

'Oh, no.' Havelock was firm. 'I doubt if she would take it that way. If she grasped it at all, she'd believe he thought her right. And if he thought her right, of course he would n't want to live, would he? She would never think he killed himself simply for love of her.'

'Why not?'

'Well, she would n't. She would n't be able to conceive of Ferguson's killing himself for merely that — with *his* notions about survival.'

'As he did.'

'As he did — and did n't.'

'Ah, she'd scarcely refine on it as you are doing, Havelock. You 're amazing.'

'Well, he certainly never expected her to know that he did it himself. If he had been the sort of weakling that dies because he can't have a particular woman, he'd have been also the sort of weakling that leaves a letter explaining.'

'What then did he die for? You'll have to explain to me. Not because he could n't have her; not because he felt guilty. Why, then? You have n't left him a motive.'

'Oh, have n't I? The most beautiful motive in the whole world, my dear fellow. A motive that puts all your little simple motives in the shade.'

'Well, what?'

'Don't you see? Why, I told you. He simply assumed, for all practical purposes, that she had been right. He gave himself the fate he knew she considered him to deserve. He preferred — loving her as he did — to do what she would have had him do. He knew she was wrong; but he knew also that she was made that way, that she would never be right. And he took her for what she was, and loved her as she was. His love — don't you see? — was too big. He could n't revolt from her: she had the whole of him — except, perhaps, his excellent judgment. He could n't drag about a life which she felt that way about. He destroyed it, as he would have destroyed anything she found loathsome. He was merely justifying himself to his love. He could n't hope she would know. Nor, I believe, could he have lied to her. That is, he could n't have admitted in words that she was right, when he felt her so absolutely wrong; but he could make that magnificent silent act of faith.'

Chantry still held out. 'I don't believe he did it. I hold with the coroner.'

'I don't. He came as near telling me as he could without making me an accessory before the fact. There were none of the loose ends that the most orderly man would leave if he died suddenly. Take my word for it, old man.'

A long look passed between them. Each seemed to be trying to find out with his eyes something that words had not helped him to.

Finally Chantry protested once more. 'But Ferguson could n't love like that.'

Havelock the Dane laid one hand on the arm of Chantry's chair and spoke sternly. 'He not only could, but did. And there I am a better authority than you. Think what you please, but I will not have that fact challenged. Perhaps you could count up on your fingers the women who are loved like that; but, anyhow, she was. My second cousin once removed, damn her!' He ended with a vicious twang.

'And now' — Havelock rose — 'I'd like your opinion.'

'About what?'

'Well, can't you see the beautiful sanity of Ferguson?'

'No, I can't,' snapped Chantry. 'I think he was wrong, both in the begin-

ning and in the end. But I will admit he was not a coward. I respect him, but I do not think, at any point, he was right — except perhaps in "doing" the coroner.'

'That settles it, then,' said Havelock. And he started towards the door.

'Settles what, in heaven's name?'

'What I came to have settled. I shan't tell her. If I could have got one other decent citizen — and I confess you were my only chance — to agree with me that Ferguson was right, — right about his fellow passengers on the Argentina, right about towhead on the track, — I'd have gone to her, I think. I'd rather like to ruin her life, if I could.'

A great conviction approached Chantry just then. He felt the rush of it through his brain.

'No,' he cried. 'Ferguson loved her too much. He would n't like that — not as you'd put it to her.'

Havelock thought a moment. 'No,' he said in turn; but his 'no' was very humble. 'He would n't. I shall never do it. But, my God, how I wanted to!'

'And I'll tell you another thing, too.' Chantry's tone was curious. 'You may agree with Ferguson all you like; you may admire him as much as you say; but you, Havelock, would never have done what he did. Not even' — he lifted a hand against interruption — 'if you knew you had the brain you think Ferguson had. You'd have been at the bottom of the sea, or under the engine-wheels, and you know it.'

He folded his arms with a hint of truculence.

But Havelock the Dane, to Chantry's surprise, was meek. 'Yes,' he said, 'I know it. Now let me out of here.'

'Well, then,' — Chantry's voice rang out triumphant, — 'what does that prove?'

'Prove?' Havelock's great fist crashed down on the table. 'It proves that Ferguson's a better man than either of us. I can think straight, but he had the sand to act straight. You have n't even the sand to think straight. You and your reactionary rot! The world 's moving, Chantry. Ferguson was ahead of it, beckoning. You're an ant that got caught in the machinery, I should n't wonder.'

'Oh, stow the rhetoric! We simply don't agree. It's happened before.' Chantry laughed scornfully. 'I tell you I respect him; but God Almighty would n't make me agree with him.'

'You're too mediæval by half,' Havelock mused. 'Now, Ferguson was a knight of the future — a knight of Humanity.'

'Don't!' shouted Chantry. His nerves were beginning to feel the strain. 'Leave chivalry out of it. The Argentina business may or may not have been wisdom, but it certainly was n't cricket.'

'No,' said Havelock. 'Chess, rather. The game where chance has n't a show — the game of the intelligent future. That very irregular and disconcerting move of his. — And he got taken, you might say. She's an irresponsible beast, your queen.'

'Drop it, will you!' Then Chantry pulled himself together, a little ashamed. 'It's fearfully late. Better stop and dine.'

'No, thanks.' The big man opened the door of the room and rested a foot on the threshold. 'I feel like dining with some one who appreciates Ferguson.'

'I don't know where you'll find him.'

Chantry smiled and shook hands.

'Oh, I carry him about with me. Good-night,' said Havelock the Dane.

ENGLAND AND JAPAN

BY K. K. KAWAKAMI

I

NOTHING at this moment furnishes so much food for speculation as the new alignment of the powers likely to follow in the wake of Armageddon. Italy has dropped out of the *Dreibund*. From Berlin come whispers of a separate peace with Russia. In Petrograd mutterings have been heard of Russia's dissatisfaction with the way England has been treating her. In England the voice of disapproval of Japan's aggressive policy in China has been growing louder. Is this an indication of Downing Street's desire to break with Tokio when the treaty of alliance terminates in 1921?

In the Far East equally momentous developments are taking place. Japan has already entered into a new convention with Russia which may easily develop into an alliance. Will she couple the compact with an *entente* with Germany? Not a few Japanese writers and publicists have come forward with tributes to German efficiency and valor, while many Germans, on their side, have been urging the wisdom of making up with the Japanese. The German officers and men who capitulated to the Japanese at Tsingtau have been accorded the most courteous treatment ever since their arrival in Japan. As if to add significance to the incident, a section of the Japanese press began, soon after the fall of Tsingtau, to voice sentiments by no means flattering to England. Will Japan prove after the war so rash as to cut asunder the ties of alliance which have united her to England during the past twelve years?

To forecast the future of the Anglo-Japanese alliance it is essential to know something of its past. The first alliance, concluded on January 30, 1902, was of far greater significance than was realized by its authors. On the face of it, the treaty afforded Japan no tangible benefit. It partook rather of the nature of a shadowy assurance against attack. It simply prescribed that if either high contracting party should become involved in war with a third power, the other high contracting party should maintain a strict neutrality, and exercise its influence to prevent other powers from joining in hostilities against its ally. It was only in the event of a third power or powers joining in hostilities against either high contracting party that the other was required to come to its assistance. Now, the only power expected at the time to encroach upon Japan's rights was Russia. Since there was but little probability of any third power joining Russia in the event of a Russo-Japanese war, it was not thought likely that England would be called upon to render military assistance to Japan. Thus the risk run by Great Britain was very small.

The statesmanship of Lord Salisbury and Lord Lansdowne foresaw all this and more. A victorious Japan, in the fast-approaching war with Russia, meant the checkmating of the Russian advance in the Far East —that nightmare of British statesmen. Even if

Japan were defeated at the hands of the Muscovite, the Far-Eastern situation, so far as British interests were concerned, could not have become worse. Open-minded publicists of Great Britain have been frank enough to admit this advantage bestowed upon their country by the alliance. As Mr. Alfred Stead puts it: —

'For Great Britain the gain, even before the Russian war, was much more substantial. British diplomacy assumed a new importance at Peking when backed by Japan, and, amongst other results, the Tibetan expedition was rendered possible. Since the beginning of the Russo-Japanese War, and the consequent revelation of Japan's power, the advantages to British diplomacy in Europe have been very considerable. In fact, British foreign policy all over the world has been influenced and strengthened by the alliance. The destruction of the Baltic fleet enabled four British battleships to be sent home to play a very important part in the diplomatic crisis in Europe. We owe so much to our alliance that we should thank our lucky stars that Japan, the much-courted new power, paramount in the Far East, is anxious, not only to renew the alliance, but also to extend its scope.'

Was the treaty, then, a one-sided agreement? To be frank, the alliance did not accord Japan much material benefit. True, England financed Japan in her titanic struggle with Russia; but that would have been done anyway, even in the absence of the treaty of alliance. The real advantage that Japan received from the alliance was something that could not be spoken of in terms of dollars and cents.

The Anglo-Japanese alliance of 1902 was one of the most romantic incidents in the history of the nations. It was not merely an alliance between two nations, but a cementing of friendship between two hemispheres which had long appeared as if ordained by Providence to remain forever separated. It was the first union of the East with the West, the first recognition that an Asiatic nation was capable of rendering assistance to a foremost power of the Occident. The advantage thus gained by Japan was of necessity sentimental, but its significance was none the less great. Japan was definitely recognized as an important factor in world-politics and was accorded a place in the concourse of the world's great powers. No longer was her voice to be ignored in the disposition of Far-Eastern questions.

The diplomatic feat accomplished by Lord Salisbury and Lord Lansdowne in concluding the alliance with Japan (coming as it did at the moment when the Kaiser was holding up before Europe the picture of the yellow peril) was particularly remarkable. The far-seeing English statesmen knew the ulterior motives of the astute monarch's dramatic 'appeal' to Christendom, and refused to be beguiled or scared by his trumpeting of the Oriental menace. On the contrary, they saw in Japan's sudden awakening and rapid progress great possibilities, not only for the advancement of England's own interest, but for the regeneration of the Orient.

Japan's brilliant victory over China, regarded as the sleeping Hercules of the East, was the event which first elicited British admiration. The excellent discipline and great efficiency displayed by Japanese officers and troops during the Boxer disturbance of 1900 intensified the respect already entertained by the Englishmen for the Japanese. In contrast to the lawlessness and brutalities of the troops from certain Christian countries, the humane conduct of the Mikado's 'heathen' soldiers was indeed conspicuous. It was, therefore, not merely incidental that the Anglo-

Japanese alliance followed upon the heels of the Boxer troubles.

The first treaty of alliance was not a defensive and offensive alliance in the true sense of the term. In the war with Russia, upon which Japan staked her very existence, the instrument was useful to Japan only in so far as it assured England's moral support. It was only toward the end of the war that Great Britain came out squarely for an unqualified alliance, and agreed to cast her lot with Japan in the event of another war. The result was the second treaty of alliance, of August 12, 1905. In place of the lukewarm provision of the first treaty the new treaty contained the following definite article: —

'If by reason of unprovoked attack or aggressive action, wherever arising, on the part of any power or powers, either contracting party should be involved in war in defense of its territorial rights or special interests (in Eastern Asia and India), the other contracting party will at once come to the assistance of its ally, and will conduct the war in common, and make peace in mutual agreement with it.'

This new agreement was made public when the outcome of the peace conference at Portsmouth was quivering in the balance, with Japan anxious to end the war on honorable terms, Russia wishing to continue hostilities until she was in a position to dictate her own terms. It went into effect on the day it was signed. Had it not contained an article forestalling its application to the war then going on in Manchuria, the new alliance would have been employed as a lever to oblige Russia to accept peace terms more favorable to Japan than were actually agreed upon.

In the minds of many students of international affairs it remains a question why England insisted upon inserting in the new treaty such a clause of exemption, if she wished to be of real service to Japan. Looking at the situation through the perspective of history, it is certain that England's main object in concluding the second treaty of alliance was to prepare against the rising tide of German power and influence which had begun to be strongly felt, not only in Europe, but in the Far East. To guard her interest in Tibet and India against the possible Russian advance was certainly not England's main purpose in renewing the alliance, though the world was made to believe that this was the *sine qua non* of the treaty. The British statesmen would have been surprisingly deficient in farsightedness had they failed to see that, thanks to Japan's firm stand in Manchuria, Russia had been sufficiently crippled to prevent, at least for a decade or so, the renewal of her vigorous movement toward India. They would indeed have been nearsighted had they not discerned the ominous situation arising out of Germany's rise in world-politics. In renewing the treaty of alliance with Japan England undoubtedly had in view such a calamity as she faces to-day, obliging her to remove her troops from Asia and to transfer her warships from Oriental to European waters. The part played by Germany in the Morocco incident and in the Balkan situation attests the above interpretation.

But the treaty, coming at the psychological moment when Japan needed foreign sympathy and encouragement most keenly, was welcomed in the Mikado's Empire with great enthusiasm and appreciation. The press was most effusive in praising England's chivalrous spirit in renewing the alliance, and believed that the new treaty was of no small influence in determining the Russian attitude at the peace conference. And indeed the alliance has exercised great influence in preventing Russia from waging a war of revenge against Japan.

II

The second treaty of alliance was to have remained in force for ten years, but circumstances compelled its revision four years before its termination. Upon the heels of its conclusion events followed one another in rapid succession. Korea had ceased to be a problem. British influence in Tibet had been firmly established. But the most important factor which necessitated its revision was the signal change that had come over the relationship between Japan and the United States.

Beginning with the now historic 'school incident' in San Francisco, the anti-Japanese agitation in California had become portentous enough to threaten the amicable relations between the two nations. The Japanese statesmen, of course, did not so much as dream of going to war on account of the California question, for they could easily foresee that war would never solve the immigration question. They would have been exceedingly stupid had they failed to realize that war with America presupposed the withdrawal of all the Japanese population from this country and the abandonment of all hope of sending any emigrants to these shores for many years after such a war.

And yet a small section of the press showed a propensity to exploit the California question to the detriment of the friendly relations which the two governments were anxious to maintain. This was where England's apprehension came in. Should Japan and the United States come to blows, would not England, as Japan's ally, be called upon to come to Japan's assistance? A careful examination of the preamble and articles of the Anglo-Japanese alliance was all that was needed to convince any one of the impossibility of applying the treaty to a war that might develop out of the immigration or California question. But the feeling of uneasiness prevailing both in America and England was something that could not be ignored.

Consequently the Mikado's government thought it the part of wisdom to assure the United States and England that the Anglo-Japanese alliance could never be applied to an American-Japanese war. Thus, in the third treaty of alliance, signed on July 13, 1911, Japan agreed to insert the following article: 'Should either High Contracting Party conclude a treaty of general arbitration with a third Power, it is agreed that nothing in this agreement shall entail upon such contracting Power an obligation to go to war with the Power with whom such treaty of arbitration is in force.' Almost simultaneously the United States entered into a general arbitration treaty with Great Britain. To those who have the eyes to read, these instruments ought to be sufficient proof that Japan has no intention of dragging England into the war which many fire-eaters think unavoidable between Japan and the United States.

In renewing the treaty of alliance with Japan for the second time, Great Britain had, as in the case of the alliance of 1905, an eye upon Germany. So far as Russia was concerned, British interests in the Far East were no longer in danger. There is reason to believe that in 1911 or thereabouts the two European powers entered into an understanding defining their respective spheres of influence in Tibet and Mongolia. In the meantime, the Mikado's statesmen not only effectively checked the Russian advance on the China Sea, but succeeded, by dint of shrewd diplomacy, in healing the hurts Russia had been nursing after her defeat in Manchuria.

On the other hand, the German advance in China had now assumed such an ominous aspect that England had

begun to doubt the security of her position. Even when the smoke of battle was still hovering over the plains of Manchuria in 1905, the brilliant British writer on Chinese affairs, Mr. B. L. Simpson, clearly foresaw the approaching conflict of the German programme with the established British power in the Far East. He said: —

'The German programme [in China] is as clear as the light of day. In a few years another naval base somewhere in the region of Swatow will be required, and then, linked by a system of German railways, a huge slice of Northern, Central, and Southern China will be practically ruled from Berlin. It may seem nebulous and vague to those who sit in the darkness of blissful ignorance far away, but it is patent to those whose business it is to follow audacious Empire plans. Tientsin will mark the extreme northern limit of these ambitions; Kaifengfu the northwestern; Hankow the central west; and Swatow the extreme south. Including, therefore, great portions of nine or ten provinces of China, the German programme is so framed that it clashes directly with no other power in the world excepting England.'

Considered from the British side, therefore, the new Anglo-Japanese treaty of alliance was concluded chiefly with a view to forestalling possible German aggression both in China and Europe. Japan, on the other hand, considered the treaty to be of great value as a means of furthering friendly relations with Russia. Without the influence of the British alliance, it is open to question whether Japan could have succeeded as she did in reconciling Russia in so short a period after the war.

We have seen that the Anglo-Japanese alliance of 1911 was concluded with a view to preparing the two sea-powers against the portentous rise of Germany. They had in view just such a case of emergency as the present war, wherein England might be enabled to remove her troops and men-of-war from the Orient, leaving the protection of that region to the Japanese. Japan was glad enough to enter into the compact, mainly because she saw a perpetual menace in the occupation of Kiauchow by a European power whose sovereign had long been actively engaged in prejudicing the whole Occident against Japan.

In the present titanic conflict, then, Japan's duty permits of no misconstruction. With the text of the treaty before us, we can readily understand why Japan joined hands with Great Britain in the present war. It is obviously England's right to call upon Japan for aid, while it is Japan's duty to respond to England's call. Read the Anglo-Japanese treaty of alliance carefully, and you will notice that *wherever* either high contracting party may be attacked by a third power the other high contracting party is required to come to its assistance *in the regions of the Far East.* The treaty does not say 'aggressive action in the Far East,' but 'aggressive action wherever arising.' The state of affairs described in the treaty had certainly come into existence by the time England asked for Japan's aid, and Japan could not shirk the responsibilities put upon her shoulders by the treaty.

It is amusing to see the American press indulging in all manner of allegations with regard to Japan's entry into the war. Friends of Germany claim that the tide of American sentiment turned against England the moment she called upon Japan to act. Why the American public should be reluctant to recognize Great Britain's obvious right to ask for Japan's aid is difficult to understand. Back of this much ado about nothing is perhaps racial prejudice. Had Japan been a Caucasian race, no

nation would have criticized England's act in calling upon her at such a moment of grave danger, and no one would have questioned Japan's right and duty to join hands with her ally. The plain fact is that Japan did not enter into the war without conferring with England 'fully and frankly.' For the information of prejudiced critics, it is necessary to put this fact on record.

On August 3, 1914, that is, the day before England declared war, Sir Conyngham Greene, British Ambassador to Japan, hurried back to Tokio from his summer villa and immediately requested an interview with Baron Kato, the Foreign Minister. At this conference the British Ambassador informed Baron Kato that his government was compelled to open hostilities against Germany and desired to ascertain whether Japan would aid England in the event of British interests in the Far East being jeopardized by German activities. Baron Kato answered that the question before him was so serious that he could not answer it on his own account.

On the evening of the same day, Count Okuma convened a meeting of all the Cabinet members. On August 4, Baron Kato, bearing the resolution made at this meeting, called upon the British Ambassador and told him that Japan would not evade the responsibilities which she had assumed in entering into alliance with England. At this time Japan did not expect to be called upon to aid England at once. But on August 7 the British Ambassador asked for an interview with Baron Kato and told him that the situation had developed in such a manner as would oblige Japan's immediate entrance into the war. On the evening of that day Premier Okuma requested the 'elder statesmen' and his colleagues in the Cabinet to assemble at his mansion. The conference lasted until two o'clock the next morning. Before it adjourned Japan's policy had been definitely formulated.

The Japanese press is in all probability right when it says that Japan and England were obliged to act promptly in order to frustrate Germany's scheme to transfer Kiau-chow to the Chinese government before she was compelled to hand it over to Japan. Had Germany succeeded in carrying out this scheme she would still have enjoyed, by virtue of Article 5 of the Kiau-chow convention of 1898, the privilege of securing in some future time 'a more suitable territory' in China. This was exactly the condition which the Allies did not want established in China. If, on the other hand, Germany were forced to abandon Kiau-chow by a third power, either peacefully or by the arbitrament of the sword, China would no longer be under obligation to 'cede to Germany a more suitable place.'

III

In the present world-war, as during the preceding decade, the Anglo-Japanese alliance has proved to be of mutual advantage to the high contracting parties. Will it survive the great upheaval which is shaking Europe from its foundation? With Kiau-chow restored to Chinese sovereignty, and with Russia becoming more and more friendly toward Japan, has the *raison d'être* of the Anglo-Japanese alliance virtually ceased to exist? In a word, what will be the future of the alliance?

That its future depends largely upon Russia's attitude after the war seems inevitable. If, at the peace conference that is to follow the war, Russia is given what she has been coveting, she will continue to be friendly with Great Britain and will keep Germany at arm's length. In that case there is no reason why Japan should not renew the alli-

ance with England, though perhaps in more or less modified form. She has already entered into an *entente cordiale* with Russia. By renewing the alliance with England, she will become a party to a triangular combination and thus secure herself against the not improbable revenge of Germany. England, too, will be anxious to participate in such a combination, for she knows that she will have to bear the brunt of Germany's bitterest enmity for many years after the war.

If, on the other hand, Russia is dissatisfied with the outcome of the peace parley, and shows herself inclined to be reconciled with Germany, Japan will of necessity hesitate to continue the alliance with England on the same basis as hitherto; for it is a foregone conclusion that Japan will avoid, if she can possibly do so, another disastrous war with Russia, knowing that her resources are too limited to cope with Russia's tremendous potential power. Japan's present relationship with Russia is one of *entente cordiale*, and not one of alliance; for the recently concluded convention provides no mutual obligations of the high contracting parties to extend armed assistance to each other. On the contrary, the Anglo-Japanese alliance, in its present form, obliges either high contracting party to render armed assistance to the other in case either is involved in war, defending its territorial or special interests mentioned in the treaty. Should Russia and England cease to be friends as the result of the peace conference and eventually become involved in war, into which Germany might easily be drawn as Russia's ally, England, on the strength of the present alliance, would oblige Japan to open hostilities against Russia and Germany. The instinct of self-preservation must impel Japan to avoid such a disastrous course.

It is not unthinkable that Downing Street views with some little uneasiness the growing friendship between Tokio and Petrograd. It is rumored that soon after the fall of Tsingtau Marquis Yamagata, dean of the elder statesmen of Japan, expressed himself in favor of entering into an alliance with Russia. His idea in urging such an alliance was, of course, to prepare against Germany's possible revenge. He entertained no thought of superseding the Anglo-Japanese alliance by an alliance with Russia. In official circles, however, it was feared that Great Britain would by no means be pleased if Japan were to take steps towards the conclusion of an alliance with Russia. This was undoubtedly the circumstance which caused much delay in the consummation of the new convention with Russia, which was to have been signed almost a year before. Count (now Marquis) Okuma, in a statement for the press, made it plain that the delay was due to the negotiation which had to be conducted with the British government.

There is no room to doubt that Japan has been fastidiously considerate of the susceptibilities of the British government — so much so, indeed, that a Tokio newspaper sarcastically inquires if Japan's foreign department is in Downing Street. Yet the alliance terminates in 1921. Will it be renewed, or will the two powers have come to the parting of the ways? The key is in Russia's hands. It does not take a prophet to foresee that Russia's attitude and disposition will be the determining factor in the realignment of the powers in the Far East.

Much has of late been said of Japanese discontent with the alliance with England. But the public has forgotten that before Japan began to complain of England's 'selfishness' many British newspapers and publicists had long been assailing Japan. As early as 1908 such men as Lord Stanhope and F. B.

Vrooman, and many others, openly attacked Japanese ambitions, and urged the readjustment of England's Far-Eastern policy. The same sentiment has been voiced in not a few English newspapers. At that time Japanese publicists and press made no reply to such expressions of unfriendliness. Japan's whole attention was turned to the recuperation of her energy and to the readjustment of her position in Manchuria. As she gradually recovered from the shock of the Russian war, however, she began to cast about and found that England's attitude towards her had been far from cordial.

But it was not until after the fall of Tsingtau that a few Japanese newspapers and publicists openly attacked the British policy in the Far East. The reader will recall that when Japan decided to enter into the war England dispatched a cruiser and a contingent of troops to participate in the siege of Tsingtau, the German stronghold in Kiau-chow. Officially Japan extended to them a cordial hand of welcome, but at heart she felt that England was intruding in a field where her assistance was not needed. The Japanese felt that their western ally must either be distrustful of them or entertain motives other than those of expediting the reduction of Tsingtau. No public comment was made to that effect, but the feeling was in the air.

Upon the fall of Tsingtau one or two newspapers in Tokio came out with the assertion that England, on the strength of the part she had played in the capture of Tsingtau, coveted the northern half of the Tientsin-Pukow line controlled by Germany. It was also rumored that she was averse to the extension of Japanese influence in Shantung, formerly Germany's sphere of influence. How true these statements were only those within the inner official circles at London and Tokio can tell. The fact remains that they did no small injury to the cordial relations between the two nations.

In the celebrated Japanese demands presented to China in January, 1915, Japan expressed the 'wish' that China would grant her the privilege of constructing a railway connecting Wuchang with the Kiukiang-Nanchang line, in which considerable Japanese capital had been invested, as well as the railways between Nanchang and Hangchau and between Nanchang and Chaochow, provided that Great Britain would not object to the concession. These cities are in the Yangtse Valley, which England has long since staked out as her own sphere of influence. Whether England checkmated Japan's scheme to secure the above-named railway concessions is not known, but the significant fact was that the British press severely criticized that particular phase of the Japanese demands. At any rate, Japan failed to get the concessions.

Most Britishers in China are anti-Japanese. They believe that the Japanese are their inevitable rivals in the Far East, and cannot understand why their government should tie its hands by an alliance with Japan and render itself unable to check Japanese ambitions. They can see only the two billion dollars they have invested in China, and they resent the gradual incursions of Japanese trade into the field long monopolized by them. They often fail to see the situation in the broader light of international relations. What would have become of British prestige in the Orient had England, lending ear to the ill-considered counsels of her citizens in China, bade good-bye to Japan in 1911?

But this dog-in-the-manger attitude is not restricted to the Britishers. The Japanese entertain the same sentiment with regard to certain parts of China, notably Manchuria, where their in-

vestments amount to two hundred and fifty million dollars. The blame is on both sides. The idea of the exclusive 'sphere of influence' is pernicious and must be modified, if not abandoned. To one looking at the situation from a detached point of view, it seems incomprehensible that England cannot be more generous toward Japanese enterprise in the Yangtse Valley. The 'valley' has an area of 362,000 square miles; certainly England cannot monopolize such a vast territory in addition to Tibet, 533,000 square miles in area. One fails to understand why she should be reluctant to see Japan build there a few hundred miles of railway which would, after all, benefit her as much as Japan. In the Japanese sphere in South Manchuria, measuring 90,000 square miles, we know of no instance wherein British enterprise has been hindered by the Japanese. When in 1913 the British government, on behalf of the Anglo-Chinese Corporation, sounded the Japanese government as to whether objection would be made to the corporation's project to lay a railway between Kingchao and Chaoyang in Manchuria, Japan cheerfully indorsed the plan.

As for trade competition, no one should complain of his defeat so long as his successful rival observes the rules of sportsmanship. Despite all the unkind things that have been said about the Japanese, one must concede that their commercial success in China has been due largely to their perseverance, industry, agility, and frugality. You cannot succeed in business in the Orient by spending four hours a day in a luxurious office, devoting the rest of the time to golfing and dinners and social gatherings, while your Asiatic rivals work fifteen hours or more every day and are satisfied with offices or shops which offer no personal comfort. And this is merely one of the many factors that enter into the reckoning.

The growing friendship between the natives of India and the Japanese has furnished another cause for suspicion, not to say irritation, on the part of England. It is nothing new that even *bona-fide* Japanese travelers and merchants in India are subjected to espionage by British officials. Not only have the Englishmen in India been suspicious of those Japanese likely to come in contact with the radical elements of the Hindu population, but they have also shown a propensity to exclude Japanese commercial enterprise from the country.

On the other hand, the Japanese see no reason why they should act as England's watchdog for India. Suppose India rose in rebellion while England's hands were full in Europe: would Japan be required to quell the insurrection by virtue of the alliance treaty? The provision of the existing treaty is not clear as to Japan's duty in such a case. Japan would undoubtedly prefer British rule in India to that of Germany or Russia, if the country had to be dominated by some European power; but the point is that she would be reluctant to take part in crushing the just aspiration of the Hindus for independence and freedom.

After all has been said and done, we might still have safely predicted the renewal of the alliance five years hence, had it not been for the difficulty of forecasting the *post-bellum* attitude of Russia. Once again we say, the key is in Russia's hands.

A HUNT FOR HOATZINS

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

Lines of gray, plunging tropic rain slanted across the whole world. Outward-curving waves of red mud lost themselves in the steady downpour beyond the guards on the motor-car of the Inspector of Police. It is surprising to think how many times and in what a multitude of places I have been indebted to inspectors of police. In New York the average visitor would never think of meeting that official except under extraordinary and perhaps compromising circumstances; but in tropical British possessions the head of the police combines with his requisite large quantity of gold lace and tact a delightful way of placing visitors, and especially those of serious scientific intent, under considerable obligation. So my present Inspector of Police, at an official banquet the preceding evening, had insisted that I travel along the sea-front of Guiana — betwixt muddy salt water and cane-fields — in his car. But an inspector of police is not necessarily a weather prophet, and now the close-drawn curtains forbade any view, so it was decided that I tranship to the single daily train.

Three times I had to pass the ticket-collector at the station to see after my luggage, and three times a large clover-leaf was punched out of my exceedingly small bit of pasteboard. A can of formaline still eluded me, but I looked dubiously at my limp trey of clubs. Like a soggy gingersnap, it drooped with its own weight, and the chances seemed about even whether another trip past the hopelessly conscientious coolie gateman would find me with a totally dismembered ticket or an asymmetrical four of clubs of lace-like consistency. I forebore, and walking to the end of the platform, looked out at a long line of feathery cocoanut-palms, pasteled by the intervening rain. They were silhouetted in a station aperture of corrugated iron, of all building materials the most hideous; but the aperture was of that most graceful of all shapes, a Moorish arch.

Neither my color nor my caste, in this ultra-democratic country, forced me to travel first-class, but that necessary, unwritten distinction, felt so keenly wherever there is a mingling of race, compelled me to step into a deserted car upholstered in soiled dusty blue. I regretted that I must 'save my face,' as a Chinaman would say, and not sit on the greasy bare boards of the second-class coach, where fascinating coolie persons sat, squatting on the seats with their heads mixed up with their knees. Desire, prompted by interest and curiosity, drew me to them, and frequently I got up and walked past, listening to the subdued clink of silver bracelets and anklets, and sniffing the wisps of ghee and curry and hemp which drifted out. Nose-rings flashed, and in the dim station light I caught faint gleams of pastel scarves — sea-green and rose. I longed for Kim's disguise, but I knew that before many stations were passed the concentration of mingled odors would have driven me back to my soli-

tude. Perhaps the chief joy of it all lay in the vignettes of memory which it aroused: that unbelievable hot midnight at Agra; the glimpse of sheer Paradise in a sunrise on the slopes of Kinchinjunga; the odors of a caravan headed for the Khyber Pass.

When I returned to my coach I found I was to have company. A stout — no, exceedingly fat — bespectacled gentleman, with pigment of ebony, and arrayed in full evening dress and high hat, was guarding a small dilapidated suitcase, and glaring at him across the aisle was a man of chocolate hue, with the straight black hair of the East Indian and the high cheek-bones and slanting eyes of the Mongolian. His dress was a black suit of heavy Scotch plaid, waistcoat and all, with diamonds and loud tie, and a monocle which he did not attempt to use. Far off in the distant corner lounged a bronzed planter in comfortable muddy clothes. But we three upheld the prestige of the west end of the carriage.

Soon, impelled by the great heat, I removed my coat and was looked at askance; but I was the only comfortable one of the three. With the planter I should have liked to converse, but with those who sat near I held no communication. I could think of them only as insincere imitators of customs wholly unadapted to their present lives and country. I could have respected them so much more if they had clad themselves in cool white duck. I hold that a man is not worth knowing who will endure excessive tropical heat, perspiring at every pore, because his pride demands a waistcoat and coat of thickest woolen material, which would have been comfortable in a blizzard. So I went out again to look at the coolies with their honest garb of draped linen, and they seemed more sincere and worthy of acquaintance.

We started at last, and only a few miles of glistening track had passed beneath us when, finally, proof of the complete schism between police and weather bureaus became evident: the fresh trade-wind dispersed the rain! The clouds remained, however — low, swirling masses of ashy-blue, billowing out like smoke from a bursting shell, or fraying in pale gray tatters, tangling the fronds of lofty palms. For the rest of the day the light came from the horizon — a thrillingly weird, indirect illumination, which lent vividness and intensity to every view. The world was scoured clean, the air cleansed of every particle of dust, while the clouds lent a cool freshness wholly untropical, and hour after hour the splendid savannah lands of the coast of Guiana slipped past, as we rumbled swiftly southward along the entire shore-front.

At first we passed close to the sea, and this was the most exciting part of the trip. In places the dikes had given way and the turbulent muddy waters had swept inland over rice and cane-fields, submerging in one implacable tide the labor of years. A new dike, of mud and timbers and sweet-smelling hurdles of black sage, had been erected at the roadside, and past this went all traffic. Now and then an automobile had to slow up until a great wave broke, and then dash at full speed across the danger-spot. In spite of the swiftness, the wind-flung spray of the next wave would drench the occupants. The lowering sea-water glistened among the sickly plants, and strange fish troubled the salty pools as they sought uneasily for an outlet to the ocean. A flock of skimmers looked wholly out of place driving past a clump of bamboos.

Then the roadbed shifted inland, and lines of patient, humped zebus trailed slowly from their sheds — sheds of larger size and better built than the huts of their owners. These open-work homes were so picturesque and unobtrusive;

they fitted into the landscape as if, like the palms, they had come into being through years of quiet assimilation of water and warmth. Their walls were of mud, adobe, mere casual upliftings of the sticky soil which glistened in every direction. Their roofs were of *trooly*-palm fronds, brown and withered, as though they had dropped from invisible trees high overhead. Like the coolies themselves, the houses offered no note of discord.

I had just come from the deep jungle of the interior with its varying lights and shadows, its myriad color-grades, pastel, neutral in quality. Here was boldness of stroke, sharpness of outline, strength of pigment. All the dominant tones of this newly washed coastal region were distinct and incisive. Clear-cut silhouettes of vultures and black witch-birds were hunched on fence-posts and shrubs. Egrets, like manikins cut from the whitest of celluloid, shone as far as the eye could see them. As if the rain had dissolved and washed away every mixed shade and hue, the eye registered only flaming, clashing colors: great flocks of birds black as night, save for a glowing scarlet gorget; other black birds with heads of shining gold, flashing as the filigree nose-beads flash against the rich dark skin of the coolies.

Like the colors, the sounds were individualized by sharpness of tone, incisiveness of utterance. The violent cries of flycatchers cleft the air, and, swiftly as we passed, struck on my ear fair and strong. The notes of the blackbirds were harmonious shafts of sound, cleaving the air like the whistle of the meadowlark. Hawks with plumage of bright cinnamon and cream hurled crisp, piercing shrieks at the train. Only the vultures, strung like ebony beads along the fronds of the cocoanut-palms, spread their wings to dry, and dumbly craned their necks down as we passed.

Past Mahaica and Abary we rushed, the world about us a sliding carpet of all the emerald tints in the universe. And just as the last tint had been used up and I knew there must be some repetition, the clouds split and a ray of pure sunlight shot through the clear air and lit up a field of growing rice with living green of a still newer hue, an unearthly concentrated essence of emerald which was comparable to nothing but sprouting rice in rain-washed sunlight. Whether this be on the hot coast-lands of Java, in tiny sod-banked terraces far up on the slopes of Dehra Dun, or in the shadow of Fuji itself, makes no manner of difference. The miracle of color never fails.

Trees were so rare that one was compelled to take notice of them. High above the bamboos, high above even those arboreal towers of Pisa, the cocoanut-palms, rose the majestic silk-cotton trees, bare of leaves at this season, with great branches shooting out at breathless heights. Like strange gourd-like fruit, three sizes of nests hung pendant from these lofty boughs: short, scattered purses of yellow orioles, colonied clusters of the long pouches of yellow-backed *bunyahs*, and, finally, the great, graceful woven trumpets of the giant black caciques, rarely beautiful, and, like the trees, scarce enough to catch and hold the eye. The groves of cocoanut-palms, like a hundred enormous green rockets ever bursting in mid-air, checkered the sunlight, which sifted through and was made rosy by a host of lotus blooms beneath. Then the scene changed in a few yards, and low, untropical shrubs filled the background, while at our feet rose rank upon rank of cat-tails, and we might be passing across the Jersey meadows.

Each little station was the focus of a world of its own. Coolies and blacks excitedly hustled to place on board their contribution to the world's commerce:

— tomatoes no larger than cherries, in beautifully woven baskets; a crate of chickens or young turkeys; a live sheep protesting and entangled in the spokes of an old-fashioned bicycle; a box of fish, flashing silver and old rose. Some had only a single bundle of fodder to offer. At one station, quaintly named De Kinderen, a clear-faced coolie boy pushed a small bunch of plantains into the freight van, then sat on the steps. As the train started to move he settled himself as if for a long ride, and for a second or two closed his eyes. Then he opened them, climbed down, and swung off into the last bit of clearing. His face was sober, not a-smile at a thoughtless lark. I looked at his little back as he trudged toward his home, and wondered what desire for travel, for a glimpse of the world, was back of it all. And I wished that I could have asked him about it and taken him with me. This little narrow-gauge link with the outside world perhaps scatters heartaches as well as shekels along its right of way.

I was watching a flock of giant *anis*, which bubbled cheerfully on their slow flight across the fields, when a wide expanse of water blocked our way, and we drew up at the bank of the Berbice River.

II

In the course of five days at New Amsterdam we achieved our object. We found hoatzins, their nests, eggs, and young, and perpetuated in photographs their wonderful habits handed down through all the ages past, from the time when reptiles were the dominant beings, and birds and mammals crept about, understudying their rôle to come, as yet uncertain of themselves and their heritage. When we needed it the sun broke through the rain and shone brightly; when our lenses were ready, the baby hoatzins ran the gamut of their achievements. They crept on all fours, they climbed with fingers and toes, they dived headlong, and swam as skillfully as any Hesperornis of old. This was, and I think always will be, to me, the most wonderful sight in the world. To see a tiny living bird duplicate within a few minutes the processes which, evolved slowly through uncounted years, have at last culminated in the world of birds as we find it to-day — this is impressive beyond words. No poem, no picture, no terrible danger, no sight of men killed or injured has ever affected me as profoundly as this.

Thus the primary object of the trip was accomplished. But that is a poor expedition indeed which does not yield another hundred per cent in oblique values, of things seen out of the corner of one's eyes.

If one is an official or an accredited visitor to Berbice, the Colony House is placed at one's service. I am sure that it is quite the ugliest of all colony houses, and surrounded by what I am equally sure is one of the most beautiful of tropical gardens. If Berbice held no other attraction it would be worth visiting to see this garden. The first floor of Colony House is offices, the second is the Supreme Court, and when I peeped in I saw there were three occupants — a great yellow cat curled up in the judge's chair, and two huge toads solemnly regarding each other from the witness-box and the aisle.

Three stories in Guiana constitute a skyscraper, and that night I slept on a level with the palm-fronds. It was a house of a thousand sounds. During the day hosts of carpenters tore off uncountable shingles devastated by white ants. Two antithetical black maids attended noisily but skillfully to all my wants. At night, cats and frogs divided the vocal watches, and a patient dog never tired of rolling the garbage-can downstairs past the Supreme Court to

the first floor. I thought of this at first as some strange canine rite, a thing which Alice could have explained with ease, or which to Seumas and to Brigid would have appeared reasonable and fitting. I used to wait for it before I went to sleep, knowing that comparative silence would follow. I discovered later that this intelligent dog had learned that, by nudging the can off the top step, the cover would become dislodged at about the level of the Supreme Court, and from there to the government offices he could then spend a night of gastronomic joy, gradually descending to the level of the entrance.

A kind planter put me up at the club, the usual colonial institution where one may play bridge or billiards, drink swizzles, or read war telegrams 'delayed in transit.' These were the usual things to do, daily duties, timed almost regularly by the kiskadees' frantic farewell to the day or the dodging of the first vampire among the electric-light bulbs. But in this exciting country, with hoatzins asleep within a half-mile, I could not bring my mind to any of these things, and wandered about, idly turning the leaves of dull periodicals, looking at cases of cues and the unfinished records of past billiard tournaments, yellowed with age. The steward approached timidly.

'Would the sahib like to see the library?'

Yes, the sahib decidedly would. We climbed the stairs, creaking as if they complained at the unaccustomed weight of footsteps, to the upper room of the club. It was large, barn-like in its vacantness, with a few little tables, each surrounded by a group of chairs, like chickens crowded about a hen. The walls were lined with books and there was an atmosphere about the room which took hold of me at once. I could not identify it with any previous experience, certainly not with the libraries of Georgetown in which I had spent days. This was something subtle, something which had to discover itself. The steward led me proudly about, making it plain that his affection was here rather than with the mixing of swizzles below. No, he had never read any of them, but he would feel honored if I found any pleasure in them and would condescend to borrow one. He seemed rather emphatic on this point; he especially desired that I take one to Colony House. Then he left me.

The books were without a speck of dust, each volume in its place and aligned with precision. Little by little, as I made my round, nibbling at a book here and there, the secret of the place came to me: it was a library of the past, a dead library. There seemed something uncanny, something unreal about it. Here were hundreds of books, there tables and chairs, but no one ever used them. Yet it was in the centre of a large town just above the most frequented gathering-place. More than this, the library itself was obsolete. No volume had been added for many years. Most of them were old, old tomes, richly bound in leather and tree calf. Nearly all were strange to me — little-known histories and charmingly naïve 'Conversations' and memoirs of generations ago. They were delicately, gracefully worded, many of them; one could feel the lace and velvet of the sleeve which had touched them; the subtle musty odors of the yellowed page and crumbling leather seemed tinged with faint, strange perfumes. It was astounding and very affecting, and my interest increased with every minute.

The evening chorus of the tropical night had commenced outside, and a glance out of the window showed a network of motionless fronds dimly outlined against the rose-colored clouds over the waters of the Berbice. Below I heard the soft click of billiard balls.

Then I returned to the books. Their rich bindings were falling apart, musty, worm-eaten, many held together only by a string. It was as if I had entered the richly filled library of some old manor-house which had been sealed up for two-score years, and yet kept lovingly dusted. It was this sense of constant care which served to emphasize the weird isolation, the uncanny desolation.

I glanced at *Lives of the Lindsays*, by Lord Lindsay, a work of sixty-five years ago, unknown to me, quaint and delightful. This rubbed covers with Lockhart's *Life of Scott*. On another shelf I recall *The Colloquies of Edward Osborne, Citizen and Clothmaker of London*, which held me until I knew that the Colony House dog would get all of my dinner if I did not start homewards. The next volume to this was a friend, Thiers's *The Consulate and the Empire*. Then I walked past stacks of old-fashioned novels, nearly all in three volumes. Their names were strange, and I suppose they would prove deadly reading to our generation; but I am sure that in their day they fascinated many eyes reading by the flickering light of tapers and rushes. And even now they stood bravely alongside Dickens and Scott.

Finally I reached up to the highest row and chose one of a series of heavy tomes whose titles had completely fallen away with age and climate. I untied the binding string, opened at random and read thus: —

'It is vain, then, any longer to insist on variations of organic structure being the result of habits or circumstances. Nothing has been elongated, shortened or modified, either by external causes or internal volition; all that has been changed has been changed suddenly, and has left nothing but wrecks behind it, to advertise us of its former existence.'

Thus wrote the Baron Cuvier many years ago. And this brought me back to reality, and my study of those living fossils now asleep in the neighboring *bundari* thorn-bushes, whose nestlings so completely refute the good baron's thesis.

As I reached the door I selected a volume at random to take back to Colony House. I put out the lights and turned a moment to look about. The platinum wires still glowed dully, and weak moonlight now filled the room with a silver grayness. I wondered whether, in the magic of some of these tropical nights, when the last ball had been pocketed and the last swizzle drunk belowstairs, some of the book-lovers of olden times, who had read these volumes and turned down the creased pages, did not return and again laugh and cry over them. There was no inharmonious note: no thrilling short stories, no gaudy chromatic bindings, no slangy terse titles, no magazines or newspapers. Such gentlefolk as came could have sat there and listened to the crickets and the occasional cry of a distant heron and have been untroubled by the consciousness of any passage of time.

I learned that this Library Club had been the oldest in the West Indies, founded about three quarters of a century ago. It had long ceased to exist, and no one ever disturbed the quietness of the gradual dissolution of this admirable collection of old works. I walked slowly back, thinking of the strange contrast between what I had seen and the unlovely, commercialized buildings along the street. I was startled from my reverie by the challenge of the sentry, and for a moment could not think what to answer. I had well-nigh forgotten my own personality in the vividness of the stately early Victorian atmosphere.

Long after the Colony House dog had noisily announced the beginning of

his nocturnal feast, I lay behind my net poring over the *Memoirs of the Lady Hester Stanhope, as related by herself in conversations with her physician, comprising her opinions and anecdotes of some most remarkable persons*, and I came to the conclusion that by far the most remarkable of them all was Lady Hester herself.

Berbice, we were told by residents elsewhere, was behind the times. I found it up to date, colonially speaking, and, indeed, possessing certain ideas and ideals which might advantageously be dispersed throughout the colony. But New Amsterdam, with all its commercial hardness of outline and sordid back streets, flashed out in strangely atavistic touches now and then; a sort of quintessence of out-of-dateness which no inhabitant suspected, and which was incapable of legislative change. First, there were the hoatzins, hinting of æons of years ago; then, the library, which preserved so perfectly the atmosphere of our great grandparents. And now, as I left the compound of Colony House in the early morning, I watched with fascination a coolie woman bearing a great bundle of loosely bound faggots on her head. As she walked, they kept dropping out, and instead of leaning down or squatting and so endangering the equilibrium of all the rest, she simply shifted her weight to one foot, and felt about with the other. When it encountered the fallen stick, the big toe uncannily separated and curled about it, and she instantly bent her knee, passed up the stick to her hand and thence to the bundle again. It surpassed anything I have seen among savages — the hand-like mobility of that coolie woman's toes. And I thought that, if she was a woman of Simla or of the Western Ghats, then my belief in the Siwalik origin of mankind was irrevocable!

It seemed as if I could not escape from the spell of the past. I walked down to a dilapidated stelling to photograph a mob of vultures, and there found a small circle of fisherfolk cleaning their catch. They were wild-looking negroes and coolies, half-naked, and grunting with the exertion of their work. A glance at the fish again drove me from Berbice into ages long gone by. Armored catfish they were, reminiscent of the piscine glories of Devonian times — uncouth creatures, with outrageously long feelers and tentacles, misplaced fins, and mostly ensconced in bony armor, sculptured and embossed with designs in low relief. I watched with half-closed eyes the fretted shadows of the palms playing over the glistening black bodies of the men, and the spell of the strange fish seemed to shift the whole scene centuries, tens of centuries, backward.

The fish, attractive in the thought suggested by their ancient armor, were quite unlovely in their present surroundings. Piles of them were lying about in the hot sun, under a humming mass of flies, awaiting their unhurried transit to the general market. When the fishermen had collected a quantity of heads, apparently the chief portions considered inedible, these were scraped off the stelling to the mud beneath. At this there arose a monstrous hissing and a whistle of wings, and a cloud of black vultures descended with a rush and roar from surrounding roofs and trees.

While watching and photographing them, I saw an antithesis of bird-life such as I had never imagined. The score of vultures fought and tore and slid about in the black noisome mud exposed by the low tide. Sometimes they were almost back downward — fairly slithering through the muck to seize some shred of fish, hissing venomously; and at last spreading filthy, mud-dripping pinions to flap heavily away a few

paces. In disgust at the sight and sound and odor, I started to turn back, when, in the air just above the fighting mass, within reach of the flying mud, poised a hummingbird, clean and fresh as a rain-washed blossom. With cap of gold and gorget of copper, this smallest, most ethereal, and daintiest of birds hung balanced just above the most offensive of avian sights. My day threatened to be one of emotion instead of science.

Berbice vouchsafed one more surprise, a memory from the past which appeared and vanished in an instant. One of the most delightful of men was taking me out to where the hoatzins lived. We went in his car, which, and I use his own simile, was as truly a relic as anything I have mentioned. I have been in one-horse shays. I have ridden for miles in a Calcutta gharry. I was now in a one-cylinder knockabout which in every way lived up to its name. It was only after a considerable time that I felt assured that the mud-guards and wheels were not on the point of leaving us. When I had also become accustomed to the clatter and bang of loose machinery I was once more able to look around. I had become fairly familiar with the various racial types of Guiana, and with some accuracy I could distinguish the more apparent strains. Halfway through the town we passed three girls, one a coolie, the second dominantly negroid, while the third showed the delicate profile, the subtle color, the unmistakable physiognomy of a Syrian. She might have posed for the finest of the sculptures on a Babylonian wall. I turned in astonishment to my host, who explained that years ago some Syrian pedlers had come this way, remained, prospered, and sent for their wives. Now their children had affiliated with the other varied types — affiliated in language and ideas perhaps, but not, in one case at least, at the expense of purity of facial lineament of race.

III

As I have said, success with the hoatzins came swiftly and completely. We had discovered a few nests with young birds of just the right age and in positions which left nothing to be desired. Yet when a jovial Scotch manager came with news that one of his coolies knew of colonies of hundreds of breeding *anaquas*, we decided to take the whole of the proverbial cake instead of being satisfied with our generous slice. So we made all preparations and left Colony House early one morning.

To be equal to the occasion we went in full force, with two servants, an Indian and a black, and an automobile full of duffle, guns, nets to catch the young birds, glasses, notebooks, game-bags, and ropes. As usual it poured in torrents at daybreak but cleared somewhat as we started. A reckless Creole driver hurled our tiny Ford through deep puddles and around corners, and we rocked and skidded and splashed, and were forever just grazing coolies and their carts.

A land of a thousand surprises! We stopped a moment at the lunatic asylum to borrow an axe, and it was presently brought to us by a smiling, kindly old coolie inmate, who kept murmuring Hindustani to himself. As we drove on, a gigantic black man appeared on the ridgepole of the highest building and, stark naked, rushed aimlessly back and forth, stamping gleefully on the corrugated iron, and chanting as he stamped. We gazed on the axe and for once did not chide the driver in his reckless progress.

With relief we reached the bridge, where our Scotch friend had kindly provided mule, rope, boat, and coolies. We waited for a while, but as the downpour showed no signs of abating, we

started on one of the wildest, weirdest journeys I have ever taken. The trench was narrow and deep, the boat was overladen, the banks were erratic, the mule was fractious, and the coolies were extremely unskillful. For the first half-mile the trench was crowded with great dreadnaughts of iron cane-boats, wholly irresponsible in position and movements. In places our speed caused a troubling of the water far ahead, and this now and again swung a cane-barge directly across our path. Again and again the stern of our boat would develop a sentient mind of its own and swirl ahead. Then followed a chorus of yells at the mule-boy, and a nervous half-rising in the boat, and a still more terrible silence, broken at last by a crash — hollow and echoing if we struck a cane-barge, splintering if against a log or stump. The boat would tip, several gallons of water pour in, and then there became audible our minute and detailed opinions of coolies and mules in general and ours in particular.

Of course every one who came between our mule and the bank had to flee, or else was scraped into the trench by the rope; and we left in our wake knots of discomfited coolie women who had been washing themselves or their clothes and who had to escape at the last moment. Calves were a source of intense excitement, and their gambols and intricate manipulations of our rope would have been highly amusing if the result of each encounter had not been mixed up so acutely with our own fate. I sat crouched down, a water-soaked mound of misery. Miserable, for I was still partly dry, having on the only raincoat, for the purpose of protecting our precious camera. Water ran up hill that morning, seeking out crevices and button-holes by which to penetrate to my person and to the leather-covered box which was so precious.

Things went better after we made the discovery that we were progressing bow-hindmost. And all the time the rain poured down, and coolie women and girls plodded drearily by to work. We landed finally and, in despair of photography, I cached the camera beneath a slanting tree. Then we began a tramp through all the mud in the world. There is only one place where the mud is deeper and more sticky than by a sugar-plantation trench, and that is on the dividing dikes of a Chinese rice-field. We slipped and slid, and when our shoes became too heavy to lift, we dabbled them in the trench and washed them. In brief intervals of less heavy rain we watched passing herons and hawks, while giant *anis* bubbled and grunted in surprise at our procession.

At last the never-to-be-forgotten hoarse gutturals of hoatzins came to our ears, and dimly through the rain we saw one small branchful of four birds, hunched up with drenched plumage. Two others were posed as rain-worshipers — rufous wings widespread, heads stretched out, welcoming the sheets of water which poured over them. Their wild crests, though sodden and glued together, were still erect, dripping and swaying. We encircled the clump of trees and found deep canals and trenches on all sides. We shot one bird, which, true to its reptilian nature, spread both wings, locked its flight feathers among the twists of a liana tangle, and there hung suspended out of reach.

A strange coolie now appeared out of the mist and promised many, many, many *anaquas* 'not too far' beyond. We shook the wet from our hat-brims, squeezed it from our shoes, and plodded on. The cane-fields seemed never-ending, always separated by lily-covered trenches. Then came half-swampy expanses with scattered trees. Careful search revealed another half-dozen hoatzins, sheltered among the dense foliage of the tallest tree. No nests were

visible, and the rain was so heavy that we could not look upward. In the midst of the vague expanse of this dreary world a rootie spine-tail perched in a tree and sang three notes. We shot him because we could think of no other way at that moment of relieving our feelings. Then we had a reaction, almost hysterical, and the coolies murmured, '*Padliadme*' (madmen), and we laughed again and started homeward. We chaffed the coolies until they were embarrassed; we slid into the deepest holes we could find. We made set speeches on the dampness of sugar-plantations, on tropical weather, and especially on the veracity of the indentured inhabitants of India. It was all as good-naured as it sounded, for, after all, had we not already found the birds ourselves and obtained our notes and photographs?

Then we discussed the psychology of rain and of getting wet, and I arrived at the following conclusions, which are true ones. Once drenched to the skin in the tropics, all discomfort is gone. One simply squdges around in the blissful knowledge that all the mud and water in the world can now arouse no feeling of discomfort. One has simply been translated to a new world of elements, a new cosmos of sensation. And as with most such transmigrations, it is only the shifting which is disagreeable. As long as a shred of clothing is dry, we think of it and worry about it, and endeavor to keep it dry, and shrink from the clammy touch of partly sodden foot-wear. Once we slip into a trench, the rain becomes only a pleasant tapping on one's shoulders, a rhythmical, liquid vibration. With all fear eliminated, water and mud become no more unpleasant than air and earth. So our plantation expedition, like Gaul, may be divided into three parts: first, a thrilling, dangerous, expectant phase; a brief second period of thoroughly disappointing revelation; third, a jolly, unscientific, and wholly hilarious finale. These are the trips which no explorer or traveler mentions, because there are no tangible returns. But it is seldom that any expedition, however barren of direct results, cannot be made to yield some viewpoint of interest.

The sun had just risen when the little ferryboat left the stelling on its way to the railway station on the opposite bank of the river. Half of the jungle across the Berbice was dark, dark green, almost black, with a fragment of rainbow hung obliquely above it, tangled in blue-black clouds. A little way upriver the level sun's rays struck fairly, and the rounded, cloud-like billows of foliage were of palest sage-green. Our shore was all one blatant glare, flooded already with the violent light of a tropical day. Against the black Berbice cloud a hundred fork-tailed flycatchers flashed and vanished alternately, as they swerved and careened. Steadily across its threatening face was drawn a single line of scarlet — a score of ibises glowing like the essence of rubies.

THE SECOND COMING OF ART

BY RALPH ADAMS CRAM

I

THE title is a challenge. There are those who will say, 'How can you talk of art, while hell establishes its dominion over all the world; while millions of lives are being crushed out under the reeking wheels of a new Juggernaut; while old art is crumbling under the red blast of insane devastation; while civilization itself is vanishing before our eyes? How can you talk of art, when there is nothing in the world but blood and tears, and the dominion of a blind and hateful savagery?'

Others will say, 'How can you talk of a second coming of art since we ourselves, if memory runs to the space of a generation, have seen art break down in shameful degeneration until it disappeared in the murk of silly substitutions? We have seen the arts degraded and debased, as sometimes has happened before, but also we have seen them end, as never has happened before. And this while civilization was at its highest point; while wealth and luxury, ease and plenty were supreme, and our triumph over the forces of nature, our emancipation from the theological, philosophical, political, and social heritage of the past, were of a degree that made this same past but a sequence of linked events in the Dark Ages. Since art died under this victory, that now reveals itself as ignominious defeat, how can you talk of art as a future possibility, while the world we have built falls in ruins around us, and beyond a peace now infinitely far away lies only the long nightmare of international bankruptcy and universal hate?'

With both these positions I have some sympathy; but in spite of the truths they express, — indeed, because of them, — I say that never before has there been a greater hope for the future of art, just as never before was there an era so inimical (and ultimately fatal) to art as our own 'Age of Progress and Enlightenment.'

Is there any one in the whole civilized world, is there any one even in the Teutonic Empires themselves, who does not know that we are in the midst of a world-change that means the definitive downfall of all that that same century of Enlightenment has stood for, and the coming in of a new era as different as Mediævalism was from the Dark Ages, as the Renaissance from Mediævalism? It is true that all the arts perished *as vital forces* between 1780 and 1914; some early and suddenly, as architecture, some lingeringly and late, as music and poetry; none, however, passed the magical, if arbitrary, barrier of the twentieth century, and when we hailed its coming we welcomed a century in which, so long as it continued on the course predetermined for it, art could have no place.

And now, before the ending of its first quarter, the doom of this century is sealed. Instead of being the progressive and splendid fruition of the nineteenth century, it becomes that universal battlefield whereon is destined to perish more than armies, more than the hoarded wealth of nations. It is

the death-bed of an epoch of five centuries. The war came that we might see shaken before us, for our shame and our humiliation, the things we had followed with a fatuous devotion, now revealed in all their sordid character; that we might make our choice between opposed ideals and methods, and so determine for ourselves whether the next era was to be a new and better Renaissance or a new and more terrible Dark Ages; that we might reëstimate our religion, philosophy, and conduct of life, and, if we were wise, establish a new standard of comparative values. The war came that the world might be made over, in every large and every little thing; and so it is happening even as it was ordained. Already we have come to look on all things with different eyes. Our cosmos swiftly disintegrates into its original chaos. The only thing that still remains fixed is the conviction that when the war is over it will leave, for those who survive to inherit it, a different world, and one as widely severed from its predecessor of our earlier memory, as was the era of the Dark Ages from that of Imperial Rome.

Now this catastrophic process of change has already made futile the word 'contemporary,' in so far as this implies anything approaching generality, in every category of life. Dogmas crumble, convictions give way, principles are in dizzy flux; even the dissolving groups that two years ago gave a semblance of coördination now resolve themselves into their component parts, and there is nothing contemporaneous save chaos.

Because, therefore, the next epoch must be absolutely different from the one now sinking to its ghastly close, we may take heart of hope since, while the new estate of the world may be worse than the last, it may also be better, and the decision lies in our hands. It is inconceivable that millions of lives have been given in vain; inconceivable that by some treaty written on a 'scrap of paper' we shall return to the *status quo* and all will go on as before; inconceivable that we shall learn nothing of the lesson now set us, and that therefore we shall act as Rome acted under the assaults of the Germanic barbarians, until one war after another destroys even the memory of modern civilization, and once more the Dark Ages settle on the world for another five centuries. The blood of the battle-fields of Europe has not been spilled in vain, but for the saving of nations; and they shall be saved. So the old succession will be restored, and after this unhappy episode of the last century the sequence will be reëstablished and life once more take on that quality which will express its best in the form of art.

II

In considering the possible new art we deal with differences. What may be will not come into being because of any acceleration, any intensification of what immediately has been, but because that, whatever its nature, has been cut short, and something wholly new has taken its place. Here is our only hope for culture and civilization as well as for art. Clearly we cannot enter on a detailed consideration of those vast and far-reaching changes that must come in the whole body of our thought and action and theory, for this would take, not an essay, but a volume. We can, however, consider our contemporary ideals, or rather prejudices, in the arts, and so deduce some conclusions as to the line the changes must follow.

But how shall we speak of 'contemporary' ideals in art? There were such prior to the first of August, 1914, perhaps, though their name was legion, their antagonism conspicuous, and it

would require courage to attribute to some of them ideal quality. There may be such again; indeed, there must be, if history continues except as the drab annals of barbarism. But what of today, of this purgatorial period now two years old that intervenes between one definite epoch and another, yet is in itself but an interlude of destruction? Of course, in those vain lands of the neuters of Laodicea, where the war is a word and a rumor only and a cause of riches and a pretext for much writing, the 'ideals,' if we may call them such, of what was held to be art in the old days before the great change began, still maintain a pale continuance. We know, however, that they would vanish at the first breath of reality, at the first touch of action, and they need hardly detain us with the tale of their own insecurity. Elsewhere, in those lands where the future is being forged on the red-hot anvils of the present, there is no art, no 'contemporary' ideals of art, nor should there be any until the miracle of regeneration is accomplished. Art is not a product, but a by-product; not an achievement, but a result; and there are greater things in the making than architectural styles or schools of painting and sculpture and modes of verse and music and drama. Of course these will come when the greater things are accomplished; but while a world is being made over and races redeemed by fire and sword and the red testing of souls, it is well to keep silence as to art and its theories: the sad recording of the progressive destruction of the art-records of a dishonored past is enough.

For ourselves and for the time being, this unfortunately does not hold: we are denied our part in the great *Opus Dei*, isolated on our peak in Darien while we await the issue of the heroism and the sacrifice of a world from which we are told to stand aloof. We may then, if we like, engage in our own speculations as to the quality of the ideals that have passed, and more profitably perhaps as to the new ideals that must assert themselves through the great purging of the world.

If we take our question in this sense, it is easier of handling than would have been the case two years ago, for the conflagration of the world lights up the past that was once our present with a spiritual X-ray that leaves nothing hid, while it reveals something of a possible future, invisible, unpredicable, before. What, then, were those 'ideals' of art, contemporary with the last decade of what is now an ended era? Wherein were they different from those that preceded them? Wherein must those that come to take their place differ in their turn? If we can find plausible answers, we have in a way answered the query as to contemporary ideals, for it is the mingling of the two, the passing old, the coming new, that makes up our ideals of the moment, giving them that confusion, that intricate conflict, that must inevitably mark this time of infinite and inestimable change.

When, on that fateful day in July, 1914, Prussia cast her sword into the scales and war was unloosed over the world, a century had passed since the art ideals of man had changed completely and for the first time in history. Hitherto art had been an instinct, an inevitable accompaniment of civilization, while the artist himself had been a kind of mouthpiece, an agent of his own folk, a better craftsman than they and therefore put forward to do admirably what they could only have done indifferently. From now on he was to be a creature apart, in the world but not of it, a being blighted by that eldest curse, the 'artistic temperament,' a chartered libertine in emotions and ideas, whose popularity depended on surprise, and the content of whose work was distinguished by its aloofness from

the world. It is true that this tendency had been growing for four other centuries, ever since that enthusiastic *junta* of self-conscious amateurs created the Renaissance in art out of their own fertile consciousness, and imposed it on a world very well content, on the whole, with the older ways. The art of the Middle Ages was the last spontaneous and popular art, but even if it fell before the plausible propaganda of the Italian enthusiasts, the old instinct held; the new art did express to admiration the qualities of the new culture, and in a little it also became the art of a converted people; and so it remained, century after century, passing through many vicissitudes, slowly losing its momentum, yielding to increasing personality and greater and greater differentiation, disappearing at last just as the new civilization of industrialism, intellectualism, and materialism began that amazing progress which, energized by science and justified by *laissez-faire* evolutionary philosophy, was to control and direct all the physical, mental, and spiritual activities of man for, lo! these hundred years.

There was nothing fortuitous in this, nothing escapable. The premeditation and artificiality of the Renaissance could have had no other issue, while the new culture of materialism was bound to produce a way of life, a tendency in thought, and a material and spiritual environment comprehensively inimical to art of every kind; and with the synchronizing of these two developments, plus the final sterilization of religion through the later manifestations of the Reformation, the last flicker of the old and wholesome art ideal passed, and for the future the artist was to be the rebel and the outlaw.

From 1820 to 1830 comes an interregnum here in America, with no art either of the old mode or the new, and then personality ramps into view, and the artist of individualism begins to assert himself. Now it is a matter of personal followings, or even of personal activity without any followings, architecture leading off, as usual, with Neo-Grec, Neo-Gothic, Neo-Italian modes, to be followed fifty years later by strange and novel conceits gathered from England, Southern France, Paris, Colonial America, until at last the historic echoes die away and the individuals alone remain — strong personalities which, by the very force of their individualism, have made *themselves*, not the styles they had annexed, the centres of influence.

For a time the other arts lagged behind, holding by the last fringes of tradition, formalized, conscientious, more or less decrepit, with here and there a Sargent, a St. Gaudens, a McDowell, a McKim, to mark unwonted heights of sporadic mastery. Then, with the new century, individualism comes with a rush, and the anarchy and nihilism fostered in Europe take control, chiefly in painting and poetry, with *art nouveau*, impressionism, cubism, *vers libre*, occupying the place left vacant by an art that died: a new thing, not art at all, but interesting as an exhibition of what the new type of culture produced as its own expression — ostentatiously rebellious against scientific and intellectual materialism, but as integral a part of it as Christian Science, vocational education, and the 'movies.'

By the beginning of the century, then, architecture had settled down into certain definite followings. Gothic had superseded Romanesque and was used generally for churches without distinction of creed, Protestants and Unitarians,[1] who were wholly averse to the re-

[1] The author's expression is unusual, and a query from the *Atlantic* brought the following explanation. 'I wish to discriminate here and I think I can do so on a historic basis of fact. Protestants believe that Christ was God; Uni-

ligion that had created it, showing it greater favor than Roman Catholicism, to which it belonged by right of parentage. Colonial had risen above its earlier vagaries in the submerged eighties, and was the established domestic style in the country and the suburbs, dividing also the field of education with Gothic. Parisian of the best variety was the thing for city residences, also for the housing of finance, and excellently did it do its work. Commercial architecture was anything that offered, so far as style was concerned. At best it was rather brilliantly logical, though now and then a Venetian palace was doubled in scale and used for a shop, or mechanically reproduced 'Gothic' detail was applied to the steel frame of a skyscraper. Carnegie libraries developed their own type of intimate expression in a stereotyped classic, as did Christian Science; while in the extreme West the 'mission style' (of the same type as the 'mission furniture' made in Grand Rapids) slowly gave place to a new and unheard-of mode that was as engaging in its fantasy as it was unsusceptible of denomination.

Vagarious as it all was, there appears to have been a genuine ideal running through it all, and that was, to do each style intelligently and well. This is a good ideal so far as it goes. The success or failure depended on the individual, and as the last generation was able to count some scores of singularly gifted architects, success, when it came, was often notably distinguished. But the point is that it was the architect that counted. The public contributed nothing, the scheme of life worked as a deterrent, and the client simply wanted the most he could get for his money.

tarians do not. Therefore, in justice to both, the fact should be recorded that there is a difference.' The moment does not seem opportune to initiate the debate which the assertion challenges in certain quarters. — The Editors.

Now, before we pass to other arts, let us distinguish. It is impossible to speak exactly of 'contemporary' ideals in art, even when they exist, simply because this phrase does not recognize the new position of the artist as a rebel rather than as an exponent. The ideals of the public are one thing, those of the artist are quite another. One of the astonishing things is the manner in which these artists in revolt have been able to impose their will on the people. The improvement of taste between 1880 and 1915 was due solely to the artists themselves and to the compelling force they brought to bear on society. They did an amazing work, and even if of late it has been breaking down as rapidly as it was built up, still the fact remains that for a time they were successful, and the credit should be theirs.

In speaking of ideals, therefore, we must sometimes refer to those of the generality of men, — stock-brokers, financiers, politicians, scientists, men of big business and men of little business, — sometimes to the artists themselves, since at last modern civilization had achieved its perfect work, and the two were severed by a chasm only to be bridged by purely commercial relations.

III

The case of painting was peculiar. The fine old tawny school of early portraiture passed with its Colonial architecture, and when a few began to paint again after some fifty years, we had, representing the ideals of the public, the J. G. Brown and Bierstadt cult; representing the ideals of the painter, Hunt, Fuller, Inness. In the latter category the output was small and fine, and, of course, purely individual, with no possible relationship to the era in which it was produced. Then with a rush came the flood of painters, pouring out of the art schools and into the

exhibitions. The quality of their product was what might have been expected from its source and its destination.

It was during this era that I served my apprenticeship as art critic, and I shall never forget my amazement when the first of the Pre-Raphaelite pictures began to filter into America. It was like the first hearing of Wagner under Theodore Thomas (may his name be praised!), which occurred about the same time. Somehow a link was suddenly forged with the great past, and art schools, art clubs, art exhibitions, and art criticism vanished into thin air. But Pre-Raphaelitism died in its early youth, and in the home of its birth the Royal Academy resumed its sway.

In America painting went on much as before, only more copiously, until the progressive mechanization of life manifested itself in æsthetics. The whole matter of 'subject,' so pleasing at one time, fell into desuetude, and in technique alone, in clever manipulation of brush and paint, in crafty exposition of light and shade and atmosphere, was salvation to be found. Then in the latter days, on the very eve of Armageddon, came over to us the anarchy of Europe, one preposterous absurdity after another, fruit of a righteous, if riotous, rebellion against Salon and Royal Academy, and Fifth Avenue seethed with heresy and schism. What might have happened no one knows, nor does it matter; the war broke in the midst of the invasion, and now again comes an interregnum, a marking time until light comes again. Painters paint as before, but it is all unreal, uncertain, indeterminate. Something will happen; what, no one dares to say; but all know that the world is being made over, and until this desirable end is accomplished they continue their watchful waiting.

The record of sculpture is not very different: there was, first of all, the cult of Canova, of the Greek-Slave type and the Jove-like Washington in his stony toga; this was followed by the equestrian-statue period (still with us in all its ramping mediocrity), and then, in the midst of bronze and granite 'favorite sons,' with their trousers and chin-whiskers, came the quite unexpected phenomenon of St. Gaudens, French, MacMonnies, and the appearance of isolated masterpieces such as the Bacchante, the Minute Man, the Farragut; greatest of all, and one of the great sculptures of all time, the shrouded figure in Rock Creek Cemetery. Here again it was all pure individualism, the creations of men aloof from their kind, working out their own dreams and visions far from Wall Street and Pittsburg, from mills and stores and technical schools. The public gave answer now and then, sometimes with enthusiasm, then turned back to their trades, while no school grew up to carry on what might have become a tradition had there been behind it the push of a people instead of the vision of genius born out of due time.

Then, in the last decade, came in the new anarchy from Europe — not to achieve a following, for we have at least the saving sense of humor, but to break down the smug self-complacency that had become a mode, and open up still unexplored reaches of individualism. Now it is every man for himself and his newly discovered, if not patented, style: archaic Greek, French Gothic, Egyptian, Hindoo, Siamese, heaven knows what not, much of it undeniably clever, all of it ramping with isolated individualism. For one thing, it is different without being Rodinesque or Cubist, and it gives relief from the stereotyped and at the same time frenzied search for some new and improbable pose into which the nude female form might be contorted without too great violence to anatomy. Again we pause and await the issue.

As for music and drama, there is little to say that is creditable to our generation. Here the will of the people has entered to determine the supply, for that same people, docile before architecture, painting, and sculpture, knows in these other two arts exactly what it likes and it will take no other. It does not like good music or good drama, and its desires here are continually degenerating. There is a certain group in almost every great city, that makes Symphony orchestras and Philharmonic concerts possible, because it really loves good music; but it is not a large public and its finances are limited, so the clamor of the far larger public that wants musical comedy and gets it, puts a premium on just that sort of thing, to the general exclusion of music itself. The same is true of religious music. Who is there who wants plain-song or Russian choirs when he can have quartettes with their heads together breathing obvious harmonies, choir-boys in serried and cherubic, if strident, ranks, or, better still, men, boys, women, and girls, all in cassocks and cottas and all singing in accordance with the nineteenth-century ideal of what constituted an 'uplifting musical service' in the standard type of English cathedral. Organists with ingenious instruments too big for them and their churches, given by sentimental millionaires, and tempting to a plausible virtuosity; choir-masters whose ambition outruns their discretion, join in the full-voiced chorus, and the holy chant of St. Ambrose, St. Gregory, and the Eastern Church gives up the battle.

The drama? We never had much of it, properly speaking, so far as original work is concerned, but we did have great actors, and during the latter half of the nineteenth century our people loved good plays, admirably acted. Most of us can remember the time when the great cities had many theatres offering the noblest work, and crowded to the doors. Now, in the last ten years, all is changed. Good art has wholly passed except when a master from England or France comes among us in his declining years to give those 'farewell performances' that mark his withdrawal from active life, and the ending of a great era of dramatic art. The taste of the Tired Business Man is now the standard and the directing cause of whatever is produced; and whenever his fancy rises a degree above the silly and the humorously salacious, it soars only into the dubious realm of pathology plus pornography. No catastrophe so complete, no *débâcle* so humiliating has ever been recorded in any art in so brief a space of time.

IV

So one might deal with the other major arts, and equally with the minor arts. In the case of the first we find the same dying-out of the old tradition, the swerving toward a descriptive and circumstantial realism, the entrance of absolute and very varied personality in rebellion against the obvious and the static, and, finally, the insane emphasis on surprise, nihilism, the bizarre and *outré*, the passion for making people 'sit up.' So it is in poetry, which has sunk in its *vers libre* as far from the eternal standards of art as the drama itself. The whole element of craftsmanship has gone, and 'personality,' the 'artistic temperament,' the 'personal equation,' have risen supreme above law and have returned nearer and nearer to the formless and gelatinous consistency of the primal and undifferentiated plasm or ooze.

For a time it looked as though the Arts-and-Crafts movement promised a certain rehabilitation of some of the fundamental principles of decent art. Appalled by the shocking estate of our

industrial arts, a few enthusiasts attempted the forlorn hope which once fired that great seer William Morris; but in a very few years the possibilities of commercial exploitation were too patent, and the original idea was forgotten. 'Arts and Crafts' has now become the name, not of a method, but of a style. The commercial product that bears the name is purely mechanical in its genesis: the department stores send it broadcast: it can be acquired through 'mail orders,' and another chapter is closed. Yet not wholly. Out of the great failure have emerged a few true craftsmen, men and women who are blood-brothers and sisters of the great craftsmen of the old days — Kirchmayer, Koralewski, Mercer, Yellin, Stone, Miss Perry, Miss Barton, and others I cannot catalogue. They are still faithful to the great ideal, but it is as individuals, as isolated protests against the common run of things, that they exist, and in themselves they demonstrate the gulf that has opened between the old art of public expression and the new art of personal protest.

I do not think this is an unfair estimate of the vicissitudes of art in America. While it is hardly flattering, it is not unlike what was happening in the rest of the world, if we except the really great Victorian epoch of poetry in England, and the last days of German music when Wagner and Brahms marked the end of a notable era of national musical expression. In Russia and Poland, it is true, the first decade of the century saw the appearance of great composers who were exponents of a racial spirit and a national ideal; but it would be hard to find elsewhere art, no matter how able its author, that was other than a personal expression, and this in revolt against the ways and works and ideals of the time.

Nothing else was possible, since an equal change, an almost identical reversal, had taken place in life, so that the last century, during which these changes have had their full fruition, stands almost in a category by itself, cut off from past history by a breach that has severed all lines of continuity and succession. In a life such as this art does not and cannot exist. Either we are to see a continuance of these novel conditions and adapt ourselves to a life in which art has no part, or the era ends, return is made to earlier ways, and in a new phase of life, regenerated, purified, and reëstablished on wholesome lines, we may await the coming again of that art that always has performed its due and necessary part, and always will when life runs on sane and well-adjusted lines.

This is the problem offered us through the war, and on the answer we give rests the future of the world. There is no compulsion placed upon us: we are not forced to learn the lesson, nor are we controlled as to the answer we give. For my part I have no doubt of the answer. Out of this terrible testing of souls will come a great regeneration, and what we have called modern civilization will be taken in hand, curbed, chastened, transmuted, and made over into a thing of great potential beneficence. I admit that such a revolution in the essential nature of things hitherto universally accepted staggers the imagination, but nothing less in magnitude could come from a cataclysm such as this that now wracks the world, and wrecks it that it may be made over anew. How long the task may take is another of the impenetrable mysteries. It may be a decade, it may be a generation, a century — even the long weariness, as once before, of five hundred years of Dark Ages. Again, all depends on us — on our decision, on our action, on the vision we win of ultimate and final values, on our ability to confess our sins, to acknowledge our wicked-

ness, to make amends through the penance always exacted for ill deeds. As once before, in a cathedral in the city of Rheims, the words are spoken: 'Bow thy proud head, Sicambrian; destroy what thou hast worshiped, worship what thou hast destroyed!'

With the great work of repentance and renunciation accomplished, we shall see at once the slow but glad coming back of vital ideals in art. No longer will the artist be the man in revolt, the voice crying in the wilderness, the pathetic speculator in his own emotions, the coiner of his soul into commodities others would buy for a price. After many days he will return to his true position, an exponent of what all would say, but saying it better than they because he adds to a vision that is clearer but not different in nature, a craftsmanship they have not been able to attain.

Art is after all only a kind of symbolical expression, through beauty in all its forms, of the highest things that exist, and the impulse to such expression lies not in personal incentive but in the communal push of the community, the nation, the race. It was this that made the art of the past. Pheidias was what Hellas made him, not what he made himself. The builders of St. Sophia were not rebels, but servants of a people passionately devoted to beauty. The master-builders of Chartres and Rheims and Westminster, the creators of the Arthurian poems, the writers of the great Latin hymns, the makers of the marvelous church-glass, were but mouthpieces of their own people, clamant trumpets proclaiming what all the world would say, but only they could say so that the world would understand.

To this we shall return, for our eyes are being opened and we are seeing things as they are. Europe already is learning: Belgium through her immortal sacrifice and martyrdom, dying that others might live, France through a heroism and a self-consecration that have lifted her to a pinnacle where she shines a beacon of hope and of glory to all people, all nations, all generations. England is learning through the self-earned humiliations that are coming upon her. Germany will learn through punishment and retribution. And we ourselves? What is the answer here? Can we look into our own souls and say that the lesson is being taken to heart? We can see hope and salvation for victors and vanquished, but unless we can see it for ourselves, make this hope and this salvation ours, as they are offered us now, freely and without price, then for us the lesson will be set again, and a second time it will not be offered us freely, for we shall pay the same price, and in the same coin, that others are paying now.

When we looked on art as an amenity of life; when we thought of it as a pleasant luxury to be produced by intensive and scientific methods of education, and acquired by commercial means to selfish and vainglorious ends, we gauged our ideals exactly. If out of the war comes knowledge of this folly and such a revelation of what is worth having and worth fighting for as gives us back a life out of which art grows naturally and joyfully, instead of by violence and artifice, then the price paid will not be too high, for with it we shall have bought for ourselves a new world that is a real world and not a delusion of efficiency.

The end of the art which, through many vicissitudes, had accompanied man from the earliest moments of history, was, in a word, viciousness: in the painting of crazy *isms*, in the architecture and crafts called *l'art nouveau*, in the drama of Broadway and the 'movies,' in the music of Strauss and Schönberg and their like, viciousness, deliberate and bold, covering its technical

incapacity with the cloak of esoteric superiority. It was time that it was destroyed, time also that what made it possible — the modern civilization that reached its height in the first decade of the twentieth century — was also destroyed by the blind purgation of universal war.

Now we will go back, in order that we may go on when the world is made new again after the awful readjustment is completed. Wealth and plenty and efficiency and peace have failed as they have always failed to produce art-bearing conditions. We shall not be troubled by these in the future. We shall have our chance to try what hard, clean poverty will make possible — a poverty that will be such only in material things, for under a new righteousness, a sane philosophy, a restored religious sense, it will become the creator of character, the director and guardian of clean, hard, wholesome, and joyful life. All the great art of the past has grown out of life such as this, even though its loftiest reaches came just after the primal impulse had begun to fail, and corruption of manners and morals had set in. If the war does its work, we may hope for the same again, and so hoping we see the dawn of a new day for art.

Is it necessary to rehearse the details of the new art, to analyze its methods, to specify its ideals? No, only to look back at what art has been when it was great and learn from that; for in its content, in its ideals, in its modes of operation, art does not change, however great may be its variety of manifestations.

There are three fundamental reversals of all that has been held of the personal art of the immediate past, so salient, so obvious, that at least they may be named, if only for the purpose of linking up the new that is to be with the old that has ceased in the last two years. The art of the future will be an art of beauty, and this beauty will be what it always has been, from the sculptors of Egypt to St. Gaudens, from the master-builders of the Parthenon to Alberti, from the painters of Hellas to Burne-Jones, from Homer to Browning, from King David to Brahms. A definite, real, and changeless thing, not the insolent assertions of myopia, astigmatism, and color-blindness. No new cubist or post-impressionist or imagist can then claim that ugliness is beauty, because a sane society will not tolerate him. Beauty comes back because it will come again into life and thought, and men will therefore know it when they see it.

The art of the future will be an art of craftsmanship, of supreme ability on the part of the artist to do what he does as a master of craft — as a workman, not as a charlatan. All great art has been this: the exquisite craft of the hand, trained and competent, after the hard labor of achieving proficiency, directed by the sane mind at the impulse of the clear vision. The so-called art of the epoch just ended was a thing of specious assumptions; the sculptor's chisel was handed over to the mechanical stone-cutter or to the ingenious machine; the master-builder became the gentlemanly architect with his office full of draughtsmen and emissaries of the perfectly organized construction company. The poet who could not master the intricate methods of verse-making, and could neither feel rhythm nor discover rhymes, invented a new and slovenly method that resembled poetry only in the arbitrary length of its lines: the musician too lazy and too dull to master the art of Bach and Wagner and Brahms took refuge in cacophony from the inevitable results of his indolence. But art is also craft. There is never one without the other, when we deal with art that has lived or will live. The effort has been made to substitute tem-

perament for good workmanship, and the effort has signally failed.

Finally, the new art will be the expression of the best in a community, a people, or a race, not the personal exposition of individualism. The artist himself and his idiosyncratic views of things are matters of small moment. When society is organized on wholesome lines, when there is communal self-consciousness, sound philosophy, authoritative and universally accepted religion, and a moving spirit of righteousness in the world, then spiritual energy is generated in men, and it expresses itself through the craftsman and the artist. Out of anarchy comes order, out of war regeneration, out of suffering redemption, and the chaotic and centrifugal society of the nineteenth century gives place to its antithesis — the society that follows war's end.

Here then are the three marks of the new art that is also the old — Beauty, Craftsmanship, Universality; the three points in which our own art most signally failed. When we see their first evidences among the artists of our own time, we shall know that the battle has been won, the eternal enemy beaten back, and a beginning made toward the discovery of an old heaven and the building of a new earth.

ALCOHOL AND HUMAN EFFICIENCY

BY EUGENE LYMAN FISK

I

In a preceding article, we sought to establish from reliable data the fact that upon the mind and body alike alcohol, even in small regular doses, must exercise a depressing and degenerative effect. Let us now inquire to what extent the experiments in the Nutrition Laboratory confirm these findings, and whether or not any new evidence, either for or against alcohol, has been elicited by the latest methods of research with all the formidable armamentarium of the modern psychological laboratory.

Twelve subjects were used in these tests, two of whom were psychopathic; but the results found in the psychopaths were separated from the totals of the other findings and grouped for special study. The psychological programme, carried out by the Nutrition Laboratory with the coöperation of Dr. Wells, covered the following investigations: —

First, an investigation of a very simple reflex mechanism at the lowest level of the spinal cord, the patellar reflex or knee-jerk, elicited by sharply striking the tendon of the knee just below the knee-pan. Even in this simple experiment minute and delicate precautions were taken to control the test. The blow was administered by a magnetically released pendulum-percussion hammer, the reaction being recorded in a Blix-Sandeström kymograph, run at a rate of 100 millimetres per second. The variations in the reactions are recorded to a thousandth of a second.

The normal subjects were selected with care as individuals of average habits, temperate users of alcohol, apparently free from any peculiar susceptibility or resistance to its effects.

The alcohol was administered in two separate doses, 'A,' or 30 cubic centimetres, and 'B,' or 45 cubic centimetres, well diluted and its flavor disguised in various ways to avoid the effect of suggestion.

Summing up the results of the test, it was found that alcohol in the doses given produced a marked depression of the patellar reflex as shown in a decreased response, or a slower response, or both. As in all such tests, there were wide individual departures from the average, but the data on the whole unequivocally support the conclusion. The latent time of response was increased 10 per cent, and the degree of thickening of the muscles decreased 46 per cent. In fact, so extreme was this effect that it made it impossible to measure the knee-jerk of several subjects after the larger dose 'B.'

The next test was that of the protective eyelid, or wink reflex. This is elicited by a sudden stimulus, such as light or noise. In the experiment the sound stimulus was employed as giving more satisfactory results, and the nicety with which the tests were controlled is evidenced by the fact that artificial eyelashes of uniform length were glued to the eyelids of the subjects, so that the photographic record of the wink, or lid reflex, might be free from error due to the varying length of the subjects' eyelashes. This reflex shows the second largest effect of alcohol, the latent time of response being increased 7 per cent and the extent of the lid movement decreased 19 per cent. This depression, or decreased excitability of the lid reflex varied directly with the dose of alcohol.

Having disposed of these simple reflex mechanisms with very decisive evidence of the effect of moderate doses of alcohol in depressing them, the more complex mechanisms at higher levels of the nervous system were approached: namely (1) eye-reaction to suddenly appearing stimulus, (2) speech-reaction to visual word-stimuli.

Without going into the technical detail of the test, it is sufficient to say that the first test involved the movement of the eyeball in reading typewritten letters on small uniform strips of paper in an exposure apparatus that presented them suddenly to view in one of six possible positions. A photographic camera record of the eye-movement was made.

On this reaction the effect of dose 'A,' 30 cubic centimetres, was an acceleration of response, while dose 'B' frankly depressed the reaction and increased the latent time of response, agreeing with the simpler reaction experiments of Kraepelin to which I have already referred.

The next experiment was on the effect of alcohol on the reaction-time in reading isolated words, a specially devised tachistoscope, or exposure apparatus, being used. The stimulus words and a fixation mark are placed on a rapidly revolving strip, which renders the words illegible until the motion of the strip is suddenly checked, when the exposure of the word is simultaneous in all its parts. Twenty-four words of four letters each were used throughout the year, the entire set being used in each experiment. The subject was required to hold a voice-key to the mouth and speak the words as soon as they appeared, the breaking of an electrical circuit marking exposure and reaction.

Dose 'A' increased the latency of the reaction about 3 per cent in four out of six subjects; but according to Benedict's method of averaging the percentile differences, he regarded the experi-

ment with dose 'A' as showing negative results on the reaction. Dose 'B,' however, showed consistent increase of the latent time of response, and there was a positive depressant effect for both doses of 3 per cent.

The next step was investigation of the highest complication of the reflex mechanism that was considered justified by laboratory methods, that of free association of ideas. In this experiment the stimulus to the reaction is a word spoken by the operator and a response word spoken by the subject — the first word that occurs to him after the stimulus word is spoken. Complicated apparatus is used in this test, which does not require description. The experimenter's comments on these tests are that only very few and small consistent effects were found measurable by available technique.

Tests of the power to memorize were next on the programme. In Kraepelin's and Vogt's experiments on memory methods were employed comparable to the exercise of this function in daily life: for example, in Vogt's, the memorizing of verse, and in Kraepelin's work the continuous memorizing of a series of numbers. The methods employed by the Nutrition Laboratory were in the nature of 'short cuts' applicable to laboratory work and measurable by laboratory technique rather than by subjective impressions — a more mechanical method and one subject to some question as to its complete testimony regarding the probable effect of alcohol on memory processes exercised in daily life, where elements of autogenic reinforcement might be lacking.

The theory of the tests employed is that any saving of time between the reaction-time in responding to the first exposure of a series of words and the reaction-time in responding to a second exposure must be due to the influence of memory. The experimenter admits that words are not usually read during a gradual exposure, certainly not during the kind of exposure employed in the laboratory. While different subjects varied widely in these tests, the total effect of dose 'A' on the group showed no predominating tendency of alcohol. It should be noted that the effect of dose 'B' was not tested, which seems unfortunate.

Next on the program was the Sensory Faradic Threshold, an investigation of the subject's sensitivity to electric stimulation. The so-called threshold to electrical stimulation was, according to the tests, raised 14 per cent by moderate doses; that is, there was decreased sensitivity, which is consistent with the other depressant effects noted.

Eye-movements were selected as the basis of the next test, because simple movements of the eye in fixating seen objects are relatively independent of voluntary control. Photographic recording apparatus similar to that employed for eye-reactions already described was employed, except that two constant fixation marks were used, so placed that in looking from one to another the eye traveled through twenty degrees on either side. On signal the subject is required to look from one point to another, back and forth as rapidly as possible, until the signal to stop is given at the end of five seconds. The velocity of these eye-movements was decreased eleven per cent.

Next in order was the investigation of the influence of alcohol on certain finger-movements. In this test the subject is harnessed to an exceedingly delicate and complicated set of apparatus, including a string galvanometer and an electro-cardiograph for recording the electrical reaction of the heart mechanism. Electro-cardiograms, or the pulse records, as well as the finger-movements, were recorded in this experiment. When the record started, the

operator said, 'Go,' and the subject was required to move the middle finger back and forth as fast as possible until signaled to stop. With all subjects, the speed of this 'reciprocal innervation' of the finger was decreased 9 per cent.

The pulse records taken during these tests developed evidence of considerable importance. There has been much conflict of opinion among physiologists regarding the effect of alcohol on the pulse, but the evidence from these carefully checked experiments with the most delicate modern instruments seems conclusive, and is thus commented upon in the report: 'In view of the large amount of our pulse data and the thoroughness with which it was read and elaborated, we believe that the accelerating tendency of alcohol on the pulse-rate of normal human subjects during moderate mental and physical activity may be regarded as certain. We also believe that the evidence is sufficient to show that such relative acceleration must be referred to a partial paralysis of the cardio-inhibitory centres.' In other words, along with depression and retardation and decreased irritability of a number of related neuro-muscular processes is found an acceleration of the pulse, giving 'a clear indication of decreased organic efficiency, as a result of moderate doses of alcohol.' The 'brake' is taken off the heart, but there is no direct stimulation of the heart-muscle.

II

The question now arises as to what effect this evidence has on alcoholic tradition as established by previous investigations. Unquestionably, the modern view of alcohol as essentially a narcotic is fully supported; but this evidence goes further and fails to disclose any evidence of even partial stimulation of any muscular or organic function. Alcohol is found to be uniformly a depressant.

It is, of course, unthinkable that such positive and definitely depressant effects could seek out only the lower nervous mechanisms and not in any way reach the centres involving the more complex and controlling functions of the cerebro-spinal system. It is postulated by the investigators that the effect on these centres is resisted through their power of 'autogenic reinforcement' — a necessary function of such centres for preservation of the organism through guidance and control of its more important activities. Evidence of such reinforcement was found in the experiments, one subject being able to rouse himself from temporary somnolence and quickly bring up his performance to normal. We frequently see instances of men 'sobering up' under the effect of some shock or sudden demand on their control.

Reasoning along these lines, the investigators say with regard to the effect of 30 cubic centimetres of alcohol in accelerating the eye-reaction, —

'It is not without significance that under almost identical circumstances of a complex "choice" reaction in the process of training, Frankfurther found typewriting errors enormously increased by alcohol, while the speed was occasionally increased. His introspection is not irrelevant: "I had the feeling that the fingers ran faster than I could find the right spot for the stroke. I often struck keys against my will, so that I must voluntarily inhibit the movements in order not to make a mistake at every letter."

'There can be little doubt that, even in small experimental doses, along with and as a part of the general depression, we have clear indications of a paralysis of inhibitory or controlling factors. These may on occasion suffer greater relative depression than the direct

process, as in the pulse. When this depression of controls is combined with a reinforcement caused by the experimental instructions, suitable conditions are provided for the slight reinforcement of reactions that rapidly pass over into depression with slightly larger doses. It seems probable, too, that we have herewith come upon the grounds for a wide variety of effects which are commonly observed in the social use of alcohol, when circumstances give the reinforcement and alcohol reduces the inhibitions.

'Whatever may be the effect in isolated tissue, our data give clear and consistent indications that the apparent alcoholic depression of neuro-muscular processes is a genuine phenomenon that cannot be reduced to the excitation of inhibitory processes; but that, conversely, whenever apparent excitation occurs as a result of alcohol, it is either demonstrably (pulse-rate, reflexes, memory and threshold), or probably (eye-reaction), due to a relatively overbalancing depression of the controlling and inhibitory processes.'

Another interesting and suggestive fact was that the maximum effect of alcohol and the beginning of recovery occurred within the three-hour interval of the experiments. In general it was found that the reflexes recovered first, suggesting the possibility that the partial recovery of the lower centres was due to increasing paralysis of the higher ones.

There is, as the investigations show, a strong discrepancy between their findings and those of the Kraepelin school with regard to the incidence of these depressant effects on the various levels of the nervous system. The simpler neural arcs in the lower levels of the spinal cord are first and most profoundly affected. There is no evidence of acceleration or facilitation of these separate neuro-muscular processes by primary paralysis of the higher inhibitory centres as predicated by Kraepelin, except in the instance of the eye-reaction. Here the effect of 30 cubic centimetres was contrary to that of 45 cubic centimetres, and, as the investigators state, corresponded rather closely with Kraepelin's simple reaction experiments. It is pointed out, however, that at the time of Kraepelin's experiments the conception of all sensory and motor processes as a resultant of complex stimulating and inhibiting factors was not so well established in the psychophysiological tradition as now. So-called 'discrimination' and 'choice' reactions are viewed more as a complex of exciting and controlling tendencies, with great variability in the adequateness and completeness of controls.

We see confirmation of this in the social use of alcohol. Under circumstances of conviviality and relaxation the effect of alcohol on the higher mental processes is not resisted; there is no autogenic reinforcement of these functions and their control is relaxed and exhibits the full narcotic effects of alcohol. But the lower mental and nervous activities are reinforced by suggestion, and we have released tendencies to animal indulgence and foolish uncoördinated acts of mind and muscle, varying in degree according to the amount of indulgence, the susceptibility of the individual, and the character of the environment. These considerations must qualify and govern any implications derived from the laboratory experiments with regard to the slight apparent effect of alcohol on memory and free association.

The 'complex of exciting and controlling tendencies' that may exist in the ordinary environment outside the laboratory, especially under the conditions where alcohol is usually taken, must be reckoned in the total possible effect of alcohol. It seems clear that the

preponderating effect of alcohol is central, and that such local effect as has been shown on isolated muscle, as by Lee's experiments, is overbalanced by its central nervous effects.

Answering the question, 'Is alcoholic depression a conservative process?' the experimenters say, 'The fact of increased heart-rate from a given kind and amount of mental work absolutely prohibits us from regarding the neuromuscular depression incident to alcohol as a conservative process like sleep.'

If we wipe off the slate all previous evidence of the unfavorable effect of moderate doses of alcohol on the human organism, and consider solely this preliminary study of its effects on certain important bodily processes that have to do with safeguarding life, what inferences may we draw from these remarkable experiments, so carefully checked and controlled, as to the total effect of moderate indulgence in alcohol on large masses of men? Is there a scintilla of evidence to support the view that such effect is negative, let alone conservative or beneficial?

Surely not. On the contrary, if we knew nothing of life-insurance statistics and were asked to consider alcohol as a newly discovered drug, these experiments would amply justify the belief that the more or less steady use of the very moderate doses employed in the tests would place the human organism at a disadvantage in the struggle for existence, entirely apart from the well-recognized danger of increasing indulgence, and exposure to manifold destructive agencies.

If alcohol is the key that unlocks the door to the chamber of disease, degeneration and life-failure, we must hold it solely responsible for the results that follow its use. The only safe course is not to use the key. Some individuals may enter the chamber for a little while and escape without noticeable injury; but given two million supposedly sound, healthy men, and let them one after another enter that door, and there can be no reasonable doubt of the result. Many will come out smitten as from the war zone; many will not come out at all. Given two million men of the same type, who pass by the door and do not use the key, and, considering the exactly measured evidence from so many sources, as well as the evidence of common observation, who can question that at the end of twenty-five years, the first group will be decimated as compared to the second? If the life-insurance statistics showed any other result, they would be inconsistent. Whether the total effect is directly due to indulgence *strictly maintained within the limit of so-called moderation* is a purely academic question.

As practical men, what we wish to know is: What does it cost us in the long run to drink alcohol? The evidence that society is paying a heavy bill for the indulgence cannot be longer disregarded by conservative men, entirely outside of the propaganda for drastic methods of reform.

The contention that there is an inborn social craving for alcohol is pure dogma. Man craves enjoyment, relaxation, change. He seeks to anticipate good fortune and to quiet the activity of those conservative faculties which cause him to worry over trouble and life-struggle. He finds that alcohol apparently assists him in attaining these ends, and he drinks it for these effects, not because he is 'thirsty' or 'craves' alcohol *qua* alcohol, without any previous knowledge of its effects. Many individuals who are wrecked by alcohol would lead normal lives undisturbed by any 'craving' for it if they were protected from the repeated experience of its effects.

It is a mistake, of course, indiscriminately to ascribe all the ills to which

flesh is heir to alcohol. Total abstainers die of degenerative affections, and I am honestly convinced that much of the degenerative disease charged against alcohol is due to mouth-infection and other focal infection. There is good evidence, however, that focal infection in the alcoholic is more lethal because of the lowered resistance and the collateral pressures on the organism. Alcohol has enough to answer for without making it the object of random and ill-considered charges.

V

We have measured the difference between so-called moderate drinkers and abstainers, which gives us a hint of the powerful effect of alcohol on mortality, but we have not measured the effect of the widespread grossly excessive use of alcohol among all classes of the population.

After twenty-five years of experience in the close personal observation and physical examination of all types of men, from laborers to statesmen and leaders of scientific thought, and in the sifting and weighing of evidence relating to the influences that affect longevity as revealed by the experience on large masses of men, my cumulative judgment is that alcohol is a destructive force, wholly evil in its total effects. I deprecate the too prevalent tendency to apologize for alcohol, to deal gently and tenderly with it, instead of bringing it to the bar of human judgment to answer for its misdemeanors and justify its right to be exposed for sale on the street corners as a beverage harmless for the average man.

There are two principal factors to be reckoned with in the lenient mental attitude toward alcohol. One of them arises from very human tendencies — from the aversion to being regarded as a 'crank,' a 'spoilsport' or 'killjoy.' Physicians are no exception to the rule that the average man likes to be thought a 'good fellow' in the best sense of the term. The second factor is the view commonly held, even by physicians and pathologists, as well as actuaries, that there is a certain law of mortality, that the span of life is fixed, that the observed habits of mankind are a part of his natural adjustment, and that there is no use of disturbing him; that, in common parlance, he cannot 'beat the game,' so far as greatly extending his life or checking the so-called ravages of time is concerned. That death is always a pathological finish to some form of poison, strain, starvation, injury, or bacterial infection, and not the effect of time, is a concept only just taking form as we gain knowledge. Time can no more kill a man than the Rule of Three can kill him. Time is a mere mathematical abstraction, a synthesis of space and motion.

In so far as we can discern and neutralize the influences which are incessantly at work destroying the cells of our bodies, to that degree we shall perform a service far more important than that of adding a few years to existence — the service of lifting mankind to higher planes of living, where sordid misery and needless physical sufferings and handicaps may be reduced to a minimum.

The unbiased mind must accept the implications flowing from the impartial business investigations of the life insurance companies, confirmed by the equally impartial labors of the laboratory. Can it be questioned that alcohol is one of the forms of poison which, among other factors, is responsible for the gradual bodily impairment and decay which we unthinkingly ascribe to time, and that it consistently imposes a burden of poverty, disease, insanity, and crime, which, regardless of debate as to its exact mathematical degree,

not only warrants, but demands, energetic action for its control as a social evil?

As to its effect on progeny, the degree of this effect in man is debatable, but there is positive proof of an extremely adverse influence on the germ plasm of animals, as shown by Stockard. Until the degree of this influence in man is determined, which should properly receive the benefit of the doubt — alcohol or the baby?

Within the past few years, medical literature reveals a rapidly changing attitude with regard to alcohol. The leading medical journals are strongly anti-alcohol, and there is evident a growing sense of the tremendous responsibility resting on the scientific man who sanctions an indulgence which may lead to more misery and disease than he can cure or prevent through a life-time of surgical or therapeutic endeavors.

Furthermore, alcohol is alcohol, either in whiskey or beer. It is nonsense to claim that beer is a hygienic drink. It is drunk chiefly for its alcoholic effect, and if the alcoholic effect is produced, the danger of alcohol exists. Any one who doubts that beer can produce a certain form of intoxication need only visit the saloon and watch the beer-drinker in various stages of befuddlement or excitement. If beer does not intoxicate or produce any alcoholic effect, what becomes of the 'racial craving for stimulants' which it is said to satisfy? Furthermore, heavy beer-drinking, as in the case of brewery employees, adds the danger of excessive fluid intake, entirely apart from alcohol. The heavy mortality of brewery employees is sufficient evidence that beer, so far as its effect on masses of men is concerned, is not a hygienic drink.

There is abroad in this land a cynical feeling that a man must break some law of health in order to have a good time; that the hygienic life is a dull existence; that all the best things are forbidden. This is superficial, admittedly foolish, reasoning. The thoroughly healthy man has hormones circulating in his blood, derived from various organs and glands, that make him far more thoroughly alive to the best things in life than the narcotized and poisoned, self-indulgent high liver. Do you ever view with envy the wild hilarity of young people who have abounding health? This is due to hormones. Alcohol cannot really take the place of hormones, although it is used for this purpose. It is an imitation hormone.

Finally, whatever view one may take regarding the effect of alcohol on a sound, strong, resistant body, there is no question of its seriously harmful effect on an impaired or non-resistant body. All men who drink alcohol should be thoroughly examined at least once a year, and learn what is happening in their circulation, kidneys, and nervous system. This is a wise precaution for anybody, but the alcohol-user only accelerates the 'slow suicide' of unhygienic living by neglecting it.

OVER THE FROZEN YALU

BY ALICE TISDALE

I

We had planned it for two years now, — a cart journey over the frozen Yalu. The first winter it was so bitter cold that no foreigner could risk it. It is now February of the second year. With a succession of freezes and thaws, the rivers in Southern Manchuria have not yet become safe for cart travel. It looks as if we should have to give it up again, for the partial trails in the virgin forest are scarcely passable unless frozen.

Here's to the luck of the roamer! We have had a week of continued cold weather and at last the Yalu has frozen over. They say that, if we start immediately, we can finish the river part of our journey before the ice breaks. The Yalu forms the eastern boundary of Manchuria, with Korea lying just across. The great river winds and winds for about two hundred miles, then divides, one branch following the Korean shore, one the Manchurian. In between these branches is a triangular-shaped piece of Manchuria, almost entirely cut off from the mainland, separated from her own by these bridgeless tributaries. Higher up, the branches dwindle to thin streams, and Manchuria again becomes one. But as this takes place in the impenetrable land near the Long White Mountain, the lonely inhabitants of the triangle must depend upon the winter ice and summer junks for outside communication. This leaves an in-between time of thin or floating ice. As my husband's business takes us some two hundred miles up the eastern side of the triangle, to a big lumbering town, and then across a wide stretch of country full of ranges of mountains covered with forests, the danger is that we may be caught in this veritable island at the time of its isolation.

Here's to the dear kind gods who look after wanderers! We shall trust them not to block our path with floating cakes of ice, leaving us, like Crusoe, on a separate portion of the earth. Such a journey! It would rejoice the heart of any vagabond. Days and days on the ice, among the tilled and partially tilled hills of the lower reaches of the river. Then a plunge into that isolated triangular-shaped treasure-land, a far-off country full of hidden coal, copper, and gold, stretches and stretches of glorious timber and — bandits and wild animals! It is the country holding the Chinese pot of gold at the end of China's rainbow. From confiscated Korea the Japanese follow this rainbow with hungry eyes.

But to the white world, this part of Manchuria along the Yalu is almost unknown. Younghusband and a couple of comrades spent a year's furlough there in 1888. Since then this inaccessible wilderness of wealth has been left almost to itself, so far as the occidental explorer is concerned, only now and then a business man venturing into its wild, unsettled regions. Some ten years ago a picturesque Englishman, famed all over Manchuria for his erratic doings, went through it hunting a gold mine, the concession papers for which he made out himself, and they were

afterwards proved fraudulent. Occasionally, in the years since, large firms operating in the Orient have sent a white man through. There are also rumors of a sea-pilot and his wife who, long ago, went by native boat for a holiday part way up the river. But never before had a woman gone over the whole of this territory, or attempted any of it in the winter.

It's pack and go. We have just been down to the foreign store of the little port where we live. It closely resembles a country store at a four-corners in America. A Gobi dust-storm — a veritable brown blizzard — had blown up, but donning dust-goggles and great coats, we ventured forth. What cared we? In a few hours, we will once more be together on the trail — a new one, an untried one. Once more, out came the rough clothes of the road. Not a feminine garment went into that chest. I could have hugged for very joy the good stout shoes, the breeches, and rough jacket. They meant for me freedom from the proprieties which sometimes crush from life some of its buoyant gayety.

We caught the night express for Antung, the great port of the Yalu. The train pulled slowly out into the blizzard and the night, slipping past deserted Russian barracks, eloquent of the great Russian advance; here and there the Russian cemeteries spoke all too eloquently of the later retreat. On that Buddhist plain, many days from the frontier, the Greek crosses of the huddled graves looked lonely and exiled.

In time Mukden was gone and the monotonous prairies. Close against the cold window-pane I pressed my face, straining my eyes into the blizzard for one glimpse of the eternal hills. 'Hurry, hurry, fire-cart! the trail, the trail under the open sky, the trail among the hills, is just ahead.' And then I went to sleep and slept until we pulled into Antung in the early morning.

All the next day we were busy. First, there were the carts to get — one for ourselves and one for those indispensable factors, the 'boy' and the middleman. We began early on these, for we knew by experience that it would be an all-day job to complete the Oriental bargaining. The carters must, of course, start far in excess of the fair price, and we far below. Then, by night, without either of us 'losing face,' we would reach an in-between price; the middle-man, and the carters, and the boy, and various other hangers-on would have carefully arranged the little matter of 'squeeze' attendant upon the transaction. Has it been said, 'There is six feet of ground awaiting the man who tries to hustle the East'? Let it also be said that the six feet await him even sooner should he seek to eliminate 'squeeze.'

The list of the clothes we are to wear is appalling: two suits of flannel underwear each, flannel shirts, fur-lined trousers, sweaters, short leather fur-lined coats, heavy shoes, and then the final layer — sheepskin coats with the wool so thick we can scarcely move in them, and Chinese felt moccasins to go over our big shoes.

Our greatest asset is our boy. He lived in Harbin during the winter of the plague; he was one of the retinue of the picturesque Englishman when he went hunting the gold mine. He has been a carpenter, a farmer, a coolie, a boy, and a boatman. He changes his rôle as easily as the chameleon its color. In times of stress on the road, such flexibility is salvation.

Thus attired, thus equipped, on the twenty-first of February we left Antung — the last place we were to see for many a day that had even the first prerequisites of civilized comforts. 'It is good to cast them all away,'—so sang

our hearts as at six o'clock in the morning, in blackest darkness, we stepped from the overheated hotel into the quiet cold, just before dawn. Our two carts, covered with heavy blue cloth and lined with furs, stood ready at the door; the carters moved around, giving a last greasing to their wheels. The food-boxes, looking very small to hold a month's rations, were roped on the back; then came the clothes chest, also roped on. The bedding-roll was put in the back of the cart. Last of all, on top of the grain sacks of our last journey, we stuffed in a thin mattress which we were to use on the *k'angs* [1] at night-time. This mattress was our latest device for making endurable the jolting of the oaken cart-bodies which sit, with no gentle intermediary of springs, directly on a solid oak axle.

I had grown to twice my usual size in my layers of clothes, and the cart, with its furs and mattress, seemed to have shriveled; but, by dint of much pushing by my husband and much pulling on my own part, I managed to crawl in. My husband jumped to his usual place across from the driver; the boy and the middle-man were already in the cart behind; the 'escort,' consisting of one soldier, walked ahead. Somewhere from within the bundle of animated clothes which represented the driver, we heard the *tzu-tzu*, the equivalent of the Yankee 'gid-dap.' We were off, rumbling over the snow-covered streets of Antung! Turning once and then again, we had left Antung behind. In another half hour we had reached the frozen river where lay the trail of the winter.

II

I have surely sipped some potion meant for gypsies; for as soon as we were in that bumpy cart, with the surety of days afield, my spirit took on a serenity peculiar to our wandering days. By the time we had reached the river, the knack of riding in a Peking cart had come back to me, and I snuggled down into my furs.

'Happy?' asked my husband.

I sighed contentedly.

The front of the cart, with its fur curtain rolled up, was a window, arched at the top, framing for me the pageant of the winter frontier-land. On either side were the white hills, over our heads was the gray sky, before us the frozen Yalu. Above it, far to the horizon, there snaked along, now on one side, now on the other, a dark streak. Thus had the winter road been blazed out to avoid thin ice, and rapids where the water flowed too fast to freeze.

Tinkle, tinkle went the tiny bell on the shaft-mule; click, clack went the cart as the mules trotted briskly over one of the very few good roads a Chinese mule ever sees. The sun came over the mountain-tops, touching that deathlike gray world with an elfin touch, transforming it into a shimmering glory. In that radiant morning, over the sparkling ice and snow moved the peasants, bent on business, bent on pleasure, rejoicing with the married children, mourning for the dead. Black spots advanced out of a shining haze, grew large, took on shape.

'I see trees as men walking,' said I laughing.

'They are Koreans,' said my husband.

They were all in white, with their billy-cock hats perched rakishly on top of fur bonnets. From the soft shining distance there emerged great produce-carts pulled by long lines of mules, with dark hooded figures huddled on the top of the load. Foot-travelers came along, sombrely clad, bent low under the loads on their backs. Slog, slog,

[1] The heated brick beds found in Chinese inns. — The Author.

they moved past us. There were sledges drawn by the family ox. By the ox's side plodded the man of the family; on the sledges, wrapped in padded blankets, sat gay little ladies, jewels in their glossy hair. From the blankets peeped bright-eyed babies, their cheeks red with cold and daubs of paint. Now that the crops were harvested they were all going visiting.

By and by there came a funeral procession, a startling splash of color. Musicians in Lincoln green carried great gold-colored instruments. Faint fragments of the dirge, now high wailing, now deep groaning, reached us, grew louder, shrieked in our ears, and passed. The procession followed — a long line of muffled black figures carrying the paper paraphernalia of the dead: gaudy red-paper chairs, a great blue cart, as large as the real ones passing, tall phantom servants, and gay paper-doll ladies riding large birds of luck, looking as witchlike as Mother Goose on her broomstick sweeping the sky. Pace, pace from the bank above, came the great catafalque in a clinging mantle of red, borne aloft by beggars gathered in at random, their rags flapping bizarrely below their hastily donned garments of state. In sackcloth walked the mourners.

The little padded driver drowsed. The right-hand mule, resembling the famous Modestine, tried to take every snowy by-path, shied at every familiar and unfamiliar object. But we were very gay and light-hearted and never minded anything — just watched the peasant world file past us.

'Hey!' cried my husband, as that wicked white mule gave an extra jump, 'wake up here, Schnicklepenutz, and tend these mules.'

'He's not a German, he's got a queue,' I protested.

'I can't help it, he's square-headed and got short legs, and Schnicklepenutz he shall be,' shouted my husband from over the top of his fur collar.

So Schnicklepenutz he remained to the end of the chapter, and drowsed as well under that name as under any other.

'And Benoni shall be the name of the driver of the other cart,' my husband continued; 'I feel that he is marked for tragedy.'

Far into the evening we rode under the pale rays of the moon. We were going to do a splendid day's work—a hundred and twenty *li* (forty miles). The road was good, the mules were fresh, and we unconscious of our cart-bruises, because we had not as yet slept on them. Somewhere about nine o'clock we drove our mules up the bank into the street of the first town from Antung. The street was dark and empty, for the curfew rings up here at eight o'clock. All the shutters were closed; the three or four iron bars of each door were slid into place. We found the shop we were looking for; the middle-man descended and hammered on the door until some one within shouted through the cracks, asking who we were.

'*Kai mun, kai mun!*' (Open your doors, open your doors!) 'We are from Antung. We have business with you.'

'Wait, wait!' they cried, 'we must ask the head-man.'

More questions from within, more waiting. Then the bars were slid back, and we were received with Eastern politeness, served with tea as we warmed our hands over a charcoal brazier, and then given a warm *k'ang* in an inner room.

Ah me! the change in our spirits in twenty-four hours! All we desired the next morning when we woke, was to be left in peace on the warm *k'ang*. We were so stiff and sore that we did not like to think of carts. But unfortunately our business was soon done. We had only one difficulty with the shop-owner.

Some time before, he had been sent a set of brass signs for advertising purposes. Considering it the rankest extravagance to expose such beautiful things to the elements, he had carefully wrapped them up and put them away. When this matter had been arranged to our satisfaction and his disapproval, we had only to break bread with our host and we were again on our way.

There was a north wind and it was snowing — great heavy flakes. The river had become a stranger. We were speechless, enthralled, unable to take our eyes from so wildly compelling a thing. The heaps of snow looked vague and unnatural; the piles of ice took on eerie shapes. At four, in a snowy twilight, we saw the sign of an inn — the hoops of red cloth, nothing but a dark scarecrow dangling from a long pole stuck in the snow on the high bank above us.

Trusting that the swinging rags told the truth, — for the bank hid any sign of the inn itself, — we ordered the carters to drive up the track. With the last strain of the mules up the embankment, we found ourselves in the inn courtyard, with its hastily built brushwood fence, the dead leaves still clinging. The building was a long, one-storied mud hut, with thatched roof.

We entered. Behold what the frontiersman had created! The long room was the scene of homely industry. From the centre rafter hung a big oil-lamp, shedding its rays over a patriarchal family as busy as a hive of bees. By the clay stove sat the grandfather feeding the fire with twigs, and tending a brood of children playing on a dirt floor packed hard, swept clean. From one corner came the merry whir of grinding mill-stones, as a blindfolded donkey walked round and round, while a woman in red with a wonderful headdress gathered up the heaps of yellow cornmeal that oozed from the gray stones. More women in red threw the bright meal high in the air, winnowing it of its chaff; others leaned over clay mortars, pounding condiments with stone pestles.

Men were hurrying here and there with firewood, cooking for the travelers. One end of the room was reserved for these wayfarers, but the *k'ang* at the other end was divided into sections. From each rafter over each section swung quaint little cradles; in each cradle was a little brown baby, each baby tended by a larger child. Far away from the loud clamor of the western world, we fell asleep in a clean inner room, to the soft sound of swinging cradles and grinding mill-stones.

III

Six days, and the first stage of our journey is over. We have reached the town standing just where the river branches. To-morrow we start up the right arm of the triangle, cutting ourselves off from the mainland. The shopkeepers with whom we are staying have given us a *k'ang* in the cake-kitchen. In a niche above the ovens sits the kitchen god. It is evening now, and a little scullery-boy is making the rounds of all the gods. He has just offered incense and chin-chinned to the kitchen's guardian angel. I wonder if he looks after vagabonds also — if they don't possess kitchens of their own?

I woke in what seemed the dead of night, so black it was, with only the tiny points of light from the incense glowing in the room. My husband was calling, 'Wake up, wake up, thou sleepy head; 't is time to burn our bridges.' Then the boy entered and stuck a lighted candle in some melted wax on the *k'ang* table. The stage was set for our plunge into the country that might become isolated.

Despite our early rising it was mid-

forenoon before we left. The boy had been warned in a dream of bandits, and it caused a grave discussion; all the owners of the shop stopped work to take part in it. The upshot of it was that the *yamen* doubled our escort.

Almost as we started, the character of the country began to change: the slopes of the hills grew sharper, the valleys narrower, scattering hardwood trees appeared, the villages became fewer and fewer, the grain-towers we saw less and less often. The tracts of tilled land were far apart now.

It was cold, hard work climbing. A few steps forward, and a step back we slid. When we stood, at last, on the windy tops, there was inner vision from these vantage-points. We looked at the grandeur of the far-stretching earth. Under the brilliant Manchurian sky we could see for miles and miles, range after range of winter white hills, bare and brown in spots where the wind had blown the snow away. A few brown huts and the brown circling road way below us were the only signs of habitation. All things material receded. Even the hills stood aloof, clothed in cold snow. We dwelt apart in spiritual calm. We felt at one with the learned man of India who had at his finger-tips all the ways of London, all the affairs of India, and yet renounced everything and departed far into the hills, where, on the brow of a mountain, he made himself into a beggar and a holy man, there to spend the years working out the riddle of existence. We were one with the Hebrew crying, 'I will lift up my eyes unto the hills.' We were one with the first Chinese frontiersman who had made it his duty to build a wayside shrine just where the road went over the brow of the hill, leaving a tree to spread its protecting branches in wind and calm, in rain and sunshine, over the crude altar. We longed to offer incense there, and to toll the bell that hung from a branch of the tree, and thus announce to the valley that one more man had felt the need of something beyond food and raiment.

Three days more. Finally, there began to be timber on the slopes. There was scarcely a hut. The first day we lost our way entirely and found ourselves fifteen *li* off our road. That meant two hours more added to the traveling day and it brought us at tiffin to no inn at all. The next day we met a peasant boy pulling a sled.

'How far is it to the inn of the Virtuous Family?' our escort cried, stopping him on the road.

'To hell with you!' the boy answered. 'I'm not going along the road to tell you the way,' he finished insolently.

'I'll teach you to insult a soldier out on official business!' roared our escort, hitting him with the butt of his rifle.

Then, so quickly that it made us blink, down from a hut on the hillside came the men of the boy's patriarchal family. The oldest one, with a quavering voice but a strong right arm, belabored our erstwhile brave soldier and marched him off to the hut on the hill. Night was coming down through the narrow valley. We were a bit rueful over the loss of half our escort, but concluded that one was as good as two of such brave men, and hurried along without more ado.

When we entered the inn that night we beheld a witch's cave. Great clouds of smoke circled to the dim rafters, great clouds of steam rose from the huge caldrons standing over the open braziers. Over them leaned tall men of the North, their faces sinister in the alternate gloom and flashes of light from the wood fires. On the long *k'angs* down each side of the room, sprawled the shadowy figures of uncouth wayfarers. By the dark, grotesquely small *k'ang* tables they hunched, drawing in hot draughts of tea with a loud sucking

sound. The earth floor was wet and slimy with the melting snow from the feet of many comers. The dried meat, the baskets of condiments hanging by crooked sticks from the dimly seen rafters, took on fantastic and savage shapes.

Our frugal meal of hot tea, sausage, and dry bread finished, we crawled under the blankets on one end of the warm *k'ang*, for we were to get no privacy that night (there was no inner room that we could either beg or command). The warmth was acceptable, and despite the smoke and flaring fires we fell asleep.

I was dreaming that I was in Dante's Inferno when I awoke to find it no idle dream. Many a late traveler had come in while we innocently slept. The cooking-pots at the end of the *k'angs*, whose fires served the double purpose of heating the *k'angs* through a system of flues and cooking extra large quantities of *chow*, had been filled to their utmost capacity, with a proportionate amount of fire built under them. So while the innkeepers did a thriving business, and we slept, the stove beds grew hotter and hotter, until the grateful heat of early evening turned into a red-hot grill. Wearily we turned and turned. The sensation was that of freezing on our upper side and grilling on our lower. Poking holes in the paper window-panes, we watched for the dawn.

With the first streak of light we roused our retinue. That day we were to make Mao Erh Shan, the Mecca of the lumbering man. Every one was tired, and a tired Chinaman, be he a big brave soldier or a stalwart carter, is a whining crying baby. By noon one soldier had left his pony to wander riderless while he rode on the back of our cart; the other refused to trot his animal. 'It was colder trotting,' he complained. The carters, too, refused to hurry; they also were tired and their mules as well. 'Let us stop,' they coaxed. When we refused they all started to turn in at a wretched inn twenty *li* short of Mao Erh Shan, our destination. We were in despair. Then the boy, our staff and our rod in difficulty, came to the rescue. He climbed up on the soldier's pony and beat him into a wabbling trot. His long fur gown flapped to the four winds; the pony baulked and plunged, but the boy beat on and on with the silly little whip, until our mules caught the excitement and actually trotted. The twenty *li* were made, and Mao Erh Shan. Thus ended the second stage of our journey.

IV

Even as we opened our eyes the next morning we were conscious that we were no longer in the silent white wilderness. All round us rose the sounds and smells of teeming life. Our breakfast quickly eaten, we were out on the street. Rough characters with strong, insolent faces slouched along; the restaurants were as thick as flies in summer. The occasional shops looked incredibly prosperous for China. There was none of the almost penurious thriftiness that usually marks even the wealthiest shops. The owners boasted that they had refused the agency of several large foreign firms. 'It does n't pay to bother with them,' they said arrogantly. They saw things large; they ' talked big.'

Everywhere were the evidences of good wages, of the large profits of a new country. It reminded one of the mad life of Alaska when the miners came in with their pokes of gold. Money came easily and it went even more easily. Lust and license ran riot as they do in lumbering camps the world over, only here there was the momentum gained from a wild oriental *abandon*. On the edge of the clean new country

men were crazed with the possession of money easily obtained.

After two days of struggle with these men swollen with power, my husband decided to move on. We could delay no longer. It was March now, and we still had seven days' journey through the forest to the other tributary, which we must cross to get over to the mainland of Manchuria. In a half hour after leaving the roaring, rioting town we were in the thin edge of the virgin forest underneath which lay China's hidden treasure.

Oh, the wonder of those days! We saw the earth almost as it was made in the beginning. Deeper and deeper we penetrated, higher and higher we climbed. There was ineffable stillness and peace boundless, eternal. We had passed, for the time, far away from man. We saw the activities of our lives in the perspective of the past days of toiling travel. At last we stood on the highest pass in all our journey. Around us lay sunshine and sparkling snow; close at hand a dead pine, bare and naked, stood out majestically. Down the slopes marched the trees; far off the mountains were gray, hidden in fast-rising snow squalls. A great wind came biting against us. It was a supreme moment.

Having crossed the last high range of mountains, we descended into the more sheltered land on the other side. With a gasp we realized that there was something new in the air, something living, something fresh. 'Look!' I cried. We looked around us at the ground, at the sun; we looked at each other. We reached our hands out beyond the cart. The wind touched them softly.

My husband groaned. 'It looks like spring, it feels like spring, it smells like spring, and by gorry, it *is* spring! A few days like this and the river will be too rotten to risk the carts on it.'

'It can't be,' I said. 'Why, it was only yesterday that we ran and thrashed around to keep from freezing.'

'And we have nearly a thousand *li* more to do,' continued my husband.

'Wake up, wake up, old Schnicklepenutz,' we both cried, poking the driver's drowsy, padded back. 'It's going to be a race with spring. None of your Eastern procrastination.'

Thud, our cart roundly struck a stone in the soft snow. We had n't time to consider its message before we saw ahead the undeniable sheen of water in the two cart-tracks down each side of the road.

'This afternoon,' we decided, 'we must go a long way before we stop. Somehow we've got to manage to hustle the East and we've got to get started sooner at noon than we usually do.'

Oh, for the best-laid plans of mice and men!

'We'll have beans, boy,' we said; 'and tell the carters chop, chop, must hurry.'

'Master,' replied the boy, 'carters say must stop, very late now, to-morrow can go.'

'Why?' we cried.

'Mules very tired.'

We were paying the carters by the day; hence the need for rest.

'Tell carters, must go. No go, no money to-day.'

The boy departed and we went on with our beans.

'All right,' said the boy returning, 'can go little way.'

But we had no sooner finished our beans than a soldier from the town entered, clicked his heels (if one can be said to click heels booted in cloth shoes), and stood at attention.

'The head-man of the town invites you to be so good as to remain here for the rest of to-day. There is a band of two hundred *hung-hu-tzes* [bandits] coming down from the North. He has sent out the soldiers, but there may be

fighting on the road, and will you be so kind as to wait, at least until to-morrow?'

Of course there was nothing to do but 'be so kind as to wait.' The carters had a lovely, quiet afternoon of snoring sleep after their midday wine; for us there was nothing to do but go out and ruefully survey the snow melting in the afternoon sun, and sit in the inn listening to tales of bandits.

Whether it was due entirely to fate, or whether the gods conspired against us, I really cannot say. I am inclined to believe the latter. I think the gods reasoned this way: 'We cannot allow any one to hurry the East, however necessary it may be to him personally. If it is once allowed, there is no telling where it will stop. We must save a few quiet corners, else gods, and fairies, and beloved vagabonds will disappear.'

Be that as it may, we had carried out our rushing programme for only two days when, in a wide valley between hills, our shaft-mule fell lame. First he began going very slowly, then he limped, and finally, as we came to the end of the valley and started on the inevitable pull upwards, he refused altogether to go on. What were we to do? Schnicklepenutz got down to look him over. He grunted angrily; it was evident that he was not going to risk the life of a perfectly good mule.

Then there was a consultation and an argument; everybody got out. First Benoni climbed down from his cart, then came the boy, then our middleman extricated himself, and last of all, as he could not be heard in the discussion, down jumped my husband. Sun, the middle-man, who liked ease and not too many hours in a cart, was for stopping. Schnicklepenutz, who wished to lose neither his mule nor his three good dollars a day, was also all for stopping. The boy, who cared not a fig for the mule, the money, or the ease, was for going on; not that he felt the danger of delay, — to that all Chinese are superbly indifferent, — but he was highly disgusted with them all. We, who did not intend to risk our lives on the rotten ice of the far-away river, were for hunting for a new equipment; only we knew all too well that, if our retinue wanted something else, however acquiescent they might seem to our wishes, the new equipment would not be forthcoming. Then Benoni, who was a relative of Schnicklepenutz and wanted to keep intact the mules and money of the family, offered a solution: put our big white pulling-mule in the shafts and give the lame one the lighter work. Since the big white one had never been in the shafts and was an ill-tempered beast to boot, he, Benoni, would be the driver, as he was the best hand with the animals.

The leather buckled, the ropes tied, the strings of the mysterious harness knotted, the big mule gave a wicked shake in the shafts, then started to climb without more ado. The scheme had worked! By our watches we had lost only half an hour.

Up we climbed, the big mule pulling bravely and the alert Benoni flicking the ears of all three at just the moment to avoid every frozen lump, every stone. It was a work of art, the ascent of that pass! We almost concluded to ride down in order to save time and see Benoni's fine work. Still, as Schnicklepenutz, his heavy brain working more slowly, had not reached the brow of the hill, we might as well walk, especially as Benoni was discreetly tying our wheels. We waved him on; it is never safe to be ahead of the carts on a down grade, for sometimes they take a sudden slide. Benoni, whip and lines in one hand and the other free to steady the cart, ran along at the side. '*Tzu, tzu, oah, oah.*' The white mule squared his haunches, planted all his four feet firmly; the cart

with its locked wheels slid behind him.

We danced after them down the wintry road. Faster and faster they went. We fell behind, panting, and then stopped, transfixed to the spot. The mules were running; the cart was hopping at their heels. Benoni was plunging along, but never for an instant did he stop swinging that circling whip.

Now the mules were galloping! The cart seemed to be climbing up their backs. The melting snow hid a glaze of slippery ice, and Benoni's felt shoes were his undoing. Running full tilt, down he went, his whip still waving, and slid headlong over the ice. In one lightning moment the heavy studded wheel of the cart rode over him. We closed our eyes.

When we looked, Benoni was dragging himself by means of his hands back up the road toward us. His first instinct pulled him away from that awful solitary experience back to his fellows. Not far below him was his cart all tangled in some underbrush, hanging just above a precipice, and the mules lying flat in the snarled harness, with one shaft pinning the white mule to the ground.

By this time we had all, even the supercilious boy, reached Benoni. Why he was alive we could not understand; but we found that the ugly wheel had passed over his leg only, and his padded trousers — two or three pairs — had saved it from being broken. There was the mark of the iron studding on his flesh, and his face was white and drawn with suffering. With set teeth he got up on his feet and took a few steps toward the inn in the valley below. Schnicklepenutz had already departed to view the wreck of his possessions. Hurt relatives were all very well, but what about hurt mules and broken carts? We turned round to see his short legs astride one mule's head. The bad mule had grown restive and was endangering the cart and the mules, himself included. We bethought ourselves of our own possessions, corralled a passer-by for Benoni to lean upon, and departed. The stout cart and stouter mules were all right, but the ropes that held our boxes to the back of the cart had broken, and our clothes, business reports, and cherished rations were scattered far down the ravine. A morning lost, a lame mule, a hurt driver, our few biscuits in the mud at the bottom of the ravine, business reports torn, and no farther toward that river.

'We will not try to hustle the East,' ruefully said my husband; 'even the mules are against it. Still, there's the river!'

V

In the course of the next two hours we all reached the inn, where they applied hot wine to poor Benoni's wounds. Then there was a furious discussion as to what to do with the lame mule and the hurt driver. One thing was evident: we must start that afternoon. It seemed cruel to Benoni, but it was the least of several evils. If he were only badly bruised, he would be stiffer and sorer long before he was better. If it were something worse, our best course was to get him to a doctor at once.

Theories were good, but who should drive? It takes a long time to learn to guide the proverbially stubborn mule with the flick of a whip and a few guttural notes. Up came the boy. Why had we not thought of him before? Was n't he a carpenter, a poler of boats, a farmer? He could not drive very well, but he could flick the whip and Benoni promised to sit out in front and give the *tzu tzus* and *oah oahs*, and Schnicklepenutz was to drive each cart in turn down the passes. With such highly specialized labor we started.

The first day was finished. We had moved slowly but surely toward our destination. A second day and then a

third, and we were started on the fourth. By changing our course we had struck an unfrequented road. Our highly specialized labor was very slow. That day we had to grit our teeth anew. There is no quitting on the trail, even if a steep pass does suddenly confront you toward dark, after the evening freeze has set in and made the melting streams, that had covered the road during the day, turn to a smooth glare. Lame mule, sick driver, every one had to buckle to the work in hand. Every one except the sick driver was out to lighten the pull-back of the carts. The drivers clucked and clucked, and when the mules slipped and gave up, slash! went the whips, goading them on to a frantic leap. Our 'escort' and my husband pushed from behind; Sun and I followed with rocks to block the wheels if the cart started sliding. We were on the last steep grade. The lame mule, panting, sweating, went down; the cart slid; our stones did not hold, and back toward the other cart it began to glide. Frantically we clawed the freezing earth for fresh blocks. It was a sickening moment, but we got them there in time.

Just how that last grade was made I do not know. My whole will was set on the task of not breaking down. I must not be a quitter. Long ago I had honestly earned the name of 'trail woman' from my husband, and I was not going to lose it now. So I kept saying to myself, 'Brace up and be a man.' So saying, and watching the moonlight streaming over the valley, I kept plodding behind my husband toward a light that seemed to evade our approach. Then, after an eternity, we were at the inn and drinking hot tea that brought tears to my eyes. It was just the tea, I am sure; my husband did not see them.

Benoni secured a driver for his team and we got a whole outfit to take the place of Schnicklepenutz's. Such a cart! It was like the one-hoss shay — so old that if it broke at all it would be a final break-up; and the driver resembled his vehicle. Old in limb and soul, he had no interest in anything but a large bean-cake for fodder which, with the stubbornness of old age, he was determined to put directly under the place where I sat. And we named him Jehoshaphat. We planned it all out: six hundred *li* to do; ten *li* an hour, ten hours a day, a stop of one day at the station on the river. And then across — if the gods were good!

We made the river in the seven days! They said carts were still crossing, but that was not altogether reassuring. The Chinese often cross frozen rivers till some one falls in. Still, we thought the thaws had not been sufficient to melt the thick underlying masses of ice. If only we could choose a lucky place!

To the river we went in the gray early morning. We all sat perched on the front of the cart (the inside would be a death-trap should we go through). There were several tracks. We picked the safest-looking. On to the ice we drove. *Slash!* went the driver's whip, flicking each mule's ears. They plunged into a wild gallop. We were halfway over. We could feel the ice bend under us. Jehoshaphat, the stolid, became motion incarnate. His arms flapped, his whip flew. He waved his feet, drummed them on the shaft-mule's quarters. He yapped like a dog as the ice crackled round us. Faster! Faster!

We stood again on the good firm ground of Manchuria, and lo, all motion had left Jehoshaphat. He looked like a lump of flesh unquickened by a spark of life. We looked behind us: our other cart was safe also. But over the place where we had just crossed spread a widening crack. The triangular land was entering into its spring isolation.

THE FEDERAL FARM LOAN ACT

BY MYRON T. HERRICK

I

On December 2, 1913, in addressing Congress on rural credits, President Wilson said: 'The farmers, of course, ask and should be given no special privilege, such as extending to them the credit of the government itself. What they need and should obtain is legislation which will make their own abundant and substantial credit resources available as a foundation for joint, concerted, local action in their own behalf in getting the capital they must use. It is to this we should now address ourselves. . . . But we must not allow ourselves to depend upon extraordinary expedients.'

Secretary of Agriculture Houston said in his report for 1914: 'The chief difference of opinion arises over whether there should be special aid furnished [to farmers] by the government. There seems to be no emergency which requires or justifies government assistance to the farmers directly through the use of the government's cash or the government's credit. The American farmer is sturdy, independent, and self-reliant. He is not in the condition of serfdom or semi-serfdom in which were some of the European peoples to whom government aid was extended in some form or other during the last century. He is not in the condition of many of the Irish peasantry for whom encouragement and aid have been furnished through the land-purchase act. As a matter of fact, the American farmers are more prosperous than any other farming class in the world. As a class they are certainly as prosperous as any other great section of the people; as prosperous as the merchants, the teachers, the clerks, or mechanics. It is necessary only that the government provide machinery for the benefit of the agricultural classes as satisfactory as that provided for any other class. It is the judgment of the best students of economic conditions here that there is needed to supplement existing agencies a proper land-mortgage banking system operating through private funds, just as other banking institutions operate, and this judgment is shared by the leaders of economic thought abroad.'

Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, in a ship-subsidy speech delivered on February 4, 1915, before the United States Chamber of Commerce, commented on the loss of the government surplus lent to the states in 1837, and said: 'Yet, gentlemen, when we cannot get a state of the American Union to pay its just debts to the government for money loaned to it, you ask us to stand for a proposition to lend money to private corporations or individuals upon the security of mortgage. Never on the face of the earth! And I tell you, gentlemen, if you ever enter upon it, you will have to lend it upon railroads and upon every other enterprise. Bills are referred to me asking that every conceivable sort of scheme be approved, submitting them for the judgment of the Department, for raids upon the United States Treasury in the form of actual loans to be made by the Treas-

ury of the United States on this thing and that thing — farm loans, loans on houses built by workingmen, and so on. They are all entitled to consideration if we are going into the money-lending business. We shall have to lend it to everybody. You cannot discriminate under our system of government. Everybody must tap the Treasury till, if you adopt any such resolution as this.'

All this is sound doctrine, and since it was thus deliberately pronounced as a rule of action for the Administration by the foremost three of its leaders, nobody, of course, could have predicted the Federal Farm Loan Act. That such a law should really exist still seems incredible, not only because it violates every principle of this doctrine, but because it is unjustified by any emergency, except possibly that of a political campaign that is past. Congressman Caraway of Arkansas was one of its ardent advocates, but in a speech in November before the Farm-Mortgage Bankers' Association he confessed that the need for it 'does not any more exist as formerly,' that it is 'full of defects,' that 'they are not going to do any business [under it] in the South'; that it will produce 'more tenants and absentee landlords,' and that 'it is very likely to be modified [in parts] or repealed, but as long as it exists it is going to be a serious menace to private capital.' Then he added: 'I do not believe in the government's going into private business of any kind, but this is one of the things it is going to do. To tell you the facts about the matter, to be right candid with you all, we were all hoping to be reëlected by our activities in this matter. [Laughter and applause.] The farmer is the greatest agitator in the country, and it is always customary near election for all of us to shed a great many tears over his condition. And we did it, and I am proud to say that I had no opposition myself to being returned [laughter] and most of the other gentlemen got back. And it is to be hoped that, if defects appear in the act, by remedying them we may prolong our political lives.'

To what extent such motives influenced the voting is not known, since no other legislator has been so frank as Mr. Caraway. It might be noted, however, that the act was passed only a few weeks before the political conventions in June. It was approved on July 17. The Federal Farm Loan Board was appointed during the same month. In August, liberally supplied from an appropriation of $100,000, the Board started its publicity work and began a tour throughout the country that continued during the campaign. No criticism or questions of doubt were tolerated at its numerous meetings. The thousands of members and officers of granges and other agricultural bodies, farmers, and persons interested in agriculture, who attended, were regaled only with the highest recommendations of the act. This must have had considerable effect on the elections, especially since the Board spread broadcast such statements as, 'The act will attract vast numbers of our people to the farms who have been unable to engage in agriculture because it has been impossible to secure money on farm obligations'; 'The hearings disclose interest rates ranging from five per cent per annum to five per cent a month'; 'In every state visited, the industrious farmer of modest means but who can offer unquestionable security is unable to get farm credit on any terms'; and 'In many states it was found that the farmer is never certain that he can get a loan, however good the mortgage security.'

These statements regarding adverse conditions would entail no exaggeration if they referred to credit sought for or extended on security other than real

estate, or to mortgages finally exacted to secure such debts, which the farmers, in too many instances, have let run on and accumulate year after year. They would be true if they referred even to any kind of credit in sections remote from money centres before 1910, when the improvement of farm finance was first nationally agitated. But they referred to farm-mortgaging at present, the sole subject before the Board's meetings, and their unmistakable intention was to create the impression that capital is now scarce and interest excessive for farm-land credit generally, irrespective of state, values, or person. Hence, the statements are flagrantly wrong, if the declarations and investigations of Secretary Houston, asserting and showing the contrary, are right.[1]

But misstatements, misconceptions, and lack of information have characterized the rural-credits movement. Never before was legislation purporting to solve a great problem enacted with such ignorance or disregard of its essentials as to both fact and principle. Aside from a very able argument about legal points, the debate on the act was simply descriptive of its clauses and added nothing to the store of rural-credits knowledge. The other discussions in Congress were also mere descriptions of bills, not a few of which were plans formulated upon novel ideas for raids on the Treasury and taxpayers' capital, or vamped up from the clutter of John Law's Company of the West, the Massachusetts Land Bank and Manufactory scheme, and other vagaries of bygone days that were dumped into the trash-can in 1741 by the extension to the colonies of the British 'Bubble Act.' The teachings of history and the best precedents from foreign countries were ignored as a guide for modern thought. The most noteworthy exceptions were the first bills and speeches of Senator Fletcher and Congressman Moss; but these men changed their views without apology or apparent reason, and yielded to the pressure, not yet explained, that caused Congress to abandon President Wilson's, Secretary McAdoo's, and Secretary Houston's original plans of individual initiative and private enterprise through concerted local action of the farmers, and to depend entirely upon extraordinary expedients.

So the Federal Farm Loan Act was finally placed on the statute books, with only twelve opposing votes in the House and none in the Senate, for the purpose of assisting actual and prospective farmers (foreign immigrants as well as citizens) by the use of the government's cash and the government's credit on a gigantic scale and in a complex way, such as has never been attempted in any other country. Congressman Caraway's answer to the manifest objection to selecting one particular industry for government favors was: 'The farmer produces what you eat and what I eat, and what you wear and what I wear, and the cost of what we eat and wear is necessarily influenced by the interest rate that the farmer has to pay. If you cut down his rate of interest, everybody gets the benefit of it; and therefore it is not class legislation to enable him to get money at a lower rate of interest than anybody else engaged in private business.' [Renewed and uproarious laughter.]

This answer has not satisfied the American Federation of Labor, whose two million members are probably soon to be augmented by all the trade-unionists in the country. This great organization evidently understood Secretary McAdoo to be sincere when he declared that our government cannot discriminate and that all must be allowed to

[1] See Bulletin 384, United States Department of Agriculture, July 31, 1916, compiled before the act was passed. — THE AUTHOR.

tap the Treasury till, if anybody be accorded that favor. At its Baltimore convention (November 20, 1916), the Federation resolved, in substance, that deposits in postal savings banks be advanced to municipalities for the purpose of building model dwellings for their inhabitants; or, as an alternative, that the Federal government establish such a system of credits that the inhabitants of these municipalities may borrow money for long terms at low interest rates to build homes free of taxation, the resolution beginning and ending: 'Inasmuch as the government has already established a rural-credits system for the benefit of the farmer . . . we believe it is an easy matter for the government to take such steps to relieve the working people in industrial centres of the insanitary homes that are now unfit for habitation.'

Thus the act has borne its natural fruit far more quickly than was anticipated. But the Federation is just and fair in its demands, if the Federal Farm Loan Act is to remain in force. Difficulties would be encountered, of course, in adapting it to conditions in the cities on account of their shifting centres, changing real-estate values, large apartment houses, and unstable population. However, the government must address itself to meeting these demands and difficulties, or else get out of the private business of lending money for agricultural purposes.

II

If this matter were taken to the people, the vote would undoubtedly be either for all or for none. What will Congress do — repeal the act or enlarge its scope? The probabilities are that Congress will do neither; but will make some much-needed amendments, and then rest in the hope that the act will be invalidated by the courts as unconstitutional, or be proved so ineffective and dangerous in operation as to become unpopular and little used. Such a hope would not be groundless, as an outline of the act will show. The act, however, is not as exact or as concise as it might be. Indeed, it is susceptible of different meanings at important points. But its intent to subsidize rather than to finance agriculture is quite evident. In spite of an intricate arrangement, the system created is really managed by the Federal Farm Loan Board, and is designed to draw funds from the United States Treasury and to issue bonds backed by the government for granting loans to its beneficiaries at low interest rates.

The Board is composed of the Secretary of the Treasury, Chairman *ex officio*, and four members appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, and removable by the President. It forms a bureau at Washington in the Treasury Department for supervising, directing, and controlling a system that is to cover all continental United States except Alaska. In accord with the act, it is to divide the country into twelve districts and establish a federal land bank in each district. Besides these, the system will have such national farm-loan associations within each district and such joint-stock land banks, each with a territory of not more than two contiguous states, as the Board may charter, without limit as to number. The Board shall appoint one registrar and one or more appraisers for each district; also as many examiners, attorneys, experts, assistants, clerks, laborers, and other employees, as it may deem necessary. It need not observe the civil-service rules in appointing or dismissing this force. The registrars, appraisers, and regularly employed examiners are declared to be public officers.

The territory of a national farm-loan association may legally be coextensive

with a district, but it will probably be small, since the Board is urging the division even of counties, and since no charter can be granted without the consent of the district federal land bank. The business of an association is to take farm mortgages from members, and to gather up current funds for the federal land bank of the district. The incorporators shall be ten or more natural persons, applying for loans aggregating at least $20,000. The capital is variable, consisting of five-dollar double-liability shares, which may be held only by borrowers admitted to membership. The administration is composed of five or more directors, a loan committee of three, and the usual officers, with a secretary-treasurer. All, except the latter, must be members and, consequently, borrowers.

The loan must in all cases be secured by first mortgage on farm land, situated within the territory, and can be made only for purchasing or improving such land, for purchasing equipment, fertilizers, or live stock for it, for liquidating the owner's indebtedness incurred for such purposes, or for any purpose if the indebtedness existed before a charter was granted to any association for the county. However, the Board may define the words 'improvement' and 'equipment' as it pleases. The amount shall not exceed one half of the value of the land plus one fifth of the value of all permanent improvements; nor shall one borrower be allowed more than $10,000 or less than $100. The maximum for interest is six per cent per annum, but it can never exceed by more than one per cent the latest series of the district Federal land bank's bonds. The period shall be between five and forty years. Payment shall be by annual or semi-annual installments, with the right to make additional payments in multiples of $25, at any due date after the first five years.

The borrower must use the loan only for the specific purpose for which it was granted. He must, until the debt is paid, cultivate the land, and keep the premises insured to the Board's satisfaction and free of all back taxes, liens, judgments, and assessments. If not paid, these shall become a part of the loan and, with any defaults, draw simple interest at the rate of eight per cent per annum. No loan shall be made unless it be approved by the association's committee and by one or more of the government's appraisers of the district, if it is to be offered to the federal land bank. The borrower also shall subscribe to one of the association's shares for every $100 of his loan or major fraction thereof. For instance, the subscription on a $1,051 loan, would be $55. He may pay this in cash, or borrow it from the bank and have it added to the loan, provided the sum does not increase the size of the loan above the property's maximum credit value. Preliminary expenses may also be added, provided they do not increase the loan above any of the prescribed limits.

If the property be sold, the mortgage must be foreclosed unless the land bank allows the purchaser to assume the borrower's obligations on his shares and contract. In event of the borrower's death, his heirs or representatives have only sixty days within which to assume these obligations. But this does not mean that they shall become members; there is a prospect, therefore, that the association will eventually be doing business with numerous persons who cannot participate in profits or management and who, as a result, will not be concerned with its success.

After being incorporated, an association may admit new borrowers to membership upon these same conditions by a two-thirds' vote of the directors. Whether such a vote is required for additional loans to members already ad-

mitted is not clear. The borrowers' obligatory shares constitute the minimum for the association's capital — that is to say, five per cent of the original amounts of the mortgages; and this must represent cash until the loans are entirely paid off. There is no maximum, since the association may make loans to all qualified natural persons within its territory. Moreover, it may allow each borrower to subscribe voluntarily to as many shares as he pleases; at least, this seems to be implied.

An association desiring money for a member may obtain it from the federal land bank of the district by indorsing and guaranteeing the mortgage offered as security, and by contributing five per cent of the amount to the bank's capital stock. Three fourths of this stock shall be paid in cash when the loan is granted; the rest may be retained by the association at a charge of six per cent per annum. Stock thus issued cannot be transferred or hypothecated, but may be retired at the bank's discretion with the approval of the Federal Farm Loan Board. It shall be retired on full payment of the loan, when the association shall pay off and retire the corresponding shares of its own capital that were issued to the member.

An association may also obtain from the land bank what money it needs for its own expenses; such advances to draw six per cent per annum, but to be repaid only from dividends belonging to the association. It may retain one eighth of one per cent semi-annually on unpaid principal out of every interest payment on any loan indorsed by it; such sums likewise to be paid back only from dividends. Should these permissible favors be actually accorded to associations and their members, they would, of course, impair the capital stock, surplus, and working funds of the federal land banks and create a serious situation.

Besides obtaining money in these ways from the federal land bank, and through the issuance of shares, an association may issue deposit certificates bearing interest for no longer than one year at a rate of not more than four per cent per annum, convertible into bonds of any of the system's banks when presented at the federal land bank of the district in multiples of $25. The deposits may be of any amount and come from any person, corporate or individual. They shall be forthwith transmitted to the said bank, which shall hold them for the association's account, subject to check or otherwise, without interest, and shall invest them in such bonds or in farm mortgages. Some contend that the convertibility of the certificates is optional, and that the association may pay them off in cash, since the power to issue such evidences of debt implies the power to redeem them unless expressly forbidden. They also contend that, if certificates are not desired, the association may arrange in any other usual way for the withdrawal and compensation of the depositor's money; the argument being that the power granted to accept deposits is a general one and includes both savings and ordinary deposits, since the act is not specific, exclusive, or prohibitive in respect to either kind, but leaves the matter for contract or for the by-laws which an association may make for regulating the exercise or enjoyment of any of its privileges. The whole question, however, has very little practical importance, because the bonds into which the certificates are convertible may be paid off and retired before maturity, while enormous amounts of them, in denominations of $25 or more, will eventually be constantly maturing. This will afford the banks and the associations ample means of paying off and retiring the certificates even on demand, should they wish to do so.

III

There is much ambiguity regarding the loan methods of an association, as the act does not specify whether the mortgages shall be executed to it or directly to the land bank. If the former is the case, then nothing would prevent an association from holding mortgages as an investment until repaid. It would have to resort to the services of the bank in investing deposits, but it could handle any other funds itself and use all profits for reserves and dividends. With regard to the federal land bank, however, the act clearly says that it cannot lend on farm mortgages, except through national farm-loan associations of its district, until July 17, 1917. After that it may also lend through banks, trust or mortgage companies, or savings institutions incorporated under state laws and approved as agents by the Federal Farm Loan Board. But the only loans lawful for it to take are of the kind already described, and, after the Board decides that its district has become organized, it shall again confine itself to the associations. Hence, the position of the agents will always be precarious. Moreover, other troubles might confront them, since they must guarantee the mortgages, while their borrowers must contribute five per cent of their loans to the federal land bank's capital stock, without right to vote the shares or to demand their repayment. Such conditions would not be generally practicable for any class of agents mentioned, especially because of the long-term character intended for the loans. The outstanding guaranties of an agent may equal ten times its capital and surplus. They could not be made by savings banks or perhaps by ordinary banks, and would be illegal for all unless permitted by state laws.

So, if the system should need aid in addition to that of the twelve federal land banks and their associations, probably it may be supplied by the so-called joint-stock land banks. These are bond and mortgage companies, each with $250,000 or more of capital stock, which may be formed under the act by private investors with a view to profit. Nevertheless, they enjoy important special privileges. They may circulate bonds up to fifteen times the capital stock and surplus, at interest not exceeding five per cent a year. They may lend directly on farm land within their respective territories, without restriction as to purpose, use, or individual amount, and regardless of whether the owner be farmer or cultivator. It seems, however, that he must become a stockholder. In all but a few other respects, they must observe the rules for lending laid down for a federal land bank, except that the interest rate will be governed by their own bonds. But the act is vague in its provisions on joint-stock land banks; it will have to be amended before they can be considered as parts of the system.

Each of the federal land banks has a capital stock of $750,000, of which the government is required to supply any portion not taken by other parties. The shares are of five dollars each and non-assessable, with times and conditions of payment fixed by the Federal Farm Loan Board. They may be held by any individual, firm, or corporation, or by the government of any state or of the United States; but only the latter and national farm-loan associations may vote. Dividends cannot be paid on shares held by the United States. The bank is temporarily managed by five directors appointed by the Board. When the subscriptions of the associations equal $100,000, they shall elect six directors and the Board shall appoint three directors. These nine shall then take over the management. When their subscriptions amount to $750,000

the bank shall apply semi-annually one fourth of all subsequent subscriptions to the retirement of shares representing the original capitalization. The bank shall by its articles of agreement permit issues of new shares for the obligatory subscriptions of associations and borrowers. In addition, the Board may at its discretion authorize the capital stock to be increased for any reason it sees fit, or decreased to any amount above five per cent of outstanding bonds. Consequently the capital stock is variable, and the shares of investors are practically deposit certificates that may be paid for by installments and paid off at specified dates, if the Board so desires.

Such shares could alone supply every financial need, but they are not the sole dependence. A federal land bank may open branches within its district. It may receive deposits in any amount from the holder of just one of its five-dollar shares. Some say that the deposits cannot draw interest; but even were this so, the machinery is there and the doubt could be easily removed by a very slight change in the act. It may borrow money, free of any regulation as to amount, interest, or period. It may be allowed the temporary use of any funds in the United States Treasury not otherwise appropriated, provided the amounts which the Secretary of the Treasury may thus deposit shall not exceed $6,000,000 at any one time. Nobody seems to know what this remarkable clause means. It may issue certificates against such amounts, bearing a rate not to exceed the current rate for other government deposits, redeemable at the Secretary's discretion. It may also issue bonds, equal to the full face-value of their collateral, bearing interest at any rate up to five per cent per annum, running for any period above five years, redeemable by their terms in gold or any lawful money, and without any limit as to the total amount so long as the capital stock is maintained at five per cent of the circulation. Each federal land bank shall guarantee, and it may buy, sell, or pay off at or before maturity, the bonds of the eleven others. Thus it may divert funds from its own to any other district.

The farm mortgages used as collateral for the bonds shall be valued by the government's appraisers and deposited with the government's registrar as trustee. The bonds may be issued in series of $50,000 or more, on authority of the Farm Loan Board. They must bear the certificate of its executive officer, or Farm Loan Commissioner. The bonds and the mortgages are expressly declared to be 'instrumentalities of the Government of the United States.' Consequently they are not based on land values or the farmer's credit. They are based on the credit, good faith, and honor of the United States, and are the ultimate, if not the direct, obligations of the government. This is also the case with private joint-stock land banks, the only important difference being that their bonds shall not be certified by the Farm Loan Commissioner. The bonds of both kinds of land bank may be bought and sold by member banks and, with certain limitations, by reserve banks of the Federal Reserve system; and are lawful as security for public deposits and as investment for fiduciary and trust funds. The bonds and mortgages and all federal land banks and national farm-loan associations, including capital and reserve or surplus and income derived therefrom, are exempt from national, state, municipal, and local taxation, except taxes on real estate. The government must pay all the expenses of the bureau and the salaries of all its appointees and employees, and even the outlays for advertising. Nothing is omitted but the salaries of appraisers and the costs of preparing

and delivering the bonds. The cost of the bonds will not be heavy, since they are to be engraved by the Secretary of the Treasury.

The Federal Farm Loan Board has been given judicial as well as executive powers over the system, with the right to settle debts or claims of any of its units, in the event of dissolution. The Board may call upon the Attorney-General, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Secret Service, for free advice, counsel, and assistance. Finally, by making an initial appropriation of $100,000, Congress has adopted the policy of supplying the Board with any money needed for establishing and organizing land banks and associations.

IV

Thus every source of funds, public and private, has been opened and every special privilege and other known method of extending government aid has been accorded. If there be an exception, it is that the Board has not yet the power to confiscate titles and forcibly to acquire lands for allotment and sale on credit to its beneficiaries. But agrarianism and the redistribution by law of all kinds of landed properties are not improbable outcomes of this extraordinary system, in view of the pressure which the millions of trade unionists, combined with influential colonization societies, have now resolved to exert upon Congress. The farmers did not ask for this system, nor was there any general demand for it. They were on the way toward organizing and mobilizing their own resources, when this blow was struck against private enterprise and coöperation. They would have been satisfied simply by facilities for enabling them to utilize their own abundant and substantial credit. But after a feeble attempt at doing the right thing through a national law for bond and mortgage companies, politics seems to have prevailed and the solution of the problem fell into the hands of radicals and persons seeking to distribute immigrant aliens in rural sections at the government's risk and expense. They accomplished their ulterior motives, in disregard of the correct principles of land credit and to the detriment of the average farmer of native stock.

The result is this system, which is neither coöperative nor purely agricultural, and which must inevitably have the extension foreshadowed by the resolutions of the American Federation of Labor. It is governmental, because, aside from other reasons, no bond can be issued except through the Federal Farm Loan Board, the Farm Loan Commissioner, and the government's registrars and because no loan can be made except with the consent of the government's appraisers and examiners. The right granted to the borrowers to elect the officers of the associations and the majority of the directors of the federal land banks amounts to nothing, for the reason that they could not manage the business even if they elected every director. So the only effect of the stock subscription is to impose a liability on each borrower for all the loans in a sum equal to ten per cent of his own.

The lack of promised coöperative features might be pardonable if the act had provided only for farm-mortgaging. But such is not the case. The federal and joint-stock land banks may use United States bonds, instead of farm mortgages, as collateral for their bonds; invest all their funds in United States bonds; or deposit all their securities and current funds subject to check with member banks of the Federal Reserve system at any agreed interest. The farm mortgages that the federal land banks may take are of a very restricted

kind indeed. In brief, the act has established a tax-exempted and highly privileged government banking system for disposing of government securities and for aiding industrial and commercial enterprises. With its district banks, regional branches, and local agencies, it will place all banks and associations operating under state charters at a disadvantage; and yet, as a matter of law, it need not lend one dollar to a farmer.

Nobody can foretell what will constitute the major part of its business in the years to come; but a great proportion of its funds, on account of their withdrawable nature, can never be invested in long-term loans to individuals. The acceptance of deposits is not a proper function of a land-mortgage bank. The issuance of bonds and the pyramiding of debts against deposits or assets are dangerous rights for a savings institution. The purchase of United States bonds and the amassing of credits in the Federal Reserve system can serve no agricultural purpose. Subsidizing special interests is an injustice to the public. The mixing of government intervention with individual initiative and private enterprise is an absurdity because no private individual can compete, much less coöperate, with the United States. The system is a hodge-podge of blunders — wrong from any angle of vision. The wisdom and honesty of the Board, clothed with arbitrary powers, will be no more capable of avoiding its pernicious possibilities than was the common-sense of Congress effective in preventing its establishment.

This combination of government finance and farm finance defies every construction of the Constitution save the broadest. Congress cannot exempt a corporation from the taxing powers of the states or of their political divisions, except for discharging a federal government function. Farm-mortgaging is not such a function. The framers of the system, however, declare that this will be its chief object, and they pretend that the land banks were authorized to be designated as depositaries and financial agents of the government, and that their bonds and mortgages were made the government's instrumentalities, simply with the view of getting around constitutional objections. But the Supreme Court has said in regard to subterfuges of this kind and their use for a private corporation that 'The casual circumstance of its being employed by the government in the transaction of its fiscal affairs would no more exempt its private business from the operation of that power [of the state to tax] than it would exempt the private business of any individual employed in the same manner.' Moreover, the Court has even doubted that Congress has a right to establish or to privilege a company in any way 'having private trade and private profit for its great end and principal object,' or to delegate the power which it possesses under the Constitution, 'to borrow money on the credit of the United States.'

The system is liable to attack on all these points. The government cannot realize any pecuniary advantage from it directly. Although the government must pay all its overhead expenses and advance public funds to it at the lowest interest rates in any amounts deemed advisable by the Secretary of the Treasury, the government is expressly forbidden dividends on shares. On the other hand, the system may admit any qualified individual as a borrower or investor, and allow him to participate in all the profits, increased, as they will be, through the government's management and bounties. The bonds and mortgages are means for borrowing money. Since they are declared to be 'instrumentalities of the Government

of the United States,' they are not only morally, but legally, backed by the government's credit. Consequently Congress ought at least to have specified the total that could be made. But, contrary to sanity if not to the Constitution, Congress has delegated to a bureau in the Treasury Department and to private individuals the power, not only to make these government instrumentalities, but also to involve the government's credit thereby in unlimited amounts for long periods, without any restriction as to interest rate except five per cent per annum for the bonds and six per cent per annum for mortgages.

Furthermore, little groups of ten or more farmers, seeking cheap money for purely private purposes, may issue certificates at four per cent per annum which, although they are to be neither certified nor authenticated by public officers, must upon request of the holders, be converted into instrumentalities of the Government of the United States. Joint-stock land banks will be merely profit-making companies for private investors. This may also be said of the twelve federal land banks, since their stockholders and the majority of their directors are eventually to be private individuals. So nothing justifies the use of the free services, money, and credit of the government or the other special privileges made available for the system. Congress has sowed the wind; the country must reap the whirlwind now set brewing by the American Federation of Labor.

A SONG

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD

And if your shoes were curly-gold,
And if your cap were a sea-gull's feather,
You could not fly more bright and bold
Through the blue sunshine-sprinkled weather.

But if your heart were a jade-green stone,
And if your soul were a gray smoke-quiver,
You could not leave me more alone
To hug cold dreams and to wake a-shiver.

Oh, not my prayers, though they ache like wounds,
Can call you down from your frosty flying.
You hear in heaven wild lovely sounds,
While I — hear only my heart's long crying.

CONTEMPORARY NOVELISTS: JOSEPH CONRAD

BY HELEN THOMAS FOLLETT AND WILSON FOLLETT

I

If Mr. Joseph Conrad appears at first glimpse as a romancer, — and it is certain that to many readers he does, — the explanation is simply that he is a deeper realist than is commonly perceived. There is a truth outside of truth which is romance; there is a truth within truth which is the living heart of truth. Romance is a vision; but this heart of truth, the objective of the greatest realists, of whom Mr. Conrad is one, is a patient discovery.

These matters can be made clear if we regard each living organism, from the individual life up to the mass of collective lives, as being an affair of circles within circles, spheres within spheres, from an outermost layer of superficial reality to an innermost core or principle of reality in which all that envelops it is implied, explained, and justified. The truth about life is like (shall we say?) a series of Chinese dolls, each fitting inside a larger until a largest one contains them all. The romancer looks at the outermost one and imagines still another outside that; his truth is in the similitude of life viewed in the large, but grander, more free in perspective, fitting reality as a garment fits the body, not as a glove the hand. But the realist's quest is inward. His inspection of the single life takes him beneath the outer husk of act and habit, expression and gesture, to the stratum of emotion and fancy where these have their root; and, perhaps, under that to the substratum, made up of heredity and environment and pure accident, which we call character. But he has not really acquitted himself until, beneath the last wrapping of all, he has uncovered some inmost kernel of truth, some such secret dream or frozen despair as obscurely rules every life, giving to all the outward manifestations a logic and a legibility not otherwise theirs. And if he confront the medley of lives which make up the general spectacle of life, his concern is still with its hidden centre, the secret aspiration of all mankind — the dream of brotherhood.

As a result of the inward bent of Mr. Conrad's mind and interest, it follows that no one else has written with so profound a sense of the awful privacy of the soul, the intense, palpitating secrecy which underlies even the most placid and composed phenomena of the everyday world. Every one of his stories, properly understood, is a story of mystery, though with hardly anything of the conventional machinery of mystery. Readers will have noticed the extraordinary number of passages in his work which involve the physical presence of somebody or something hidden: evidently the bare fact of concealment fascinates this author. But the whispering intensity of such passages is only the reflex of Mr. Conrad's general feeling that everything in the world is in thralldom to secrecy, that secrecy is almost the law of life. Every being is at bottom inexpressible and trying to express itself, every truth is in essence a paradox and struggling for consistency. The 'secret sharer' haunts the cap-

tain's cabin and the captain's thoughts until he seems to have become the captain's other self; but the unearthly and dreamlike reality of the whispered consultations of those two is as nothing to the reality of secrets buried in the consciousness too deep for even whispered consultations. That young rebel stowaway is the negation of tranquillity in a stolid and respectable ship's company; it is an outrage upon all fitness that he should be there and they innocently not know. But he is only an obscure symbol of rebel man precariously living on his pin-prick of lighted dust in space, a negation of the serene immensity of the cosmos which mocks him.

It is important to understand this about Mr. Conrad, for it is the heart and marrow of his kind of irony. Even his verbal irony is only a way of reminding us of the paradox of outer and inner, the incredible gap between the appearance and the reality. In *Nostromo*, his account of the horrible scene of Señor Hirsch's tortured and violent end is sprinkled with reminders of the utterly commonplace character of Hirsch's previous life and occupation. The tragedy of an old man whose world has dropped to pieces round him is described in these terms: 'The enthusiastic and severe soul of Giorgio Viola, sailor, champion of oppressed humanity, enemy of kings and, by the grace of Mrs. Gould, hotel-keeper of the Sulaco harbor, had descended into the open abyss of desolation among the shattered vestiges of his past.' Thus, even as a stylist, Mr. Conrad is occupied with the ironic or tragic unfitness of things. He reminds us by a system of allusions that the strange and sinister things that people do are never so strange as what people are; and he makes the secret inner reality throw a sombre or a shimmering light outward over the plain coarse texture of the dullest lives and occupations.

This primary interest of Mr. Conrad in the inmost verity of things, and the secondary quality of his interest in their external appearances, are the prevailing notes in all that he has to say of his own art. 'Art itself,' he says, 'may be defined as a single-minded attempt to render the highest kind of justice to the visible universe by bringing to light the truth, manifold and one, underlying its every aspect.' The artist must 'reveal the substance of its truth — disclose its inspiring secret: the stress and passion within the core of each convincing moment.' If he succeed, 'you shall find there . . . all you demand and, perhaps, also, that glimpse of truth for which you have forgotten to ask.' The emotional side of life will not suffice for him, as it does for the sentimentalist in fiction: 'His aim is to reach the very fount of laughter and tears.'

Mr. Conrad has no lack of the modern realist-reporter's facility in transcribing minute surface aspects of life; indeed, his notation of them is singularly firm and sharp. But he transcribes them only as indices of the moral life which at once implies and transcends them; and he penetrates further into the dusky hinterland of character and motive than any other modern 'historian of hearts' — the more remarkably because quite without the apparatus of the psychological novelist.

To be a historian of hearts, in the sense of feeling the isolation and secret mysterious beauty of each individual adventure, is to be almost necessarily a historian of the lonely. Mr. Conrad speaks somewhere of 'the indestructible loneliness that surrounds, envelops, clothes every human soul from the cradle to the grave, and, perhaps, beyond.' And instinctively he chooses from the medley of lives those that are most detached from 'the community of hopes and fears,' most cut off, by some agency of race, of inheritance, of charac-

ter, or simply of chance, from participation in the life of civilized and social man. In the earlier stage of his work his bent was toward the man cut off by his own act; in the later stage, it has been toward the man cut off by his own nature. But whether he writes about a disgraced man outlawed from society, or about a profoundly individual and solitary man locked in the unlighted cell of his own temperament, the meaning is always that there is a tragic beauty in our secret process of being ourselves; that the indestructible barriers of self are the most inexorable thing in the world. And so, not only does he become very definitely and specially the spokesman of the outcast, but he also perceives that, in some intangible and spiritual sense, every one in the world is an outcast.

The first barrier that Mr. Conrad studied was that of race. The central character of *Almayer's Folly* is the isolated white man stranded in a backwater of life, among brown men. *An Outcast of the Islands* presents the sharper issue, the more relentless tragedy, of the white man's infatuation for the brown woman. In the two novels about revolutionists, *The Secret Agent* and *Under Western Eyes*, Mr. Conrad comes a step nearer to Western civilization. Haldin, the anarchist murderer in *Under Western Eyes*, condenses in one laconic utterance the whole burden of the anti-social life and conscience — 'Men like me leave no posterity.' Here again the theme is fundamentally racial. The characters, both anarchist and autocrat, are alike victims of the deep unconscious irony of political Russia; that irony which expresses itself in the sterile violence of anarchist and autocrat against each other, while between them the real Russia is gored and trampled.

But neither of these types of fiction, where the action turns on tragic mischances of inter-racial contact, is the true quintessence of Conrad. For he is most himself where he explores the purely individual solitude, probing, not the mystery of racial difference, but the intricate laws of the individual variation. In this latter case, it is to be observed, he comes still closer to the meaning of spiritual solitude as a universal reality; because he studies solitude, not through the nature of race, a tragic accident, but through the nature of the soul itself, or through some physical event that has left its impress indelibly on the soul.

The soul that was born aloof may be represented by Captain MacWhirr, the stolid and unimaginative master mariner of *Typhoon*. The clue to Captain MacWhirr's identity, his unspeakable remoteness from the hearts and lives of common men, is his utter incapacity for fear, even for ordinary caution. It is not that he has courage: it has simply never occurred to him that there is anything to be afraid of. Fear itself is actually more social than his kind of immunity from fear, for fear at least rests on the constructive imagination of things to be shunned, and such imagination drives men together. But MacWhirr 'was unable to discover the message of a prophecy till the fulfillment had brought it home to his very door.' He had 'just enough imagination to carry him through each successive day, and no more.' Similarly, Lord Jim is rendered solitary by his romantic self-loathing, 'Il Conde' by his instinctive horror of all human brutality, Nostromo by his colossal vanity, Mr. X. in *The Informer* by his skepticism, Heyst in *Victory* by his incapacity for spontaneous action, and a dozen other characters by a dozen other such qualities as make every individual soul unique and incommunicable.

The soul that has become unapproachable through the effect of some-

thing accidental in its own past may be studied in Falk, who has become monstrous and inhuman in his own eyes because he has once eaten human flesh; or in Dr. Monygham, who has lashed himself into misanthropy by constant self-torture with the thought of his ancient betrayal of a trust; or in Captain Whalley, in *The End of the Tether*, who has severed himself from the tradition of seamen's honor by sailing his ship after his eyesight has dimmed. All these are so near to being ordinary folk that we see ourselves reflected in them; and this nearness to common life is half at least of Conrad's strength in treatment of character. The other half is his perception of the strangeness that underlies the familiarity; the strangeness which comes from the something inexplicable and nameless at the centre of every soul, which makes it eternally foreign to every other.

Thus Mr. Conrad reproduces in the individual the mystery of race. He deals, not only with a world in which East is East and West is West, but also with a world in which every man is a foreigner to his neighbor. The secret and invisible thing that renders us alien to each other is the thing that Mr. Conrad is always trying to disentangle; nothing less will suffice for his insistently humane and tender curiosity. When he has traced that thing to its source, and shown how it expresses itself in all the groping and baffled actions of the outward life, he has done his task. What we do and say and strive for may be the necessary means and materials of his search; but its end is always the tragic beauty of what we are. The outward wrappings, however grotesque or trivial in themselves, are suffused with this light from within — a light other than the glamour of romance as we commonly understand romance, because that glamour is an illusory flicker thrown from without over the mixed spectacle of reality, while this inner glow is the radiation of the deepest reality itself.

II

It is legitimate and helpful to indicate at this point that Mr. Conrad himself is, for one inescapable reason and another, the loneliest of mortals, and that underneath his inspired and almost unprecedented gift of comradeship there exists a melancholy sense of his own isolation — legitimate, because to this extent Mr. Conrad has generously violated his own privacy, in *The Mirror of the Sea* and *A Personal Record;* helpful, because that fact puts us at once in touch with his largest aspiration, the meaning that he draws even out of the things that make for despair. If he writes about the man fallen out of his racial background, or cut off from his safe and sheltered past, or rendered inscrutable even to those nearest his sympathy by passions or memories that they cannot share, the reader may be very sure that he is only writing about a fraction of his own experience.

Racially, his position is anomalous. Of the language in which his books are written he learned his first words in his twentieth year; and there is a dumb eloquence in the simple fact that in the twenty years of his following the sea he never encountered a man of his own nationality. To every faculty except faith, his Poland is now more than ever a lost cause; and there is a species of irony in the fact that the soldiers of the autocracy which hunted his parents into exile are now the allies of the nation which has received his fervent loyalty. How wistfully his memory reaches out toward the scenes, the happenings, the personal presences of his lost past, only the chapters of *A Personal Record* can adequately unfold; but it is clear that all these things are most vividly pre-

sent in the hinterland of his imaginative life. If a great-uncle of Mr. Conrad had not helped devour a Lithuanian dog in the retreat from Moscow, Falk might never have eaten his grotesque meal of human flesh. Upon all the great women of Mr. Conrad's books falls the shadow of his mother, tenderly pictured for us in *A Personal Record*.

These earliest things are beautiful, and they are beyond recalling. The second of Mr. Conrad's three lives, his score of years filled with 'the voices of rough men now no more, the strong voice of the everlasting winds, and the whisper of a mysterious spell' — that life of the sea, too, is irrevocably gone. These losses — each of them the loss of an immense slice of physical existence without any corresponding loss in the accompanying mental and emotional life — account for the vague melancholy of everything that Conrad writes, the melancholy of a man whose worlds crumble away round him and leave him to construct other worlds from the remnants. In one sense he has had everything, in another sense he has lost everything. It is the paradox of these two facts, the physical loss and the spiritual retention, that leaves him alone, in a world where the immediate realities are only seemings, and the true realities are things that have all but 'perished out of mind.'

It is through this paradox of Mr. Conrad's life and character that we can understand the full moral import of his work. He has lost and he has retained; in the midst of crumbling and disintegration he has achieved continuity; he has found the way to turn every kind of failure into some kind of success. He stresses the solitariness of his own heart only in order that he may prove how the faculties of hope, of courage, of imagination struggle against it and, reaching beyond barriers of time and space and nationality, recover old contacts or replace them by new ones. And in his tales, similarly, he stresses the solitariness of men and women, with a kind of inverted emphasis, only to show the desperate ardor of their struggle for fraternity. In other words, his mode of arguing the supreme worth of human solidarity as an ideal is to exhibit the whole array of difficulties which tragically interfere with that ideal, sometimes turning the pursuit of it into appalling tragedy. Writing about the terrible loneliness of expatriates, he is really celebrating the indispensable security of home and country. In fact, his consistent way of affirming anything is to deny its opposite. His outlaws and anarchists prove the beauty of law and of the civilized conventions; his impractical dreamers exist for praise of the practical life; his skeptics and men of lost honor imply the need of faith and of fidelity. And always, while he portrays directly the forces of dissolution, the forces that sunder lives, his insistence remains indirectly on the ideal of brotherhood — 'the latent feeling of fellowship with all creation — . . . the solidarity in dreams, in joy, in sorrow, in aspirations, in illusions, in hope, in fear, which binds men to each other, which binds together all humanity — the dead to the living and the living to the unborn.'

So vivid is Mr. Conrad's sense of 'the latent feeling of fellowship with all creation' that if he were to make a formal definition of his personal system of ethics he would probably make it in some such phrase as Royce's 'Loyalty to Loyalty' — devotion to whatever fosters the idea and the practice of loyalty in men's lives, hatred of whatever defeats the idea and the practice. Not being given to formal definitions, Mr. Conrad phrases his ideal in a few words that recur with unconscious frequency throughout his books, such words as Conscience, Service, Fidelity, Honor,

Solidarity — Loyalty itself among them. These are all intensely social words; no one of them means anything except to the individual whose imagination gets outside the crevice of individual sufficiency and becomes aware of the mass of mankind. The ideas in such words are necessarily the basis of society; and any group of lives largely ruled by them is a society in the most intelligible sense.

It is probably because the life of the sea rests on such simple and unshakable ideas, and is in fact a brotherhood of unwritten law stronger than law itself, that Mr. Conrad finds on the decks of ships so much to affirm his faith in solidarity and so little to deny it. It is only in his tales of the sea that tragedy does not predominate. The life of sailors is a life of invisible loyalties. They feel, not only the obvious loyalty to each other, to their officers, to their code of honor, but also, obscurely and beautifully, to ships, 'the creatures of their hands and the objects of their care,' and to the tradition of the sea as it has come to them from remote and forgotten generations — generations of sailors that were, Mr. Conrad says, 'like stone caryatides that hold up in the night the lighted halls of a resplendent and glorious edifice.'

III

If we have measurably succeeded in expressing the reality and the intensity of Mr. Conrad's valuation of the social instinct in man, and the obstinacy of its fight against the forces of dissolution and anarchy in man's own nature, we have expressed what is by all odds his supreme claim as a social philosopher addressing the modern social conscience. But there is another conflict of the social will, against another and larger opponent, not inside but outside man; and this still remains to be described before we can deal with our author simply as the artist speaking to 'our capacity for delight and wonder.'

Briefly, man triumphs over his individual differences so far as to conclude that fellowship must be the supreme logic of creation. Then, having to that extent learned the lesson of brotherhood, man looks outside the immediate world of his own kind, and discovers that fellowship is not the logic of creation at all — that in the chaos of warring species and mute constellations there *is* no decipherable logic. And again he despairs of the frail human sodality. If the universe is framed for lawlessness, if disaster is as natural in it as triumph, and war as inevitable as peace, why should man take the trouble to invent loyalties and organize brotherhoods? Why should he not assert the separateness of his identity and get what he can for himself out of a precarious existence, let what may happen to others?

These are, of course, the questions raised by such pessimism as that of Heyst in *Victory*, or by the despair of such disappointed optimism as that of Martin Decoud in *Nostromo*. One logical outcome of a desperate world is despair in the individual; and to a temperament such as Hardy's, despair is the only possible outcome. But there is another logic, the logic of a different temperament, which answers that, if the universal affair is desperate, it is so much the more necessary for the human affair to be hopeful, and that men's standing together against the universal threat is one way to cheat adverse destiny. This is in fact Mr. Conrad's answer. And it is characteristic of his inexorable love of truth that he draws the answer, by another of his paradoxes, out of a dark view of the world-purpose — a view which is dark because it is negative, blank, entirely non-ethical.

'The ethical view of the universe involves us at last,' he says, 'in so many cruel and absurd contradictions, where the last vestiges of faith, hope, charity, and even of reason itself, seem ready to perish, that I have come to suspect that the aim of creation cannot be ethical at all. I would fondly believe that its object is purely spectacular.' The cosmos is 'a spectacle for awe, love, adoration, or hate, if you like, but in this view . . . never for despair! Those visions, delicious or poignant, are a moral end in themselves. . . . The unwearied self-forgetful attention to every phase of the living universe reflected in our consciousness may be our appointed task on this earth — a task in which fate has perhaps engaged nothing of us except our conscience, gifted with a voice in order to bear true testimony to the visible wonder, the haunting terror, the infinite passion, and the illimitable serenity; to the supreme law and the abiding mystery of the sublime spectacle.'

In other and less eloquent words, the fact that the world has no meaning does not prove that what we feel about it has no meaning; and it is futile folly to renounce the natural and spontaneous emotions in order to hope exorbitantly or to despair about a mere assumption. This is the logic that drives us back to the soluble problems of our own tangled world, the microcosm of purposes which do exist and in accordance with which we do act — the world in which the various private dreams and the collective dream of brotherhood are sufficient moral ends.

This, too, is the logic, expressed as usual by indirection, which comes out of Mr. Conrad's tragedies of intellectual men. Heyst, in *Victory*, is the modern man who asks so little of creation that he does not even reach out his hand for what life offers him. He has schooled himself to 'a full and equable contempt.' To a really lucid mind, action, from whatever motive, is a defilement; and love is only a stratagem 'to bring out of the lightless void the shoals of unnumbered generations.' Men and women are the least substantial part of the general nightmare: Heyst sees them as 'figures cut out of cork, and weighted with lead just sufficiently to keep them in their proudly upright posture.' But, through a temperamental accident which contradicts his deliberate choice, he commits himself to life, to love; and when he suffers the normal human loss, having only the negation of his abnormal philosophy to help him to resignation and readjustment, he can but cry in despair, 'Ah, Davidson, woe to the man whose heart has not learned while young to hope, to love — and to put its trust in life.'

Thus, as in other stories of Mr. Conrad, the meaning of failure is less tragic than the physical fact. Heyst dies, but in the moment of his death his heart beats for the first time with the heart of humanity. The story ends with a dead woman's triumph over his paralyzing skepticism.

Against such a negative case as this of Heyst, one may set Mr. Conrad's affirmation of a robust working philosophy of life. That affirmation comes to us, as from an artist it should, in the form of an image: the little ship's company in the forecastle of the Narcissus on her interminable and timeless voyage from Bombay round the Cape of Storms and homeward to a port of England. In that forecastle there is no forgetting of either nature or man. Round the ship is the unchanging circular emptiness of the horizon, never free from the veiled menace which is part of the life of the sea; within the ship is the vivid realization of the only practical answer to the menace, a comradeship of choice cemented by necessity and the hostility of the common

foe. The pressure of the immense nothingness outside is only a pressure of men *together*. It is a pleasure to think that in this first of his pictures of the working partnership of a few lives regulated by a common bond of service, and strong in a conscious fidelity, Mr. Conrad may have intended a half-symbolic image of man's place in his world of space and time.

Mr. Conrad's use of conscious artifice in his writing is so exclusively determined by his general ideas — especially by this general idea of man's relation to the universe of which he must be, for art, the focal point — that it is exceedingly difficult to separate the novelist from the thinker. That Mr. Conrad is indeed the conscious artist one may deduce from his style, which in every phase, from its somewhat too flushed and rhapsodic beginnings to its carefully disciplined later developments, is marked by care for the magic of the fitly chosen word, the rhythm and cadence of sentences. Or, if other proof is needed, let it be sought in the arrangement of the effects of light and shadow in the story *Youth*, or in the purely decorative opening and closing formula of *The Brute*. These considerations are all important, and they have something to do with Mr. Galsworthy's professed belief that Conrad's work is likely to 'enrich the English language.'

But it is more immediately desirable to point out the exact and inevitable correspondence between art as this author defines it and his account of the relation of man's consciousness to 'every phase of the living universe.' We find him declaring that the truth of the objective world is in the emotions evoked by it; that the moral worth of a phase of the cosmos is in direct ratio to the moral or social feelings stirred in the beholder. And art he defines through exactly the same relation of the phase of reality to the mood in which the artist receives it. In his own words, 'To snatch in a moment of courage, from the remorseless rush of time, a passing phase of life, is only the beginning of the task. The task approached in tenderness and faith is to hold up unquestioningly, without choice and without fear, the rescued fragment before all eyes and in the light of a sincere mood.'

If we accept his definition as sincere — and there is no evidence to show that he has ever followed any other — we find him taking in the presence of an artistic 'subject' the same posture he recommends us to take toward the incomprehensible whole of things, and cherishing no purpose beyond the moral sensations evoked by his lesser spectacle; there being, in fact, between the greater cosmic affair and the lesser artistic, no difference at all except the artist's necessary care for communication of what he has perceived. It is worth while to note in passing that this is among the most acceptable definitions of art that have ever been framed, in that it falls between the acceptance of art as purely decorative and unmoral, and the opposite requirement of a didactic and utilitarian value.

One or the other half of this general definition, or the combination of both halves, will be found to account in minute detail for Mr. Conrad's artistic process. If the value of a phase of life is to be defined in terms of the emotions evoked by it, then there can be no curtailment of the phase by arbitrary 'technique,' with its different, its unmoral and abstract notion of relevance. As a fact, Mr. Conrad's practice of inclusion and exclusion is based on the moral values of the given case, quite in the sense of his definition. He leaves out ruthlessly, even to the sacrifice of just the type of narration he executes with most overwhelming effect, wherever exclusion prospers his larger pur-

poses. And he rounds out his 'phase of life' by inclusion of much that the most rigid economy would discountenance. *The End of the Tether*, his story of the master mariner going blind, begins, on the orthodox formula, 'near the crisis'; but it loops backward and still backward until it has become the comprehensive story of a life. And, like most of its author's work, it achieves its crisis in such fashion as to shed relevance backward upon all that momentarily seemed irrelevant. There *is* ultimately no irrelevance in Conrad, because everything that he admits into the chosen subject is fused at last in the heat of his unifying purpose, the evocation of a special mood.

An interesting extension of the novelist's art, so defined, occurs in *Chance*, where even the duality of phase and mood breaks down and the two coalesce. There is more than a casual fitness in Henry James's comment on *Chance:* 'The whole clutch of eggs, and these withal of the freshest, in that one basket.' Briefly, Mr. Conrad presented the mood of the beholder as an integral part of the subject itself; he put it explicitly into the story, instead of merely so organizing the story as to conjure it into being. *Chance*, it will be remembered, is the story of a romantic love-affair which a first person singular, the author presumably, pieces together from Marlow's account, after Marlow has pieced it together from several other accounts. It is not grossly inaccurate to say that *Chance* is the author's reëdited version of Marlow's interpretation of Fyne's and Powell's not too skillful summaries of what happened. Now, on the supposition that Mr. Conrad wanted only to tell the story of Flora de Barral, her convict father, and her quixotic and impetuous lover, his machinery is cumbersome and formidable. But there is every reason to suppose that what most interested him was the sight of Marlow's eager and humane inquisitiveness at work upon the complex materials of that story. In other words, *Chance* is a sort of apotheosized detective story, in which Marlow is the detective, and the thing detected is the exquisite and incredible happiness of two people whose understanding love triumphs over every obstacle. It is no more the history of the love-affair exclusively than a detective story is the history of a crime exclusively. *Chance* is primarily the account of a beautiful if somewhat inquisitive *sympathy* at work upon a phase of life which invites sympathy; and, considered as such, it adds a cubit to the stature of that Marlow whom we know in *Lord Jim*, in *Heart of Darkness*, in *Youth*, and probably, though by no name, in *Falk*. Also, it adds a cubit to Mr. Conrad's stature as a disciple of Henry James, for it obviously practices Henry James's favorite device of tincturing each story with the finest, most responsive consciousness present or available.

IV

We have seen that Mr. Conrad sacrifices economy and swiftness of movement to mood: it remains to add that he sacrifices chronology to the same governing principle. Mood and chronology cannot both be supreme, for to enforce mood any given piece of material must appear where it weighs most in terms of character, not merely where it serves a narrow constructive expediency. Whence innumerable events in the remote past, suppressed only to be revealed at present crises; whence the looping, intersecting construction of *Lord Jim;* whence the odd lapsus in *Under Western Eyes*, so contrived that Part IV shall begin where Part I leaves off. It is relatively unimportant, except as one of several evidences of a purely

technical ambidexterity, that these affairs set themselves right by the calendar once the book is laid down; so that, however sure one may be that the tale is incoherent as Mr. Conrad tells it, one invariably recalls the events in strictly chronological sequence.

Nostromo utilizes more than any other of the tales, and to a greater end, this device of chronology thwarted in the service of a higher coherence. What this novel develops, so far as a very succinct statement will suffice, is the idea of avarice as a force dominant over a large community of lives, until at last it crushes out the few lives in which we have invested most of our sympathy, including the one life, that of Nostromo, which we had thought of as most immune from the corrosion of greed. The story rambles in wide loops and circles over a stretch of years; but through it, from the opening chapter, in which two legendary gringos perish in a vain search for gold, until the closing page, in which Linda Viola throws herself into the sea for a lost love, the idea of avarice sweeps evenly on to its sinister triumph, drawing after it with a powerful suction the litter of individual lives, wills, and acts. At the outset we see that idea of avarice embodied in Charles Gould's silver mine, the pivot of the economic and political life of Costaguana, a semi-tropical state of South America. Presently, avarice takes the concrete shape of a particular quarterly load of the mine's output, a single hoard of silver ingots which Nostromo, the captain of the Navigation Company's longshoremen, and the young patriot Decoud receive into a cargo-lighter and secrete in an island ravine, to save it from the hands of revolutionists. At last, when the revolution has been put down and Decoud has gone mad and killed himself on his island, Nostromo, who alone knows that the treasure is still accessible, resolves to 'grow rich slowly,' and abstracts the ingots one by one, under cover of night. Thus avarice lays its shriveling finger on him, the selected victim of its irony; and thus the design is rounded out.

It is here, for the only time on a large scale, that Mr. Conrad begins, not with the struggle of the isolated outcast, but with the whole panorama of civilization, the background from which he falls. The rôle of outcast here is played by avarice itself, the *proscrit* of moral qualities, rather than by any individual. Costaguana, the imagined seaboard country of the tale, a republic lying between mountain and gulf, is of course the modern world in little. It is complete enough as Mr. Conrad depicts it to revolutionize, among other things, one's idea of South American revolutions. It furnishes successive pictures of civilization in different eras, from the old days of free-handed governmental cessions down to the modern days of exploitation by foreign capital and increasing industrial unrest. After the civil conflict is over and the incalculable wealth of the Gould Concession is preserved intact to its owner, one whose vision is of the clearest says to Mrs. Gould, 'There is no peace and rest in the development of material interests. They have their law and their justice. But it is founded on expediency, and it is inhuman; it is without rectitude, without the continuity and the force that can be found only in a moral principle. Mrs. Gould, the time approaches when all that the Gould Concession stands for shall weigh as heavily upon the people as the barbarism, cruelty, and misrule of a few years back.'

And reverberating through the book, literally from the first page to the last, haunting every chapter like the wandering echo of some lost truth, is the suggestion that the world's problems are more than economic, that national

identities must not be tampered with from outside in the name of progress.

This tale of lives ruled by a precious metal is winning unstinted praise from more and more authoritative voices. It remains thus far, to our thinking, the one work by which Mr. Conrad stands or falls. There is certainly nothing else in English like it; indeed it is obvious that its author (except in so far as he is profoundly original) has worked here, as everywhere, under Continental influences — those of the French and Russian masters, with whom we must include Henry James, whose avowed discipleship is to Balzac and Turgénieff. But from whatever quarter Mr. Conrad's own influence a half-century hence shall appear to come, one feels more strongly with every re-reading that it must come *as* an influence, acknowledged and far-reaching; for he is one of the three or four enduring beacons of our generation. Both as man and as artist he is too great to be comprehended in any one glimpse. And his service, to letters as to life, has been unfalteringly good service.

ECONOMIC PROGRAMMES AFTER THE WAR

BY FRANCIS W. HIRST

It must be difficult for those who have lived in the United States since the beginning of the war to realize how mightily the waves of passion and indignation have beaten against the minds and hearts of the peoples of Great Britain and Ireland, or how many sand-built edifices have been swept away by this unprecedented hurricane. But unless I can convey to you this impression at the very outset, what I have to write about the probabilities of the future will seem to you disappointingly wanting in dogmatic precision. It is now mid-November. For more than two years this desperate conflict has continued, and the losses have been so frightful that the ideas, even of statesmen and professors hitherto distinguished for consistency, have suffered derangement. The few who refused to budge from their old moorings have been held up to obloquy or ridicule by the nocturnal scribes of Fleet Street; and in Parliament *principles* (unsupported since the Coalition by *party*) have almost faded away.

In fact, there is now such a political and economic chaos as has not been seen since the introduction of representative democracy in 1832. There was something a little like it in 1846, when Sir Robert Peel, the leader of the Protectionist party, suddenly announced his conversion to free trade in corn. There was something like it again in 1867, when Disraeli, the leader of the Anti-Reform party, introduced a democratic suffrage. Yet another period of political confusion began in 1886, when Mr. Gladstone split British Liberalism by suddenly abandoning coercion and embracing the policy of Home Rule for Ireland. Liberalism, let us remind ourselves, is not to be confused with democracy. Gladstone's definition of it as

'trust in the People' is, with all deference to that great man, mere electioneering claptrap. A democracy may be illiberal; an oligarchy may be liberal. A liberal is certainly not a person who allows his opinions to be swayed, or his principles decided, by the majority. He may be, probably is, ready to recognize the majority's right to decide; but it is his right to say that the majority is wrong, and (if he is a man of public spirit) to endeavor to bring it round.

British liberalism — I spell it with a small *l* in order to disconnect it from the official Liberalism of the Liberal Caucus — rests upon the doctrine of individual liberty, which again may be described under three main heads — free service, free speech, and free trade. All these existed before the war. Under the stress and strain of this great war all three have in a greater or less degree disappeared, though the same Liberal Prime Minister has remained in office.

I am concerned here only with the third form of liberty — the right of the individual to trade freely with any other individual in any other part of the world. With this right we associate the doctrine of free trade in the narrow and technical sense. That doctrine is sometimes described as the doctrine of free imports. But, in fact, the exigencies of the revenue have never permitted free imports. What we mean by free trade is, not the absence of a tariff, but the absence from our tariff of any protective duties. Before the war our tariff was a tariff for revenue. It was laid mainly upon articles like tea, sugar, and tobacco, which are not produced in this country. And where duties were laid upon articles like beer, which are produced in this country, an excise duty roughly corresponding with the customs duty was imposed.

In 1904 Mr. Chamberlain started a protectionist movement, and for the first time since the middle of the nineteenth century free trade was seriously challenged. The protectionists however were decisively defeated, and, thanks mainly to free trade, the Liberal party succeeded in winning three general elections, with the result that the Unionist party had already reconsidered the fiscal question, and was practically ready before the war to put its tariff reformers on the shelf.

But the outbreak of war suspended at a blow our trade with Germany and Austria, and afterwards also with Turkey and Bulgaria. Moreover, owing to the closing of the Baltic and Black seas, the bulk of our ordinary trade with Russia has likewise ceased. In addition to this, under restrictions and prohibitions of the Board of Trade, almost every branch of commerce has lost its old freedom of movement. And finally, a year ago, Mr. McKenna in his budget imposed several highly protective duties for the purpose, he said, of reducing the consumption of luxuries. I do not inquire how far all these regulations of trade were unavoidable. I merely emphasize the fact that British trade is no longer free; and although many of us would like to remove now a great number of the restrictions which (in our view) have been erroneously imposed, no serious person supposes that anything like absolute freedom of trade can be restored so long as the war lasts.

But what will happen when the war ends? That is the question of questions, upon the answer to which the economic future of the British Empire and of the whole world depends. During the fiscal controversy Mr. Asquith once said there were only two systems — free trade and protection: 'All the rest was fudge.' He meant, of course, that the real fight was between consumers, on the one hand, who wanted cheapness and plenty, and producers on the other, each of whom wants the article he grows or manufactures to be dear in the

home market. In most countries the producers, being better organized, usually contrive to defeat the consumers; and the richest producers get a tariff specially favorable to their own commodities. The chief reason why free trade has been established and maintained in the United Kingdom is that to many of our manufacturers the foreign customer is more important than the home buyer. Thus, the Lancashire cotton trade exports about three quarters of its total output. The supreme interest of our cotton manufactures is cheapness of production. If food, timber, machinery, raw cotton, and so forth, were taxed, the cost of production would of necessity rise, and exports would necessarily fall. An increased price in the home market would not compensate for a great reduction in exports. Thus it comes about that in England and Scotland many manufacturers are free traders. Moreover, a vast multitude of people are associated with the transport trades; and if a shipper or a ship-owner is a protectionist, it is a proof that he is either ignorant of his own interests, or strangely unselfish.

During the last two years many manufacturers, merchants, and ship-owners have made huge war profits (out of the National Debt), which profits will not last after the war. They have also incurred heavy taxation, which will last long after the war. Obviously, when the war ends there will be a conflict between interest and passion. The other day a simple and ingenuous rubber-trader announced that he would have no dealings with Germans: that is, he would not buy anything from Germany, but would sell her as much as he could!

The old protectionist party has been galvanized into new life, and is endeavoring to represent protection as a form of patriotism. For this purpose it has invented various battle-cries. The first was, 'Capture German trade.' The second was, 'Protect key industries.' The latest policy is a protectionist tariff, which is to be given a patriotic appearance by the setting up of walls of varying heights: a high and almost prohibitive one against the goods and products of Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey; a lower one against neutral goods; a lower one still for our allies — France, Russia, Italy, Japan, Roumania, Servia, Montenegro, and Portugal; finally, the lowest one of all for British colonies and possessions. As a matter of fact the driving force behind this scheme is protection pure and simple. That much came out clearly in a resolution unanimously passed not long ago by the glass-manufacturers, who demanded a tariff of from thirty to fifty per cent on foreign goods — Belgian glass being their most severe competitor in the home market.

Over against these advocates of an elaborate post-war tariff stand the free traders, led by Sir Hugh Bell and others, in battle-array. Between these two hosts of stalwarts an official party of compromise exists, or seems to exist. It attaches itself to the Paris Resolutions. They are so nebulous that they may be interpreted to mean anything or nothing. It is generally supposed that they represent the mutual concessions of office-holders, made to one another by free traders and protectionists who are serving together in the Coalition government. That the Paris Resolutions were intended to strike at neutrals has been emphatically denied by the Prime Minister himself in his speech at the Guildhall on November 9. He denounced as a 'childish fiction' the suggestion that it is the intention of the Allies to erect an impenetrable stone wall against neutral trade. That, he said, would mean economic suicide. After the war self-interest would impel us to establish and maintain the best

economic and financial relations with the neutral powers. This appeal by Mr. Asquith to self-interest as the key to trade-policy after the war is significant of a cooling down of sentiment — a process which will become more and more rapid as the war nears its end.

Thus, one effect of prohibiting direct trade with Germany and Austria after the war would be that an important and profitable part of London's financial business would be parceled out between Copenhagen, Amsterdam, and Zurich. Again, the imposition of a moderate tariff on French silks, wines, hats, cheese, vegetables, fruit, and butter would cause consternation in Paris, Lyons, and Brittany. The reflection that a higher tariff was imposed on American motor-cars or German electrical machinery would be no consolation to the sufferers.

To my mind the complications introduced into the philosophy of tariff reform by the war will make the framing of a practical policy more difficult than ever, both for the pure protectionists and for the Imperialistic preferentialists. I admit that at the moment free traders seem to be in evil plight. But then so are the tariff reformers. They are quite as angry with Mr. Bonar Law as the free traders are with Mr. Asquith. The *régime* of governmental regulations is a form of protection exasperating to all business men. Many of our leading Socialists are thoroughly disgusted with bureaucracy. It is quite possible that in the reaction and rebound after the war *laissez-faire* may again become popular. Whatever happens, one may be certain that in the scramble for employment during demobilization it will go hard with any government which proposes to close up important avenues of trade.

A PRISONER IN WITTENBERG

THE JOURNAL OF PRIVATE HUTCHINSON, NO. 5475 FIRST BATTALION, MANCHESTER REGIMENT

I

I WAS wounded and taken prisoner near La Bassée on the 21st December, 1914, and was well caked-up in mud, blood, and water. On being taken through the German trenches they gave us a right German welcome. 'Och, Englander, swinehund! You use dum-dum [which I may say is a lie, one of a good many] and fight for money.' And then again we would hear, 'Swinehund' and 'Swine' something else. Then up with their rifles as if to blow our brains out. They drew their fingers across their throats, meaning, I suppose, that they would like to cut our throats, which I would not have cared if they had at the time. I confess I had the satisfaction of seeing plenty of dead Huns in their own trenches, and I was glad to think that they had not been having all their own way.

I could not help smiling at one young German, who had got his just as we were coming along. He would weigh

about twelve stone, and he was having his hand wrapped up, and squealing like a stuck pig. He was then sent along with us on to La Bassée. The Germans would not bandage my wounds up, so I had to wait while we got to La Bassée, which might have been about four miles off. I should think we walked all over La Bassée, first up one street and then down another, until I was properly done up with the loss of blood and the fatigue of walking with my bruised shin. I tried to make one of the escort understand that I wanted my wounds wrapped up, as my arm was paining me very much. And at last, after a bit of arguing, I was taken into a house where there were six more Germans. After a bit of wrestling, they got my jacket off (it had stuck to my jersey and shirt-sleeves, and my arm had gone quite stiff). They then cut my jersey and shirt-sleeve off, a quicker and less painful way. That lot over, and my arm in a sling, we set off again to find the house they were taking us to.

After another hour or so we found the place, which looked like a hospital full of wounded men. We had to go through an archway and across a big yard to the house where a little red-haired German officer was staying. He could speak English, but the first words were, 'Ah, Englanders, swiners,' and then in English he asked us for our pay-books, so as to take our names and particulars. As soon as he got them, he said something in German to one of the escort, who then marched us off to another place across the yard, with two or three kicks to help us along, and roused us up some steps into a room, and made us stand with our faces turned towards the wall, by being knocked round. We were kept like that for about half an hour, and if we looked round there was a kick for us and a grunt. Then up came one of the escort, and roused us out of it again, and with kicks from the young German soldiers and a few blows across the back as we were passing through the archway on our way to La Bassée station.

When we arrived at the station, I had no sooner got into the waiting-room when I saw some more of our regiment and French soldiers and some Sikhs and Gurkhas. Here I was knocked round about six times, with a German big enough to eat me, who then robbed me of three francs, which was all I had,and I was very glad I did not have any more. After about one and a half hours waiting, we were all bundled into some cattle-trucks. One end of our truck had some straw on the floor, and the other end had some water thrown on to it. And because I could not get in fast enough to please them, having one arm slung up, and feeling the pain of my shin, also being very tired, as I had practically no sleep from about 5 A.M. the 20th to late on the night of the 21st before getting into the truck, they almost threw me in. They put the Frenchmen, twenty of them, on the straw end, and Englanders, fifteen of us, on the wet end. The escort, I am sure, had had a drop too much from the way they carried on, and of course the spite fell on to us crouched on the bottom of the wet truck. They would pat the French on the back and say, 'Good comerade,' then they would come to our end and say, 'Englander, swine-hunds,' etc.

After this, they searched and turned us over four times on our journey to a big railway shed about six or seven miles from La Bassée. It was plain the engine-driver knew all about us being behind his engine, for he gave us a good few jolts before he parted with us at this little station. I was very glad when they hustled us out of the truck into this shed. But I had no sooner got onto the platform before one of the Germans was going to give me one with the

butt end of his rifle. But the timely aid of a German officer stayed his hand and prevented the blow, for which I thanked him very much in my mind, not knowing how to thank him in his own language.

We got into the shed all right and I was very thankful when I saw a lot of straw laid out ready for us, which they told us we could lie down on for the remainder of the night. They then brought us a drink of coffee and a slice of black bread. I was very thankful to get under the straw, as I was nearly starved to death with the cold, and being wet through with coming straight out of the trenches. With cold, pain, and a heavy heart, I was not long before I was underneath a bit of straw. And I thanked God that the day was over, which up till then had been the worst in all my life. And little thinking I had worse to follow, I fell asleep.

We were roused very early the next morning (the 22d) and I knew that I felt very stiff. My arm had swollen to about twice its size. Then we fell in, and had to write our names and our regiment. They then started to question us, but the only thing they got out of me was that I belonged to the Manchester Regiment. To the other questions I answered, 'I do not know.' 'Och,' he says, 'you do not seem to know anything.' He then asked me what I was fighting for, so I told him for my country. 'Och,' he says, 'I know what you fight for. You fight for money, for Mr. Churchill and Mr. Grey.' So I said to him, 'Why do you ask me if you know all about it?' 'Och,' he then said, 'you will not fight any more. You finish, you will go to Germany.' And with that, he left me to try his hand on some one else. I was not sorry, for I felt very sore and hungry after the strain of the day before. After they had finished with the taking of the names and putting the most ridiculous questions, they bundled us into the trucks again, and after a few jeers and 'Swinehunds' from the soldiers, we set off for Lille, which we reached, I think, about noon, when we were roused out of the truck and fell in on the platform. There were either two or three French officers, I forget which, so they were put in front. The English next, then the natives, and the French soldiers last.

Then we set off on the march through the town of Lille, which I thought a very fine place. There was an escort along each side of us, and it brought tears to my eyes to see the poor French women crying and wanting to give us chocolate, cigarettes, and other bits of comforts, some of them even emptying their purses to give us money. But the escort would not let them give us anything when they could help it. I was the right-hand man of the front section of fours so I had a German close to me all the way. Still I managed to get a bit of something right under his nose. I had no hat, as I had lost mine in the scuffle in the trenches, and a lady was going to give me a cap; but as she tried to give it to me, the Hun gave her a nasty blow across the arm, which was enough to break it. I felt very sorry for her getting the blow through me, but I had not then learned the Hun's ways, else I would not have offered to accept her gift. Another lady, however, had the sense to throw a muffler at me, I should say about six feet long, and through a bit of luck the muffler fell round my neck, for which I shall always thank her as it came in very useful to me a long time after, during the severe winter we had to face.

Then, as we went on a bit farther, four young women shouted out as loud as they could, 'Good old England! Cheer up!' I can say that was the last and sweetest bit of music I heard for a long time to come. Then two of them came as close to us as they dared, the

one nearest with her arms folded, and just peeping out, a packet of cigarettes. She looked at me and drew my attention to the cigarettes. I nodded my head to say that I would like them, so, like a flash our hands met, and the cigarettes had changed their ownership. The German made a hit at her arm, but he was a bit too late that time, and before he had time to look round, the cigarettes were in my pocket. And six of us enjoyed a whiff after we got to our destination, where we arrived shortly after.

I do not know what they called the place, but it looked to me like a barracks and a magazine. We were taken into this place, and put in some arched places, which looked like tunnels, and maybe about 25 to 30 yards long, and 4 yards wide across the floor. There were three of them, so they put the English in one, the natives in another, and the French in the other; and when we got to our places I was surprised to see some Highland Light Infantry inside, I should say about 200 or so all told. When we got in and after we had got settled down a bit, they brought us some coffee and some German biscuits in a small linen bag. I was not long before I had eaten mine as I was very hungry. Then we wounded were taken to have our wounds dressed, which made us feel a little easier, after which we were sent back to our tunnels again.

After a chat amongst ourselves talking about our troubles, and enjoying those cigarettes I had given to me on our journey through Lille, we all straightened a bit of straw and lay down to sleep. But before I fell asleep I got to wondering if my dear wife would be able to get to know where I was, and that I was alive. This was a great worry to me for a long time after, and will come into my story later on. At last I fell asleep. We were roused early the next morning (the 23rd) when, after a bit of cleaning, we smartened ourselves up a bit, as well as we could. I was however a few days before I managed to get all the mud and blood off my clothes. About 7 A.M. they brought us some coffee, and another small bag of biscuits, and as one man of the Highland Light Infantry did not get any, I gave him a half of mine. His name is Wilson. He and I got to be chums, and he helped me a lot afterwards, as I was not able to do much for myself for a while.

Then after coffee we were paraded outside, and they gave us one wash-hand-bowl between two men to eat our meals out of. Several of us drank the coffee out of a sardine tin. They also gave us a spoon, which was not a great deal of use to us, as we could drink the soup better without the spoon. If you had a knife of any sort on you, you had to give it up, for if they found one on you, you were severely punished. I had a very small penknife, one which my brother William gave to me before I left dear old England, and I wanted to preserve it as a keepsake. I had managed to dodge five searchings, but the sixth time a German, a bit sharper than the others, found it in my field-dressing pocket, and then he put his fist up to my face, and growled 'Swiner' for not giving it up. I thanked my lucky stars he let it stop at that.

After they had finished searching and issuing the utensils, they sent us back to our tunnels, where we were at liberty to talk among ourselves, with two sentries with fixed bayonets walking amongst us. About 12 noon, they brought up the soup, with the aid of those of our men who were strong enough to carry it. The soup was very thin, but it was hot, and it helped to fill a vacant place in my 'little Mary,' which was beginning to wonder if it had to keep going on wind and water. After soup (I will not say dinner, as it would

be an insult to the name of dinner), we had nothing to do, so I had a sleep, which is the best ease for an empty stomach, as I found out by experience later on. I woke up after about four hours' good sleep, so I had not long to wait to see what the next meal was like. About 6 P.M., up came soup again, like that we had at dinner-time, and I may say there was a rush for it, as the boys were beginning to feel the pangs of hunger, which has a very sharp thorn, and I was very pleased to see my new-found chum come along with some for both of us. After we drank it, and he had washed the bowl out, we all set to telling yarns, when there came word that we were going away early the following morning, and had to be in Lille station by about 5 A.M. before the townspeople were up. That set us all wondering where they were going to send us, but we all dropped off to sleep, about as wise as before we started thinking.

II

We were roused about 3.30 A.M., the 24th, and fell in on the parade-ground, and I should say that we were counted at least a dozen times before they knew how many they had on parade. At last we got on the move, and reached the station about 5.30 A.M.; then we were told off to our trucks and we were not long before we left Lille on our way to Hell, as we found out a few days after. It was the worst railway journey I ever had in all my life. The weather was very cold. It was snowing and freezing. Hungry and cold, we crouched on the bottom of the truck, and made ourselves as comfortable as possible, and passed the time away by having a few songs and telling yarns of what we had seen and done. About 3 P.M. we had a slice of bread and a drink of water. The names of the stations I cannot remember, but at each station we stopped at, the doors of the trucks were opened so that the people on the platforms could see us, and then we would hear 'Swiner,' from the youngest to the oldest of them. We were on view like a lot of wild animals. We passed the night away shivering with the cold, and trying to have a snooze, but we could not sleep for the shaking of the train. The driver was well up in the way of giving you a good jolt now and again, and so on through the night and the next day (Christmas day, the 25th).

What a Christmas day that was! I remember I dropped off to sleep once, and I was having cake and jam-tarts, and fairly enjoying myself. I fancy I can see them now, as I write this, but alas, I woke up with a start, the train having stopped with a sudden jerk, and set my arm on the go again. But the worst disappointment was, I could not see any cake or jam-tarts around. It was only a dream. After a short time on view, we set off again. About 10 P.M. the train stopped, when we were shunted onto a siding, where we had to get out, and then were marched into a shed with a lot of tables and forms in it. I began to wonder if my dream was coming true, for on some of the tables there were some small Christmas trees with a few bright things on them; but I had no need to wonder long, for in they came with some soup for which I was very thankful, and then after soup we had some coffee and a bit of bread. And then we were marched back to our trucks again. I confess I felt a bit more comfortable in my little Mary after that feed. Off we go again, all of us a little brighter. First one and then another would have a pull at a fag-end, as they were very scarce, and we passed the remainder of the night and up to about 1 P.M. the next day (26th), in talking and snoozing. We had given up wondering where they were taking us to. And we did not know until we got

to a station and we saw *Klein Wittenberg* — a hell on earth, as we found out.

It was about 1 P.M., December 26, when we arrived. We were hustled out of the trucks and marched straight into the camp. It is close to the station, and as the trains run right along the top end of the camp, we were able to see the trains pass. We were then told off to our barrack-rooms in No. 1 compound. There were eight compounds, and in each one there are six huts, and two rooms to each hut. They are numbered A I, A II, B I, B II, and so on. I was sent to A II. We had 150 men in our room. They then issued us out a bowl and spoon, and then we had soup. I must say this soup was not as bad as the other; it was the best basin of soup I ever did have from them whilst I was in Germany. After we had finished soup they gave us two blankets a man and two sacks with a bit of straw in between 3 and 4 men. Then we had lectures to tell us what we were to do, and not to do, and who we had to salute. But we did not know a sergeant from a private, and of course we made several mistakes as regards the saluting. We would sometimes salute a private and not a sergeant. Then he would come and give us a kick or a blow with his fist. Of course the private we had saluted would have a laugh at us. So we thought it best to give them all a salute and be on the safe side. At 6 P.M. soup again, but we did not want our spoon this time, as you could read a copy of the *Daily Mirror* through a bucketful. It was nothing but hot water with a bit of grease floating on the top. After we had drunk it, we made our bed down on the floor, and got underneath the blankets, as it was practically dark at that time, and we only had one stable-lamp to light the whole room up for 150 men. Being very tired after our long and horrible journey, all of us were soon fast asleep.

We were roused about 6 A.M. (27th), when we had coffee up, but we did not get any bread till about 9.30 A.M. And when we did get it, I was not long before I had eaten mine, as I was so hungry. And I can safely say that the remainder had seen theirs off as well. Then we all set to to clean ourselves as well as we could. But it was hard work without any soap, and I could not wash myself very well with one hand, as it was so frosty. I never witnessed such a cold winter in all my life. Then we wounded had to attend hospital to have our wounds dressed. And I may say that I never had a drop of warm water all through the winter to wash my wounds with, and I was not allowed to wash them in the barrack-room. We had about 150 yards or more to go to the tap and wash, and very often it was snowing, and the water almost froze as it ran out of the tap. Very often we could not walk about, as it was so slippery. I know I had several nasty falls myself, and I have had many a good laugh at some of the other chaps' legs giving way under them. Our dinner that day consisted of sourkrout, which some of the boys could not manage to eat, but I got mine down after a hard struggle. I was so hungry I could have eaten a horse, and then gone back for the man that rode it.

The smoking was very restricted too, as there were not so many of the boys who had any money. So we who had none had to get the fag-ends off them that had some. I had a little short pipe, and every morning, I and a chum, Private Lew, of the Highland Light Infantry, used to be on the hunt for fag-ends or anything that we could make a smoke out of. I had got separated from my Lille chum, as the wounded were put in one section, 15 of us, which was called No 5 section. (The boys used to call us the crippled section.) Lew's right hand was wounded, and my left hand was useless through the wound in

my arm, so the two of us made one pair of good hands. He would go down one side of the room and I the other; then when we met, and if we had been successful in our hunt, we would put the fag-ends in the old pipe. He and I would then have a pull in our turns. But the cigarette-ends got the same as everything else, 'very scarce,' for the boys who used to throw them down would put them in a little tin box and make them up afresh with a bit of paper. We had to look out for something else, so we saved the coffee-grounds and dried them. Then we found some peat, so we used to mix the coffee and peat together, and get a draw that way. Sometimes we would drop in very lucky and come across a good Samaritan who would give us a pull out of his cigarette-end. I have seen as many as eight men have a draw out of a cigarette-end not half an inch long, and then the little bit of wet end would be put away to help towards making another.

I can tell you that nothing whatever was wasted. I have longed for some of those half-cigarettes I had thrown away before I was captured, and also some of the biscuits that were left in the trenches. But the coffee and peat got the same as the cigarette-ends, if you put a bit to dry. You would have to do guard over it, or else it would walk. So we had to find something else for a smoke, for a smoke we must have, no matter what it was. I think the hunger must have had a great deal to do with the craving for a smoke, so as a last resort we used to get the bark off the posts around the camp and cut that up and smoke it. I do not know what we should have had to fly to next for a smoke if it had not been for the packages coming from dear old England and Switzerland. But they came a long time after we started to smoke the bark, and the posts were getting very bare before they came to our rescue.

I have explained the smoking part, as it would take me too long to mix it up with the remainder of the story, so you will have an idea what our mind-soother was before our parcels came. I will therefore get back to the afternoon of the 27th. The sick and wounded were allowed to lie down in the afternoon, so I passed the time away sleeping, and I can tell you I could sleep. I think I could have slept on a clothes-line. At 6 P.M. we had tea up, in the way of a change, but it was so weak it had not the strength to run out of the ladle. It was the color of whiskey, so you may guess how they make tea in Germany; but we drank it all the same. I began to wish that I had saved a bit of my bread from the morning, as my little Mary was troubling me a great deal. The front part was knocking at the back, but it got no answer up to 7 A.M. the next morning; so after we drank the weasel water, we all got down to sleep.

The next day at 7 A.M. we had what they call porridge, but it was more like bird-seed and water. It would settle to the bottom, and when we had drunk the water off, there would be about two spoonsful of this seed at the bottom of our bowl. At 8 A.M. we would have to go to hospital, and we would be back about 9.30, ready for the bit of bread which would weigh from 8 to 10 ounces, and the best part of that would consist of potatoes, and some of it used to be so sad! You would have thought that it had had a fit through the night. It was like a lump of dough, just the same as if you had mixed some meal to feed the ducks with. It reminded me of the days when my mother used to feed our ducks at home. When we had eaten it, it would lie on the bottom of our stomachs like a bag of cement. We were getting filthy with lice by then, but what could you expect with so many men in one room; and I did not have a wash

with soap from the time I left Bethune on the 20th December, 1914, until the 5th of March, 1915, nor even a bath. And you may guess what we were like. I would have my shirt off for an hour in the morning, and an hour in the afternoon, and so you see the lice found us a bit of something to do. But I can tell you it was difficult work hunting lice and killing them, with one hand numb with the cold, and the other useless through the wound. It was like trying to catch a flea with a pair of boxing gloves on. But I managed to bag a few of the tormentors, and there were some big ones too. Some of them when you cracked them made so much noise that some of the boys who heard them would say, 'Look out! There's another Jack Johnson gone off.'

It did not matter how much we cleaned our shirt, it would be as bad again in the night. We would be rubbing and scratching ourselves nearly all the day and night through. After we had finished looking our shirts over, we would have a brisk walk up and down the room to warm ourselves up a bit. This is where the muffler which the kind lady threw around my neck in Lille came in very useful. I would put the middle across my head and wrap the ends around my neck, but I was not long before I found the means of getting a cap. I tore a bit off one of the ends of the blankets, and got one of the boys to make it into a cap for me, as he happened to have a needle. We got the cotton from the end of the blanket, which is sewn across to stop the ends from fraying. I am afraid a great many suffered in that way. If they (the Germans) had been sensible and given us some clothes to keep ourselves warm, their blankets would not have suffered as much as they did. The Russians were very good at making suits and even slippers out of them. When the cotton had run short from off the ends of the blankets, the towels came to the rescue. They would pull the strands off one by one, and then twist two together to make it stronger. They were very clever fellows at making anything you could mention. They would make knives and scissors out of hoop-iron and large nails, and they would sharpen the spoon-handle so that it would shave you. I have had many a shave with one of them. The Germans would not allow us knives, so we had to put these out of sight when they were knocking around.

The men that were fit did all the fatigues in camp. One day they did not turn out sharp enough for the Germans, so they stopped the bread for that day. They gave all the N.C.O.'s theirs, but we sick and wounded had to go without, the same as the remainder, so we were without bread for 48 hours, as we used to eat it as soon as they gave it to us. I have tried many a time to save a bit for my soup, but my little Mary was continually asking for it, so I could not refuse it while I had a bit left and down it went. We would be without bread practically every 23 or 24 hours. You see the soup that they gave us was not nourishing at all. I have gone as long as six weeks and never had a bit of meat. The only comfort we got out of the soup was that we would feel full as soon as we had drunk it, but an hour after we would feel worse than we did before we had it. I was always ready for the next issue five hours before it came up.

I think the time was against us as well as the Germans, for every minute was like an hour and an hour like a day. I never felt time hang so heavy before. When I had been there a month, I felt as if I had been there six. We managed to have a song on New Year's eve, and the old carol was sung with a vengeance. ('The Log was Burning Brightly' sounded grand, but none of us felt very warm from the heat of it, as the stove fire had gone out early in the

day.) And another favorite song that night was, 'Oh where is my wandering boy to-night?' and then some one would shout out, 'In Wittenberg, d—— nigh frozen to death.' So after we had finished our singing, we all turned in wondering what the new year would bring forth.

III

We started new year very well, as news came that we could write home and I can say that we all were very glad. So we wrote, and every one of us sent word for some bread and a few shillings to buy something to eat, as they had a canteen open at that time. We all felt a lot happier when we handed them in, and each one of us looking forward for an answer in about a month's time, but we kept waiting and speculating and saying they might come next week. But never an answer came, and not likely; because they never sent them our cards and we were made to believe that they had sent them. I felt like giving way when I got to know, as I had been hoping and trusting that my wife and children had got my card telling them that I was all right, and I may say it made me off color for a long time after.

Early in January, typhus broke out, and no wonder, for the condition we were in was terrible; so the first thing they did was to close the canteen and the next thing was they left us to it. We could not see a German anywhere only well outside the wires. But they did not forget to torment us. They kept having an alarm. The sentries would blow a whistle, and we were supposed to be allowed ten minutes to get inside the barrack-room. But if we were outside two minutes after the whistle blew there would be a shot sent after us, and if we looked through the door or window we would be shot. I remember when the alarm went the first time, we all fell in, in the middle of the room, and the color-sergeant, named Brisbane, of the Highland Light Infantry, went to open the window. But he had no sooner got to it when one of the sentries came up to the present to shoot him and he had to get back quick. We had heard several shots fired whilst we were fell in, so we passed the remark that they were only firing blank ammunition to frighten us; but after we were allowed to go out again, we very soon found out that it was ball instead of blank as we thought, for one of the bullets had gone right through one of the rooms. I think they rather liked to see us running like a lot of rabbits to our burrows, for they very often blew the alarm when we would least expect it; then there would be a race for it, as I do not think any of us wanted to be shot like that. But I am sorry to say some were, some fatally and some wounded.

The men were beginning to go in hospital and dying very fast now. I have stood against the wires and seen as many as 15 being carried to their last resting place, and the sentries laugh and jeer as the coffins went by. The same thing happened not only once but many times. Things were beginning to look very serious for us, as the disease was spreading very rapidly, especially in our compound, No. 1. They would be carrying them away on tables at all times of the day. It made me wonder if I should get it, for it is no joke standing there against the wires, with your eyes sunk right in your head and the skin of your stomach that loose that you could almost wipe your nose with it, from starvation, watching the sick going one way and the dead the other.

I can tell you it was a great relief to us when those six brave English doctors came, as we were in a fine mess then. When they saw the condition we were in, it was a bit too much for one of them; but when he could talk to

us a bit he told us to cheer up and keep a good heart, and that the Germans would shake hands with us before we left that place; and I can safely say his words came true for us who came to Switzerland. I am sorry to say that the poor fellow did not live to see it. He died with the disease about a month after he came to us. We had the misfortune to lose three of them in about five weeks, so it threw a lot of work on the shoulders of the three that were left; and I am proud to say that they fought hard and won through, and I hope are having a good time in dear old England to make up for the hard work they did for us.

When our doctors got to work they were not long in making things hum. If you had the least signs of the disease about you, away you went, which ought to have been done before. I have known men to lie in their rooms over a week before they were sent to hospital. They sent as many as thirty-six out of one room in a day. What would have happened in that room if our doctors had not come? The biggest part of them would have died, but by catching them in time, before the disease had got proper hold of them, the most of them got over it, so not only myself have to thank them for being alive but a great many of the camp, both English, French and Russians and Belgians. They have earned all the praise and thanks they get and more besides, as it was far worse than being in the trenches. A German doctor got the Iron Cross for leaving us to die, and then comes along the wires once, and is padded up as if he were going to meet a mad dog.

On the 28th of February there were some plum pudding and some dried grapes came, and was issued to us. Some got a bit and some did not. I was lucky, as I was one of four to share in a one-pound pudding and a few dried grapes, and there were also one pair of socks and a New Testament between the four of us; so we put four pieces of paper into a cap, one marked socks, one marked testament, and two blank, and drew for them. My chum Lew got the socks and I got the testament which I have now, and I have passed many an hour away reading it.

On the 3rd March my chum went as orderly to the sick in hospital, his hand having nicely healed up. My wound had also healed up, but it had left my hand quite useless and painful, and it has never been free from pain since the day I was wounded. The bruise on my shin had not quite healed up then, and there were six great big sores in different places on my leg, but it was not long after I came out of the hospital from having typhus before it was better and has never troubled me since. On the 4th I had severe pains in my head. I did not report sick as I thought it would be better after I had a sleep, but it was no better when I got up. On the 5th I had my first bath, and a small bit of soft soap and some clean underclothing for the first time since I was captured.

My head got so bad that on the morning of the 6th I reported it to the doctor, so he had a look at my ribs, then said, 'Hospital,' so I went with my blankets, and the first one I saw when I got to hospital was my chum (Lew). His greeting was, 'Hello, what's to do with you?' So I told him about my head. He then made me a bed on the floor. I got in and made myself comfortable. Lying next to me was a Frenchman dying, who died early the same night, and that was the last thing I remember before I fell asleep myself. When I woke up on the 23rd March, the doctor was injecting something into my arm. I did not know but that it was the next morning, after I had gone into hospital, for I remembered the Frenchman

dying and asked if they had taken him out. They were puzzled as to what I meant, so I began to think a bit, for I found myself in a wooden bed and in a fresh room with only English in, while the room that I went to sleep in had French and Russians as well. So one of the men that was getting better came over to me after the doctor had gone and explained a few things to me. When he told me the date, I asked him if he were trying to pull my leg, but I soon found out that it was all true, so I said I must have had a long sleep. 'Yes,' he said, 'you are very lucky to wake up again, as you have been very bad.'

When I had finished talking to him, I had another sleep, about two hours this time, and I felt a lot better after that. Then he came over to have another talk with me, and he told me this time that my chum Lew was in bed with the typhus; and there he was, fast asleep the same as I had been, and he laid just in front of me. The corporal injected some more stuff into my arm, and he told me that I had plenty of that whilst I was asleep. So the next day I managed to have a drop of soup and I could have done with some more, but they told me too much was not good for me. I then passed the remainder of the day away collecting my senses together and wondering what all the black specks were that were always dancing in front of my eyes. It was the same as if I had a veil in front of me, and it was about two months before they disappeared. The next day I had another drop of soup brought me and there were two nice little bits of meat in it. I thought I would enjoy them, but I had no sooner had two spoonsful of the soup when severe pains came across my stomach and I could not eat any more, so with a longing look at those two bits of meat I gave it away to the man that came to have a chat with me the day before. After the pains left me I had stomach trouble bad for five days. It then left me as sudden as it came, and it left me very thin too. I do not think I weighed more than five stone.

I wanted then to be up and about, so I chanced it out of bed; but I had no sooner got on my feet than down I went between the two beds. I was then lifted back into bed again and told not to get out any more, but I wanted to be out of it; I knew that if I kept lying in bed, my legs would get weaker instead of stronger; so the next day I chanced it again. I took good care this time not to leave hold of the beds, and I managed to hobble alongside of the beds, and I very soon found my feet again with a little practice.

I crawled out of hospital on the first of April. I insisted on going out, as I hated to be in the place. When I got to the compound I was done up. There is a step about six inches high and for the life of me I could not get both my feet up, so a Russian came and lifted me into the room. I was very glad to be down again. It was a good job I had nothing to carry, or else it would have been all up before I had come half way. One of the other men brought my blankets for me. There was snow on the ground then, and I just had my two blankets and an empty sack for a bed for nine days before I got any straw to lie on, and there were some men who came out with me were even longer. And there I walked about like a drunken man for weeks, not caring whether I died or lived, I was so weak and weary.

(To be concluded)

HOW ENGLAND FEELS TOWARD AMERICA

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

I

When the Great War broke out and Germany's invasion of Belgium made British participation in it inevitable, Englishmen instantly and instinctively looked across the Atlantic for sympathy and understanding. It could not have been otherwise. For us in Great Britain it is impossible to feel or affect indifference to American opinion upon our actions and policies in any part of the globe. American approval is frankly valued. American hostility or criticism is as frankly deplored. Not for nothing have the two great communities, politically separated, preserved the surer bonds of a common tongue, identical ideals and aspirations, and a kindred form of government. They are bound to influence and react upon each other with lightning decisiveness and through a thousand impalpable channels. Their judgment of each other's doings, whether favorable or unfavorable, cannot help having weight. Each nation, at more than one crisis of its history, in more than one phase of its development, has been stimulated by the other's example and support, has been disheartened, checked, or bewildered by the other's disapproval.

There could, therefore, be no question of England's not caring to know what Americans were saying and thinking about the tremendous decision of the British Government two and a half years ago, and all the subsequent events in which Great Britain has played a part. England did care and does care. Indifferent as we are, and as every strong, assured, and rather unimaginative people must be, to foreign opinion, we have for many decades got into the habit of making an exception in favor of America. The serene nobility of temper with which the British people gathered itself together to redeem a pledge of honor and to repel the most dastardly assault that has yet been perpetrated upon the fabric of civilization, could not, of course, have been damped down, but it might easily have been chilled and depressed, had we felt that America was against us or alienated from our cause.

We never felt that. We never had any reason to feel it. Every test which it was possible for us to apply showed the popular sentiment of America to be overwhelmingly on the side of the Allies and ungrudging in its commendation of the course pursued and the spirit displayed by the British Government and people. We saw an America sharing to the full our own passionate indignation over the bloody rape of Belgium, revolted by the atrocities that accompanied it, and appalled by the spectacle of Teutonic power and ruthlessness. We had no need to ask where the American people 'stood.' Their whole history answered the question before there was any need to frame it. We in England simply took it for granted that Americans would have ceased to be Americans if they did not regard Germany's pounce upon Belgium with an almost frenzied detestation, and if they did not recognize that that act of unspeakable

treachery had transformed Germany into an enemy of the human race. We could not detect, we could not even imagine, one single ground of sympathy between the people of the United States and the military clique at Potsdam that had precipitated this measureless cataclysm. 'Necessity knows no law' is not a maxim of American statecraft. The violation of treaties and pledges and of the rights of smaller nations is not a proceeding they applaud. It never even occurred to us, that with the record before them, Americans would hesitate for a moment in making up their minds as to who brought on the war and who went to the uttermost limits to avert it; on which side it was a war of conquest and on which a war in defense of civilization. Nor did we even for an instant entertain the preposterous notion that between democratic America and the German ideal of jack-booted force there could be anything other than a fundamental antagonism. Not only, therefore, did we assume that the vast majority of Americans were ranged in hope and sympathy on the side of the Allies, but we dismissed from our minds the thought of any other attitude on their part as utterly incredible.

In this, I think, we were quite right. The average Englishman does not know much about America, but he showed in 1914 that he at least knew enough to scout the idea that America was or could be pro-German. He trusted his instinct, and very soon had proof that the trust was not misplaced. In the opening months of the war the American people justified by their expressions of goodwill all that their friends in Europe had ever claimed for them. To us in England the innumerable demonstrations of American partiality came with a peculiarly bracing effect. They cemented anew that sense of racial kinship of which the Englishman is always conscious, and to which no doubt he attaches a quite excessive importance, whenever he thinks of England and America together. At a time when half the world was writhing in the agony of a ferocious war, it may have seemed absurd and even sentimental to set so high a value on mere words and feelings. But that is the English way. No Englishman with any vision at all but felt strengthened and encouraged by the reflection that in this ghastly struggle the moral force of American sympathies was by an easy preponderance behind the Allies. That at least was a stimulating fact, and though it has often in the past thirty months seemed to have been obscured, or to have lacked adequate expression, or even to have been partially counterbalanced by other emotions, Englishmen believe it to be a fact still. They find even now a certain comfort in the conviction that America by a huge majority is with them, not because she is pro-French or pro-British, but because she recognizes in a German triumph a menace to her own ideals and her own interests. They do not, however, read into the American attitude any special political significance. They do not expect it to bear fruit in overt and national action. It is simply that they are glad to know that a people whom they persist in regarding as kinsmen are wishing them well and backing them up in a tough struggle.

There has never, that I know of, been any disposition in England to quarrel with or to criticize the official policy of neutrality adopted at Washington. We accepted it as a matter of course that America would be neutral. At the beginning of the war neutrality was the obviously proper and sensible line for the United States to follow. Every one in Great Britain admitted as much. No one expected anything else. There was, it is true, some good-

humored surprise when the President attempted to expand national neutrality into a rule of private thought and sentiment; but to neutrality itself, as the policy of the United States Government, nobody took or could take the slightest exception. The war was not an American war; the issues at stake were not specifically American issues; there seemed every reason to hope that the United States could hold honorably aloof from it.

Nor even at this time would any Englishman desire to see America drawn into the war except under the constraint of purely American interests and in order to fulfill her own conception of what her self-respect and her duty as one of the great pillars of democracy demand. Were the United States, of her own initiative, to throw in her lot with the Allies, then, indeed, every Briton would feel that his dearest political wish had been realized in the mere fact of a working coöperation between all the English-speaking peoples; would say — and would be right in saying — that now at last the only possible foundations of a lasting peace had been well and truly laid. But that, as every one in Great Britain recognizes, is a matter for Americans to decide in their own way, at their own time, and in the light of exclusively American considerations. From first to last in this war I do not think you will be able to point to a single line in the British press or a single utterance of any British statesman that savored of the impertinence of urging the United States to abandon her neutrality or that tendered any advice whatever on the subject.

If America is satisfied to remain outside, we in England are well content to have her do so. While we most passionately believe that we are fighting for every sound principle of right-dealing between nations, for everything that makes democracy possible, and for the protection of freedom itself against the assaults of a panoplied absolutism, we do not expect America to go crusading on behalf of these causes unless and until her own national honor or security is involved in their maintenance. We are not quite so foolish as to look for an exhibition of international knight-errantry from the American or any other government. Still less do we stand in any need of either the naval or the military assistance of the United States. The war of European liberty will be won even if America remains neutral to the end. We can, and we shall, save civilization, if we have to, without her. For themselves the Allies want nothing from the United States beyond what their command of the sea enables them at this moment to receive — arms, food, raw material, equipment of all kinds; and in regard to some at least of these necessaries they will before long be independent of any source of supply but their own.

Many Englishmen have even argued that the belligerent interests of the Allies are better served by American neutrality than they would be by American intervention. That also is a favorite American contention and unquestionably there is a great deal to be said for it. But no Englishman, or none at least of any consequence, has been guilty of attempting to force either that opinion or its opposite upon the attention of the United States. Most emphatically we do not seek and have never sought American intervention; we are perfectly confident that we can dispense with it; at the same time, if it came, as of course it could only come, under the compulsion of American honor and American interests, we in Great Britain would welcome it, not so much for its effect on the present war, as because it would powerfully reinforce the guaranties of future peace.

II

But there are different kinds of neutrality, and I am not going to pretend that the kind adopted by the United States Government has commended itself to British opinion. I suppose that it must always and necessarily be the fate of neutrals to incur the dislike of both sets of belligerents. I suppose, too, that in England, as in every country that is fighting for what it most highly values, we do not see quite straight, have lost something of our sense of proportion, and find it unusually difficult to get away from our own point of view. One must allow for this. One must particularly allow for it in a war that reduces all other wars to the dimensions of a street brawl. But after every discount has been made, there is still a large and sober body of British opinion, friendly to the United States by instinct and conviction, that has found American diplomacy during the past two years a hard pill to swallow. It must even be said that disappointment with the figure America has been made to cut throughout the war is most acute precisely among those Englishmen who know America best and are most warmly disposed towards her.

What is it that they feel? They feel, first, that the authentic voice of the American people, whose accents they have caught occasionally in the speeches of private citizens, has hardly once found official expression. They feel, secondly, that the United States Government abdicated something of its old high position when it passed over in silence one of the most nefarious crimes in human history — the savage trampling down of Belgium in the interests of German militarism. How the American people regarded that execrable atrocity we in England knew well enough. But the one voice that could speak for them collectively, as a nation, as a community that had inherited unique traditions of liberty-loving independence, was silent. Not a word from the President, not a resolution in Congress, not a dispatch from the State Department, has even now placed on the record the judgment of the American nation. Americans by the score and hundred have spoken out in their old free and fearless fashion. But the United States has been dumb.

I imagine that had Mr. Wilson uttered but one sentence of reprobation all Americans to-day would have an easier conscience and would be holding their heads a little stiffer; and I am certain that, had that sentence been spoken, the moral standing of the United States throughout the world would be immeasurably higher than it is. A law of civilization, a main bulwark of international right, had been broken and cast down; and the United States looked on and said nothing. From that false start America has not yet recovered; that lost opportunity she has not yet retrieved; and the shock of her acquiescent silence and inaction still rumbles in the British consciousness like an aching nerve. Whenever Mr. Lansing talks of the sacred rights of neutrals, or the President dilates upon America's championship of humanity and her mission to serve the world, the average Englishman irrepressibly brings these admirable phrases to the test of Belgium; and except in the welcome protest against the deportations, he has never once found that they could stand the test. We never felt that America owed it to the Allies to pass a public and emphatic verdict on Germany's invasion of Belgium. We did feel, and feel acutely, that she owed it supremely to herself.

Remember that we in England take, or used to take, an exalted, possibly even an exaggerated, view of the influence and beneficent potentialities of the United States in the sphere of inter-

national relationships. It is because so little has been made of that influence and those potentialities that American diplomacy has disheartened us. It has seemed to us anæmic, immersed in legalism, lacking in nobility. If I were asked for a summary of what in British eyes have appeared to be its deficiencies, I should point to the speech delivered by Mr. Root on February 15 of last year — a speech in which a very great man rose to his full height of power and emotional intensity and political vision. Englishmen have rightly refrained from saying the things that Mr. Root as an American was free to say. Indeed, one of the pleasantest surprises that awaits an English visitor to the United States these days is to discover how mild is British dissatisfaction with the foreign policy of the Administration, and in what scrupulously temperate language it finds utterance, as compared with the full-blooded ferocity of American comment. But it seems to me clear that Mr. Root and the general run of Englishmen approach this question from approximately the same angle. Both feel that in what has been done and left undone at Washington there has been a failure to embody and interpret the best American sentiment. Both feel that it is the American people themselves and not the Allies who have the most cause to complain of, and to be chagrined by, the Administration's acts of commission and omission.

That certainly was the average British view in regard to America's passivity in the presence of the ruin of Belgium. It was still more definitely the British view in regard to Mr. Wilson's handling of the issues raised by the sinking of the Lusitania. What 'the man in the street' says is, roughly, that the United States Government announced that it would hold Germany to 'strict accountability' and that it has not done so. From the interminable series of notes and the disputations over legal minutiæ he has derived a final impression of uncertainty and irresolution, an impression that could not but be confirmed by that unfortunate — in its effect on foreign opinion, that quite disastrous — *obiter dictum* of the President about being 'too proud to fight.' Not even the German Chancellor's 'scrap of paper' has more indelibly stamped itself upon the mind of Europe than Mr. Wilson's too casual phrase. It has plastered on America a label that will not easily be removed.

How misleading that label is I, of course, after twenty years of acquaintanceship with American life, know well enough. But Englishmen who have had fewer opportunities, or none at all, to study the United States at first hand, and to whom it is largely an unknown and almost indeed an inconceivable land, — that is to say, the great body of my countrymen, — have fastened upon those four fatal words as accurately portraying the present spirit of America; and all that they have heard of American policy in Mexico and of the growth of American pacifism and of the American woman who did n't raise her son to be a soldier, and all that the seeming indecisiveness of American diplomacy during the past two and a half years has taught them, has done nothing to weaken their belief that the President's impromptu was and is a truthful representation of American sentiment. I have never had a more difficult task than in trying to convince my English friends and readers that America is not really 'too proud to fight.'

That used not to be the reputation that the United States enjoyed in Great Britain. There was a time, and a quite recent time, when the average Englishman thought of America as a land rather belligerently given to asserting her rights and resenting affronts.

Mr. Cleveland's Venezuela Message, the war with Spain, the plunge of the United States into a policy of Imperialism, the voyage of the American fleet round the world, the increasingly sharp intervention of the Government at Washington in the affairs of the more turbulent republics of the Caribbean and Central America, the dramatic stroke that made possible the building of the Panama Canal, the firm front that the United States always showed in its negotiations with Great Britain, the stir and spacious vigor of the Roosevelt administrations, the steadiness with which under Mr. Taft America made herself felt in the Far East — these were hardly the symptoms of a nation ossified in pacifism, unmindful of its interests, or slow to defend them.

The contrast between that America which he knew or thought he knew and the one that now confronts him frankly bewilders the ordinary Englishman. He has seen the United States in the past few years submitting with unexampled meekness to a series of unexampled outrages. He has seen its government in almost so many words renouncing its duty of protecting American citizens in Mexico. He has seen them murdered, their property destroyed, their flag insulted. He has seen the ugly spectre of racial schism rear itself on American soil. He has seen the agents of the Central Powers instigating in the United States one conspiracy after another against American industries, against the American State Department, against the American Congress, against the American President; abusing every privilege that their official position gave them; acting in a spirit of open and cynical disdain for the Government and the nation to which they were accredited; corrupting opinion, interfering with the domestic politics of the American people, fomenting strikes, organizing forgery and arson, stopping, in short, at nothing that would serve the alien and wholly non-American aims of their own governments. And he has seen these activities tolerated by the Administration with a patience quite unparalleled in modern history.

What, he is inclined to ask, has come over America? Was that New York journal right which declared that the sentiment of the West was against entering on a war 'for the abstraction known as honor'? Was that other New York journal right which declared that prolonged and ineffective silence and inaction in the presence of the infamies that have filled Mexico for over four years and all Europe for over two have induced in the American people an insensitiveness, a callousness, that makes them accept any outrage, even when they are its chief victims, almost as a matter of course? And this amazing spread of pacifism in the United States — what lies at the bottom of it? How much of it is genuine idealism and how much equally genuine materialism, selfishness, or indifference? Is America really a nation, beyond the bare fact that one hundred million Americans live under a single government? Have its vast and tranquil spaces and its medley of unassimilated immigrants strangled the impulse toward that coherency and compactness of feeling and action which is the hall-mark of a veritable nationality? Or is the ultra-Christian forbearance of American diplomacy to be explained by the fact — if it be a fact — that the mass of the American people do not yet understand what is happening in Europe, and persist in denying that it touches them at all vitally, and in hugging to themselves the delusion that in any event their invulnerability is secure? Or should it be attributed to that avalanche of prosperity which the war has loosed upon the American people?

The average Englishman asks these questions, but without getting any very satisfactory reply. But on one point he is clear. He has been officially informed that there is such a thing as a nation being 'too proud to fight.' He has no evidence tending to show that the United States is not such a nation. Indeed, when he thinks of the Americans who were butchered in the Lusitania and who have been murdered in Mexico, he is more than half inclined to murmur with James Russell Lowell, —

> *Wut*'ll make ye act like freemen?
> *Wut*'ll git your dander riz?

III

I must again interject that the state of mind I am trying to portray is that of the ordinary untraveled Englishman who knows nothing of America at first hand, who judges her simply by what he hears or is told of her actions, and who, in the midst of such a war as this, has scant time for studying anything thoroughly. He has always had a strong bias of sentimental friendliness in favor of the American people; and he has had it on grounds that most Americans would instantly repudiate. He thinks of America as predominantly 'English,' and of the American as almost 'one of us.' He has a vivid sense, as an Imperial people ought to have, of racial pride and kinship; and he extends it to cover the United States. He does so quite simply and sincerely, without even suspecting the innumerable elements that in many ways make America more foreign to England than England is to Holland or France. He is proud, and justly proud, of the part played by Great Britain in preserving North America to the English-speaking peoples. He thinks that England and the United States ought always to work together; he regards a serious disagreement between them as proof of sheer bad statesmanship, and he would look upon an Anglo-American war as something so unnatural, so fratricidal, as to be altogether impossible. Goodwill toward America and Americans has for many years, for four decades at least, been, not merely a fixed point of British policy, but an inseparable part of the British consciousness. And the 'man in the street,' in his delightful ignorance of the varied strains that enter into the composition of the America of to-day, is apt to assume that this instinctively friendly attitude is reciprocated by the 'man in the cars,' with equal heartiness.

That of course is where he makes his mistake. He cannot get it out of his head that the United States is essentially and in spirit, though not of course politically, a member of the English-speaking brotherhood, with very much the same cast of mind, and responsive to very much the same sort of appeal, as his own country. And what more than anything else has puzzled and disconcerted him in the American Government's attitude and temper and policies throughout the war is that they have struck him as singularly unlike the attitude, temper, and policies to be expected from 'one of the family.' Bewildering in themselves, they were still more so coming from the United States. The average Englishman felt as if a near relative had unaccountably failed to act in a crisis up to the family standard.

Another factor that has powerfully and unfavorably influenced British opinion has been the pertinacious stiffness with which the State Department has attacked the 'blockade' and our commercial use of sea-power. On the merits of the dispute and the endless and intricate technicalities involved in it, the ordinary man in Great Britain is, of course, wholly incompetent to pass judgment. But there are certain

broad aspects that have become pretty firmly fixed in his mind. He believes profoundly that in this struggle he is fighting for a cause and an ideal that deeply concern the security and welfare of the United States. He altogether agrees with those Americans who hold and who have openly proclaimed that the British fleet is at this moment safeguarding the interests of America as much as it is safeguarding the British Isles themselves. He sees without a particle of resentment or envy that the war has prodigiously enriched the American people and altered their whole position in the world of international commerce and finance. He is convinced that the policy of cutting off Germany's imports and exports is a sound policy and a legitimate one, and that our 'blockade,' while novel in form, was expressly devised to cause as little interference as possible with neutral trade. He is conscious also that, while the Central Powers have ruthlessly killed American citizens, no drop of innocent neutral blood has stained the ensign of the British Admiralty. He thought that under these circumstances American magnanimity and idealism, all that the two peoples have inherited in common, and the transcendent importance to every American interest that Germany should be defeated, would operate upon the United States Government and induce it, if not to overlook, at least to be patient under, the inevitable annoyances of any and every blockade.

In that hope he has been disappointed. Perhaps he should never have cherished it. But in these matters you cannot expect popular sentiment in war-time to be governed by the meticulous preciosity of the lawyer and the logician. The British people and British press have fully acknowledged the ability, frankness, and courtesy with which Mr. Lansing has pressed his case. What has disquieted and discomfited them is that he should have thought it worth while to press it at all. They could not at any rate help contrasting the firm and almost severe tone of some of his dispatches with the halting inconclusiveness of the Administration's diplomacy in its dealings with Germany; and the contrast has made a rather bitter impression. The American Government seemed to be going as far as any government could go in its protests against interference with American trade, while it dallied with, or at least did nothing to avenge, the loss of American lives.

I said just now that I had never had a more difficult task than that of attempting to convince Englishmen that America was not in reality 'too proud to fight.' But it has been even more difficult to persuade them that American policy is not guided in the main by sordid considerations. Quite the most unpopular article I have written since the war began was one in which I bluntly stated that Americans care much less for money than we do in England; that the American Government is, if anything, rather less selfish and commercialized in its outlook and its actions than other governments; and that in no land is a leader who appeals to what is best and least material and most self-sacrificing in human nature more certain of a national response.

That, in my conviction, is still the truth about America; but I was quickly made aware that many of those who read the article could not understand it. They could not understand it because the official policy of the United States Government seemed so little to square with my estimate of the American character. To the average Englishman the American protests against the British 'blockade' and the British 'blacklist' and the British censorship of mails—all of them valid and neces-

sary measures, all of them measures that the United States will be forced to adopt if and when it finds itself at war with a first-class power — have appeared small — small when the very slight injury to American trade is compared with the immense prosperity that the war has brought in its train; smaller still when the damage done by British policy to a few scattered American merchants is weighed in the balance against the German policy of murder on the high seas; smallest of all when petty problems of imports and exports, delayed ships and seized cargoes, are haggled over in the midst of a tooth-and-claw fight for civilization itself.

American diplomacy, then, has succeeded in making on the British mind an impression of timidity, indecision, and commercialism, mingled with an incongruous obstinacy in applying to Armageddon the legal conventions of a world at peace. But it would be easy to exaggerate the extent to which British opinion has thereby been adversely affected. There is another side to the account, which we do not forget. We know how many thousands of Americans have enlisted in the Allied armies. We know of their work in succoring the wounded. We know of that unceasing stream of gifts in money and kind and service that flows eastward from the United States. And above all we know that the heart of America is with the Allies. Knowing all this, we do not allow trivial clashes of opinion between our respective governments to disturb us unduly. Rightly or wrongly, we distinguish between popular sentiment in the United States and official neutrality. We have not been blind to the President's difficulties. Some of us, I imagine, make even greater allowance for them than do his own countrymen. Nowhere at any rate in Great Britain, not even in the intimacy of the most private talk, will you hear anything that approaches the indiscriminate virulence with which practically all Americans in Europe, and a good many Americans in the United States, assail the actions and attitude of the authorities at Washington. If at times those actions and that attitude have disappointed us, it has not been solely, or even mainly, on our own account. It has not been for any exclusively British reason. It has been because the actions and attitude of the American Government have struck us as falling below our ideal of what the United States is and stands for.

That America, not having entered the war, should yet have a voice in the terms of peace seems to most Englishmen incredible. Great Britain is not thinking of peace: she is thinking solely of victory. Nothing would more surely incense the British people than any proposals from a neutral power, opening up the possibility of an inconclusive settlement. That was clearly demonstrated by the reception accorded by British public opinion to the President's note of December 18. After the repeated and formal assurances of the past two and a half years that the United States has no part or interest in the origins of the war and is equally unconcerned with its causes and objects, it follows naturally that the conditions of peace lie outside the sphere of American diplomacy. On this point there is not likely to arise any divergence of opinion between the British and American governments. The functions of a channel of communication between the belligerents at the right hour, are, as we saw in December, within the American competence. But the functions of an arbitrator or umpire are beyond it; and one cannot, of course, too strongly emphasize the need for extreme tactfulness on the part of the United States, or any other neutral power, in choosing the means and moment of any move

toward peace. The temper of all the participants in this struggle is not a thing to be lightly trifled with.

But there is a bigger question than whether, and, if so, how and when, the United States will initiate negotiations for ending hostilities. There is a bigger question even than the still undetermined one, whether the United States will enter the war. That bigger question is, whether the United States will enter the world. There have been intimations, both specific and authoritative, that she will; that she recognizes that the days of seclusion are over, and that in the future she means to play her part as a working member of the family of nations. But Englishmen have hesitated to accept these intimations at their face-value. They have hesitated, first, because the impression of infirmity and instability of purpose wrought by American diplomacy during the past few years has not yet even begun to wear away; secondly, because they do not know what amount of popular backing, if any, these intimations command. At present they are no more than the *dicta* of a president. They will have to be the settled resolve and policy of a nation before they can be accepted as a permanent factor in the new scheme of *Weltpolitik*.

Do Americans realize the conditions on which alone their utility in the future ordering of the universe can be assured? It cannot be assured unless they for their part get rid of certain inveterate prepossessions, readjust their political focus, and accept responsibilities they have hitherto and deliberately declined to assume. However slight or however onerous the task of maintaining a lasting peace may hereafter prove, Americans can take no effective hand in it so long as they confine themselves to expressions of goodwill and pacific protestations, and, for the rest, wash their hands of Europe. If the United States is to exert a genuine and first-hand influence in safeguarding and fortifying the peace of the world, there must be no more half-heartedness in American policy, no attempt to achieve by persuasion and exhortation what can be achieved only by force, no throwing out of suggestions accompanied by a refusal to guarantee their performance, but a resolute and definite entrance into the actual arena of world-politics and a willingness to undertake the inevitable commitments and run the inevitable risks.

If that is, indeed, the direction in which American statesmanship is tending, then it will be welcomed by no one more eagerly and more sincerely than by the people of the British Empire. It is what we have always hoped for. We have hoped for it because we know that, when America ceases to be a recluse among the nations, when she decides to coöperate on equal terms with the nationals and governments of other countries, to shoulder her part of the common liabilities and to contribute her due proportion of naval and military power to the general stock, no question is likely to separate, and a hundred questions are likely to bind together, the British and the American peoples. And it is on the close understanding of these two powerful, democratic and unaggressive peoples that the well-being of humanity, the security of whatever dispensation is evolved from the turmoil of this war, and the best hope of a durable peace, must chiefly depend. We in Great Britain stand ready to work with any nation to prevent a recurrence of the awful cataclysm now pulverizing Europe and detonating throughout the entire world. But we would rather work with the American nation than with any other — if, but only if, America shall at length make up her mind to be judged, not by her aspirations or her protestations, but by her deeds.

THE FUTURE OF GERMANY

BY KUNO FRANCKE

THE following observations upon the course which the inner development of Germany is likely to take when peace has been restored are not mere day-dreams. They are based upon the concrete evidence of popular movements and public discussions now going on in Germany. The fundamental thought running through all these discussions is: The war has given us a new Germany; let us see to it that this new Germany be brought to its full realization in the days to come.

I

Whatever one's view may be about the underlying causes of the war, only ignorance or hatred can deny that the German people, in waging it, have presented a spectacle of consummate devotion and self-surrender. At its very outbreak, all petty class prejudices, all sectional jealousies, all sectarian rivalry, all industrial antagonisms seemed to be swept away. In a supreme moment the whole nation actually felt itself as one, ready to sacrifice everything for the maintenance of its common ideals.

The most striking manifestation of this suddenly awakened new national consciousness was the well-known declaration of the Socialist party in the Reichstag on August 4, 1914, that it would vote unanimously for the war-credit asked for by the Government. Less well known, but probably still more significant, is the part taken in the war organization by the Socialist trade-unions throughout the Empire. The trade-unions had had in the months before the war particularly galling evidence of governmental ill-will; repeated efforts had been made to stamp them as political organizations and thereby place them under stricter police surveillance. They had fully made up their minds that with the declaration of martial law at the beginning of the war they would be dissolved. But instead of dissolving them, the Government, immediately after the granting of the war-credit, turned to the trade-unions for help and coöperation, and the unions, without a moment's hesitation, placed themselves at the service of the Government. They passed a vote that, during the war, contributions to strike funds be stopped, which was tantamount to the discontinuance of strikes during the war. They utilized their employment agencies for furnishing laborers for the gathering of the harvest, so vital to the national sustenance. They turned their coöperative societies — huge organizations which in the years before the war had been strictly confined to party membership — into centres for the distribution of food among the whole population. Persistently and methodically they employed their powerful and widely diffused party press to inspire their members, both at home and in the field, with the imperative necessity of standing together with the other parties in this crucial hour. In close collaboration with the government authorities, they worked out constructive plans for the care of the dependents of the men in the

field and for the employment of soldiers who had returned disabled.

In short, there is no doubt that the magnificent subordination of all individual forces to the one great need of the Fatherland, which has enabled Germany to withstand victoriously the onset of nearly the whole world, including the supplying of enormous quantities of ammunition and other war material to her enemies by neutral America — there is no doubt that this wonderful economic mobilization for national defense rests to a large extent upon the vast system of Socialist party organizations, voluntarily and unstintedly devoting themselves to the common cause. It is needless to add that all the other parties and classes have not remained behind the German workmen in this self-sacrificing devotion.

What is the outlook which this extraordinary exhibition of a common national will opens up for Germany's future? This is the main question which I shall try to answer. In doing so, I take it for granted that the war will not end with Germany's political and economic destruction. For even if, as seems happily improbable, the German arms should finally be overwhelmed by numbers and money, the German spirit will remain, and will press on toward the working out of national conditions worthy of a people that has stood so marvelously this unparalleled test of public efficiency and virtue.

It is not to be supposed that after the war German public life will be held together by the same undivided concentration of purpose that now dominates everything. The old party struggles will reawaken, the old class interests will reassert themselves, perhaps more vigorously than before. For it is certain that the millions who have fought this war will return from the years in trenches and submarines and aeroplanes with a heightened sense of the rights of citizenship, and of what is the people's due. On the other hand, every war — successful or otherwise — has a tendency to increase the demands of the advocates of militarism and of class rule. Serious clashes of opinion, therefore, between liberals and conservatives, progressives and reactionaries, socialists and capitalists, appear inevitable in the near future. What may confidently be hoped for is that this party struggle of the future will not have the same virulence and bitterness that it so often had in the Germany before the war; that, on the contrary, all parties will recognize one another as fellow servants of a common cause, differing from each other only in ways and means, not in ultimate aims and ideals, and therefore mutually inclined to reasonable compromises.

Perhaps the most hopeful augury of the future is that even now, in the midst of the war and in the joyous consciousness of the undivided allegiance of the whole people to its supreme task, the best men of all parties clearly recognize that, if a new and better Germany is to arise from the fearful cataclysm of these days, there is need of unsparing self-scrutiny on all sides and of unshrinking determination to make the noble enthusiasm of the moment a permanent power for reform and readjustment of the very foundations of German life. I may be permitted to say that a recent letter from a friend of mine gives me the assurance — if such assurance were needed — that no one in Germany feels this more deeply and earnestly than the man who in this war has been to all his subjects a shining example of real greatness of character, William II. My friend had spent an evening alone with the Emperor at the front, and he writes that all evening the Emperor talked, ardently and full of hope, of the reconstructed, ennobled, spiritualized Germany of the future.

II

Probably no German institution seems so little in need of improvement as the German army. That the army is a truly popular institution and not something foisted upon the people by autocratic caprice, was once more demonstrated, and with particular emphasis, when in August, 1914, two million volunteers offered themselves for service by the side of the regular reserves and the men then under the colors. The army is, indeed, one of the principal training-schools of national manhood and public devotion, and a living demonstration of the equality of all classes before the fundamental demand of the country's self-preservation. It will remain so. For, unfortunately, there is little hope that after the war there will be less need of military preparedness. On the contrary, whatever may be the outcome of the present conflict, it will leave for many years to come such a vast accumulation of hatred, jealousy, and mutual fear among all European nations that any grouping of powers for the maintenance of peace will have to rely on the full military strength of each of its members. Germany, in particular, as the main butt of all these fears and hatreds, will agree to a reduction of armament only if she receives adequate pledges that disarmament will not be used as a weapon to cripple her permanently. And it is hard to see how such pledges can be given.

Under these circumstances, all that a German patriot and a friend of peace can hope for is that the army will become in a still fuller measure of reality what in principle it is now: the *people* in arms. Whether a complete reorganization after the pattern of the Swiss militia system — such as the Socialists have for years been advocating — would be compatible with fullest efficiency, is a question I do not feel competent to answer. But that the reform must and will be in the direction of greater democratization of the army, cannot reasonably be doubted. Let us frankly admit it: in the Germany before the war there was too wide a gap between the soldier, particularly the officer, and the civilian. The officer, particularly of the junior lieutenant grade, had come to look upon himself as a sacrosanct being whose social status must be kept inviolate from contact with ordinary mortals. The exclusive jurisdiction of military courts in cases involving both civilians and soldiers had led to flagrant miscarriages of justice and striking infringements upon civil rights. The virtual exclusion of Jews and of any person suspected of Socialism, or even of Radicalism, from holding officers' commissions could not fail to arouse widespread indignation among right-minded people and to estrange them from a system that tolerated such intolerance.

All these evils have been swept aside by the comradeship of the war. And they will not be allowed to return after the war. Legislative steps will be taken to make their return impossible. The future German army will have room for any capable officer of whatever racial extraction and of whatever political creed. And the whole army will feel itself, not apart from the civilian population or superior to it, but identical with it and serving on the same level with any other organized body of public utility or public production.

III

The second change of vital importance which is likely to be brought about by this war affects the relation between government and parliament. Much has been written about the supposed ineffectiveness of the parliamen-

tary system in Germany, often without due consideration of what has actually been achieved by this system. It seems to me undeniable that the German system of a government standing above a great variety of parties and working through constantly shifting compromises with all the parties, has on the whole been very effective. It has, on the one hand, secured continuity and sustained vision of governmental policy, and on the other hand it has forced the government to steer a middle course between the conflicting interests of the different parties, thereby doing its part toward the harmonizing of these conflicts and the giving 'to each his own.'

But thus far, the final conclusion from this method of non-partisan government has not been drawn: the conclusion that all the great parliamentary parties, including the Socialist party, must be represented in the ministry. This inevitable demand for a genuine coalition ministry will, I am confident, be fulfilled after the war. It will not do to exclude from a seat in the ministry a party which in the moment of supreme national need has demonstrated beyond a shadow of doubt its unswerving loyalty to the country — which indeed, considering its numerical strength, its unmatched organization, and its hold upon the most intelligent part of the large masses, may be said to have saved Germany in the most portentous hour of her history. This assumption by a Socialist party leader of a seat in the government, by the side of representatives of the Conservative, Liberal, and Centrist parties, will be the crowning symbol of that complete unity into which Germany has been welded by the war; it will be a tacit acknowledgment that the Socialists have accepted the monarchy; it will rob German parliamentary life of the fierce and unprofitable party passion which has embittered it so often in the past.

And with this there will come a revision of the electoral laws and regulations, with regard both to the Reichstag and to the legislatures of the individual states. As to the Reichstag, the long-deferred redistribution of electoral districts, taking at last into account the enormous growth of the city population, so inadequately represented on the basis of the present distribution, has become an imperative necessity, and will surely be instituted as soon as peace has come. As is well known, the suffrage for most of the state legislatures is different from that for the Reichstag. Whereas the Reichstag is elected on the basis of universal manhood suffrage, the suffrage for most of the state legislatures, particularly the two most important ones, the Prussian and the Saxon, is hemmed in by unreasonable and obsolete property gradations and restrictions. As a matter of fact, the legislative record of these state legislatures, based upon a restricted suffrage, has not been so markedly inferior to that of the Reichstag, based upon universal suffrage, as one would suppose. It has not been dominated by the desire for class monopoly; it has been freer than many American state legislatures from the insidious influences of selfish interests; it has on the whole stood for public welfare and popular improvement. Nevertheless, the anomalous difference between the constitutional make-up of these legislatures and that of the Reichstag is irritating and harmful. The necessity of reform has been openly acknowledged on all sides. In Prussia, a reform bill was introduced by the Government some years ago, but was defeated by the Conservatives. There is no doubt that after the war this reform will be undertaken anew, and that it will not be defeated this time.

IV

The third question of inner politics which during the last decades has agitated public opinion in Germany, and perhaps even more so the foreign interpreters of German public opinion, has to do with the position occupied by officialdom in German life.

On this point also a great deal of superficial and misleading criticism has been indulged in. No amount of high-sounding phrases about autocratic oppression and one-man rule can controvert the fact that German bureaucracy in its essential aspects is the rule of experts — experts, publicly trained and publicly controlled, endowed with far-reaching power and responsibility, taught within their chosen specialities to serve the common good. So long as human society has not yet learned to get along without any rule, — and it hardly seems as if it had, — the rule of experts is perhaps the most reasonable kind of rule to be had and certainly preferable to the rule of bosses, 'big business,' or the mob. One need only look at the splendid types of integrity, public foresight, conscientious workmanship, civic virtue, open-mindedness, energy, progressiveness, embodied in the burgomasters and other officials, high and low, of Frankfurt, Munich, Cologne, Berlin, Hamburg, Stettin, Danzig, and a host of other German cities, in order to realize what a boon officialdom has been for contemporary Germany, what a lesson German officialdom has taught, or ought to have taught, to the rest of the world. Nor does the quality of German state officials on the whole fall below that displayed by the public officials of the German cities. Expert training and objective consideration of the common welfare are the two fundamental requirements for appointment to administrative positions in the government service of the states constituting the German Empire, in Prussia and Saxony no less than in Bavaria or Baden or Alsace-Lorraine.

It is a striking testimony to the high level of German public opinion that, in spite of all these undeniable and highly significant excellences of German officialdom, there should have been expressed during the last decades frequent criticism, both in the press and in Parliament, of certain defects and abuses that seem to be inherent in government by experts. The expert is apt to be a somewhat formidable person. He often assumes the tone and attitude of the superman. He is often swollen with authority. He is likely to frown upon the 'merely popular,' and to shun intercourse or confidence with the uninstructed many. He is not likely to win sympathies by his own personality. German officialdom has been liable in a good measure to all these defects. It has often appeared harsh and supercilious. While undoubtedly serving the whole people, it has often seemed to be an imperious master. While recruiting itself from all classes of the people, it has developed a class consciousness of its own and has frequently arrogated to itself an undue superiority over other classes. In a word, it often lacks conspicuously the human element. Furthermore, the prevailingly conservative temper of the central government has had the effect, that the political opinions of the official class have been almost wholly restricted to that creed; and there have been cases where able men of liberal or radical views, solely on account of these views, have been forced out of the government service. The extraordinary intelligence and efficiency that the large army of officials of the Socialist party has shown in business organization and administration, give one an idea of what has been lost to the government service by stifling

among its members that independence and variety of political convictions which are a necessary corollary of non-partisan principles of administration.

All this will be changed when, after the war, a true coalition ministry is at the helm of the Government, and when it is no longer possible to speak of the Socialists as 'men without a country,' or of the Centrists as 'enemies of the Empire,' or of the Liberals as 'impotent detractors.' The Government will seek its expert officials among men of all parties. It will make the most sparing use of its right of veto in the appointment of city burgomasters. It will allow the widest possible range in the political affiliations of the provincial governors. It will make concessions to provincial peculiarities and traditions in the selection of *Kreisdirektoren* and *Landräte*. It will infuse new life into the diplomatic service by calling into it more regularly than before prominent men of business and scholars of distinction. Officialdom, without losing its expert authority, will be humanized and popularized; and another foundation stone in the building of a new Germany will have been laid.

V

Like all German political parties and all social classes, the churches also, particularly the Catholic and the Protestant, have stood shoulder to shoulder in the great war. Let us hope that this union will last after the war. The year 1917 will afford an unusual opportunity for demonstrating mutual recognition and understanding, for it will bring the four-hundredth anniversary of the Reformation. It is inconceivable that this memorial celebration should be observed in the invidious spirit of clerical partisanship, that it should lead to excessive panegyrics of Protestantism or violent abuses of Catholicism, and *vice versa;* it seems a foregone conclusion that it will be observed in the spirit of national rejoicing over the fact that at last the deep gap in the national body, torn by the Reformation and Counter-Reformation, has been filled; that millions of Catholics and Protestants have joyfully bled together for the same cause; and that there cannot be any difference hereafter in the feelings of either group for what the country demands of both.

But let us not conceal from ourselves a great danger and a great problem which the religious situation created by the war contains. The war has been fought by the German people in the spirit of 'Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.' Millions and millions of so-called unbelievers discovered themselves as at bottom intensely religious. What had kept them from open religious professions was only righteous disdain of the lip-worship practiced so frequently in church circles. It is to be feared that this impressive demonstration of the fundamental religiousness of the whole German people will be used by the reactionaries as a chance for forcing (with the help of the State) the masses of religious independents back into the fold of the church. Nothing could be more harmful for the future development of Germany than if they succeeded in this. And nothing could be a greater blessing for Germany than if the State rose to the necessity of withdrawing its support from any organized religious bodies, while vouchsafing free competition and unhindered activity to them all.

I am not unmindful of the peculiar difficulties that disestablishment must face in Germany. It means the breaking away from genuinely intimate relations, cherished through the centuries, between the Protestant church and the Prussian monarchy. And it involves huge financial expenditures; for not only the Protestant church, but the

Catholic also, will have to be indemnified for the withdrawal of state support, since as a part of the wholesale secularization of Catholic church property during the Napoleonic era, the individual German states assumed more than a century ago the moral obligation of paying, in part at least, the salaries of the Catholic clergy. But now or never is the time for this truly reconstructive upheaval. Now or never can a successful appeal be made to the religious instinct of the masses to organize voluntarily to support the churches. Now or never is there hope for a new, truly popular religious life throughout the length and breadth of the Fatherland.

The time must irrevocably be past when the great majority of educated people had no inner relation to church life and maintained only an attitude of passive decorum towards its formal observances. The time must be past when the masses of industrial workers were filled with hatred of the church, because the church appeared to them only as a severe task-master and as a soulless and hypocritical upholder of obsolete formulas designed to perpetuate the power of riches and privilege. The time must be past when failure to have their children baptized or confirmed would subject honorable people to all sorts of social ostracism or official annoyances. The time must be past when the most enlightened and inspired among the Protestant clergy found themselves inevitably in opposition to the fundamental policy pursued by their own church, were tried as heretics, were forced to resign their ministry, and, owing to the lack of opportunity for independent church organization, were left without popular support. The time must come when every German will again be able to find comfort and inspiration in attending church, because it is the church of his own choice; when the greatest diversity of religious convictions will have a chance for open expression and concrete embodiment in diverse and divergent church organizations; when the finest, the freest, the most active, and the most charitable minds of the nation will make the pulpit once more — as it was in Herder's time — a force of peaceful progress; when, in short, the great result of the war, generous tolerance and free coöperation of all the churches, will be made an instrument of the spiritual regeneration of the whole German people.

VI

Even the German school-system, unmatched as it is for thoroughness and fundamental soundness, offers ample opportunity for fruitful discussion of further improvements and reforms; and here again, as was the case with regard to the other public questions mentioned before, this opportunity has been eagerly seized upon by numerous writers and public speakers, even in the midst of the war. It would be instructive to analyze these pedagogical reform propositions, most of which culminate in the demand for one normal type of German schools, — the so-called *Einheitsschule*, — open to children from all strata of society, with greater unification of the lower grades and greater differentiation of the upper grades than now exist. But I shall not enter upon this subject here, because I would rather say a few words about a subject which is closely allied with the spiritual regeneration which we hope for from the new German church life.

Ever since Schiller's *Letters on the Æsthetic Education of Man*, it has been a popular maxim in Germany that literature and art have a national mission, that it is their office to hold up ideal types of character, and to inspire the people with the striving for a well-rounded, harmonious culture, for a free

and noble humanity. It is not only the great writers of the classic era of German literature who have lived up to these principles. Throughout the nineteenth century, down to our own days, this striving has been the main impulse in the best that German literature and art have contributed to the world's possessions. Heinrich von Kleist and Franz Grillparzer; Friedrich Hebbel and Otto Ludwig; Richard Wagner and Arnold Boecklin; Gottfried Keller, Theodor Storm and Rosegger; Friedrich Nietzsche and Gerhart Hauptmann — to mention only a few of the leading names: varied and contrasting as their endeavors and achievements have been, they are united by the common vision of an ideal existence, they all stimulate the very best in man, they all lead out of the confusion and turmoil of evanescent matter to the serene heights of the eternal.

May we not be confident that the war will bring out this idealistic tendency of German literature and art in still greater effulgence? Will not the supreme national tasks of literature and art now be recognized more clearly than ever before? The extraordinary strides taken by Germany during the last decades in material advance, the phenomenal development of the technical sciences, the sudden accumulation of great wealth, have recently led the artistic imagination in Germany, as nearly everywhere else, into different channels. It has been the day of technical skill rather than of spiritual earnestness, of startling rather than elevating effects, of the æsthetic gourmand rather than the moral enthusiast, of the fastidious few rather than the receptive many. It is to the credit of Emperor William — whatever one may think of his own artistic taste — that he has ardently and persistently combatted this art of the over-cultivated tricksters and perverted connoisseurs; that he has unequivocally proclaimed the need of an art which should speak to the people, which should unite high and low, rich and poor, in the common striving for highest national culture. This inspiring and truly national art, which in architecture at least had already announced itself before the war, is bound to come now, in a different shape, to be sure, from that of which the Emperor dreamed. It will not be the product of princely splendor; it will be born from bitter distress and nameless suffering. It will not be *given* to the people, but will grow out of the people. As the Homeric epic arose out of the conflict between Greek and Asiatic civilization; as the Apocalypse is a poetic reflex of the trials, the persecutions, and the hopes of early Christianity in its life-and-death struggle with the Roman Empire; as the Nibelungen lays came forth from the tremendous upheaval of the Migration epoch, so this gigantic war in which Germany is fighting for the innermost essence of her life, for everything for which her thinkers, her poets, her public men of the past have worked, suffered, and dreamed, this war of unspeakable woes and unparalleled grandeur surely must call forth voices of poets and visions of artists so deep, so clear, so overwhelmingly powerful as nothing else that has come from German literature and art. And in these poetic and artistic forms of the future the horrors and agonies of the present will live, purified and transfigured.

VII

I have reserved to the last what is probably Germany's most portentous problem of inner reconstruction, the question of the continuance and widening-out of the social and economic reform so auspiciously and comprehensively begun in the decades before the war. Well may one's courage falter at

the thought of the countless lives that have already been sacrificed and that still will be sacrificed in this monstrous slaughter of nations. Well may one feel staggered at the prospect of the necessity of continued preparations for war when at last peace has come. And yet the likelihood of this necessity has to be faced, and with it the necessity of superhuman efforts to make good as far as possible the enormous losses of manhood that have been incurred, and to secure a numerous and healthy progeny. It is therefore a fundamental demand of the very existence of Germany as a powerful and progressive nation that the social legislation, in which Germany has taken the lead among all nations, not only be kept intact, but that it be broadened and intensified. After the war it will be more than ever the task of German statesmen to provide for the masses of the people economic and social conditions which will lead to the raising of large and prosperous families. More than ever will there be a need of protecting the weak in the struggle for existence, so that they may become strong and serve. More than ever will it be the duty of every German to develop all that is in him, so that he may help to build. More than ever will it be the supreme aim of public life to preserve every resource, to foster every activity, stimulate every ambition, and find a place for every individual talent.

A multitude of specific problems suggest themselves here. The progressive income tax, well administered as it is at present, will have to be revised in such wise that the scale of progression will be adjusted, not only to the individual income, but also to the number of persons dependent on the individual taxpayer; so that in the future it will be impossible for a bachelor without any dependents to be taxed no more heavily than the father of a family of twelve. The maximum of a day's work and the minimum of a day's pay will have to be regulated with increased regard for the maintenance of a working population physically strong and mentally active. The housing laws will have to do away with the six-in-a-room conditions still prevailing too widely in large cities. Unemployment, which, after the war, will, it is to be feared, assume enormous proportions, must be checked, not only spasmodically, through the carrying out of large public works, — canals, subways, and the like, — but principally through regular government contributions to the unemployment insurance instituted by the trade-unions. Nationalization of the largest industries, such as coal-mining, will after the war become an unavoidable financial necessity in order to enable the government to carry on its business; the gains from these nationalized industries will therefore help to meet great public needs and will benefit all classes of the people.

Woman after the war will be a social worker in an entirely new sense; for the war has discovered her genius for helpfulness in a manner never dreamed of before. From many different quarters there has come the suggestion that the social activity of women hereafter take the form of something analogous to the universal military service of men, — that is, that some kinds of regular civic duties, graded in proportion to the position and means of the individual, be hereafter made obligatory for all women — a universal, though differentiated, service which would undoubtedly carry with it a universal, though differentiated, political vote. In short, economically and socially no less than in military, parliamentary, governmental, religious, educational, and artistic life, there will arise a new Germany; not a Germany repentantly abjuring her past — nothing could be more uncalled for than that — but a Germany following to their ultimate

conclusion the principles that have guided her past and that are upholding her now, in her hour of greatest need and in the supreme test of her true worth.

I have purposely refrained from speaking of Germany's relation to other countries after the war. But I cannot close without expressing the belief that the war will bring a new life to *all* the nations engaged in it. They all stand in need, in many ways in greater need than Germany, of inner regeneration. They all have found in this war a source of moral quickening and public inspiration. The German Chancellor has recently declared that, if a fair and equitable adjustment of legitimate national claims can be found at the end of this war, Germany will be willing to join a league of all nations to maintain that peace. May we not hope that the universal striving for inner reconstruction, the newly awakened longing for a higher civic consciousness, the ideal of a national life devoted to the cultivation of the highest physical, intellectual, and spiritual powers of the individual, will finally quench the blind passions and violent hatreds inflamed by the war, so that a regenerated *Europe* will once more, and more firmly than ever before, believe in international brotherhood?

THE LIEUTENANT'S STORY. II

BY LIEUTENANT R. N. OF THE FRENCH ARMY[1]

March 17. Off duty at last! I was determined to be clean before I went to bed. A soldier employed at the bath-house was obliged to scrub me all over with a stiff brush. Not a spot on my body escaped the treacherous mud. We had two days to rest and clean up and put our clothing and arms in order. The men were allowed entire freedom. I have a comfortable billet. I even have a real bed — a bed with sheets — that I share with my friend. Joy and delight, to be able to take one's clothes off and crawl into bed between sheets — a luxury we have not tasted for a month. And such a month!

This morning there was drill. Not very interesting, but according to theory the men must not be left idle. I suggested that we organize games and the idea was approved.

Our mess is very jolly. We officers get together and chat, play cards, or have music. I often go and play the little organ in the church. A priest who is on the hospital nursing staff has asked me to play during services; I consented with great pleasure. There is a service every evening which many soldiers attend. They sing the hymns of the liturgy. I accompany, and I amuse myself playing some fugue of Bach or of my beloved César Franck. The organ is nothing to boast of, but I get a good deal of satisfaction out of it.

March 18. We start to-night for Cabane-Puits, which forms the fourth line of our positions. We are not to go to

[1] Translated from the author's manuscript diary by Miss Katharine Babbitt.

the trenches, it seems, but will remain four or five days in reserve. Furthermore, we shall be assigned fatigue duty. My company is escort of the flag.

Evening. We left B——-le-Château toward noon. The ceremony of departure was beautiful. The third battalion had the flag, and my company was chosen to escort it. The battalion was massed in a deployed line, my company being posted directly in front of the colonel's house. At noon, bayonets were fixed, and at the moment the flag appeared on the threshold the band and the buglers saluted and played the Marseillaise, while every man presented arms. We defiled through the village with the flag in the middle of the company, just behind my section. Then the flag was folded into its black sheath and we began the march.

Cabane-Puits is very curious — a village of primitive tribesmen with its half-buried huts of earth and branches. These dwellings are very comfortable, however, with their fireplaces and thick beds of straw. There are also dug-outs for each section. As for me, I have a private apartment which has been comfortably arranged by my predecessor. There is a bed made of woven wire hung like a hammock about twenty inches from the ground, a rough table, shelves, and a fireplace of big stones. The baggage-wagons of the regiment have come with us this far, so I have my chest and can profit by my books. Rabelais and Montaigne have promptly been given the place of honor on the shelves.

There is a shanty for everything here. The infirmary is very well installed; the offices of the various companies have packing-boxes for desks. The kitchens are in the open air. Above the fires, hanging on a stick, great kettles boil and bubble everlastingly. We had tea this evening, but, sad to say, there was n't enough sugar. Letters come through with more or less regularity. I have made friends with the baggage-master, who scolds me all the time for being one of those who give him the most trouble. For I have a correspondence of almost ministerial dimensions. Take it all in all, this is better than the trenches.

March 19. A delightful existence. Weather fine. Nothing to do.

I read a little, write a little, chat a great deal with my friend H., or with the Red Cross priest, a man of extraordinary intelligence and a heart of gold. Last evening after going to bed, H. and I lay awake a long time and talked, with the splendor of the spring flooding in upon us. The cannon in the distance were raging, and in spite of ourselves we rejoiced in our comparative security. *Suave mari magno* — [1] Perhaps Lucretius was not so far wrong. But this kind of selfishness is conceivable when one thinks of the sufferings of the week just past.

March 20. A very busy night. My section was detailed to clean out the communication trenches near Perthes. The mud had dried and filled them in so that they were no longer deep enough. We started at nine P.M. along Hill 181. At the entrance to the communication trenches, sheltered behind a hillock, are the headquarters of the commander of the sector, also a tool-house. Picks and shovels were piled up waiting for us. We took an equal number of each alternately, and made our way to the trenches. A guide showed us the way. They were in a very bad state from the point of view of protection, but oh, so easy to walk in! The sector we were to put in order was about two hundred metres long. With the aid of my sergeants and corporals, I measured off the exact space for each pair of men;

[1] Sweet it is when the winds are ruffling the mighty surface of the deep to witness the grievous peril of another from the shore. — LUCRETIUS.

every one set to work with a will, and at the end of two hours the job was finished. Partly to keep warm and partly to set the example, I took a pick and worked here and there. We deepened and broadened the trench and put bomb-shields every twenty-five or thirty metres, so that a bursting shell could be effective over only a limited area. Moreover, the trench was wide at the bottom, and the walls were near enough at the top to give less purchase to shrapnel. I had the satisfaction of feeling that the work had been done rapidly and well. At one A.M. we arrived at quarters. I gave the men a swig of brandy to warm them up, and we all turned in.

An enemy aviator was brought down this morning. He ventured near our lines and was subjected to a lively bombardment. Swarms of white tufts circled and unfolded around the plane, which made a yellow spot in the lens of my field-glass. Suddenly I saw it dip, nose downward, and dart like an arrow to the ground. Meanwhile the smoke of the shell that did the deed spread majestically through the sky as if content with its handiwork. The aviator fell too far away for us to go to him.

I find myself yielding to the charm of our life here. It is indeed the return to nature and simplicity; it is physical, almost animal. The primitive instincts of the race have full sway: eating, drinking, sleeping, fighting — everything but loving. Lacking this, Rousseau would have found his idyl complete. But however much we are sunk in savagery, memory still is living. As well ask the spring not to be green as keep one's thoughts from wandering among cherished images, kept fresh by almost daily letters. Beloved little godmothers, precious are your letters and welcome your delicate gifts to those who fight. We are glad to fight for you. But at times, the thought of you makes the chains of war very hard to bear. However, I am determined not to let my mind grow rusty. I read a great deal, write quantities of letters, and have two or three friends with whom I can converse intimately. What is more, I have a most interesting study in psychology always close at hand — the study of my *poilus*. I think I am beginning to know them better and to be their friend; they tell me their secrets and their adventures, their little family affairs, and their love-affairs. Some of them want me to read their letters, or show me photographs. All this makes it easier for me to approach each one of them in the right way to make him do his best. I have grown very fond of them, for they are fine fellows; they can even be heroes when duty requires.

I passed the evening out of doors, lying sprawled in the grass, smoking my old pipe, companion of all my warlike adventures, and chatting with my friends. The sound of the cannon was scarcely audible, and over the unruffled air came whiffs of music. We recognized the Russian Hymn and the Marseillaise and 'God save the King.' It is late. I have loitered outside in the marvelous night, keeping company with the spring. The air is laden with perfume as I write, but *sat prata biberunt* [the meadows have drunk their fill].

March 21. Sunday. This morning mass was said in the open air behind a great rock, a soldier priest officiating. Stones served for an altar. On it were two candles without candlesticks —an old-time simplicity. The gathering was large, and we sang canticles to the deep accompaniment of the distant cannon.

Nothing has happened to-day, except that a few prisoners filed by. This evening several men of the company go on fatigue duty, to carry wire and shells to the trenches. I examined the shells. They have tiny wings and are fired from a cannon in the trench itself, and

are very deadly, it seems. Our *poilus* call them *chouxfleurs*.

My section is on duty, for of course we have to take turns keeping guard. The service is very simple. Three sentries suffice — one near the station and store-houses, one near the colonel's cabin where the flag is, and the third near the carriages.

March 22. Another uneventful day. The battalion had manœuvres in the woods. If only this gives promise of the fight in the open! A little alarm — several shells fell on our position. A kitchen was destroyed and a cook wounded. It is very unpleasant to be bombarded when you are in repose. In the trenches, it is part of the day's work, and, by that token, swallowed down cheerfully. Besides, the trench is a protection; but in cantonment, where by the very definition of the word one has a right to feel secure, it is very annoying. Those Boches have no manners.

March 23. Last night I was detailed with half my section to bury the dead. The task was not a pleasant one, but it was accomplished without reluctance or hesitation. Having to do the work at night made it a shade more lugubrious. A guide conducted us to a little thicket all laid bare by grape-shot, to the south of Perthes and about three kilometres from the first lines. There was no moon, and it was very nearly pitch-dark. Trench-rockets streaked the sky here and there, and from the distance came the crack of musketry. Shells went laboring by with the heavy breathing of wild beasts in a rage. A little trench was made into a large one to receive the bodies, and then we had to set out in search of them. They had been lying there for a very long time, and it was only the recent advance of our lines that made it possible to bury them. With some difficulty we managed to make out these motionless heaps on the ground. It was necessary to search the pockets and take out papers, money, etc.; also to unfasten the identification badges that are worn on the arm like a bracelet. It was not an easy thing to do. In this, also, I was obliged to set the example. I had to put my gloved hand into the pockets of a foul mass that fell to pieces at a touch. I found nothing but a pocket-book and diary. The men then took courage and overcame their aversion. The bodies were not offensive until they were disturbed, but the least jar brought forth an odor that choked you and took you by the throat. There were three Germans among them. They were all carried in a tent-sheet to the trench and laid side by side. The articles found on them were kept carefully in separate packets. Out of twenty-seven, we identified all but three.

When our task was finished, the *abbé-infirmier* who had accompanied us of his own accord, stepped to the edge of the grave and said a blessing. And that priest, standing out against the darkness, lifting his voice above the noise of battle in a last solemn duty to those pitiful fragments, was very fine. Every man of us, whether moved by religious conviction or not, felt the solemnity of the moment, and knelt to hear the words of forgiveness and of life.

This evening I went to S. S. by the little train to have the death-certificates made out. The tiny mementoes had to be sent to the families — letters, purses, note-books, watches. On one of the bodies was a letter bearing the inscription: 'Will the person who finds my body have the kindness to send this letter, together with the exact description of my grave to the following address.' I took the letter, and wrote a few words to the family. I did my best to make a drawing of the spot where the poor wretch was buried, and told them about the blessing that had been said over his grave. And into the same en-

velope with mine I put that sacred letter, bloody, smeared with mud, ill-smelling — a letter from the dead.

March 24. An artillery officer who was at the village with me yesterday invited me to go and see his battery. After the daily muster of the company I started out. I had marked on my map the exact position of the battery and found it without difficulty.

The captain received me in his dug-out, a regular palace compared to the squalid quarters of us poor infantrymen. Twenty feet under ground, well supported by planks, it contained all sorts of modern comforts — a real bed, a table, chairs, besides a quantity of knick-knacks that indicated a prolonged stay. Pinned up on the walls were the charming women of Fabiano, of Nam, and of Préjelan, taken from *La Vie Parisienne;* a violin was hanging in one corner, and on a table lay the sonatas of Bach. There were a number of little objects on the shelves, made from fragments of shells. My host gave me tea in china cups.

All this luxury enchanted me. A telephone on the table connected the dug-out with the battery, the first line, and the colonel's headquarters. I could not resist asking him to play, and this pupil of the Polytechnic executed for me, and executed well, the famous *Sarabande.* 'Now, after the chamber-music,' said he, 'I'm going to let you hear the grand orchestra.' And he conducted me to his battery.

The four pieces, all draped in foliage and well covered with earth, were silent. But they remained fixedly aimed at their invisible objective, a trench some three kilometres ahead. The captain explained to me (as I already knew) that, thanks to the hydro-pneumatic brake, the 75 did not need to be re-aimed after firing. To please me, he ordered three shells fired from each piece. He also explained the timing mechanism, which makes it possible to explode the shell at any desired distance according to the adjustment of the fuse. I even fired a shot myself. Finally I saw the little valve that has only to be manipulated in a certain way to render the piece useless if it falls into the hands of the enemy. The gunners are under orders to attend to this.

I took leave, with many thanks to my host for his kindness. I was glad to have penetrated a little into the sumptuous domain of the artillery. On arriving in camp I was told that the captain had sent in my name for promotion to the rank of second lieutenant, because of my conduct last week. I am greatly pleased.

March 25. This morning, to our great surprise, we were told to return to S. S. We reached there toward six o'clock. Same quarters as before. I noticed in passing how rapidly the cemetery has been growing of late.

March 26. Review of our brigade this morning. The two regiments assembled by sections in columns of four with flags and music. The general passed along our front at a gallop. Then we defiled. The impression of strength is immense when one feels one's self in the midst of all these glittering bayonets, above which float the bright colors of our flags — the wall of steel that is holding back the enemy and will be able to crush him when the hour strikes. With it all comes the consciousness of one's own rôle, which is humble and yet great. For that wall of steel is made of glittering, separate points, and I am one of them. It is joy untold to be able to say to one's self, 'All my struggles and all my sufferings count for something in the great action of the whole.'

The general then went along by the different companies. He stopped and spoke to me, and told me that from to-day I shall rank in the army as second

lieutenant. Naturally, this event had to be celebrated. I treated my colleagues to champagne. Just as festivities were well under way, orders came to start for the trenches. Here is the programme for the next few days: —

Two days in the first line.

Two days in reserve, Hill 181.

Two days in the second line.

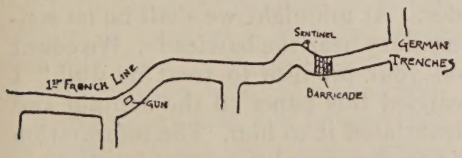
It is rumored that this army corps is to be laid off a whole month to recuperate. Lots of rumors float about, fantastic and otherwise. It's what they call 'kitchen gossip.' Meanwhile, we are buckling on our things, and in two hours, off we go.

I am going to write to all my people to announce my promotion.

March 27. I am writing my journal in a big underground shelter, comfortably stretched out in a hammock that my predecessor ingeniously rigged up out of two old tent-sheets. We are in an ugly sector, and we are using the mine galleries as dug-outs, for grenades are pouring.

We are in the same trench as the enemy — next-door neighbors in fact, and not a bit civil. Nothing but a barricade of bags of earth separates us from the Boches. Near the barricade stand the sentries, attentive and silent. No sound is heard on either side except for the whizzing of grenades that are continually being tossed back and forth. But the sentries are well protected in the sides of the trench, and they defy the German 'turtles.'

The positions of the trenches are like this: —



So the first German and French lines are in immediate contact. The reason is that our side has not been able to seize the whole of the trench, of which the enemy still occupies the eastern end. But this situation will not last, I think, and we shall increase our gains.

The trench is clean, except for bodies imperfectly buried here and there. We no longer pay any attention to them; but the really deplorable thing is that many corpses fall in the mud; the mud has hardened and the trench is less than five feet deep. It is impossible to make it deeper, for the least stroke of a pick brings up a piece of cloth or a bit of flesh. To circulate, we have to bend like hunchbacks. It is both painful and dangerous, so the men don't move around much but stay in the shelters.

There is something very amusing here — a trench-cannon, a little one such as people fire in popular celebrations. You put powder in it, then a 77 shell (German projectiles that get sent back to them), then a fuse that is lighted with a tinder: noise — smoke — the shell goes off in one direction, the cannon in the other. The little fiend ought to take lessons of the 75's, to cure it of going on its little dance after each shot. But there is plenty of time to reaim, and a man especially detailed for the work takes charge of it. Of course, I could n't resist firing it a few times. The pedestal is gruesome. It is a corpse, well encased in mud, except that the feet are sticking out. It is a Boche. The soles of his shoes are shod with iron just like horse-shoes. This fact has caused a good deal of merriment.

The shells are sent to the trenches over opposite. For the German trench at our side we use hand-grenades, and not stingily, either. They too, of course, are making the best of their opportunities, though up to now we have no wounded. But we have had some unpleasant escapes from being overcome by gas. The Germans vary the monotony of the missiles that come over the

barricade by sending gas-bombs. These bombs in bursting emit an acrid smoke that smells of sulphur and fills the whole trench. We discovered that we could ward off the worst of the danger by putting handkerchiefs before our mouths. When these bombs burst against the trench-wall, they leave a yellow splotch.

I remain quiet very little in the trench. I have a horror of inactivity, and I don't seem to want to read, so I wander back and forth a good deal from one end of my sector to the other, keeping an eye on everything.

A little while ago one of my *poilus* came to me and said, 'I think, lieutenant, the Boches are busy mining our trench.' I listened but heard nothing. Then I went into his shelter and I did, for a fact, hear muffled blows, struck regularly. Evidently they were working underneath us. It is very disagreeable, when you are already underground, to feel this hidden, slow work, impossible to prevent, that may blow you up at any minute. And the tiresome part of it is that since that moment, every one is convinced that he hears the strokes that are digging the abyss underneath him. Such is the power of imagination, O Pascal! The captain was notified and telephoned in turn to headquarters. An officer of the engineering corps came and listened with a microphone, and said we were in no danger; in the trench beside us a French mine-gallery has already been pierced underneath that mine.

In front of all the network of trenches there are underground listening posts, where the sappers listen with their microphones and register the least sound. This officer told me that, two days before, he had blown up a Boche mine. In order to do that, the exact location of the enemy's gallery must be established; then a hole is bored toward it with a drill similar to the one used in boring wells. When the right spot is reached, it is packed and blown up with a 'bickford.' The explosion chamber of the German mine goes into the air along with its inhabitants.

The same fate awaits the mine that we have been worrying about. In mine warfare, the essential thing in the conflict is just the opposite of the war in the air, where it is a question of getting above the enemy aviator. The counter mine, on the contrary, must go *beneath* the enemy mine; when it reaches it at the same height, they blow it up. It sometimes happens that the miners suddenly find themselves face to face with the enemy. Then they kill each other as best they can — with hammers if they have no revolvers.

It is not very edifying, this kind of warfare. I am going to console myself by inviting my sergeants to tea.

For the fun of it, I have concocted a letter and thrown it into the Boche trench beside us. In my most polite German I invited those who were tired of waging war to come and surrender. They would be well treated by the French. They would simply need to present themselves, *unarmed*, in front of the barricade of bags of earth and whistle the first measures of a tune known to all Germans: 'Ich hatt' ein' Kameraden.'

In a little while the sentry brought me a paper. It was the answer. Here is the translation: 'We shall be relieved to-night toward one o'clock. We will take advantage of the confusion to come, three of us together, and surrender. At midnight we shall be on sentry duty near the barricade. We count on your promise to treat us well.' I carried this paper to the captain and translated it to him. The information as to changing troops was interesting; he is going to telephone it to headquarters.

March 28. What a riotous night!

And by the same token, what a good piece of work we did! We took all the trench beside us (about fifty metres), and a machine-gun.

The first part of the night was uneventful, except for an abominable shower of grenades the Boches kept basting at us. Three of my men were wounded — slightly I think, for they were able to walk to the dressing station. About half-past ten the captain came to look over the situation, and I suggested that it might be a good idea to attack the trench at the moment they were changing. The various possibilities were considered, and finally my superior officer told me to do as I saw fit, leaving me the entire initiative in the matter. All I asked of him was to forbid the second line to fire. I sent for my friend H. and intrusted to him the command of my section after carefully discussing the various contingencies. The most devoted and intelligent of my corporals was to go with me, and I called for volunteers from the squads to help me in an undertaking that might prove dangerous. Almost all of them offered. I chose six, who armed themselves with their bayonets, and took ten grenades apiece. Then I went to the barricade and with the aid of a periscope and trench-rockets, was able to get an exact idea of the German trench. One thing bothered me — a machine-gun placed not far from us. I ordered a score or so of grenades to be thrown at it. Men were hit, but the gun seemed intact.

Shortly after eleven o'clock I heard them whistling the popular air of the Uhlans. I whistled it in turn, when presently three great gawks appeared on the barricade, with their arms raised above their heads, and jumped into our trench. I put them under strong guard and questioned them. It seems that their comrades were leaving at that very moment; they were being sent away before the arrival of the other troops. These three had managed to be put on sentry-duty and now no one was guarding the entrance to the trench. For a second the idea flashed through my head that this was a trap, and I threatened to have them shot if they were lying. But I went to the barricade and saw that the trench was for a fact empty, except for the machine-gunners who were on duty beside their gun. I quickly gave orders to tear down the barricade, and we ran into the Boche trench. The men of my section, according to my instructions, set up a furious fire in order to distract the attention of the enemy from the sector we were trying to take. As we ran, we threw several grenades at the machine-gunners, who sank down before they were able to turn their guns against us.

In a twinkling we reached the end of the trench, intersected at right angles by a communication trench. Several grenades went after the last Boches, who were going off to recuperate. Like lightning we piled up four or five bodies and rolled down several bags of earth from the parapet, brought up the machine-gun, and from behind the barricade of dead men and earth fired three rounds into the retreating Germans. They were thrown into a panic. A good many must have been killed, for daylight brought to our gaze the sight of that trench piled with dead. The whole thing had not lasted more than two minutes. We were deluged with grenades, a continuous *zip, zip;* one of our men was killed, three or four wounded. Everything was in a wild tumult — trench-rockets going up, guns firing at the double quick, a hasty report to the captain who came to shake hands with me. Barbed wire was rushed into place and the trench reversed — minutes of mad excitement and insane activity. We were without con-

sciousness of danger, hypnotized by the work to be done.

We expected a counter-attack, but the German machine-gun we had put at the entrance to the communication trench defended it too well for a Boche to be able to venture in that direction. Toward the trench opposite all the soldiers had their loopholes and were on the watch ready to fire.

We waited. There were false alarms. A man who is a little nervous begins to fire rapidly, his neighbor follows his example, then the squad, then the section, then the whole company gets on the rampage. The machine-guns begin to clatter, the second-line troops take alarm, the artillery steps in with a few shells and — the Boches over opposite, bewildered by the hubbub, send up into the sky large interrogation points in the shape of trench-rockets, whose rays illumine the grass growing green in the spring, the tangle of wire, and several poor dead bodies lying with hands outstretched toward the opposite trench, as if pointing the path of duty to the one behind.

The counter-attack did not come, but shells upon shells were rained upon us. I gave my canteen of wine to my prisoners, for, after all, they were somewhat to be thanked for our success. It is nothing at all — fifty metres of trench; and yet, it is a few feet of France won back again.

I received my reward: two big packages and five letters. In one of the packages was a big April-Fool's-day fish of chocolate, all stuffed with candy. I divided the candy among my men, by way of thanks for their splendid conduct, and then I feasted on the letters. Oh, the comfort of letters and words of affection that come to find us out in the midst of our barbarous days!

(*To be concluded*)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

OUR ILLUSTRATORS

Blessed be the magazine which does not illustrate its stories, but which allows the imagination — so much more potent than the brush of any painter— to do its own picture-making! This fervent exclamation comes from one who has suffered much, both as author and reader.

The scene of my first published story was laid at a blast-furnace. Having lived all my life in an iron-manufacturing section, I did not suspect that many persons must of necessity be ignorant of the size and use of a cinder-ladle, and therefore I neglected to say that a cinder-ladle was a great car, holding many tons of molten cinder. But I did say that it was drawn by a locomotive and that its contents, poured out on the mountain-like cinder-bank, illuminated the country for half a mile. What was my distress, upon turning with excited hands to the first printed product of my ambitious brain, to discover that to the illustrator a cinder-ladle was little larger than the familiar cooking utensil, and no different in shape! My pictured hero held it in his hand; the

molten cinder was to him no more than so much apple-butter, as, with hands and body impervious to heat, he spooned it out!

Thus warned, I opened my stories with trepidation — with a trepidation which I have found, alas, almost invariably justified. I describe by word and deed a sturdy young countryman, and he becomes under the pencil of my illustrator a sentimental noodle with long hair. I tell of the extraordinary achievement of a very old or a very weak person in the rescuing of a drowning child, and my hero is pictured as a Hercules to whom the feat would have been no feat at all. I put upon my country heroine the sunbonnet which is her natural and suitable head-covering, and, sure as fate, she appears in a turban such as only an African mammy would wear. I describe a spotted dog, running as spotted dogs invariably run, under his master's carriage, and the artist makes him a solid black. A gentle protest to a friend produces the astonished and astonishing reply that the artist is the most famous delineator of animals in America and that I should be proud to have his name under mine on the title-page. If he is the most famous delineator of animals in America, why could he not draw my little spotted dog?

I do not suffer alone. Within a few years a leading American monthly published a story in which there were three characters — two men and a woman. Though one of the men appeared chiefly as *raconteur*, his sex was made plain, not only by many indirect allusions, but by a clear statement. Yet in the well-drawn, and no doubt very expensive full-page illustration, he was a woman.

An incident in an enormously popular and elaborately illustrated novel is the presentation to the heroine of a fur coat whose great value is an important element in the story. Under the brush of the illustrator — the same magician who changed my spotted dog to a black one — the coat has shrunk to the tiniest of neck-pieces, even though the very words of the author under the picture describe a sable coat!

Once upon a time I had a thoroughly satisfactory illustrator, who combined with great artistic skill the finest consideration and common sense. Assigned a story whose scene was laid in a country with which he was not familiar, he went thither to see how people lived and how they looked. His combination of art and accuracy has made his pictures valuable for all time. Not only did he scrutinize my characters in real life, but, more wonderful still, he read my text carefully. When a costume I had described seemed to him to lack sufficient contrast of color, he did not remove the white 'fascinator' from my Mary's arm and substitute a dark shawl with entire indifference to me and my text. He telegraphed, 'May Mary carry a dark shawl?' thereby giving me one of the most bewildered moments of my life. Recovering as I slowly identified Mary, I changed the text gladly, and Mary stands, a joy forever, her shawl over her arm. Her portrait-painter is, alas! dead, and I fear I shall see his like no more.

It is far from my purpose to propose as a remedy that consultation with authors become a general habit of illustrators. Such a remedy would bring about a new set of evils more trying than those from which we suffer at the present time. I have in mind a story of my own in which the leading character committed a theft. Years later, after he had fled from village to village and from state to state, he is brought to a consciousness of his guilt and foolishness by a storm which so terrifies him that penitence, confession, and peace take the place of defiance and despair.

I quote from the appeal of the illustrator: —

'I have been appointed to make the pictures for your interesting story. I can make the final picture much more effective if you will change the storm with which you close into a peaceful sunset.'

No; let it not be spread abroad that an appeal to the author is possible! Rather let us suffer pictures of black dogs when we have described spotted dogs, turbans when we have described sunbonnets, even women when we have said men, and we may still escape an entire change of plot. Meanwhile, let us write for and read the *Atlantic* when we can.

MADE–OVER MUSIC

X. THINKS that musical programmes and numbers should be radically rearranged. In the first place, instead of the usual sequence of Allegro, Andante, Scherzo, Finale (Presto), the Andante should always come at the end. This is simply because X. likes the Andantes best. His ideal programme would be all Andantes, but leaving them for the end seems to him a passable makeshift. He wants to be left in the deep quiet places rather than in the exalted helter-skelter of the Presto, where each instrument chases the others like boys playing leap-frog, and all at last land in a triumphant heap of outcry. The Andante, X. says, is like a great blue ocean of sun and serenity. The Scherzo is choppy, and the Presto sets a high sea running. X. does not like high seas.

It is only a natural corollary of this arrangement that X. desires every programme to end with Beethoven. It may race from Bach to Debussy, or far wilder harmonists than he, but it should end with Beethoven. Beethoven speaks the final word. He sees furthest and goes deepest. When he is sandwiched between somewhat frivolous dabblers in the agonies of emotion and harmony, he is a demigod at a débutante's luncheon table, an eagle among chattering finches and jays. Let him speak last, and he will speak the truth and leave it deep in his hearers' hearts, says X.

X. has other notions as to the rearrangement of musical programmes for his own benefit, but one important change is not so much æsthetic as social. He wishes that all the audience at any musical performance — more especially at that intimate type of recital where everybody knows everybody else and an afternoon-tea sense of rose fragrance and white kid mingles subtly with the wonder of Brahms or Schubert — should be required to leave their voices in the ante-room before approaching the hall of entertainment. The voices might be checked, and hung on hooks with the hats and wraps, to be reclaimed after the performance. But during it they are, X. affirms, only a nuisance and an ugly impertinent interruption of the music.

Without them the recital could pass in utter peace. There would be no idle uproar between the numbers; no jerk from paradise to dull earth at your neighbor's well-meant comments; no stupid effort to 'think of something to say' and to look wise about some mad futurist mêlée. The echoes of the culminating Andantes might still pace like heavenly spirits through the arcades of the soul. And after Beethoven, there must be at least ten minutes before the cloak-room could be unlocked.

Meanwhile, how agreeable and illuminating it would be to slip out and examine the voices, hanging helpless till their owners' return. Here is a gray one, flat, lanky, stiff, somewhat fearfully like a switch of dull gray hair. Here is a little chirky voice, pink, baby blue, and pale lavender, with ribbons tied to its ridiculous little curves, and here and there a tinsel star or a silk

rosebud. Next it hangs a curious voice. It seems a long straight tube of bronze-like metal. But if you touch it, it reverberates with an echo of its vital self — deep, resonant, thrilling, like the bourdon of an organ.

There is a voice that looks like a bluebird in an apple tree, and one, most pleasant, all sparkling with the topaz glamour of a forest brook. But its neighbor has the hairy ears and loose-lipped jaws of Bottom's Ass's head; and there are others like stones, like grease-spots, like wagon-wheels, like barking terriers, like over-ripe bananas, like pools of sad interminable rain; and certain weary ones that are glad to hang still, for they must commonly chug-chug day and night — restless motors driven by nervous spirit-chauffeurs.

While it is unfortunate for X. that he has not the liberty of arranging an evening of music altogether for himself, it may not be such hard luck for his guests. For I have no doubt that he would tip the check-room maid to be extraordinarily stupid, so that the beautiful ice-blue cold voice would angrily find itself exchanged for the magenta-feathered jet-buckled voice, and the shy Quaker would blush at taking the place of the opulent diamond tiara.

It is not hard to imagine a scene of shameless scrambling and grabbing, till every voice crept back to its own private boxes and passage-ways, and every owner departed, cursing X. in good set terms.

And then, where would be the profit of all the heavenly Andantes? And where, under the sun and moon, would be the final glory of Beethoven?

MAN'S LAST EMBELLISHMENT

THE necktie came into being when some savage, overpowered by political enemies and left gracefully swaying from the lower branches, was cut down on the timely arrival of a man from his home town, sufficiently friendly to be of service. We can fancy the survivor now, the noose still dangling from his neck, returning *con moto* to his anxious spouse and celebrating the timeliness of the rescue in the light of his longevity. And we can see him, further, in a spirit of blatant conceit, wearing the very same noose for the rest of his life, as a child might display the first tooth extracted, or a cowboy a bullet-pierced sombrero: a proof, as it were, of a surviving something, a memento of a crisis passed.

And so throughout the ages it has endured until it has risen to the exalted position of being man's only embellishment. Often we have looked enviously at the male pheasant as an example of what we might have accomplished, had we started right. Often we gaze about ourselves at a social gathering and admit how utterly outclassed we are, ostentatiously and sartorially, by those whom we call the weaker sex. For weak as they are, they have preëmpted the one male distinction in the rest of the animal kingdom — beauty of covering. Here we are far advanced in the twentieth century, with no claim to splendor in garb save a small province of color, bounded on the north by sharp, rugged cliffs of stiff white linen, and on the south by the ever-advancing frontier of the waistcoat.

How valueless intrinsically it is; it serves no purpose whatever. Our hats and our suits tend to keep us warm. Our shoes cushion the shock between man and concrete. But the cravat neither warms nor protects. Time may have been when the collar was kept in its appointed place by its embrace. Now, *O mores!* the collar keeps the tie in its place and prevents its rising ever above its station. Sadly we see its usefulness wither until in those efficient creations worn by the lower classes we

see it entirely dependent upon the collar, clinging to it with atrophied lugs that are as valueless in their function of security as the feathered stumps of the cupid are for aviation. But dignity demands it. We men may remove our hats and coats and still be received and respected. But let us once appear *sans* cravat and we have lost our dominating position and prestige.

It requires a woman to appreciate her own hat or that of another woman. Similarly, no one but a man can fully enjoy a necktie. Every fabric has its meaning and value. The coy, delicate and ephemeral crêpe, the naïve and brilliantly conventional foulard, the joyous and single-minded poplin, the illusive and resplendent satin, the patient and long-enduring knit tie, — we love them all for their beauties and we coddle them in spite of their obvious deficiencies.

Only the wearer can select a scarf; this is an unbending rule. But how often is it disregarded! Imagine the smug self-sufficiency of the feminine mind which considers itself capable of selecting a man's necktie, the most exacting bit of silk in the world! Fancy the futility of such a mind passing judgment on it! Criticize, and with reason, the cut of our clothes and hair; advance theories upon gloves and footwear; but be silent if you cannot commend the neckwear of a man. There you have the artistic culmination of the male. Censure it, and you insult at the same time his judgment, pride, and sense of beauty.

Every morning we stand before the mirror, flap the large end over and around, push it behind and up and draw it carefully through. It becomes a habit, and yet, like dining, it has a certain fascination. The keen pleasure of a new and uncreased cravat helps to make a whole week brighter. And that dread day when a white spot appears in the centre of the front of our favorite green one, or when the beloved brown parts internally, and, while appearing the same without, tells us that it is gone forever — that day our coffee is bitter and the mercury low.

But we never cruelly desert a faithful friend. For a couple of times after the white spot appears we try to tie it farther up or lower down, usually with pathetically ineffectual results. And then we pasture it back somewhere on the rack with the bow-ties that are not good taste any more and the selections made by a worthy aunt at a reduction sale, and let it enjoy a quiet old age. Somehow eventually it disappears. We do not know how. Perhaps a careless maid drops it in a waste-basket, or a plotting wife makes way with it. But most probably, like old watches and college textbooks, it has some unseen heaven of its own whither it is wafted after its life amongst us is over.

In the necktie, then, lingers our one surviving beauty of the past, our one hope of distinctiveness for the future. We have forsaken the ruffles and laces, we have abandoned the purple breeches and plum-colored coats. The fancy waistcoat is slinking out of sight. Deserted and alone, the cravat remains a tiny mirror reflecting the splendor of man's bygone ages, a rebel against the increasing usualness of male attire. Symbolic of the breaking away from the tightening noose of convention, it hangs about our necks a spot of happiness in the gathering gloom of sombre shades.

Curs'd be the fashion promoter who dares abolish the necktie; who would originate a scarfless garment, or a cravatless collar. He is not only a radical and an iconoclast: he is cutting at the last tenuous but enduring support of the glory of man himself.

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NATIONALISM IN THE WEST

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

I

LET us from our own experience answer the question, What is a nation?

A nation, in the sense of the political and economic union of a people, is that aspect which a whole population assumes when organized for a mechanical purpose. Society as such has no ulterior purpose. It is an end in itself. It is a spontaneous self-expression of man as a social being. It is a natural regulation of human relationships, enabling men to develop ideals of life in coöperation with one another. It has also a political side, but this is only for a special purpose. It is for self-preservation. It is merely the side of power, not of human ideals. And in the early days it had its separate place in society, restricted to the professionals. But when, with the help of science and the perfecting of organization, this power begins to grow and brings in harvests of wealth, then it crosses its boundaries with amazing rapidity. For then it goads all its neighboring societies with greed of material prosperity, and consequent mutual jealousy, and by the fear of each other's growth into powerfulness. The time comes when it can stop no longer, for competition grows keener, organization grows vaster, and selfishness attains supremacy. Trading upon the greed and fear of man, it occupies more and more space in society, and eventually becomes its ruling force.

It is just possible that you have lost through habit the consciousness that the living bonds of society are breaking up, and giving place to merely mechanical organization. But you see signs of it everywhere. It is owing to this that war has been declared between man and woman, because the natural thread is snapping which holds them together in harmony; because man is driven to professionalism, producing wealth for himself and others, continually turning the wheel of power for his own sake or for the sake of the universal officialdom, leaving woman alone to wither and to die or to fight her own battle unaided. And thus where coöperation is natural competition has intruded. The very psychology of men and women about their mutual relation is changing and becoming the psychology of the primitive fighting elements rather than of humanity seeking its completeness through the union based upon mutual self-surrender. For the elements which have lost their living bond of reality have lost the meaning of their existence. They, like gaseous particles forced into a too narrow space, come in continual conflict with each other till

they burst the very arrangement which holds them in bondage.

Then look at those who call themselves anarchists, who resent the imposition of power, in any form whatever, upon the individual. The only reason for this is that power has become too abstract — it is a scientific product made in the political laboratory of the nation, through the dissolution of the personal humanity.

And what is the meaning of these strikes in the economic world, which, like the prickly shrubs in a barren soil, shoot up with renewed vigor each time they are cut down? What, but that the wealth-producing mechanism is incessantly growing into vast stature, out of proportion to all other needs of society, while the full reality of man is more and more crushed under its weight? This state of things inevitably gives rise to eternal feuds among the elements freed from the wholeness and wholesomeness of human ideals, and interminable economic war is waged between capital and labor. For greed of wealth and power can never have a limit, and compromise of self-interest can never attain the final spirit of reconciliation. They must go on breeding jealousy and suspicion to the end — the end which comes only through some sudden catastrophe or a spiritual rebirth.

When this organization of politics and commerce, whose other name is the nation, becomes all-powerful at the cost of the harmony of the higher social life, then it is an evil day for humanity. When a father becomes a gambler and his obligations to his family take the secondary place in his mind, then he is no longer a man, but an automaton led by the power of greed. Then he can do things which, in his normal state of mind, he would be ashamed to do. It is the same thing with society. When society allows itself to be turned into a perfect organization of power, then there are few crimes which it is unable to perpetrate; because success is the object and justification of a machine, while goodness only is the end and purpose of man. When this engine of organization begins to attain a vast size, and those who are mechanics are made into parts of the machine, then the personal man is eliminated to a phantom, everything becomes a revolution of policy carried out by the human parts of the machine, requiring no twinge of pity or moral responsibility. It is not unusual that even through this apparatus the moral nature of man tries to assert itself; but the whole series of ropes and pulleys creaks and cries, the forces of the human heart become entangled among the forces of the human automaton, and only with difficulty can the moral purpose transmit itself into some tortured shape of result.

This abstract being, the nation, is ruling India. We have seen in our country some brand of tinned food advertised as entirely made and packed without being touched by hand. This description applies to the governing of India, which is as little touched by the human hand as possible. The governors need not know our language, need not come into personal touch with us except as officials; they can aid or hinder our aspirations from a disdainful distance, they can lead us on a certain path of policy and then pull us back again with the manipulation of office red tape; the newspapers of England, in whose columns London street accidents are recorded with some decency of pathos, need take but the scantiest notice of calamities happening in India over areas of land sometimes larger than the British Isles.

But we, who are governed, are not a mere abstraction. We, on our side, are individuals with living sensibilities.

What comes to us in the shape of a mere bloodless policy may pierce into the very core of our life, may threaten the whole future of our people with a perpetual helplessness of emasculation, and yet may never touch the chord of humanity on the other side, or touch it in the most inadequately feeble manner. Such wholesale and universal acts of fearful responsibility man can never perform with such a degree of systematic unawareness, where he is an individual human being. These become possible only where the man is represented by an octopus of abstractions, sending out its wriggling arms in all directions of space, and fixing its innumerable suckers even into the far-away future. In this reign of the nation, the governed are pursued by suspicions; and these are the suspicions of a tremendous mass of organized brain and muscle. Punishments are meted out, leaving a trail of miseries across a large bleeding tract of the human heart; but these punishments are dealt by a mere abstract force, in which a whole population of a distant country has lost its human personality.

I do not intend, however, to discuss the question as it affects my own country, but as it affects the future of all humanity. Not the British Government, but the government by the nation — the nation which is the organized self-interest of a whole people, where it is the least human and the least spiritual — is my theme. Our only intimate experience of the nation is with the British nation, and so far as the government by the nation goes there are reasons to believe that it is one of the best. Then again we have to consider that the West is necessary to the East. We are complementary to each other because of our different outlooks upon life which have given us different aspects of truth. Therefore if it be true that the spirit of the West has come upon our fields in the guise of a storm, it is all the same scattering living seeds that are immortal. And when in India we shall be able to assimilate in our life what is permanent in Western civilization, we shall be in the position to bring about a reconciliation of these two great worlds. Then will come to an end the one-sided dominance which is galling.

What is more, we have to recognize that the history of India does not belong to one particular race, but is of a process of creation to which various races of the world contributed — the Dravidians and the Aryans, the ancient Greeks and the Persians, the Mohammedans of the West and those of central Asia. At last now has come the turn of the English to become true to this history and bring to it the tribute of their life; and we have neither the right nor the power to exclude this people from the building of the destiny of India. Therefore what I say about the nation has more to do with the history of Man than specially with that of India.

This history has come to a stage when the moral man, the complete man, is more and more giving way, almost without knowing it, to make room for the political and the commercial man, the man of the limited purpose. This, aided by the wonderful progress in science, is assuming gigantic proportion and power, causing the upset of man's moral balance, obscuring his human side under the shadow of soulless organization. Its iron grip we have felt at the root of our life, and for the sake of humanity we must stand up and give warning to all, that this nationalism is a cruel epidemic of evil that is sweeping over the human world of the present age, eating into its moral vitality.

I have a deep love and a great respect for the British race as human beings. It has produced great-hearted

men, thinkers of great thoughts, doers of great deeds. It has given rise to a great literature. I know that these people love justice and freedom, and hate lies. They are clean in their minds, frank in their manners, true in their friendships; in their behavior they are honest and reliable. The personal experience which I have had of their literary men has roused my admiration, not merely for their power of thought or expression, but for their chivalrous humanity. We have felt the greatness of this people as we feel the sun; but as for the nation, it is for us a thick mist of a stifling nature covering the sun itself.

This government by the nation is neither British nor anything else; it is an applied science, and therefore more or less similar in its principles wherever it is used. It is like a hydraulic press, whose pressure is impersonal and on that account completely effective. The amount of its power may vary in different engines. Some may even be driven by hand, thus leaving a margin of comfortable looseness in their tension; but in spirit and in method their differences are small. Our government might have been Dutch, or French, or Portuguese, and its essential features would have remained much the same as they are now. Only perhaps, in some cases, the organization might not have been so densely perfect, and, therefore, some shreds of the human might still have been clinging to the wreck, allowing us to deal with something which resembles our own throbbing heart.

Before the nation came to rule over us we had other governments which were foreign, and these, like all governments, had some element of the machine in them. But the difference between them and government by the nation is like the difference between the hand-loom and the power-loom. In the products of the hand-loom the magic of man's living fingers finds its expression, and its hum harmonizes with the music of life. But the power-loom is relentlessly lifeless and accurate and monotonous in its production.

We must admit that during the personal government of the former days there were instances of tyranny, injustice, and extortion. They caused sufferings and unrest from which we are glad to be rescued. The protection of law is not only a boon, but it is a valuable lesson to us. It is teaching us the discipline which is necessary for the stability of civilization and continuity of progress. We are realizing through it that there is a universal standard of justice to which all men, irrespective of their caste and color, have their equal claim.

This reign of law in our present government in India has established order in this vast land inhabited by peoples of different races and customs. It has made it possible for them to come in closer touch with one another and cultivate a communion of aspiration. But this desire for a common bond of comradeship among the different races of India has been the work of the spirit of the West, not that of the nation of the West. Wherever in Asia the people have received the true lesson of the West, it is in spite of the Western nation. Only because Japan had been able to resist the dominance of this Western nation could she acquire the benefit of the Western civilization in fullest measure. Though China has been poisoned at the very spring of her moral and physical life by this nation, her struggle to receive the best lessons of the West may yet be successful if not hindered by the nation. It was only the other day that Persia woke up from her age-long sleep at the call of the West, to be instantly trampled into stillness by the nation.

The same phenomenon prevails in this country also, where the people are hospitable but the nation has proved itself to be otherwise, making an Eastern guest feel humiliated to stand before you as a member of the humanity of his own motherland.

In India we are suffering from this conflict between the spirit of the West and the nation of the West. The benefit of the Western civilization is doled out to us in a miserly measure by the nation trying to regulate the degree of nutrition as near the zero point of vitality as possible. The portion of education allotted to us is so raggedly insufficient that it ought to outrage the sense of decency of Western humanity. We have seen in these countries how the people are encouraged and trained and given every facility to fit themselves for the great movements of commerce and industry spreading over the world, while in India the only assistance we get is merely to be jeered at by the nation for lagging behind. While depriving us of our opportunities and reducing our education to a minimum required for conducting a foreign government, England pacifies its conscience by calling us names, by sedulously giving currency to the arrogant cynicism that the East is East and the West is West and never the twain shall meet. If we must believe our schoolmaster in his taunt that after nearly two centuries of his tutelage, India remains, not only unfit for self-government, but unable to display originality in her intellectual attainments, must we ascribe it to something in the nature of Western culture and our inherent incapacity to receive it, or to the judicious niggardliness of the nation that has taken upon itself the white man's burden of civilizing the East? That the Japanese people have some qualities which we lack, we may admit; but that our intellect is naturally unproductive compared to theirs we cannot accept, even from them whom it is dangerous for us to contradict.

The truth is that the spirit of conflict and conquest is at the origin and in the centre of the Western nationalism; its basis is not social coöperation. It has evolved a perfect organization of power, but not spiritual idealism. It is like the pack of predatory creatures that must have its victims. With all its heart it cannot bear to see its hunting grounds converted into cultivated fields. In fact, these nations are fighting among themselves for the extension of their victims and their reserve forests. Therefore the Western nation acts like a dam to check the free flow of the Western civilization into the country of the no-nation. And because this civilization is the civilization of power, therefore it is exclusive, it is naturally unwilling to open its sources of power to those whom it has selected for its purposes of exploitation.

But, all the same, moral law is the law of humanity, and the exclusive civilization which thrives upon others who are barred from its benefit carries its own death-sentence in its moral limitations. The slavery to which it gives rise unconsciously drains its own love of freedom dry. The helplessness with which it weighs down its world of victims exerts its force of gravitation every moment upon the power that creates it. And the greater part of the world which is being denuded of its self-sustaining life by the nation will one day become the most terrible of all its burdens, ready to drag it down into the bottom of destruction. Whenever power removes all checks from its path, to make its career easy, it triumphantly rides into its ultimate crash of death. Its moral brake becomes slacker every day without its knowing it, and its slippery path of ease becomes its path of doom.

Of all things in Western civilization, those which this Western nation has given us in a most generous measure are law and order. While the small feeding-bottle of our education is nearly dry, and sanitation sucks its own thumb in despair, the military organization, the magisterial offices, the police, the Criminal Investigation Department, the secret spy system, attain to an abnormal girth in their waists, occupying every inch of our country. This is to maintain order. But is not this order merely a negative good? Is it not for giving people's life greater opportunities for the freedom of development? Its perfection is the perfection of an egg-shell, whose true value lies in the security it affords to the chick and its nourishment, not in the convenience it offers to the person at the breakfast table. Mere administration is unproductive; it is not creative, not being a living thing. It is a steam-roller, formidable in its weight and power, and having its uses, but it does not help the soil to become fertile. When after its enormous toil it comes to offer us its boon of peace, we can but murmur under our breath that 'Peace is good, but not more so than life, which is God's own great boon.'

On the other hand, our former governments were woefully lacking in many of the advantages of the modern government. But because those were not the governments by the nation, their texture was loosely woven, leaving big gaps through which our own life sent its threads and imposed its designs. I am quite sure that in those days we had things that were extremely distasteful to us. But, while the spirit of the West marches under its banner of freedom, the nation of the West forges its iron chains of organization, which are the most relentless and unbreakable that have ever been manufactured in the whole history of man.

When the humanity of India was not under the government of the Organization, the elasticity of change was great enough to encourage men of power and spirit to feel that they had their destinies in their own hands. The hope of the unexpected was never absent, and a freer play of imagination, on the part both of the governor and of the governed, had its effect in the making of history. We were not confronted with a future which was a dead white wall of granite blocks eternally guarding against the expression and extension of our own powers, the hopelessness of which lies in the reason that these powers are becoming atrophied at their very roots by the scientific process of paralysis. For every single individual in the country of the no-nation is completely in the grip of a whole nation — whose tireless vigilance, being the vigilance of a machine, has not the human power to overlook or to discriminate. At the least pressing of its button the monster organization becomes all eyes, whose ugly stare of inquisitiveness cannot be avoided by a single person among the immense multitude of the ruled. At the least turn of its screw, by the fraction of an inch, the grip is tightened to the point of suffocation around every man, woman, and child of a vast population, for whom no escape is imaginable in their own country, or even in any country outside their own.

II

It is the continual and stupendous dead pressure of this inhuman on the living human under which the modern world is groaning. Not merely subject races, but you who live under the delusion that you are free, are every day sacrificing your freedom and humanity to this fetich of nationalism, living in the dense poisonous atmosphere of world-wide suspicion and greed and panic.

I have seen in Japan the voluntary submission of the whole people to the trimming of their minds and clipping of their freedom by their government, which through various educational agencies regulates their thoughts, manufactures their feelings, becomes suspiciously watchful when they show signs of inclining toward the spiritual; leading them through a narrow path, not toward what is true, but toward what is necessary for the complete welding of them into one uniform mass according to its own recipe. The people accept this all-pervading mental slavery with cheerfulness and pride because of their nervous desire to turn themselves into a machine of power, called the nation, and emulate other machines in their collective worldliness.

When questioned as to the wisdom of his course, the newly converted fanatic of nationalism answers that 'So long as nations are rampant in this world we have not the option freely to develop our higher humanity. We must utilize every faculty that we possess to resist the evil by assuming it ourselves in the fullest degree. For the only brotherhood possible in the modern world is the brotherhood of hooliganism.' The recognition of the fraternal bond of love between Japan and Russia, which has lately been celebrated with an immense display of rejoicing in Japan, was not owing to any sudden recrudescence of the spirit of Christianity or of Buddhism — but it was a bond established according to the modern faith in a surer relationship of the mutual menace of bloodshedding. Yes, one cannot but acknowledge that these facts are the facts of the world of the nation, and the only moral of it is that all the peoples of the earth should strain their physical, moral, and intellectual resources to the utmost to defeat one another in the wrestling match of powerfulness. In the ancient days Sparta paid all her attention to becoming powerful — and she did become so by crippling her humanity, and she died of the amputation.

But it is no consolation to us to know that the weakening of humanity from which the present age is suffering is not limited to the subject races, and that its ravages are even more radical because insidious and voluntary in peoples who are hypnotized into believing that they are free. This bartering of your higher aspirations of life for profit and power has been your own free choice, and I leave you there, at the wreckage of your soul, contemplating your protuberant prosperity. But will you never be called to answer for organizing the instincts of self-aggrandizement of whole peoples into perfection, and calling it good? I ask you what disaster has there ever been in the history of man, in its darkest period, like this terrible disaster of the nation fixing its fangs deep into the naked flesh of the world, taking permanent precautions against its natural relaxation?

You, the people of the West, who have manufactured this abnormality, can you imagine the desolating despair of this haunted world of suffering man possessed by the ghastly abstraction of the organizing man? Can you put yourself into the position of the peoples, who seem to have been doomed to an eternal damnation of their own humanity, who must not only suffer continual curtailment of their manhood, but even raise their voices in pæans of praise for the benignity of a mechanical apparatus in its interminable parody of Providence?

Have you not seen, since the commencement of the existence of the nation, that the dread of it has been the one goblin-dread with which the whole world has been trembling? Wherever there is a dark corner, there is the suspicion of its secret malevolence; and

people live in a perpetual distrust of its back where it has no eyes. Every sound of footstep, every rustle of movement in the neighborhood, sends a thrill of terror all around. And this terror is the parent of all that is base in man's nature. It makes one almost openly unashamed of inhumanity. Clever lies become matters of self-congratulation. Solemn pledges become a farce — laughable for their very solemnity. The nation, with all its paraphernalia of power and prosperity, its flags and pious hymns, its blasphemous prayers in the churches, and the literary mock thunders of its patriotic bragging, cannot hide the fact that the nation is the greatest evil for the nation, that all its precautions are against it, and any new birth of its fellow in the world is always followed in its mind by the dread of a new peril. Its one wish is to trade on the feebleness of the rest of the world, like some insects that are bred in the paralyzed flesh of victims kept just enough alive to make them toothsome and nutritious. Therefore it is ready to send its poisonous fluid into the vitals of the other living peoples, who, not being nations, are harmless.

For this the nation has had and still has its richest pasture in Asia. Great China, rich with her ancient wisdom and social ethics, her discipline of industry and self-control, is like a whale awakening the lust of spoil in the heart of the nation. She is already carrying in her quivering flesh harpoons sent by the unerring aim of the nation, the creature of science and selfishness. Her pitiful attempt to shake off her traditions of humanity, her social ideals, and spend her last exhausted resources to drill herself into modern efficiency, is thwarted at every step by the nation. It is tightening its financial ropes round her, trying to drag her up on the shore and cut her into pieces, and then go and offer public thanksgiving to God for supporting the one existing evil and shattering the possibility of a new one. And for all this the nation has been claiming the gratitude of all eternity for its exploitation, ordering its band of praise to be struck up from end to end of the world, declaring itself to be the salt of the earth, the flower of humanity, the blessing of God hurled with all his force upon the naked skulls of the world of no-nations.

I know what your advice will be. You will say, form yourselves into a nation, and resist this encroachment of the nation. But is this the true advice — that of a man to a man? Why should this be a necessity? I could well believe you, if you had said, Be more good, more just, more true in your relation to man; control your greed; make your life wholesome in its simplicity, and let your consciousness of the divine in humanity be more perfect in its expression. But must you say that it is not the soul, but the machine, which is of the utmost value to ourselves, and that man's salvation depends upon his disciplining himself into a perfection of the dead rhythm of wheels and counter-wheels? that machine must be pitted against machine, and nation against nation, in an endless bull-fight of politics?

You say, these machines will come into an agreement, for their mutual protection, based upon a conspiracy of fear. But will this federation of steam-boilers supply you with a soul, a soul which has her conscience and her God? What is to happen to that larger part of the world, where fear will have no hand in restraining you? Whatever safety they now enjoy, those countries of no-nation, from the unbridled license of forge and hammer and turn-screw, results from the mutual jealousy of the powers. But when, instead of being numerous separate machines, they become riveted into one organized gregariousness of gluttony, commercial

and political, what remotest chance of hope will remain for those others, who have lived and suffered, have loved and worshiped, have thought deeply and worked with meekness, but whose only crime has been that they have not organized?

But, you say, 'That does not matter, the unfit must go to the wall — they shall *die*, and this is science.'

Now, for the sake of your own salvation, I say, they shall *live*, and this is truth. It is extremely bold of me to say so, but I assert that man's world is a moral world, not because we blindly agree to believe it, but because it is so in truth which would be dangerous for us to ignore. And this moral nature of man cannot be divided into convenient compartments for its preservation. You cannot secure it for your home-consumption with protective tariff walls, while in foreign parts you make it enormously accommodating in its free trade of license.

Has not this truth already come home to you now, when this cruel war has driven its claws into the vitals of Europe? when her hoard of wealth is bursting into smoke and her humanity is shattered into bits on her battlefields? You ask in amazement what has she done to deserve this? The answer is, that the West has been systematically petrifying her moral nature in order to lay a solid foundation for her gigantic abstractions of efficiency. She has all along been starving the life of the personal man into that of the professional.

In your mediæval age in Europe, the simple and the natural man, with all his violent passions and desires, was engaged in trying to find out a reconciliation in the conflict between the flesh and the spirit. All through the turbulent career of her vigorous youth the temporal and the spiritual forces both acted strongly upon her nature, and were moulding it into completeness of moral personality. Europe owes all her greatness in humanity to that period of discipline — the discipline of the man in his human integrity.

Then came the age of intellect, of science. We all know that intellect is impersonal. Our life is one with us, also our heart; but our mind can be detached from the personal man and then only can it freely move in its world of thoughts. Our intellect is an ascetic who wears no clothes, takes no food, knows no sleep, has no wishes, feels no love or hatred or pity for human limitations, who only reasons unmoved through the vicissitudes of life. It burrows to the roots of things, because it has no personal concern with the thing itself. The grammarian walks straight through all poetry and goes to the root of words without obstruction, because he is not seeking reality, but law. When he finds the law, he is able to teach people how to master words. This is a power, — the power which fulfills some special usefulness, some particular need of man.

Reality is the harmony which gives to the component parts of a thing the equilibrium of the whole. You break it, and have in your hands the nomadic atoms fighting against one another, therefore unmeaning. Those who covet power try to get mastery of these aboriginal fighting elements and through some narrow channels force them into some violent service for some particular needs of man.

This satisfaction of man's needs is a great thing. It gives him freedom in the material world. It confers on him the benefit of a greater range of time and space. He can do things in a shorter time, and occupies a larger space with more thoroughness of advantage. Therefore he can easily outstrip those who live in a world of a slower time and of space less fully occupied.

This progress of power attains more

and more rapidity of pace. And, for the reason that it is a detached part of man, it soon outruns the complete humanity. The moral man remains behind, because he has to deal with the whole reality, not merely with the law of things, which is impersonal and therefore abstract.

Thus man, with his mental and material power far outgrowing his moral strength, is like an exaggerated giraffe whose head has suddenly shot up miles away from the rest of him, making normal communication difficult to establish. This greedy head, with its huge dental organization, has been munching all the topmost foliage of the world; but the nourishment is too late in reaching his digestive organs, and his heart is suffering from want of blood. Of this present disharmony in man's nature the West seems to have been blissfully unconscious. The enormity of its material success has diverted all its attention toward self-congratulation on its bulk. The optimism of its logic goes on basing the calculations of its good fortune upon the indefinite prolongation of its railway lines toward eternity. It is superficial enough to think that all to-morrows are merely to-days with the repeated additions of twenty-four hours. It has no fear of the chasm, which is opening wider every day, between man's evergrowing storehouses and the emptiness of his hungry humanity. Logic does not know that, under the lowest bed of endless strata of wealth and comforts, earthquakes are being hatched to restore the balance of the moral world, and that one day the gaping gulf of spiritual vacuity will draw into its bottom the store of things that have their eternal love for the dust.

Man in his fullness is not powerful, but perfect. Therefore, to turn him into mere power, you have to curtail his soul as much as possible. When we are fully human, we cannot fly at one another's throats; our instincts of social life, our traditions of moral ideals stand in the way. If you want me to take to butchering human beings, you must break up that wholeness of my humanity through some discipline which makes my will dead, my thoughts numb, my movements automatic; and then from the dissolution of the complex personal man will come out that abstraction, that destructive force, which has no relation to human truth, and therefore can be easily brutal or mechanical. Take away man from his natural surroundings, from the fullness of his communal life, with all its living associations of beauty and love and social obligations, and you will be able to turn him into so many fragments of a machine for the production of wealth on a gigantic scale. Turn a tree into a log and it will burn for you, but it will never bear living flowers and fruit.

This process of dehumanizing has been going on in commerce and politics. And out of the long birth-throes of mechanical energy has been born this fully developed apparatus of magnificent power and surprising appetite, which has been christened in the West as the nation. As I have hinted before, because of its quality of abstraction it has, with the greatest ease, gone far ahead of the complete moral man. And having the conscience of a ghost and the callous perfection of an automaton, it is causing disasters with which the volcanic dissipations of the youthful moon would be ashamed to be brought into comparison. As a result, the suspicion of man for man stings all the limbs of this civilization like the hairs of the nettle. Each country is casting its net of espionage into the slimy bottom of the others, fishing for their secrets, the treacherous secrets brewing in the oozy depths of diplomacy. And what is their secret service but the nation's underground trade in kidnapping, murder,

and treachery and all the ugly crimes bred in the depth of rottenness? Because each nation has its own history of thieving and lies and broken faith, therefore there can flourish only international suspicion and jealousy, and international moral shame becomes anæmic to a degree of ludicrousness. The nation's bagpipe of righteous indignation has so often changed its tune according to the variation of time and to the altered groupings of the alliances of diplomacy, that it can be enjoyed with amusement as the variety performance of the political music hall.

III

I am just coming from my visit to Japan, where I exhorted that young nation to take its stand upon the higher ideals of humanity and never to follow the West in its acceptance of the organized selfishness of Nationalism as its religion, never to gloat upon the feebleness of its neighbors, never to be unscrupulous in its behavior to the weak, where it can be gloriously mean with impunity, while turning its right cheek of brighter humanity for the kiss of admiration to those who have the power to deal it a blow. Some of the newspapers praised my utterances for their poetical qualities while adding with a leer that it was the poetry of a defeated people. I felt that they were right. Japan had been taught in a modern school the lesson how to become powerful. The schooling is done and she must enjoy the fruits of her lessons. The West in the voice of her thundering cannon had said at the door of Japan, Let there be a nation — and there was a nation.

And now that it *has* come into existence, why do you not feel in your heart of hearts a pure feeling of gladness and say that it is good? Why is it that I saw in an English paper an expression of bitterness at Japan's boasting of her superiority of civilization — the thing that Britain, along with other nations, has been carrying on for ages without blushing? Because the idealism of selfishness must keep itself drunk with a continual dose of self-laudation. But the same vices which seem so natural and innocuous in its own life make it surprised and angry at their unpleasantness when seen in other nations. Therefore, when you see the Japanese nation, created in your own image, launched in its career of national boastfulness, you shake your head and say, it is not good. Has it not been one of the causes that raise the cry on these shores for preparedness to meet one more power of evil with a greater power of injury? Japan protests that she has her *bushido*, that she can never be treacherous to America to whom she owes her gratitude. But you find it difficult to believe her — for the wisdom of the nation is not in its faith in humanity, but in its complete distrust. You say to yourself that it is not with Japan of the *bushido*, with Japan of the moral ideals, that you have to deal — it is with the abstraction of the popular selfishness, it is with the nation; and nation can trust nation only where their interests coalesce, or at least do not conflict. In fact, your instinct tells you that the advent of another people into the arena of nationality makes another addition to the evil which contradicts all that is highest in Man, and proves by its success that unscrupulousness is the way to prosperity — and goodness is good for the weak and God is the only remaining consolation of the defeated.

Yes, this is the logic of the nation. And it will never heed the voice of truth and goodness. It will go on in its ring-dance of moral corruption, linking steel unto steel, and machine unto machine; trampling under its tread all the sweet

flowers of simple faith and the living ideals of man.

The idea of the nation is one of the most powerful anæsthetics that man has invented. Under the influence of its fumes the whole people can carry out its systematic programme of the most virulent self-seeking without being in the least aware of its moral perversion — in fact, feeling dangerously resentful if it is pointed out.

But can this go on indefinitely, continually producing barrenness of moral insensibility upon a large tract of our living nature? Can it escape its nemesis forever? Has this giant power of mechanical organization no limit in this world against which it may shatter itself all the more completely because of its terrible strength and velocity? Do you believe that evil can be permanently kept in check by competition with evil, and that conference of prudence can keep the devil chained in its makeshift cage of mutual agreement?

This European war of nations is the war of retribution. Man, the person, must protest for his very life against the heaping up of things where there should be the heart, and systems and policies where there should flow living human relationship. The time has come when, for the sake of the whole outraged world, Europe should fully know in her own person the terrible absurdity of the thing called the nation.

The nation has thriven long upon mutilated humanity. Men, the fairest creations of God, came out of the national manufactory in huge numbers as war-making and money-making puppets, ludicrously vain of their pitiful perfection of mechanism. Human society grew more and more into a mere marionette show of politicians, soldiers, manufacturers, and bureaucrats, pulled by wire arrangements of wonderful efficiency.

But the apotheosis of selfishness can never make its interminable breed of hatred and greed, fear and hypocrisy, suspicion and tyranny, an end in themselves. These monsters grow into huge shapes but never into harmony. And this nation may grow on to an unimaginable corpulence, not of a living body, but of steel and steam and office buildings, till its deformity can contain no longer its ugly voluminousness — till it begins to crack and gape, breathe gas and fire in gasps, and its death-rattles sound in cannon roars.

In this war, the death-throes of the nation have begun. Suddenly, all its mechanism going mad, it has begun the dance of the furies, shattering its own limbs, scattering them into the dust. It is the fifth act of the tragedy of the unreal.

Those who have any faith in Man cannot but fervently hope that the tyranny of the nation will not be restored to all its former teeth and claws, to its far-reaching iron arms and its immense inner cavity, all stomach and no heart; that man will have his new birth, in the freedom of his individuality, from the enveloping vagueness of abstraction.

The veil has been raised, and in this frightful war the West has stood face to face with her own creation, to which she had offered her soul. She must know what it truly is.

She had never let herself suspect what slow decay and decomposition were secretly going on in her moral nature, which often broke out in doctrines of skepticism, but still oftener and in still more dangerously subtle manner showed itself in her unconsciousness of the mutilation and insult that she had been inflicting upon a vast part of the world. Now she must know the truth nearer home.

And then there will come from her own children those who will break themselves free from the slavery of this illusion, this perversion of brotherhood

founded upon self-seeking, those who will own themselves as God's children and as no bond-slaves of machinery, which turns souls into commodities and life into compartments, which, with its iron claws, scratches out the heart of the world and knows not what it has done.

And we of no-nations of the world, whose heads have been bowed to the dust, will know that this dust is more sacred than the bricks which build the pride of power. For this dust is fertile of life, and of beauty and worship. We shall thank God that we were made to wait in silence through the night of despair, had to bear the insult of the proud and the strong man's burden, yet all through it, though our hearts quaked with doubt and fear, never could we blindly believe in the salvation which machinery offered to man, but we held fast to our trust in God and the truth of the human soul. And we can still cherish the hope, that, when power becomes ashamed to occupy its throne and is ready to make way for love, when the morning comes for cleansing the blood-stained steps of the nation along the highroad of humanity, we shall be called upon to bring our own vessel of sacred water — the water of worship — to sweeten the history of man into purity, and with its sprinkling make the trampled dust of the centuries blessed with fruitfulness.

THE SCHOOLMA'AM OF SQUAW PEAK

BY LAURA TILDEN KENT

When I had been a teacher for just one week, I returned to Prescott from Squaw Peak and attended Institute. Twice before I had visited at institutes, looking on, it seems to me now, as a slightly patronizing, very curious outsider. I had not supposed that I should teach; and yet — here I was now, one of the assembly of eager young women who listened to the orators with the serious purpose of being benefited by their remarks!

One of them! I did not feel in the least like one of them. They interested me now, as they had interested me before, as a group quite foreign to me. I had had to do with teachers and students all my life; but the teachers had been my teachers mostly; the students, my fellow students. Certainly I had never had much to do with a company of Normal graduates, as I conceived these to be. Probably I felt a little pity for these Normal graduates, with whom I was now — temporarily, I confessed — on a par. I still had much to learn.

I sat a little apart from the body of the audience whenever I could, and watched it. There were so many thin-faced, burning-eyed young women here! They took their profession very seriously indeed, it seemed to me. And then there was such a mob of pink-cheeked, important recent graduates— taking themselves seriously, too! The speakers were a little to blame for that, I thought, with their everlasting laudation of the teaching profession.

I had theories of my own about the teaching profession. I held that there are a few real teachers born, like poets. These, being called to their work, should teach and should have the high honor to inspiration due. But these were, like poets, a very little company. My theories rather broke down here. None but born teachers ought to teach, of course. On the other hand, there were not enough born teachers to go round. Well-meaning, uninspired beings had somehow to fill the void. I had not wished to be one of these; yet I was stepping now, knowingly, for a little while into this false position.

I looked over the crowd again and again and picked out the multitude of the uninspired. It seemed to me that most of them were too consciously poised and efficient and instructive. They bristled with it, I thought. I did not much admire bristles.

The Orator of the Institute was speaking. He eulogized the country schoolma'am. He told stories. He gave incident after incident to prove the resourcefulness, alertness, heroic, joyous courage of the LITTLE TEACHER. It sounded like that — Little Teacher, spelled with gigantic capitals. One story he told, I remember, of a young girl who had turned a far-away, shabby shack into a bright and pleasant schoolroom — who had put light into the drab lives of the backwoods children who went to her. He told how he had congratulated her upon her success, as he rode away. He had been a county superintendent then. And the girl had burst into sudden tears and wailed, 'Oh, but it's so lonely!'

He almost wept as he told the tale. I thought him very sentimental indeed. Why should he have so pitied that silly, weak young girl? I could n't fancy myself shedding tears before a county superintendent. I knew very little in those days.

Well — there it was! The Orator did interest me; and, on the whole, he did picture a very attractive, plucky, inspiring Little Teacher — one of the sort born and not made, I thought. It seemed little short of ridiculous to hold her high standard up before us all. Why, he keyed my mind to a pitch of sublimity! High, ritualistic words floated through, as a sort of background to the things he was saying. 'The goodly fellowship of the prophets — the noble army of martyrs.' Over and over the words rang forth harmoniously, like a melody half hidden by great twining chords.

Yet I continued, in spite of the spell that was on me, to take exception to the speaker's views. A rural teacher, perhaps, ought to be what he pictured her. We ought all to be perfect, doubtless; but that these teachers I saw here stood at all in the Little Teacher's place, I had my doubts. Besides, I thought it not really necessary that they should. A teacher — a made teacher — spent six hours a day in school to instruct country children in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Her moral influence ought to be for good, of course; but, after all, what chance could an ordinary teacher have — an ordinary teacher who spent six hours out of the twenty-four, five days out of seven, eight months out of twelve, with children whose homes were, always, the big things in their lives? Let the teacher, I thought, stick in a businesslike way to the course of study. Try as she may, what can anybody — excepting the Born Teachers, of course — do against the influence of the homes of the children?

What *can* a teacher do against the influence of the homes? I said it afterward, often, and with a different inflection! I spoke at first scornfully and dismissed the subject. Later I spoke in humble, questioning desperation.

For I learned a good deal during my year at Squaw Peak. I learned much of what rural teachers ought to be — much of what they must be, to stay. And from my lessons I came away humble and with a very great respect for the Little Teacher whom the Orator celebrated. 'The goodly fellowship of the prophets' — 'the noble army of martyrs.' The strain flows not at all inharmoniously through the varied, somewhat dissonant sympathy of my thought. The longing is on me to tell you what rural teaching is in Arizona, and what the rural teacher must be. But I can tell it only as I saw it myself.

I

It was late afternoon by the time I reached the Wests' home, where I was to spend my first year at Squaw Peak. I was very tired, and drowsy, and I remember the rest of the day hazily — even the supper of fried chicken, to which I am certain I did justice. The little black-eyed girl who had come with Mrs. West to meet me had 'run down' the chicken and killed it herself, though she must go home without eating a piece of it. I had a feeling that the country was a friendly one, and that I was an important person in it — and with this feeling I fell fast asleep.

School had to begin the next morning, of course. Ordinarily little Clyde West and I would have to walk the two miles to the schoolhouse; but I believe we got a ride that morning with Mr. West. I was not very used to high farm-wagons, and it seemed to me a perilous thing to perch up on the lofty seat so far above the ground. I should have enjoyed myself better, probably, if I could have walked down the long lane between the wire fences that inclosed the great pastures on either side — wild pastures, grown up here and there with patches of mesquite and sage-brush, toward which jack rabbits and quail used often to scurry for shelter when we passed along the road.

On the left-hand side of the road there was fence almost all of the two miles to the schoolhouse; but after about three quarters of a mile, Mr. West's fence, on the right, ceased; and then came the stretch of brown mesa country, mounting up and up to hills, and finally to the barren grandeur of old Squaw Peak, which looked down upon my school and gave it its name.

I dreaded that first day! I did not know quite how to begin. I think I had not then read anything about the matter in teachers' manuals or general works on pedagogics; but I had a feeling that I was going to determine, that day, very largely for all the year, the extent and the quality of my influence over my school. I had a conviction that I ought to act decisively — that I ought somehow to impress the children with the idea that I knew what I was doing in that school and how to do it.

Alas! Never in my life had I been good at bluffing! I could not bluff now; and so, since I knew neither what to do nor how it should be done, I think that the first remark I made after my pupils had taken their seats was a nervous confession that I hardly knew how we had better begin!

I did know that I must first get the names and ages of my charges and their grading in school; and this I managed at last as bunglesomely as possible.

My school was composed mostly of children from two large families. There were four keen-faced, freckled youngsters from the Lancaster family — rather poor, but dressed very neatly and cleanly; and there were five from the Dennen tribe. There were also a few scattering children: the black-eyed girl who had killed the chicken for me the day before, and her brother and little Clyde West, with one or two oth-

ers. But it was the large families that made life interesting for me during the most of my stay — or, rather, the family of Dennen did me this service.

Mr. Dennen was a freighter. The family had traveled gradually, altogether by wagon, I think, from Colorado into New Mexico and now into the Verde Valley of Arizona. Moving was as nothing to them. They had not many belongings, and it was easy for them to cram those few into bags when the moving fever was on, fling the bags into the box of the large freight wagon, and clamber in after them. I early learned that these youngsters were somewhat destitute of footwear when our school opened, because, on their last moving expedition, they had had the misfortune to lose from their wagon a sack of shoes.

The Dennens were a new sort to me. They were a confidential family. From them I heard, almost at once, fascinating, intimate details of personal history — the nicknames of the tribe, the weight of each youngster at birth, and especially the astounding intelligence that Tootsey, still very 'small of her age,' had weighed only a pound and a half on her arrival in the world.

Poor children! I have wished since that I had been then more attentive to their stories, which ran on and on interminably whenever I could listen. They were so eager for an audience! I might have tried to be a better one.

We got through those first days somehow at school; and I, at least, learned a little there. I also began to realize that teaching in the country can be more than teaching, and that a teacher there must be more than a teacher. It was in this way.

On Tuesday morning of the second week of school, after Institute, a certain restlessness pervaded the schoolroom. There was to be a Democratic rally, followed by a dance, in Camp Verde! Two of my few children had stayed at home, because their mother had needed them there to help her get ready for the evening. The Dennens, who also loved excitement, were at school; but they were hardly in a state to profit much by it. The dance! It filled their minds, it quivered in their feet that jigged languidly and elegantly in the schoolroom at recess to whistled tunes or snatches of singing. 'Turkey in the Straw' seemed to pervade the house like an odor, even during study-time; and bits of 'The River Shannon' floated in the air.

> 'And when at last I meet her
> With a hug and kiss I'll greet her' —

and Della Dennen dropped her ruddy head sentimentally on one side, colored, smiled a delighted, amorous smile, and executed some graceful steps.

She was nearly thirteen years old, and a young lady. Her hair was braided into many tight pigtails all over her red head. She was going to look beautiful to-night. Her older sister, Rosie's, hair was also braided, and her little sisters' heads were covered with hard little braids that would later make stylish kinks about their little faces. I shuddered inwardly to see how dirty were the locks so fashionably treated; but if Mrs. Dennen did not mind them, why should I?

We struggled uneasily through the morning, and noon came at last — noon that I longed for and already dreaded because it gave me more time to think than I had in school-hours. I had a way of wandering out at noon and standing in the little school-yard to gaze about me. Below, at the foot of the whitish bluff, lay the river, clear now, and sparkling under the bright sun; overshadowed, opposite us, by a throng of tall cottonwood trees that mirrored their cool green in the water.

Along the other river bank lay fields,

and far off you could catch a glimpse of one roof among the trees. Turn your back on the river, however, and, look as you would, no house was anywhere visible—just brown plains, dotted with mesquite, and, right over us, the long mesas, with Squaw Peak towering above. It always gave me a feeling of loneliness to go out, even though the children were with me, and look about at the largeness of this empty country. I felt very small then, and alone.

To-day I was not outside. I was eating my lunch in the schoolhouse all by myself. And as I ate, a boy entered and dropped heavily into a seat.

I looked up indifferently. The boy's face was dyed with red; but some of the youngsters had been smearing themselves with our new red water-colors. This was an unusually successful effort to be hideous, I thought. And then, —

'I think my wrist is out o' joint,' said the boy, in a steady, controlled tone.

I came to life; but I was still a little skeptical.

'Are you really hurt, Edward?' I demanded, pushing my lunch-basket away.

'Yes,' he replied.

I was on my feet and at his side. The brilliant red that dyed half his face and more was really blood! I bent over him.

'How did you do it?'

'Fell off of my horse. I was takin' him down to the river to water him. I don't know —'

He *was* hurt. And I was alone and helpless!

'My wrist is out o' joint,' he insisted faintly.

'Are you sure?'

But oh! I was sure myself, as I looked at it! The arm had sprung far out in front of the stiff hand. The bones bulged hideously over it.

I think I ran out and took a wild look around; but there was nobody in sight but a crowd of hysterical children pressing up and whimpering. I was no doctor. I only knew that this wrist ought to be set at once, and I recalled dimly from my own grammar-school days a few hints in my old physiology as to the setting of bones.

'Edward, this ought to be done now!' I said as calmly as I could. 'I'm not sure that I can do it —'

'Go ahead and try!' recommended Edward grimly. 'Pull it out —'

I did not give myself time to think. I got down beside him, resolutely took the terrible, misshapen wrist into my hands, and pulled, pressing the hand a little backward at the same time. I felt the bones snap smoothly into their proper places! I had done what I had set out to do! It was unbelievable.

But there was no time for me to stop and shudder over what I had done. There was too much still to do. I looked at Edward's bleeding face and began to give orders.

'Rosie,' — Rosie was my oldest girl and the Dennens lived nearest the schoolhouse, — 'Rosie, can't you girls run home and get some medicines for Edward? Ask your mother to send up peroxide of hydrogen, if she has it, and salve — anything that she has that might help Edward. And bring bandages. Do you think she has peroxide?'

'No, ma'am, I don't think so. We'll ask her what she's got,' chattered Rosie.

She rushed away, followed by the pack of excited youngsters — all but Edward's littlest sister. I did not care. I thought Edward should be quiet.

He was faint now with pain, and pale under the blood and freckles. He went out into the air, sat by the schoolhouse door, leaned against the frame, and said that he felt very sick. I hung over him, helpless again in the absence of anything to work with. His sister, eight years old, sat beside him and

drew his head into her lap; but he could not rest so. Little Bee tried to fan him, but he was pettish about that; so she stood silently, tearfully by.

There happened to be two clean towels at the schoolhouse; so after a while I filled a basin with cold water and began to wash a little of the dirt out of the cuts on Edward's face. After that I made him go into the house and lie down on one of those double seats that I had so detested before, his head on a pillow made of my sweater and a towel.

We had not very long to wait now. There was a tramp of feet and a murmur of awed voices, and here came Mrs. Dennen to help us. Her very dirty hair was braided, like her daughters', into many tight tails. She wore a half-clean dress from beneath which showed a soiled petticoat, sagging stockings, and untidy shoes. By the hand she led her baby, very filthy indeed.

'Just as soon as Rosie told me, I changed my dress an' come right up,' said she. 'Brought Ruby just as she was. How's Edward?'

'He's pretty badly hurt,' I told her. 'Did you have peroxide — or salve — or —'

She said that they had nothin'. Her husband took all the medicines with him on his freighting trips, to use for the horses in case they should get hurt. But she'd sent the young ones over to Sammy Perkins's for some. An' she'd come to help me. Rosie was so nervous! When the girl had come to her, she'd hardly been able at first to understand what she wanted. She'd burst right out cryin' an' she'd said that Edward was nearly killed —

I interrupted Mrs. Dennen to inquire whether or not she had brought bandages, and found that she'd clean forgot 'em, but would send one of the young ones back after 'em.

I shall not try to describe the fresh feeling of helplessness that came over me as this good woman talked. She was so delighted at the opportunity of being present at a tragedy! She was so useless! I must still think and act for myself and Edward.

Pretty soon Sammy Perkins's son dashed up on a wild-eyed horse and handed out to me the contents of their medicine-chest: a jar of mentholatum and some sort of fiery liniment — a horse-liniment, I think.

I sent the rider off to the Wests' for a horse and buggy, and while he was gone, I bathed Edward a little more, and cut off a good many horrible shreds of torn skin — with a pair of kindergarten scissors! — and smeared mentholatum over his face. The salve would at least keep the cold air out of his wounds, I reasoned. Then I rubbed mentholatum into the swelling wrist and bandaged it firmly, hoping that I might be doing the right thing.

After the horse and buggy came, I sent Edward home, with the oldest boy in school — big Walter Dennen — to drive him; and then we tried to settle down to work. Mrs. Dennen, still excited by the doings of the day, lingered and visited the school. I was glad when the session was over.

This was my first, but not my last, experience with first aid at Squaw Peak. I had learned a lesson from it. Thereafter I kept on hand bandages and adhesive tape and peroxide; and more than once I had occasion to use them. A country schoolteacher, I discovered, ought to be a doctor also, and a nurse.

II

To do myself justice, I tried, in spite of discouragement and homesickness, to be a good teacher. Most girls probably do try. If this specific work of mine was really of lasting significance, — as I sincerely believed the work of teachers in general to be, — then I

must do it as worthily as I could. But the doing day by day could not but seem trivial often.

Here is the Squaw Peak teacher's day!

It is winter, and cold. On two sides the little room I live in looks out on porches. Another side has not even that shelter from the weather, and I can imagine the damp, icy air coming stealing in through the thin board walls. It certainly comes up through the wide cracks in the floor, which is covered only by a thickness of worn carpet. The room is very high and ceiled overhead with thin muslin, above which are rafters that support a cold iron roof.

The Verde is supposed to be warm the year round; but out on the porch, the water in the bucket has frozen hard during the night. My room is little warmer than the porch.

It is morning — a little after five o'clock. I wake and hear the family stirring, so I rise, shivering, light my coal-oil heater, put a basin of icy water on it to warm, and drape myself affectionately about it. After a while I begin to be conscious that a very slight warmth is coming from the stove and faintly mingling with the heavy cold of the atmosphere. I dress, still hovering over this little bit of comfort.

Presently a cow-bell rings on the back porch. I slip out into the gray of the morning and scurry across the dim porch into the light and warmth of the dining-room.

Mr. and Mrs. West are helping each other to set on the table the hot biscuits, the ham and eggs, the fried potatoes and coffee. The hired man comes into the kitchen with his wet hair tumbled about his glowing face, wipes the icy water from him vigorously, and combs himself a little. Then we all sit down — we grown people. Little Clyde is not up yet.

We speculate on the chances for another good rain to-day. I express myself on the warm Verde Valley, and am asked to wait until spring. After breakfast I warm my feet for a minute in the kitchen oven, and then scurry unwillingly into my own room, which, in spite of the oil-stove with its now steaming water-kettle, and the large lighted lamp, feels still very uncomfortable. This uncomfortable room I put to rights after a fashion; and then, curled close to the stove, I look over a bit of school-work that was neglected last night.

It is now eight o'clock and time to set out. I put my heavy coat on over my sweater, pull on my thick gloves and my rubbers, and go to the kitchen for Clyde and my lunch-basket.

Clyde, poor child, likes school; but he hates going to school. He begs his mother — hopelessly — to be allowed to stay at home — just for to-day. *I* ask her to let me stay, too; but she is firm. We are both sent out into the raw morning.

We do not talk very much, Clyde and I. We are too cold. We hurry breathlessly along, trying to keep our blood flowing in our veins. By the time we reach the schoolhouse, we confess to each other that we should like to cry over our aching hands and feet.

Let us say that it is a lucky morning for the schoolma'am. The fire has been built; but it is only just built. The place is still very cold and clammy. The water-bucket on the shelf at the back of the room holds a solid lump of ice humped up in the middle.

Clyde and I rush to the still cold stove, to be ready when the first waves of warmth begin to leave it. The 'janitor,' looking cross and chilly, is bringing in loads of hoary wood which should have been brought in last night. I am his teacher; I should have seen that he got that wood last night, of course; and I should insist now upon his having the

fires earlier. But — poor boy! — I hate to hurt his feelings by suggesting these things!

Presently the Lancaster family comes trailing along, little Edith crying because she has got so cold on the long ride of over two miles. Gradually the other children collect, and gather round the fire. And now it is time for the bell to ring.

We line up along the wall to sing a song or two. School songs the youngsters do not care for this morning. They want to sing, 'There's a Pretty Spot in Ireland,' 'The Spanish Cavalier,' and 'The Cowboy's Midnight Thoughts.' It appears that Miss Blank Dash, who taught them in the school that they went to last year, always let them sing these musical gems; and though I have some doubts about their appropriateness for school, I give in weakly. We are soon greeting her with the hug and kiss that appeal so to Della, and begging our darling to think of us when we're far away. — Should we have done it? I do not yet feel sure.

And now the school, unassisted by the schoolma'am, begins spiritedly on 'The Cowboy's Midnight Thoughts.'

'T is mid-night and the cat-tul are sleep-ping;
On the sad-dul I pil-low my head,
And up to the heav-vuns lie peep-ping —'

I have forgotten the rest. I did not know that I ever should!

The singing hour is over. The 'big children' — the fifth and sixth grades — begin on arithmetic, huddling close, and rather noisily, above the stove. I line the first and second grades up before the blackboard and we take a little dose of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Jimmie Lane is reciting, his wide blue eyes guilelessly on the schoolma'am's face.

'The friendly cow all red and white
I love with *all* my heart;
She gives me cream with all her might
To eat with apple tart.

'She wanders lowing here and there,
And yit she kinnot stray,
All in the pleasant open ear —'

The schoolma'am interrupts, —

'"And yet she cannot stray," Jimmie. And it's the open *air*. You know what the air is, don't you? The air that's all around us? The air we breathe? — Now, say it! "She wanders lowing —"'

'She wanders lowing here and there,
And yit she kinnot stray,
All in the pleasant open ear —'

'*Air*, Jimmie, *air!* — "The pleasant open *air!*"'

Jimmie's eyes grow wider and more solemn than ever. He pulls himself together for a mighty effort, and this interesting dialogue takes place.

Jimmie. All in the pleasant open *ear* —

I. Air! — *air*, Jimmie!

Jimmie. Ear.

I. Air!

Jimmie (after a pause, slowly, and with emphasis). *Ear!*

I. No, no, no! Listen, Jimmie! Not 'ear,' — '*air.*' You know what you breathe! — Air, Jimmie! Now try it.'

'All in the pleasant open air —'

This time Jimmie says it; but I am quite positive that by to-morrow that friendly cow will again be wandering, lowing, in Jimmie's 'pleasant open ear.'

I wonder, vaguely, as I turn to a first-reader class, what Robert Louis Stevenson will mean to Jimmie Lane when he grows up.

The first and second grades love to read and I to hear them; but it is torture to see the struggles of the fifth grade with arithmetic. I do try to make them think; but they seem not to know how to begin anything so difficult. Before I have accomplished much in that line, recess-time has come and I have had to turn the children out into a gray morning, warning them to keep away

from the irrigating ditch and on no account to go near the river.

I spend a few minutes looking over a discouraging lot of long-division papers, and then I stand at the window for a few minutes and look off to that gap in the hills behind which I imagine that my own country lies spread. I wonder miserably whether or not the world has been benefited by my efforts here this morning. It is hard to see that it has. I am glad when it is time to ring the bell — though I dread that, too.

After recess come more primary reading-lessons and a frantic fight with the fifth grade, which will not see the logic of using capital letters and periods. By noon I am halting between two opinions: I am convinced either that I am no teacher or that the fifth grade has no brains. *Why* can they not remember the capitals? Why should not somebody else be trying to teach them to use capitals? Or, for that matter, why should anybody try to teach the use of capitals to these particular children?

Noon passes at last, and we begin our afternoon wrestling with reading, writing, spelling, geography, and history. I try feebly meanwhile, and without succeeding, to keep the room a little quiet.

A knock at the door presently warns me that our afternoon programme is to go off before an audience. I let in the mother of two of the children — a handsome, unhappy-looking woman, with peering black eyes. She comes in and is seated facing the school with her year-old baby in her arms. And ever and anon, as the afternoon wears away, she pulls open her dress, in the face of the assembled school, and offers food to her young.

I may have been wrong, but I never could quite feel comfortable during that baby's meal! The children seemed altogether unabashed; they had evidently seen babies fed before, and that helped me a little. Still, to this day I wonder why he needed feeding so regularly every fifteen minutes.

After school is over, Clyde and I put on our wraps, take our empty lunch-pails in our hands, and set out against the wind for the two-mile walk home. It is not usually so very uncomfortable as the one of the morning; but it is bad enough.

When we reach the house, the short winter day is almost over. I hasten to 'fill up' for the night. This means that I carry my water-pitchers out to the frosty pump and labor valiantly to fill them. And that *was* labor! The 'filling,' I think they called it, had worn, and that made it hard, always, to get water.

After the pitchers are full, I escape from my own cold and cheerless room for a while and warm my hands in the kitchen. Then I proceed to fill my coal-oil heater and my large lamp. By the time these tasks are over, twilight is closing down in earnest. I light the stove and the lamp, turn them both low, and go out to dinner.

For mere sociability's sake I wipe dishes for Mrs. West afterward and tell her of the trials of the day. (Never, I am sure, was any clerk of the board better informed of the doings of her teacher and her school than poor, long-suffering Mrs. West!) When our dishes and our talk have ended, I slip out on the dark, cold porch and across it, and into my own room that is beginning at last to grow a little warm. There I scan the still unfamiliar texts that my children use, and make plans for to-morrow and resolves that to-morrow shall be different from to-day.

It is still hard for me to see that my work is of supreme importance. That the work of teachers is important, I admit. But am I important — I, whose life is so much a monotonous fight against the mere weather conditions of

the Valley? I, who am really too homesick to be interested in this dozen of country children?

III

My freighter family, as I have more than once intimated, rather rasped upon me at most times. The two oldest girls, thirteen and fifteen, still in the fifth grade and keeping but a precarious footing there, were a trial to my soul. I wanted them to be interested in long division, and they cared for the Post dances.

Of course I was sorry for them, too. I tried hard to put myself in their places, dragged from one camp or small town to another; having a few months of school in a place and leaving, with work at loose ends, for some other; living, crowded and dirty, in tiny cabins. Poor children! I did understand a little how the light and music and gay clothes even of a Valley dance-hall would speak to them as long division could n't. And yet —

It was hard to see those big girls come stalking into school late, morning after morning, and to watch them haul off their ragged, ill-fitting coats and reveal dresses ragged and ill-fitting and execrably dirty — especially just below the hip, where they apparently had the habit of wiping the hands they had just taken from the dish-water, or — could it have been? — from the pancake batter.

I sickened as I watched poor little sickly, pasty-faced Fairy come to school morning after morning, coughing desperately, and wearing always the same greasy-looking dirt about her ears and in the sticky light hair at her temples. It all seemed such a pity, and such a disgraceful pity! My heart ached humanly for the forlorn creatures — and their dirt made them repulsive to me. I should have liked to help them — and I could hardly bear to touch them with my fingers.

One day I visited in the Dennen home. They had three little rooms for a family of eight. The small front room was crowded with tumbled beds, and a sack or two of barley, a few battered chairs, a phonograph, a sewing-machine, and various odds and ends. The floor — a rough wood floor — was exceedingly dirty and littered with all manner of trash. The windows were dirty. The roof leaked in bad weather, you could see. It was a miserable place to look at, and the smells — of plain dirt, and the old, long-bottled smoke from bacon grease, and the new, pungent smoke from a damp cottonwood stick in the fireplace — mingled to give an atmosphere of distressful squalor to the place.

Mrs. Dennen was apologetic over the house — that I do admit. She was sewin' for the young ones and had n't had time to clean much.

We talked on and on as spiritedly as I could make the conversation go, and we listened to a few phonograph records, — I am glad they had the phonograph, even if they had n't clothes! — but nothing could charm my eyes away from the tiniest girl, too young for school yet. Her little light apron was plastered all up and down with filth, — there is no other word, — her almost white hair hung in dirty strings about her little round face; her face itself — no, that *could n't* be mere filth, I assured myself for the dozenth time. The poor child had been horribly injured and her nose and cheeks were covered with fearful scabs.

'How did Ruby hurt herself so?' I inquired sympathetically, with pitying eyes on the poor child's scarred face.

'*Hurt herself!*' they repeated, gasping.

'Yes — her face —' I began weakly, wondering —

Della seized Ruby by the shoulder and jerked her farther out into the limelight.

'She ain't hurt!' denied Della. 'That 's nothin' but dirt. See! This is aig, 'n' this is m'lasses —' She went on deliberately cataloguing with a vigorous, pointing finger one after another of the stale remains of food that decorated her poor little sister's face. 'Ruby!' she continued briskly, 'come along!' And seizing the child by the hand, she hauled her outside and up to the edge of the irrigating ditch, whence lusty, protesting shrieks soon proclaimed that Ruby was being polished off.

They returned presently, Della and Ruby, and the baby's clear, glowing face quite verified Della's triumphant statement: 'You see, there was n't nothin' the matter with her.'

But there was, I clearly saw, something the matter with me. I could n't like the Dennens while they were so dirty. And being their teacher, with the training of their plastic minds in my hands, I ought to like them. The pedagogical works said so. And my common sense asked me how I could influence them, if I did n't like them.

Later I came to see something good in the Dennens.

(To be concluded)

WAR AND THE CHILD

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

A FRENCH poster hangs on my wall. It is drawn and colored with the deliberate excellence of the Gallic craftsman. Its sentiment is simple and sincere. Four children have stopped in their play to salute two wounded soldiers. The children are equipped with odds and ends of military trappings. A little boy of a realistic turn has an old canteen slung over his shoulder. A little girl, being without arms or accoutrements, has made good her claim to the flag. The soldiers, bandaged and lame, stump unconcernedly by. They are no more identifiable with the gentle and debonair patients of 'Mademoiselle Miss' than with the greedy, smutty, feeble-minded degenerates who were so unfortunate as to be nursed by Miss La Motte. They are sons of France who, as a matter of course, have defended their country in the hour of her uttermost peril; and they are unaware that the children of France have opened to them the doors of the citadel where dwell the secret things of childhood; that they have been accepted as companions in arms, as creatures recognizable and understood. A sense of comradeship is expressed in the round-eyed stare of the little boys, a dawning perception of the great sacrifice has stiffened their swaggering little bodies to attention. They pay their homage eagerly, although they cannot reckon the extent of their indebtedness. They do not know that France is giving her men to save her

children, to hand down to these unconscious beneficiaries her untarnished honor, and the holy of holies, freedom.

For this is what the war means to the nations which are now combating the great Teuton drive. This is what is implied in Lloyd George's simple statement: 'The British Empire has invested thousands of her best lives to purchase future immunity for civilization, and the investment is too high-priced to be thrown away.' If the Allies permitted themselves to be caught sleeping in a fool's paradise, they woke up to see their children's heritage imperiled by their illusion, and they have spared no cost to preserve it. The orphans of war are the innocent causes of their own uttermost desolation. The menace which threatened them has been intercepted by their dead fathers, and they live, poor little wondering ones, to see — as God wills — the vindication of justice, or its final defeat and dishonor.

A few years ago, Chancellor David Starr Jordan dared to say in a commencement address, 'France is, by her own admission, decadent.' This decadence, he averred, was the inevitable result of the wastage of Napoleon's wars, the loss of the flower of her manhood. To-day, not even a German would repeat such words. Ennobled by patriotism, purified by self-abnegation, the soul of France mounts like a flame to Heaven. The fineness of her civilization is shown by the spirit in which she defends it. Animated by a single purpose, sustained by a single hope, she lives only to free her soil from the invader. Her children are growing up in a world bleak with pain, but swept clean of gross ideals, of class hatred, of commercial greed, of smugness and frivolity.

The children of England have come early to a realization of their country's profound peril, her stern resolve, her indomitable valor. They see the wounded soldiers in the streets, the Zeppelins in the sky, the grass-grown courts of Cambridge and of Oxford, never so splendid as in their desolation. Their young eyes perceive in the object-lessons which surround them the cost and the value of nationality. They are being moulded by the austere hand of adversity into the material of which men are made.

The children of Belgium share in the martyrdom of their parents. They are like the young boys and girls, baptized in water and in blood, who stood with the early Christians in the arena, before the callous eyes of Rome. They are feeble with privation, and sad with premature grief. Pope Benedict has begged the children of the United States to keep alive a million and a half of these little unfortunates by giving them a cup of milk or chocolate and a larded biscuit once a day. It is not too much to ask of prosperous America, which has thriven on the calamities of Europe; but the asking is a revelation of shame. On Belgium's vast storehouses of grain Germany battened for a year. On Belgium's harvests, garnered but not shared by Belgians, Germany feeds herself to-day. With the money wrung from Belgian towns, Germany paid, and pays, her army of occupancy. With the labor forced upon deported and enslaved Belgians, Germany fortifies herself against her enemies. The coal dug from Belgian mines is Germany's bait for the friendship of Switzerland. And now the Pope of Rome asks the children of the United States for a cup of milk to keep the children of Belgium from starving. The forlorn irony of it, the acquiescence of the neutral nations in it, shadows the civilized world; but the soul of Belgium lives. In every wasted little body this soul survives ill-usage and ill-will. The Christian children thrown

to the beasts cemented with their innocent blood the indestructible edifice of Christianity.

The mounting emotions which accompany every great historical crisis are crystallized in the heart of a child. When Haydon's mother lifted her streaming eyes, and said to her four-year-old son, 'My dear, my dear, they have cut off the Queen of France's head!' she gave him not only an indelible impression of horror and grief, but a point of view which life was not long enough to efface. To-day, thousands of children are receiving impressions as deep and as poignant. Their sensitive minds are being hardened into convictions and resolves. They are being prepared by the destiny which despoiled them to play their hazardous parts. Mr. Ernest Moore, in an address delivered last spring before the City Club of Chicago, emphasized a truth which Americans for the most part ignore or deny, — that the child does not belong to its parents, but to the state, to organized society as a whole. 'The parents,' said Mr. Moore incisively, 'have duties to the child, but no property in him. He must, whether they are willing or not willing, spend his earlier years as an apprentice to certain social activities, which he is compelled to perform as long as he lives. He must come to a realizing sense of what sort of an undertaking he has inherited.'

The American sentimentalist is wont to speak of a son, even a grown-up son, as if he were the exclusive possession of his mother, as if he spent his life in a perambulator, to be wheeled about at her volition. Mr. Bryan warned the National Education Association last July that we should not 'rob the cradle' at the behest of militarism. An agitated correspondent of the *Survey*, troubled by the sending of the National Guard to our frontier, asked what influence could be brought to bear — not upon Mexico, and not upon Washington, but upon 'the mothers who so thoughtlessly throw their sons away.' One would suppose that the National Guard wore knickerbockers, and had been withdrawn from the innocent pastimes of infancy. Kittens would be granted as much sense of personal obligation as are the young men who stand responsible to the state for the performance of their civic duties, whose manhood compels citizenship, and whose citizenship compels unswerving loyalty to the Constitution.

It is true, and I freely grant it, that far too much oratory has been used by the civilized world to glorify danger (which in itself has no moral or intellectual value), to confuse and conceal political issues (which may be barren of rectitude), and to awaken (regardless of circumstances) the fighting spirit of youth. But it is also true that the most beautiful phrases which language can afford have been used to glorify safety, to disguise our sensitiveness to discomfort, and to appease the conscience of the materialist. 'Blazing the way for an era of peace and good will' is a euphemism which consecrates our commercial activities. 'Idealism based upon a love of man,' describes pleasantly our smiling unconcern. These flowers of speech bloom brightest in the electioneering hothouse; but they are very decorative at mass meetings and public dinners. When combined with certain familiar generalities, such as 'the abolishment of international hostilities,' 'the establishment of international good-will,' 'the enforcement of international equity,' they soothe our troubled spirits, and give us courage to count the ships trading in our ports, carrying our citizens, and sunk on our coast, for the edification of our attentive navy. Now and then an impassioned pacifist assures us that

'when men shall have learned truth, faith, compassion and love, there will no longer be need of warfare, or need of world-politics'; and it seems, on the whole, easier to await the undated advent of these charming virtues than to vex our souls now over their stern sister, justice.

It is asserted, possibly with truth, that juvenile delinquency has been on the increase in England and Germany during the past two years. A 'noted' but nameless British psychologist is of the opinion that war has provoked this outbreak of youthful depravity. 'The boy knows that cities are being looted, and his own wild, predatory instinct tends to break forth.' Perhaps. But to the untrained, unscientific mind, the fact that the boy knows his father is not at home to thrash him seems a simpler solution of the problem. Something of the kind has been observed in piping times of peace, when parental discipline chanced to be relaxed, and it has been held to indicate ordinary astuteness rather than any great depth of depravity. As a matter of fact, the English boy's father who is soldiering

From Wipers down to Noove-Chapelle,

has had no chance to loot anything more sacred than the commissariat, and this pillage is profanely believed to be the prerogative of the Army Service Corps. 'A whiff o' shrapnel will dae nae harrm to thae strawberry-jam pinchers,' observes Private Tosh in a moment of unworthy misgiving. The German boy's father has looted safely and unreservedly in conquered provinces; but one doubts if his offspring — under the awful eye of authority — has done anything more lawless than tread on the grass. If he has gone so far as to wheel his bicycle on the wrong side of the road, the Empire is tottering to its fall.

Meanwhile, in our peaceful states, juvenile delinquency has reached a stage when it has become a serious menace to society. Determined theorists cling desperately to 'war news' and 'pride in fighting kin' as one way of accounting for this excess of misconduct; but they look too far afield. The Brooklyn boys, who last August proved themselves to be daring and accomplished burglars, did not rob because the towns of Flanders had been sacked. The ingenious little lad who held up the service on the Fourth Avenue subway by turning off the current, and the less adroit youth who laid iron piping across the Essex Street tracks, were not incited to this dangerous mischief by the calling out of the National Guard. The 'baby bandits' of Chicago were not impelled to lawbreaking by the devastation of Poland.

Something is amiss with communities which cannot train their children to order and decency. The enforced absence of fathers in the fighting countries may be considered a legitimate cause for youthful misbehavior. It is counterbalanced by a quickened perception of patriotism, an early acceptance of responsibility. The increase of juvenile crime in our own country has no legitimate derivative, beyond a growing disdain for consequences, a candid contempt for magisterial jurisdiction. Cheap standards and self-indulgence must bear their share of blame. The nations which are warring for aggrandizement or for safety have changed the face of Europe; but to charge the lawlessness of American children to their account is to underestimate our liability.

II

This brings me face to face with the dilemma which confronts our American educators. How much information concerning the great war is fit to be im-

parted to the immature mind of the child? How far should we enlighten his innocence? How long dare we leave him in doubt? There are parents and teachers who would, if they could, guard American children from any knowledge of the overshadowing sorrows of Europe; and there are parents and teachers who think no child too young to feel his share of pity, to hold out his little hand in help. There are boys and girls who know nothing and care nothing about the conflict; there are others who have been encouraged to 'adopt' some French or Flemish orphan, to write to this desolate child, to work and save for him, to follow, from the security of their homes, his precarious career. It is the difference between courage and caution, between cotton-batting and the open road.

The clear and candid presentation of current events has for years been recognized as an important element of education. It is designed to quicken the child's interest in the living world, and to give him some foundation of fact, upon which he must sooner or later build for himself an intellectual dwelling-place. His personal convictions and his sense of values depend largely upon the way in which he has been taught to regard the happenings of every day. Since the outbreak of the great war, current-event classes for the old as well as for the young have been profoundly stimulated by the pressure of affairs, the speed of history in the making. They have also been complicated by the 'strict neutrality' which compels teacher and lecturer to engage in intricate academic egg-dances, — few things on earth being harder than the drawing of polite inferences from murderous deeds. War-maps are the only avenues of information which preserve an unviolated passivity.

For thirteen months after Austria had struck the match which fired Europe, the *St. Nicholas* magazine, which is read by many thousands of little Americans, ignored the conflagration. For thirteen months it presented its young readers with its accustomed blend of fact and fancy, but took no notice of the stupendous events which left little else to be considered. In September, 1915, it abandoned this attitude of unawareness, and started a 'Department of Current History.' Since then it has published in every issue a brief commentary on the European war, the Mexican disasters, the labor troubles, the presidential election, and other news of the day. It condenses its budget into a few curt, clear, intelligent, impartial paragraphs, warranted to arouse no partisanship, and offend no sensibilities.

All such educational thoroughfares were closed to the children of my day. When I was a little schoolgirl, current events were left severely out of our limited courses of instruction. We seldom read the newspapers (which I remember as of an appalling dullness), and we knew little of what was happening in the present. But we did study history, and we knew something of what had happened in the past, — we knew and deeply cared. Consequently we reacted with fair intelligence and no lack of fervor when events were forced upon our vision. It was not possible for a child who had lived in spirit with Saint Genevieve to be indifferent to the siege of Paris in 1870. It would not have been possible for a child who had lived in spirit with Jeanne d'Arc to be indifferent to the destruction of Rheims Cathedral in 1914. If we were often left in ignorance, we were never despoiled of childhood's generous ardor. Nobody told us, as some children are told to-day, that 'war is always a cowardly business,' or that 'courage is a sublime form of hypocrisy.' Nobody fed our

young minds on stale paradoxes, or paralyzed our emotions, or taught us to regret — like those amazing youths encountered occasionally by pacifists — the foolish impulsiveness of adults. There was something profoundly fearless in our approach to life, in the exposure of our unarmored souls to the assaults of enthusiasms and regrets.

Even our sense of patriotism expanded fitfully, quarrelsomely (for the ferment bred by the Civil War had not yet subsided), and without artificial stimulus. The State Superintendent of Public Instruction in Pennsylvania said at a recent meeting of the National Education Association in Cincinnati that an American schoolboy should be taught to repeat every day to himself, 'I will work and vote and live for the best interests of my country. Yea, if need be, I will fight for my country, and die in its defense.' Apart from the exigencies of oratory, this seems a heavy programme. The average boy is chary of moral axioms, and high — articulate — resolves. If he has been reared in honesty and honor, he will vote, when he is twenty-one, according to his limited insight, and he will fight, if need be, at his country's call. But he will not — if he is human — dilate from ten to twenty with sentiments of a declamatory order. He will not put the shy secrets of his soul into the familiar phrases of a theme.

Mr. William James, who dreamed always of some great 'moral equivalent' for the discipline of camp, would have had young men devote two years to battling with drudgery; to subduing Nature, and wresting from her, in mines or on ranches, on farms or in logging-camps, something of use to the world. An enthusiastic contributor to the *New Republic*, following Mr. James's lead, but seeing breakers ahead if eager, but unaccredited, workers should interfere with organized labor, — which has no bowels for sacrifice, — has proposed, in place of soldiering or drudgery, two years of compulsory social service. All young Americans, girls as well as boys, shall be organized between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one, into regiments, and sent forth to better conditions in town and country. This 'national service' is to be administered by the state, but supervised and subsidized by the Federal Government, which is always intrusted with the paying of bills. There are to be 'flying squadrons' of youth, traveling widely, seeing the world, and lending everywhere a helping hand; and there are to be 'long periods of camping in national parks, and upon ocean beaches.' 'I have a picture of eager young missionaries,' writes this sanguine reformer, 'swarming over the land, spreading the health-knowledge, the knowledge of domestic science, of gardening, of tastefulness, which they have learned at school.'

And *I* have a picture of an outraged world assailed by these advance guards of progress. What Mr. James sought was the apprenticeship of youth to noble bondage, and the wisdom to accrue was to be the wisdom acquired in humility. His plan was impracticable, because the peaceful processes of civilization — orderly rather than heroic — permit no serious deviations from their rule; but it was sound in theory. It did not include the enforced dissemination of the schoolgirl's standard of taste, of the growing boy's knowledge of hygiene. It never contemplated prolonged holidays at the expense of the public, or the subjection of society to the compulsory leadership of youth.

There are some of us who believe that military training would give to young Americans the patience and endurance which Mr. James coveted, and the readiness to serve which is rightly

conceived to be the supreme test of chivalry. But military training is regarded with suspicion by people who fear that the beat of a drum will be the inevitable prelude to war; and by people who are able to convince themselves that we invite the danger we recognize, and avert the danger we deny. It is hard to meet the determined pacifist with facts, because he is as impervious to them as a tortoise is to a spring shower. He says academically, 'It is easy to see that the present war is a war of rival militarisms. It is a soldiers' war.' Some one observes practically, 'But England had no soldiers — to speak of — in August, 1914. She thought she could afford to "wait and see" before she "sprang to arms"; and while she was springing — which took a year, and was quick work at that — her best and bravest sons were sacrificed to this illusion.' Whereupon the pacifist replies, still academically, 'Too much of the world's history has been written in blood'; and leaves the subject sunk in a phraseological quagmire.

How can we meet intellectually the type of disputant who points with triumph to the extinction of a Jurassic lizard in the year 8,000,000 B.C. (I accept the given date) as an argument for not building American cruisers in the year 1916, A.D.; and who distributes portraits of this engaging reptile to drive his lesson home? If the Stegosaurus had not been snatched from the pacifists to serve as an advertisement for dental cream and other toilet utilities, he would still be doing duty as a timely illustration of the vanity of preparedness.

III

It has been observed by teachers (the kind of teachers who practice observation) that the interest of the child in cause and effect is a strong and vital interest. It is part of his unconscious effort to solve the crowding enigmas of life, and it is the foundation of his logical perceptions and his moral sense. It gives him his bias for physical science, for that experimental education of which Mr. Edgeworth was the first English exponent; and it is the secret of his vigorous partisanship when his human interests are fired. Alone among educators, Mr. G. Stanley Hall finds neutrality, a 'high and ideal neutrality,' to be an attribute of youth. He is so gratified by this discovery, so sure that American boys and girls are following 'impartially' the great struggle in Europe, and that this judicial attitude will, in the coming years, enable them to pronounce 'the true verdict of history,' that he 'thrills and tingles' with patriotic — if premature — pride.

'The true verdict of history' will be pronounced according to the documentary evidence in the case. There is no need to vex our souls over the possible extinction of this evidence, for closer observers than our impartial young Americans are placing it permanently on record. The phrase 'high and ideal neutrality' needs elucidation. Civic neutrality is a recognizable thing. It is enjoined by authority which has a claim upon our obedience. No citizen is warranted in offending against its clearly defined decrees. No nation is warranted in violating the pact which pledges it recognition. When Germany marched her invading armies across Belgium, she placed herself on record as overriding international law. She entered the ranks of the freebooter. Nevertheless there is nothing high or ideal in civic neutrality. Its object is not the good of others, but peace and security at home. Belgium was not neutral as a matter of convenience to France, but to save her weakness from assault. She asked of the Powers the right to live, and she asked it for her own sake, not for her neighbors'.

The United States cherishes her neutrality as an asset of enormous value. It has not saved her from grievous insults and shameful conspiracies. It has not saved American ships from being torpedoed and sunk. It has not saved American men and women from death at Germany's hands. But the measure of our loss must be reckoned mainly in things of the spirit, and the measure of our gain can be reckoned unrestrictedly in material well-being. The nervous editorials in our newspapers, proposing ways and means to guard our new prosperity when we shall be at the mercy of peace, prove conclusively how high we rate the patronage of war. 'America means opportunity,' we are told by those who watch over our fortunes; and Americans have seized with ready sagacity the opportunities offered by the conflict. It is a legitimate course to pursue, and foreign nations will probably be just as glad to profit by our necessities when trouble comes to us; but to apply the words 'high and ideal' to our civic neutrality borders perilously on the absurd.

Mental neutrality, which is defined by Murray as the 'absence of decided views, feeling, or expression,' sounds — when matters of vital importance are at stake — like a contradiction in terms. If we have minds, we must think; and if we think, we must come measurably near a point of view. There is no intellectual equivalent of a treadmill. We may strive to be judicial, and succeed according to the accuracy of our knowledge and the clearness of our understanding. We may live our lives in a slough of indecision. We may be ignorant or unconcerned. None of these conditions imply mental neutrality. Marcus Aurelius said, 'It is possible to have no opinion upon a subject, and not to be troubled in one's mind'; but this adroit sentence neither advocates nor admits a limitless insensibility. We do not suppose that the Emperor would have considered that the triumph of Rome over the barbarians, or the triumph of the barbarians over Rome, was a matter upon which it was possible to have no opinion. His flawless serenity was never a cloak for indifference to the welfare of the world.

It is not in the mind of youth or in the heart of a child that we find the equanimity which escapes the ordeal of partisanship. Can we not remember a time when the Wars of the Roses were not — to us — a matter for neutrality? Our little school-histories, those vivacious, anecdotal histories, banished long ago by rigorous educators, were in some measure responsible for our Lancastrian fervor. They fed it with stories of high courage and the sorrows of princes. We wasted our sympathies on 'a mere struggle for power'; but Hume's laconic verdict is not, and never can be, the measure of a child's solicitude. The lost cause fills him with pity, the cause which is saved by man's heroic sacrifice fires him to generous applause. The round world and the tale of those who have lived upon it are his legitimate inheritance.

Mr. Bagehot said, and said wisely, after his wont, that if you catch an intelligent, uneducated man of thirty, and tell him about the battle of Marathon, he will calculate the chances, and estimate the results, but he will not really care. You cannot make the word 'Marathon' sound in his ears as it sounded in the ears of Byron, to whom it had been sacred in boyhood. You cannot make the word freedom sound in untutored ears as it sounds in the ears of men who have counted the cost by which it has been preserved through the centuries. Unless children are permitted to know the utmost peril which has threatened, and which threatens, the freedom of nations, how can they

conceive of its value? And what is the worth of teaching which does not rate the grace of freedom above all earthly benefactions? How can justice live, save by the will of freemen? Of what avail are civic virtues that are not the virtues of the free? Pericles bade the people of Athens to bear reverently in mind the Greeks who had died for Greece. 'Make these men your examples, and be well assured that happiness comes by freedom, and freedom by stoutness of heart.' The prelate who said he would rather see England free than England sober, knew the supreme significance of self-control. It is not by selling the navy decanters that we honor sobriety, or foster the qualities of citizenship.

To withhold from a child some knowledge — apportioned to his understanding — of the world's sorrows and wrongs is to cheat him of his kinship with humanity. We would not, if we could, bruise his soul as our souls are bruised; but we would save him from that callous content which is alien to his immaturity, and which men have raised to the rank of a virtue. The little American, like the little Armenian and the little Serb, is a son of the sorrowing earth. His security — of which no man can forecast the future — is a legacy bequeathed to him by predecessors who bought it with sweat and with blood; and with sweat and with blood his descendants may be called on to guard it. Washington's soldiers and Lincoln's volunteers laid their lives down that the American child might be safe — safe in freedom and with honor.

The Columbus *Despatch* told us some months ago the story of a man who, returning from Europe to the United States, laughed uproariously day and night at the contrast between the sufferings and horrors he had witnessed abroad and the peaceful prosperity of home. The distressing nature of his recollections added zest to his heart-whole enjoyment. It would be a glorious thing, said the *Despatch*, if more Americans could have a brief experience of war-stricken France and Belgium, to quicken their appreciation of their own blessings, their gratitude for their comfortable lot.

There used to be some strong-stomached Christians who anticipated an especial satisfaction in Heaven from the contemplation of the torments of the damned. But they had the excuse of believing that it was the damned's own fault that they *were* damned. Pity would have been inconsistent with justice. France and Belgium are paying the penalty of Germany's violence, and of her repudiation of her pledge. Their sorrow is the heroic sorrow of those who suffer for justice's sake. It implies the voluntary surrender

> Of all that man may call his own,

in exchange for a triumphant ideal which is shared by *les âmes bien nées* of every race and clime. There is little in such devotion to soothe us to complacency; but there is much to awaken every noble and pitying emotion of our souls. The American child who does not know the tale of Belgium's heroism and of Belgium's wrongs has been denied the greatest lesson the living world can teach. The little state which defended her guaranteed rights against invasion, and by this defense saved France, has become one of the controlling forces of Europe. 'The moral triumph of Belgium,' says Cardinal Mercier, 'is an ever memorable fact for history and civilization.' Upon our understanding of such moral triumph, when linked to material defeat, depend our clearness of vision and our sureness of touch. If we forbear to tell American children this glorious and shameful episode out of consideration for the hyphenated vote, we place our scheme

of education on a level with the education of Germany, where children are taught the things which a watchful bureaucracy deems it prudent and advisable for them to learn.

Patriotism in the United States is not subject to subtle reservations unknown to patriotism elsewhere. Its creed is the old simple creed of sacrifice, the old austere renouncement of personal comfort and well-being. It is inadequately expressed by draping a theatre in bunting on election night, or by having an actor dressed as Uncle Sam drive across the stage in a pony cart, and wave an American flag. If we have chosen Uncle Sam as a symbol of our manhood, of something homely, and strong, and self-respecting, why do we make him ridiculous, debasing him into a caricature, and employing him as a medium of advertisement in shop-windows and street cars! It is indicative of our national insouciance that, while in one theatre this absurd figure — rendered more farcical by the adroit use of electric lights — was received with lazy applause, a chorus in an adjacent theatre was cheerfully parodying our national hymn, —

> My country, 't is of thee,
> Land of humility, —

to the unfeigned amusement of the audience.

If we are disposed to treat practical issues sentimentally, and to make abstract sentiment ludicrous, if we deny the impelling power of duty and the value of simple emotions, we have little left to fortify us in our hour of trial. It is possible for advanced pacifists to allude ironically to the Red Cross and the Army Medical Corps as 'screaming anomalies,' and to propose something called 'planetary patriotism' as a substitute for the protective love we bear to the land of our birth. But it would not be possible to make young Americans, who have worked fourteen hours a day on the French battle-front for the rescue and relief of the wounded, see anything anomalous in their labors; and it would be impossible to make little Americans put Mongolia and the United States on the same level of regard. Planetary patriotism demands nothing beyond committees and phrase-making. Practical patriotism may at any hour ask the sacrifice of life. Not even the 'wooden Juggernaut, prudence,' can be trusted to save us forever from the call of our imperiled country.

Therefore we do well to recognize that war for aggression is a sin against the civilized world, and that we have no right to demand immunity for the aggressor, because prolonged resistance is shattering to our nerves. Therefore we do ill to rob our children of reverence for justice, of respect for bravery, and of compassion for pain. It is not enough for them to rejoice in their own safety, in their immunity from personal violence. They must bear in mind that 'happiness comes by freedom, and freedom by stoutness of heart.' To strip from the service of the soldier its heroic quality, to deny him the fruits of his sacrifice, to see in his endurance, stupidity, in his courage, folly, in his wounds, mere festering flesh, in his death, only corruption and decay — this is the most terrible blindness that can befall mankind. So was the Pagan blind when he saw in the mangled body of the Christian nothing but foulness and defeat. The realism which repudiates the spirit achieves amazing accuracy of detail, but it stops forever short of the truth. The heroism which preserves the hope of the world is the heritage of the world's youth. It is the 'sovereign disinfectant,' saving the soul of the child from the leprosy of materialism, from safety-worship, and from the elevation of his own selfish interests into the rank of a divine appointment.

NIETZSCHE

BY JOSIAH ROYCE

[This essay on Nietzsche was recently found among the posthumous papers of Professor Royce. It will perhaps appear strange to many that the author of *The Duties of Americans in the Present War* and of *The Hope of the Great Community* should have found so much, not merely of interest, but of sound doctrine — 'matter for the strengthening of hearts' — in the philosopher now claimed by modern Germany as its prophet and oracle. In reply it can only be said that modern Germany, and not Nietzsche, is at fault. Professor Royce's thesis is that only as a prophet of the soul, the portrayer of an ideal, is Nietzsche to be understood. The revolt which he preaches is not so much a revolt against others as against the self, against the narrow or commonplace or merely habitual self in the interests of ideal selfhood. And in a sense it may be said that the rigid *Weltpolitik* of modern Germany is the antithesis of the philosophy of Nietzsche. For all politics or statecraft is relative to a stereotyped world, and with such a world Nietzsche has nothing in common, — 'All this is poverty and a miserable ease,' — and the hour that he exalts is the hour 'in which not only your happiness but your reason and virtue as well become your loathing.' — W. FERGUS KERNAN.]

I

To many of his readers Nietzsche is simply a writer of aphorisms that express his passing moods. He is a skeptic from this point of view concerning all ultimate truths. On occasion, as his own words indicate, he doubts altogether the value of truth. Life is experience or activity. Man lives to express himself, not to conform to something not himself. As a fact, there are expressions of Nietzsche which are distinctly in this spirit. But to others of his readers and commentators Nietzsche is the expositor of a system. The difficulty of maintaining this thesis is the difficulty of extracting from his aphorisms any one consistent whole doctrine. Consequently, those who go to Nietzsche for positive teaching of permanent thought vary greatly in their interpretation of what is fundamental for his thought.

The freedom of the writer of aphorisms is not only dangerous in itself, but misleading to the reader who is in search of permanent instruction such as he can restate or apply. We in America have been trained more or less in dealing with precisely such problems as this by the cases of our own Emerson and of Walt Whitman. Emerson at one time influenced Nietzsche very deeply. With Walt Whitman he has not a few features of ideal and of doctrine in common. But in any case, like both Emerson and Walt Whitman, Nietzsche feels perfectly free to follow the dialectic of his own mental development, to contradict himself, or, as Walt Whitman said, 'to contain multitudes.'

On the other hand those misinterpret Nietzsche entirely who conceive the prime motive of his teaching as sensualism, or as the love of self-indulgence, or as pride, or as any form of merely self-centred narrowness. He is an individualist, without question. His ideal of life belongs among the many well-known forms of ethical Titanism. To judge him fairly you must bear in mind your Byron or your Goethe, or any other of the numerous writers who have expressed the purpose of life in terms of the conflict between the free individual and the world of convention, of

tradition, or of destiny. Faust, Cain, Manfred, and the other heroes of individualism in the literature of ideals, must first come to mind, that one may see to what vast constellation this star of Nietzsche's belongs; although one would go wrong, and seriously wrong, if one identified the ideal or the problem of Nietzsche with those which these names suggest. The interest of the man lies just in the fact that he is not merely an individualist, but a very original one, adding to the well-known forms of the Titanic ideal a distinctly new one.

The central motive of Nietzsche seems to me to be this. It is clear to him that the moral problem concerns the perfection, not of society, not of the masses of men, but of the great individual. And so far he, indeed, stands where the standard of individualistic revolt has so often been raised. But Nietzsche differs from other individualists in that the great object toward which his struggle is directed is the discovery of what his own individuality itself means and is. A Titan of the type of Goethe's or Shelley's Prometheus proclaims his right to be free of Zeus and of all other powers. But by hypothesis Prometheus already knows who he is and what he wants. But the problem of Nietzsche is, above all, the problem, Who am I? and, What do I want? What is clear to him is the need of strenuous activity in pressing on toward the solution of this problem. His aristocratic consciousness is the sense that common men are in no wise capable of putting or of appreciating this question. His assertion of the right of the individual to be free from all external restraints is the ardent revolt of the strenuous seeker for selfhood against whatever hinders him in his task. He will not be interrupted by the base universe in the business — his life-business — of finding out what his own life is to mean for himself. He knows that his own will is, above all, what he calls the will for power. On occasion he does not hesitate to use this power to crush, at least in ideal, whoever shall hinder him in his work. But the problem over which he agonizes is the inner problem. What does this will that seeks power genuinely desire? What is the power that is worthy to be mine?

Nietzsche's contempt for popular morality is, therefore, only to be understood as a hatred for the spiritlessness, for the submissiveness, and, as he sometimes adds, for the treachery that seeks to avoid conflict, to escape from life's strenuous task, and to use the wiles of the morality of pity and human kindliness as a means for disarming the stronger and for leveling life to the commonplace. But it is unfair to interpret the austere, the unpitiful, the stern elements of Nietzsche's ethical doctrine, as themselves the expression of his central interest. If he is unpitiful he is so, most of all, toward himself. If he makes light of human suffering, it is above all of his own suffering that he has made light. In seeking self-expression, mastery, might, he is seeking something above all internal, perfectly consistent with the utmost sensitiveness to the pathos of life, and to the needs of humanity. If Nietzsche would sacrifice ordinary human interest and lives to the higher individuality, it is his first purpose to appeal to individual men as they are to sacrifice themselves to this higher selfhood. In the often-quoted introductory speech of Nietzsche's Zarathustra to the people, this view of the ideal is expressed in classic form.

'What is the greatest thing ye can experience? That is the hour of great contempt. The hour in which not only your happiness but your reason and virtue as well become your loathing. The hour in which ye say, What is my happiness worth? . . . The hour in which ye say, What is my reason worth? Longeth it for knowledge as a lion for its food? It is poverty and a miserable ease. The hour in which ye shall say, What is my

virtue worth? It hath not yet lashed me into rage. How tired I am of my good and mine evil! All that is poverty and a miserable ease. The hour in which ye shall say, What is my justice worth? I do not see that I am flame and fuel. But the just one is flame and fuel. The hour in which ye shall say, What is my pity worth? Is pity not the cross to which he is being nailed who loveth men? But my pity is no crucifixion. Spake ye ever like that? Cried ye ever like that? Alas! Would that I had heard you cry like that! Not your sin, your moderation crieth unto heaven.'

In this sense Nietzsche's doctrine is unquestionably not merely an individualism. Even against his will his doctrine, as soon as articulated, has the universality of a Kantian categorical imperative. Nothing is worthy of expression but the ideal individuality. Therefore the first task of every human being is indeed to revolt against tradition, but still more to revolt against his own narrowness and pettiness of sentiment, and to prepare for a sacrifice of what is dearest to his sentiment in order that he may thereby win through strenuous activity the discovery of what that higher ideal individual is to mean.

It is in the light of these considerations that we are able to get the most general perspective of Nietzsche's ethical doctrine. The values of life are internal values. In your heart are the issues of your own life. Whoever has inflicted upon you the law from without has degraded your moral individuality. If you have accepted this law merely as it came to you, and because it came to you, you are one of the slaves. You are the mere material to be used up in the process of humanity's higher growth. And the morality of Nietzsche treats you, in so far as you are contented with your lot, or are willing to remain the slave of your ethical destiny and of your religious tradition, with aristocratic contempt.

But does his appeal awaken you, then you are one of those who may take part in the task of aiming toward the higher individuality. You then become conscious that your will is the will for power. But the power that you desire is not mere earthly despotism. It is self-possession. You do not possess this power unless you are able to endure any degree of suffering and sacrifice of sentiment for the sake of discovering your meaning and your selfhood. Woe unto those that are at ease in this new Zion! Nietzsche's virtue has this at least in common with Christian charity, that it suffereth long, even if it appears rather unkind. Unsparing you are, but least of all do you spare what is commonplace about yourself. 'Ye have made your way from worm to man, and much within you is still worm. Once ye were apes; even now man is ape in a higher degree than any ape. Behold, I teach you beyond man.'

II

Of all Nietzsche's writings the book called *Thus Spake Zarathustra* is evidently the most frequently read, though also in some respects the most mysterious and the most in need of a commentary. Nietzsche's choice of a name for his ideal hero has nothing to do with an effort to paraphrase or to imitate the teachings or the personality of the Persian Zoroaster, whose name is thus employed. Zarathustra has in common with the Persian seer the tendency to think out his doctrine in solitude. The original Zoroaster notoriously made use of the fundamental contrast between a good and an evil principle. Nietzsche's Zoroaster is to overcome on a higher level the very oppositions on which the original doctrine of the Persian depended. These considerations, together with a good many oriental associations and the general desire to depict the career of the founder of a new faith, are responsible for the choice

of the hero's name. Zarathustra is in part an idealized Nietzsche, in part the type of a hero whose existence must be conceived as a dim future possibility, for which the humanity of to-day is not worthily prepared. Long years of loneliness separate him from human kind. Communion with the secrets of nature, and with his own heart, has given him a higher wisdom. The negative part of this wisdom is summed up in the first article of his creed, namely, that God is dead; and that man has to live on the earth and under earthly conditions without any of the hope with which an older supernaturalism had surrounded his life. The positive aspect of this creed is summed up in the first place in the doctrine of the Superman.

The Superman is defined sometimes as an inevitably coming being, a product such as the doctrine of evolution requires us to anticipate. He will not come on earth as a result of any miracle. He will be related to man as man now is to the apes. The senselessness of our present human existence is justifiable only as a transition stage on the way to the Superman. 'Man,' says Zarathustra, 'is a something that shall be surpassed. What have ye done to surpass him?'

But Nietzsche has no means of giving a scientific proof that the Superman must come. Nor as a skeptic is he able at all permanently to maintain the theoretical probability of any one outcome of the evolutionary process rather than another. The Superman frequently appears simply as what he is, namely, an ideal, the vision of the individual that should be. That he will come to exist we know not. But our wills shall say, Let him come to existence. By this ideal we give sense to our life. And because the Superman is an ideal and not a definitely expected product of a nature process, the sense that this ideal gives to our lives comes through an imitation of this deliberately created concept of the perfect individual, but still more through a determination restlessly to labor upon the task of creating the concept.

The follower of Zarathustra has, therefore, no one fixed gospel preached to him. He must learn the dream and the interpretation thereof. Or, rather, he must learn, as it were, the art of heroic dreaming, and the art of living beyond every dream to a still higher ideal. Discontent is thus the constant accompaniment of Zarathustra's life and doctrine. But it is not a dreary discontent. Although it involves much suffering, it is a glorious, and, above all, a self-confident discontent. In the Heraclitean world of the higher individuality, where all is in flow, there appears at first to be nothing permanent but the law of the search.

Yet beyond all the seeking Zarathustra desires in the end, indeed, to define the law of life in terms that shall not be subject to the endless flow. Like Heraclitus, Zarathustra hopes to find what is permanent about this search for the higher individuality in the form of an absolute law to which all the apparently endless changes of the individual in the search for his ideal shall be subject. And the definition of this absolute law occurs to him in terms which had acquired a strange and decidedly fantastic significance in the mind of Nietzsche. There was an hypothesis with which Nietzsche evidently played for years and which also obviously had a somewhat pathological tendency to beset his imagination. This was the hypothesis, well known to human imagination ever since Pythagorean days, of the fatal tendency of the world to a precise repetition after long cycles of all its changes, of all its conflicts, ideals, evolutionary processes, and individual occurrences. The notion that countless times this precise thing has happened before, oc-

curred to the Pythagoreans in ancient Greek thought, for reasons which probably had something to do with astronomical observations and astrological speculation. This notion became an important part of Nietzsche's own teaching, and of that of Zarathustra, because of its relations — relations not by any means superficial or insignificant — to his conception of the ethical problem. Seldom has a purely fantastic freak of the imagination stood in a more interesting relation to a profound problem of the formulation of an ethical ideal.

Zarathustra has at once to follow and to define the ideal. The ideal is that of the perfect individual. The perfect individual is to be self-contained, a law unto himself, no follower of God or of man, no recognizer of any rule that is imposed upon him from without. Yet the perfect individual is to be in no sense a seeker for self-indulgence, his existence is through and through strenuous. His every act is a transition. He cares not whether such act proves even to be a self-destruction, if only he may escape from lower ideals. The one thing that he cannot tolerate is commonplaceness, vulgarity, or mere content with convention, with tradition, with circumstance. Yet Nietzsche is equally conscious, and Zarathustra with him, that the higher life must be, not only a striving, but an experience; not only strenuousness, but an accomplishment; not only an endless spiritual agility, but an enjoyment of perfection; not only a heroism, but a self-possession. For were the higher life not all of these things, wherein would consist the meaning of the struggle, since neither heavenly joys nor the will of the gods, neither Nirvana nor the beatific vision, can be admitted into the doctrine to give purpose to life? If this infinite flow has not its meaning beyond itself, in heaven, or in that slavish service of mankind which Zarathustra condemns, and yet if at every stage of the process one finds nothing but a passing on to the next, what is the significance of the whole process?

The answer to this question is given in terms of the fantastic hypothesis of the eternal recurrence of every event in the world, and thus the hypothesis in detail asserts that life in its wholeness, with all its struggles expressed, with all its fate completely worked out, with all its individuality finally embodied, is present, not only once, but endlessly numerous times, in the course of infinite time. The idea thus suggested, mystical as it essentially is, is Nietzsche's equivalent in his closing period for what the religious consciousness had formerly sought in the conception of a divine plan of the universe. The conception is mystical because Nietzsche can grasp it only by intuition, and can give only the most insufficient reason for his belief. It appeals to him partly because it is unconventional, is no article of a traditional faith, and appears consistent with a purely naturalistic view of things, and with the existence of a world of rigid law. It is comforting to him as well as terrible. On the one hand, it comes to him with a pathological insistence and forms part of his suspicious attitude toward life. It is conceived as a blind necessity inflicting itself upon the world-order. On the other hand, the same thought long dwelt upon becomes at length pleasurable. One had feared it, because it seemed to make all endeavor vain. One accepts it in the end because it somehow assures us that all the problems of life are worked out and have been worked out endlessly often heretofore.

In the ceaseless change to which both experience and our self-criticism expose us, we look in vain for a final state for the sake of which life may exist and in the light of which it may be justified.

Nietzsche's thought is that the justification of life must be the whole of life, for life is everywhere a passage from less to greater, or from problem to partial solution, or from the outworn to the new. In the whole circle of the world-life, granted only that the circle is a closed one, every possible transition from a lower to a higher, every possible facing of a problem, every possible transition from old to new must have been accomplished.

In the mysterious conversation with his own spirit which Zarathustra typifies as a meeting with a certain dwarf who personifies all his own weakness and temptation, Nietzsche's ideal hero thus narrates his view of the meaning of the eternal recurrence. The dwarf of the story, Zarathustra's baser self, scorning his aspiration, whispers, 'Thou stone of wisdom, thou throwest thyself high up, but every stone thrown must fall. Condemned unto thyself and thine own stoning, O Zarathustra, far thou threwest the stone indeed, but it will fall back upon thyself.' That is, in substance, this restless idealism, this search for the absolute individuality, is self-defeating. The task has to begin always afresh. One finds not the complete self. And in Zarathustra's world there is no God in whom the self should find its goal. The Sisyphus task of seeking the perfect is essentially vain. And thus the tempter dwarf expresses what is indeed the obvious problem of every untrammeled individualism.

'But,' Zarathustra tells us, 'a thing is within me — I call it courage. It hath hitherto slain every evil mood of mine. This courage bade me at last stand still and say, "Dwarf, thou or I"; for courage is the best murderer, courage that attacketh. For in every attack there is the stirring music of battle. — "Halt, dwarf," said I, "I am the stronger of us two. Thou knowest not mine abyss-like thought. Thou couldst not endure that." Now there happened to be a gateway where we had to stop. "Look at this gateway, dwarf," I said. "It hath two faces; two roads meet here, the ends of which no one has ever reached. This long lane back, it stretcheth out for an eternity. And that long lane out there, it is another eternity. They contradict each other, these roads (the past and the future), and here at this gateway they meet. The name of the gateway standeth written above — Present Moment. But whoever would go along either of them and ever further and ever more remote, believest thou, dwarf, that these roads contradict each other eternally? — From this gateway called Moment a long eternal lane runneth backward. Behind us lieth an eternity. Must not all that can run of things have run already through this lane? Must not what can happen of things have happened, have been done, have run past here already? And when everything has already existed, what dost thou, O dwarf, think of this moment? Must not this gateway already have been there? And are not all things so fast linked together that this moment draws after itself all coming things, and so does not it draw itself also after itself? For what can occur in this long way before us? It must once more occur. And this slow-moving spider that creeps in yonder moonlight, and this moonlight itself, and thou and I in the gateway whispering together about eternal things, must we not all have already existed? And must we not come again and run our course in that other lane, out there before us in that long-haunted lane?'

The thought thus expressed is ambiguously stated so far as concerns its significance for the speaker. The vision of the conversation with the dwarf is at once one of terror and of courage. In characteristic fashion Zarathustra opposes to the thought of the tempter, that all is vanity because nothing can be accomplished, the other thought that all which is possible has already been numberless times accomplished. But this thought, too, suggests vanity. The striving soul demands novelty. The individual shudders before this abyss of fate which yawns at his feet. Yet, as Nietzsche frequently says, it is the business of man to stand upon the edge of abysses and to learn not to fear them. The reaction from this terror at the haunted way of life comes when one remembers that the closed circle of eternal life is one of significant striving, and that therefore the very closing of the circle involves the completion of the striving. The wanderer in life's wil-

derness sees no shining light of an eternal city beyond him. His home is in wandering. He has not the romantic sentimentality, but he certainly has the deep restlessness of the hero of Schubert's *Wanderer's Song*. Nietzsche will have him learn courage and absolute endurance in his wandering. And the courage is to result from the very facing of this most abysmal thought, that the wandering as a whole is one completed expression of an endlessly restless, but still in each of its cycles perfectly self-expressed, life.

With this thought in mind Nietzsche thenceforth is able to speak of eternity as his delight and his goal. The deepest problem of life becomes the attainment of sufficient courage to endure the hardships of the world-cycle, knowing that by just this series of struggle the complete life has to be expressed. If this moment has its fixed place in the cycle that expresses the whole meaning of life, then one can return to a delight in the present for its own sake, which will reconcile the strenuousness of Nietzsche's ideal with the joyousness, with the naïveté in accepting experience, which is also one of his essential motives. The joy of life returns when one has become convinced that the goal of life is not something utterly undetermined, but absolutely predetermined.

The lesson of the experience has also for Nietzsche its general aspect. His constant teaching is, if you have any insistent horror, conquer it by facing it and thinking it out. If fate besets you, make what seems fate also appear to you as your own deed. If you have any evil thought, make it a part of your free self by expressing once for all its whole meaning. Do not suppress your weaknesses. Build your strength upon them. It is with the painful, as it is with the so-called evil element of your nature. It is to be won over to the service of perfection even by being fearlessly accepted, worked out, and thereby conquered.

III

The two doctrines, that of the Superman and that of the eternal recurrence, constitute the central contents of the creed of Zarathustra. You do not know what the concrete purpose in life of the Superman will be if ever he comes to exist, but you already begin to work his will in seeking for him. In attempting to define his purpose you raise the whole question, so fundamental in our actual life, of the meaning and purpose of individual existence. Nietzsche differs from traditionalism of all kinds, and agrees, I should say, with the loftiest idealism, when he declines to accept his ethical individual as something whose character is for us men now predetermined, or to be accepted ready made. Those who say that the ideal character has already been embodied, that what I am to be is predetermined by the example of some preceptor or master, find no support from Nietzsche. In this respect, I should say, Nietzsche is indeed at one with the very idealism whose philosophical expression, as it had been attempted in earlier German thought, he so vigorously rejected. Herein lies his highest value as a stimulating critic of life; and that value, as I must repeat, allies him to Emerson, to Walt Whitman, and to other apostles of a higher liberty and assailants of a stereotyped ideal. For Nietzsche there is no one way of salvation except the way of being different from every other individual and complete in yourself.

There is no doubt that, from the point of view of a more systematic idealism, Nietzsche appears as entirely failing to see the organic character of the true life of coöperating individuals. The great problem of reconciling the

unique individual with the world-order is simply not Nietzsche's problem. One must not go to him for light upon that subject. Therein lies his perfectly obvious limitation. Yet there is no doubt, from the point of view of any deeper idealism, that this grave problem can be solved only upon the basis of the clearest knowledge, precisely that upon which Nietzsche insists — namely, the uniqueness of the life of every individual and the genuineness of the duty of every soul to seek its own type of salvation. That its own type of salvation will as a fact involve a higher coöperation with all other individuality, is indeed true, and it is a truth that you cannot learn from Nietzsche. But I do not object to the musician because he is unable to carve for me statues or to build me cathedrals. Nietzsche understands that the art of life is the struggle, the endeavor, the courage, and incidentally the delightfulness of experience which enables the free soul in its best moments to take delight in the very tasks that its skepticism and its self-criticism seem to make so endless, and in one aspect so hopeless. Be dissatisfied with yourself, and yet assert yourself. Believe nothing, and yet have courage in the midst of your very suspicions, and cultivate your intuitions even while suspecting them: these are some of Nietzsche's precepts. And whoever comprehends their problem of individuality will thank him for them.

In the light of this essentially fluent conception of the Superman much that is paradoxical in Nietzsche's expression becomes in general intelligible. He notoriously calls himself an immoralist. But by morality he means conventional morality. And his contention is in this respect not different in principle from the well-known contention of Kant, according to which what Kant calls heteronomy is ethically intolerable. What will can I follow but my own? The ethical problem is to find out what my will is. Nietzsche, indeed, rejects every statical concept of the content of the ideal. Any finished creed as to what an individual ought to be at once arouses his spiritual repugnance. He is up and away long before any such ideal can be sufficiently expressed to win even a fair hearing. What we have called the spiritual agility of the self as Nietzsche conceives it forbids the acceptance of any such static ideal.

'My brother, when thou hast a virtue, and it is thy virtue, thou hast it in common with nobody. To be sure, thou desirest to call it by name and to caress it and to amuse thyself with it. And lo! thereupon thou hast its name in common with the people. Thou hast become people and herd with thy virtue. Better were it if thou shouldst say, Unspeakable and nameless is that which maketh my soul's pain and sweetness, and that is mine inmost hunger. I desire it not as God's law. I desire it not as man's statute and necessity. It shall not point me the way to another world or paradise. It is an earthly virtue that I love. Once thou hadst passions and didst call them evil; now hast thou only thy virtues. They grew from thy passions. For by thee thine own highest ideal was instilled into these passions and thereupon they became thy virtues and thy delight; and though thou wert from the stock of the choleric, or of the voluptuous, or of the fanatical, or of the vindictive, at last all thy passions grew virtues, and all thy devils angels. . . . And from this time forth nothing evil groweth out of thee unless it be the evil that groweth out of the struggle of thy virtues.'

In the *Zarathustra*, from which I quote these words, there now follows a characteristic passage concerning the struggles and the mutual jealousies of precisely the virtues that have been thus characterized. And the picture of triumph and of inner selfhood that has just been suggested is at once clouded by the observation that every such relative state of inner perfection is in us transient, dialectical, self-destructive. The immediate conclusion is, 'Man is something that must be surpassed. And therefore love thy virtues; for thou shalt perish from them.'

The other and fantastic thought of the eternal recurrence — that thought which we have just expounded — is, as one now sees, the almost inevitable counterpart and foil of this conception of the endless search for individuality. Rejecting every form of absoluteness except such as seems to him consistent with necessary laws of nature and with the endless flow of things, Nietzsche still needs the restful pole in the flight of phenomena of which Schiller speaks. He quite as much needs something eternal and dividing, to give significance to his struggle for individuality, as he would need if he were a devout believer in traditional creeds.

Nietzsche's fantastic thought is, however, much deeper than its mere appearance would suggest. As a fact, a concept of ethical individuality must be just to the endless pursuit of goals of which every strenuous life consists. It must also be just to our requirements that there shall be a finished ideal despite the fact that you cannot find anywhere in the series of life's facts the expression of this ideal in a static form. It must also be just to the consideration which so many religions have neglected, namely that the true goal of life is the whole of life and not any one point in it — the conquering of defects by their inclusion in a richer life, and not an excision of ills from life. The deepest question of an ethical idealism is the problem whether life in any sense constitutes a significant whole, and whether this wholeness has a determinate and individual character.

Now Nietzsche is well aware of this problem. It can be solved neither by the theory that there is, once for all, a substantial individual soul having its permanent static character which our ideal life merely portrays in successive deeds, nor yet by the doctrine that the moral law is something merely static or abstractly universal. The individual and significant wholeness of our life must depend upon something which is not now completely expressed, but which, on the other hand, is in no sense a static substance, but something now in the making. The whole meaning of life turns upon the question whether our life in its entirety constitutes one drama. And in Nietzsche's Godless world of natural necessity the concept of eternal recurrence is the sole means by which he can conceive this unity of life's plan. With this in mind he can become, as he says, eager for eternity.

'If I am fond of the sea and of all that is of the sea's kin; and if I am fondest of it when it contradicteth me angrily; if that seeking desire is within me that driveth the sails after what is yet undiscovered; if there is a sailor's joy in my joy; if my rejoicing hath ever cried, "The shore has disappeared; now the last chain hath fallen down from me. The limitless roareth around me. Far away time and space shine beyond me! Upwards and onward, my heart!" Oh, how could I fail to be eager for eternity and for the marriage ring of rings, the ring of the eternal recurrence?'

IV

As we turn now to the less poetical productions, namely the *Genealogy of Morals*, and the *Beyond Good and Evil*, we reach works that are very easily misunderstood if one lays stress upon their more obvious and paradoxical expression. The *Genealogy of Morals* has been absurdly emphasized in some of the more popular and hostile criticisms passed upon Nietzsche. In the light of his fundamental interests in the problem of the genesis of the free individual, the paradoxes of this work become indeed comprehensive enough. Its purpose is to free men from the bondage of the merely conventional morality. This purpose is to be accomplished by means of a psychological interpretation of the history of the moral consciousness. Full of the whimsical and the paradoxical is this account. Yet the paradoxes in question are by no means novel in the

history of thought. They are in part the well-known paradoxes of the Sophists in the Platonic dialogues. In part they are common to the assailants of sentimental religious faith generally.

Moral distinctions have, according to Nietzsche, a twofold origin in the history of the human mind. They are distinctions made by the noble, the strong, the consciously superior, the aristocratic. Or, on the other hand, they are the distinctions made by the weaklings, by the fearful, by the slaves. The distinctions of the first class are themselves in no wise static, infallible, or for Nietzsche necessarily acceptable. But their type as they appear in the history of thought is the higher of the two types. For the noble souls become self-conscious by virtue of their superiority. Life is everywhere the will to attain might. The strong know that what they want is good, and that they can attain that good, at least in some measure, by reason of their strength. Moreover, the desire to rise above the mass grows. For how shall the highest be attained, unless the higher themselves are ready to rise? And how should the good be won through the mere nourishing of the weaklings? The strong man may be, indeed, kindly and courteous and humane. But he is so because that is his strength and his choice, his way to embody his will in the world, and not because the weak desire him to do so. The stronger souls consequently make their distinction between the noble and the base, the good and the contemptible. Upon this basis arises the *Herren Moral*. Strongly opposed to this is the *Sklaven Moral*, whose historical monument is Christianity.

Nietzsche abounds in paradoxes when he discusses the faith that lies nearest to his own early training and that had obviously most deeply influenced much of his sensibility. The weaklings cannot express themselves by their own force. They have developed in the course of history the art of persuading the strong as well as themselves that weakness itself is a virtue, and that all that the weak need ought to be given them by the strong. The result of such morality has been the glorification of the commonplace, the stupid, the spiritless, and the broken-hearted.

The doctrine thus indicated in the briefest way occupies in Nietzsche's own mind a place that can be understood only in the light of the central and positive character of his individualism. There is here no historically accurate estimate of Christianity; and much of the onslaught upon its teachings involves many of the trivialities of negative liberalism — trivialities which only the brilliancy of Nietzsche's literary skill, and the actually wonderful insight of many of his psychological comments, can make tolerable to any one really accustomed to true liberality of thought.

As a fact, Nietzsche's own individualism has had its place in the history of Christian doctrine. There is no question of the shallowness of a great deal of what is called altruism, and of the dangerous tendency toward the commonplace which a conventional Christian morality has frequently involved. But there is that in the original Christian ideal which is not at all foreign to the spirit of Nietzsche's *Zarathustra*. Yet the value of this whole discussion, as well as of another work, the so-called *Anti-Christ*, which Nietzsche wrote just before his final collapse, lies not at all in its value as a fair historical estimate of anybody's faith, but only in its significance as a series of paradoxical illustrations of Nietzsche's central problem, the problem of the perfect individual selfhood.

The other, and in some respects the more highly organized and significant

of his later expressions outside the *Zarathustra*, namely the *Beyond Good and Evil*, contains the following notable and deliberate statement of Nietzsche's view of virtue in general.

> Our virtues? It is probable that we too (namely we so-called immoralists) still have our virtues. We Europeans of to-morrow, we firstlings of the twentieth century, with all our dangerous curiosity, our manysidedness, our art of disguising — we probably, *if* we still are to have virtues, shall have only such as best agree with our most secret, our most heartfelt longing, with our most ardent needs. And so then let us seek for them in our own labyrinths, labyrinths wherein, as everybody knows, so much is lost and lost forever. And is there anything nobler than seeking for one's own virtues? And we too in our own way are men of duty. To be sure, sometimes we indeed dance in our chains — oftener, it is also true, we gnash our teeth in our bonds and are impatient because of all the secret painfulness of our fate. But, do what we will, the stupid and the look-of-things will agree in declaring that we are men who know no duties. We have always the stupid and the look-of-things against us.

It has been my effort in the foregoing to give some of the impressions of the sense in which these duties can exist for Nietzsche and of the reason why nevertheless he can appear as rebel against convention, as opponent of the faith, as immoralist, as teacher of paradoxes, as austere and self-asserting individualist. As a fact, it is not selfishness in its narrower sense; it is certainly not sensualism. It is still less any sort of supposably scientific outcome of Darwinism that characterizes Nietszche. He is not a partisan of mere self-will. His ideal is not merely that of brute force.

Nor yet is it fair to say with Dr. Tille, his translator, that physiological perfection, or the power to survive, is in any sense for him the expression of the ideal. He proclaims the significance of health, but it is healthful vigor of will that he is thinking of, much more than athletic skill or any externally visible character. His paradoxes constantly insist upon the virtue of power and upon the possession of power as the sum of virtue, but the power of which he is thinking is inner power. He despises the commonplace virtues, but that is a whimsical way of expressing his love of absolute perfection. He cannot define what his absolute perfection is, but no one has better expressed in recent times than he the ideal of the search for a consciousness of perfection. He glorifies the aristocratic self; but the self of which he speaks turns out to be an invisible and ideal self, as unseen as is the risen and ascended Lord of the ancient faith; as much an object of service as was ever the God against whom Nietzsche revolted.

FOR THE FALLEN

BY LAURENCE BINYON

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labor of the daytime;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the Night;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

THE MAN

BY WARRINGTON DAWSON

[Since the interest of this story is enhanced by the circumstances under which it was written, it is worth while to quote from the letter which accompanied the manuscript to the *Atlantic* office.

'In the year 1912,' writes Mr. Dawson, 'I found, in a drawer of my desk, some sheets, written in my hand, which were unfamiliar to me. My first idea was that I had copied out a story by somebody else. Reading brought no associations, yet I recognized, not only my writing, but my thoughts, my characterization, and my story-form. On the last page was my signature, with the date "15th April, 1911." With the help of this date, and my diary, and of a very accurate memory when I get started on a clue, I presently patched out the whole affair. On the night of the 14th–15th April, 1911, I woke up from a dream in which I had seen this story vividly acted. I was so possessed by it that I got up, dressed summarily, went to my study, and wrote the story as it had come. It was a cold night; there was no fire in my study; I wrote for several hours, and was shaking in a severe chill by the time I had finished. Going back to bed, I next woke up with a high fever, and was ill for many weeks with neuralgic grippe. This illness effaced all recollection of my night-adventure, until I chanced upon the evidence of it.

'Meanwhile, the great Franco-German crisis of August, 1911, had come and gone—four months after I had written this story expressing the Gallic spirit *versus* the Teutonic. Being struck by its prophetic quality, I copied out the manuscript and tried it with a number of magazines. Everywhere it was scornfully or indignantly refused. It was incompatible with the "humanitarian" conditions of war prescribed by the Hague Convention, and I was iniquitous for daring to conceive anything so "brutal." But I happened to be at the 1907 Hague Convention, and to have my opinion of its sincerity. In my official journalistic connection, I was not allowed to tell the truth, because at that time the American public declined to know the truth. Fortunately, one brief record of my opinion, in the form of a letter to the editor of an American newspaper, remains in print to spare me the vagueness of verbal evidence.']

THEY brought him, with tight-bound hands and blood-stained face, into the presence of the Officer; they placed on the camp-table a packet of papers taken from his person; and they stood ready to answer and to act.

The Officer, not heeding the men, looked curiously at the Man.

'You are as proud as if spying were counted among the honorable professions,' he sneered.

'Scouting is,' the Man replied, unmoved. 'My present profession is the same as yours; only you, not being in the ranks, have power to send others out on work you might not care for yourself. An instrument does fine or ugly work, but the hand that guides it cannot be held blameless.'

'You think to hasten your end by angering me,' the Officer said, observing the other with increased attention. 'You are unwise.' He stopped before adding with cold precision, 'Lives are sometimes saved in desperate straits.'

The Man shrugged scornfully.

'I have learned enough of the trade of war to understand you. I may scout in the enemy's country, but I don't betray my people.'

'You speak with a firmness which seems final,' returned the Officer.

His eyes for the first time left the prisoner to seek the papers. There was a long silence, broken only by a rustling as his lean white fingers turned the sheets. He addressed three swift questions to the guard, appeared to

know the answers before he received them, and in an altered tone, less scathing if no less severe than before, he spoke to the Man.

'You are not a soldier.'

'I am a soldier,' the Man protested.

'A soldier would have expressed himself more aptly and less well. You lack technical terms, and furthermore, you dare not trust your memory. These papers leave you no hope.'

'I asked for none.' The Man did not flinch.

'You are not a soldier, though you have the boldness of one. You will need that boldness, to die a shameful death. A pity, too. This is the work of a brain trained to observe, to analyze, and to conclude. Even so big and so new a task could not baffle you. Yes — big and *new*. If these papers did not reveal as much, two phrases which escaped you would suffice: a remark about learning the trade of war, and a reference to your present profession."

The Officer gave a command. One of the guard saluted and left the tent.

'Before the end can come, the moments which must pass will seem infernally long to you,' said the Officer. 'That is, they will if you are left to your regrets. Now, words spoken here and written there have roused my curiosity. Shall we have a little idle talk? It would not be treachery for you to answer a simple question as to who you are.'

Then the Man flinched.

'Ah!' thought the Officer. 'Fear of discovery is the weak spot.'

Soldiers were heard tramping without; there followed an order to halt, a shuffling of feet, and a rattle of arms. The Officer's face had been enveloped in a species of intellectual mist, like that of artificial attainment, as he tried to draw the prisoner's confidences. The mist passed, and a grim, evil look shone in its stead.

'The time was even shorter than I estimated,' he said. 'If you wish prompt release — such as it is — I shall not insist upon detaining you. Yet I am privileged. I am the cousin of the lord commander-in-chief.'

The Man started, and shrank back. Thereupon the soldiers seized him roughly and held him, waiting for a word from the Officer. The latter did not move. Presently the prisoner raised his head. An inspired ray was in his eyes, though his flesh had grown white under the savage grip of his captors.

'If, by telling you, I can buy permission to ask a favor, I am willing.' The words had come slowly; but, reading amused scorn in the face before him, he cried passionately, 'No! It's not my life. That is already disposed of.'

'Tell me who you are — and you may then *ask* whatever you wish.'

The Officer gave a new command. The guard relinquished their hold so suddenly, so hatefully, that the prisoner fell to his knees. They grinned at his discomfiture, and marched out, halting near the firing squad which still waited at the entrance of the tent.

The Man rested for some instants as he had fallen. His muscles were like unstrung cords quivering without response. Weakly, uncertainly, he rose, lost his balance, fell once more, and strained with bound hands cast helplessly behind him. He struggled to his feet and stood, wavering. A stain of blood was blotted upon his knee. A cut on the forehead, where one of his captors had struck him, had burst open and streamed a thin red line down his cheek, down his breast, to the fresh-wounded knee, there gathering tribute and falling in swift drops to the ground.

The Officer had placed his pistol on the papers; he watched it fondly, and touched it once or twice, humming in a harsh, untuned voice a fragment of refrain. A suggestion of the ill-omened

inner light still hovered in his look. But the intellectual mists enveloped him as he spoke.

'Your trade is thought, not war. I am interested in thought. War is a game, a science, a fascination to which I have devoted my life; it has not prevented me from being something of a thinker, or at least a dealer in others' thoughts — I mean, a reader.'

As the Officer stopped, the Man began quickly, —

'You asked who I am? It is what I am that matters. You are right, I was bred for thought and the expression of thought. But when the call to arms came, I responded gladly, though my means as a warrior were poor.'

'We need complete frankness, or we are wasting time. Yours is precious,' said the Officer. 'Listen.'

The soldiers at rest could be heard talking with one another — talking and jesting till they should fulfill their mission of death. The Officer spoke again:

'I said I was a reader. I add that I am a reader of yours.'

A second time the Man flinched.

'When you were brought in, only your bearing impressed me,' said the Officer. 'But the writing on these sheets presents analogies with one of the most valued manuscripts in my collection. The style here shows those qualities of detached observation, profound penetration, and logical deduction, and particularly that fair balance of judgment which the ignorant term paradox: all characteristic of the author of that manuscript. Beneath the dirt and blood which disfigure you, I recognize features made familiar by photographs. So that I need not ask again who you are. But, on your side, you need not express your petition in words. I understand. If you have flinched only when the question of identity was raised, it's because you wish to die unknown among us. It's because you wish hero-worshipers to think of you falling gloriously in the open field — with less lead in your chest and no more mud in your mouth than we are about to give you. Such are the little vanities of the great. Well, I grant your request. What does your secret matter to the military man who holds all the evidence he needs to have you executed as a spy? The reader will still have your books — with this touch of human nature added.'

'No, you have not understood — not understood my wishes any more than my works! What I ask for is — one more night of work.'

The Officer frowned.

'This is not within the bounds of reason. How can I know that to-morrow may not find me in your place, if I allow you still to have a place? Our armies occupy your country, there are enemies for us behind every bush.'

The Man continued as if the other had not spoken, —

'If I die to-night, neither you nor the world will ever hold the key to my thought.'

Wounded pride of artificial intellect brought back the evil gleam to the Officer's eyes.

'Are you not wasting your efforts on one so obtuse?' he asked. 'Unless you consider that your vocation as an artist gives you an advantage in expressing things.'

'In feeling them, rather,' returned the Man quickly. 'Only the artist who feels truly may speak truly. And even then, it's only "may." '

'There I should recognize you, if nothing else had betrayed you,' observed the Officer. 'All this confident talk of yours about art! Why, if art had the influence you pretend, it would convince every one — and you must admit that it does not.'

'I admit that a sunbeam awakes rainbow glories in the heart of clear

crystal, but can obtain no more than a superficial glitter from coal.'

Having said this, the Man plunged into the silence of one who has gladly renounced life rather than recant.

But the Officer, although frowning fiercely, made no hostile movement. When he spoke, it was because he perceived that the Man would not speak again.

'You are arguing rather than meet me fairly.'

'Arguing!' the Man burst out with the full violence of a last aggression. 'What do I care for argument? The tricks of casuistry can conceal from limited visions the truths of eternity — but what is altered? Only the nature which has preferred illusions! You may prove argumentatively that the bird would have been better if born a fish, or the fish if born a bird. But the wise bird makes the best of being a bird, the wise fish of being a fish.'

'And the wise artist of being an artist,' added the Officer. 'It is not for you to moralize or philosophize, but only to please.'

'To please? Please whom, with what? Just please? Then a Rembrandt becomes art because it pleases the cultured, and a vile caricature becomes art because it pleases the vulgar? Or, if you would distinguish, what but sheer arbitrariness can draw the line, where all is to depend upon pleasing? Would a marble of Praxiteles, a tragedy of Shakespeare, a symphony of Beethoven be art while you and I remain in this tent and are pleased by them — only to cease to be art when your soldiers step in who are pleased by beer and beef? Take art to be a mere principle of sensations and emotions: then the sublime and the degraded must be placed on one same plane, since the lofty will respond to the first and the base to the second!'

The sunlight, where it pierced through the slits in the tent close to the ground, had taken clearer, sharper, longer shapes some minutes before, but was now faded and wavering where it had not already vanished. A sudden breeze shook the canvas as if in reminder that night was near.

'What would you do with this night of work?' asked the Officer. 'It is impossible. But my curiosity is roused.'

'I should prove that I have done more than please while pleasing, since this is but a means for the artist who has an aim himself and sees an aim for life. Let me die at this sunset, and I pass away with those who seemed to have labored but to please. Let me die at next sunrise, and I achieve the work which justifies the rest; I complete a cycle of life, though a short life. Let me work for ten hours — a very trifle, even in our earthly existence — and my influence stands a chance to endure, influence which alone is eternal among men's activities, influence which links one generation to another and to all others when the works through which it was manifested have long since disappeared from the conscious memory of man!'

'And you imagine such papers could leave this camp?'

'You would keep them, with those you have just seized, until my people have imposed reason upon yours. If you are a thinker as you believe, you will understand.'

'Do you realize what you are asking?'

'Yes — and also that you are the cousin of the lord commander-in-chief.'

The intellectual mist had closed in upon the Officer. He was dreaming idly, self-contentedly, beyond the reach of subtlety or flatteries; when he reacted, it would be in response to the inbred mechanism of war.

The Man sealed his fate.

'Will you help me to immortality

and have your share in that — or must your blindness bring you notoriety? Yes, I know what I ask, and of whom I ask it. For you are of those who would melt a painter's masterpiece with alcohol drop by drop, and then triumph in proclaiming that where there is no resistance there was never art!'

'You shall have your night of work!' shouted the Officer.

His voice was so loud and fierce that the guards rushed into the tent. He gave a few sharp orders; then halted, silent, with turned back, as the Man was led out.

Those who kept watch said, later, that the prisoner wrote all through the night, giving the moist pages one by one to soldiers standing there to receive them. They thought that he had bought life with treason, and watched with scorn. He, heedful of naught but his task, wrote on.

Dawn came and found him still writing, his face gray, his eyes haggard, his hand all but useless. As the pen traced its last word, it rolled from his grasp, and he fainted. They raised him, they struck him. He was barely conscious when the tramp of the firing squad drew near. At that, he braced himself, and strode firmly to the place of execution. The soldiers, their suspicions stilled since he was about to die, whispered among themselves, 'He is brave.' An inspired light radiated from his face; he stood waiting for death as for apotheosis. The soldiers took aim; his face became angelic.

But there was a pause. The Officer approached. He held the pages just written; he stopped close to the weakly flickering camp-fire and addressed the Man: —

'You have had all I promised you — a last night of work. Take it with you as credentials for immortality!'

And he tossed the leaves into the flames.

He turned away. The lightning flash of a falling sword cleaved the air, and rifles roared in unison. But the heart of the Man had already ceased to beat; the lead poured into an inert form which fell of its own accord, yearning toward the ashes of lost inspiration.

That night, the position was stormed and taken. That night, the Officer was freed alike from evil gleams and deceptive mists. Among his papers, those who had beaten him in his own vocation of arms found little to interest them from a military point of view. Only they puzzled over certain pages written in their own language and telling a tale of art, on which a foreigner had put annotations suggesting strategy.

Some said these pages were written by a missing comrade who had toiled thus after many a weary day while they rested heavily, and who had said the morning before that with one more night he would finish his task. They identified him as the Man whose body lay in the starlight at the edge of the encampment. They noted with horror that, executed as a spy, he bore traces on a withered right hand as if tried by an ordeal of fire. And they marveled that his face, serene and upturned, yet seemed to smile toward infinite worlds in the heavens.

COMMERCE-DESTROYING ABOARD THE GEORGIA

FURTHER RECOLLECTIONS OF A REBEL REEFER

BY JAMES MORRIS MORGAN

I

CHASING ships without making any captures was getting to be a little monotonous. Some of the vessels we halted had captains who were cross and ugly about being detained while we examined their papers; while others seemed to enjoy the adventure of being held up by a 'pirate,' and showed our boarding officers every hospitality in the way of wines, liquors, and cigars. Whenever we passed close to a man-of-war, we showed her our true colors, an attention which she reciprocated by running up the British flag and dipping it to us. Every time this occurred we would congratulate ourselves, insisting that the mere courtesy constituted a recognition of the Confederate States.

Exactly where we were, the captain and the navigator alone knew. The old sailors told me that we were in the Doldrums, as they call that portion of the Atlantic Ocean which lies in the equatorial belt extending from about ten degrees north of the Equator to the same distance south of it: this they knew by the baffling winds, squalls from every point of the compass, and Irishmen's hurricanes, as they call dead calms. Another unfailing sign to them were the many great waterspouts whirling around in every direction. To see one of these spouts in process of formation is indeed a wonderful sight: first, the whirlwind on the surface of the sea, and the eddying of the cloud above; then the formation of the column of water twisting and swaying like the body of some huge serpent as it rises out of the sea, the loud roaring sound, and the great commotion of the water around it, until it has ascended to a great height; and then, the most extraordinary part of all, when the cloud above sends down a similar column of whirling water, and the two, with unerring accuracy, join and complete the awe-inspiring funnel. On one occasion one of these spouts was making so straight for us that we fired one shot to break it, for had it come aboard the little Georgia, it would have swamped her instantly.

One night, in the morning watch, just before daylight, an old sailor said to me, 'We are near land, sir.' I asked him how he knew, and he told me to feel how wet the deck was with dew. Sure enough, although the sea was smooth, the stars shining brightly, and the ship becalmed, I found the deck as wet as though water had been poured over it. The old 'shellback' then informed me that dew never extended more than thirty miles from land. This was news to me, but I found that the jack tar was right.

In the middle of the night, May 13–14, we entered the great bay of Todos os Santos, or All Saints' Bay, and dropped anchor in front of the Brazilian city of Bahia, a picturesque place situated on a high bluff overlooking the

bay. There were many vessels anchored near us, and the practiced eyes of our senior lieutenants pronounced two of them to be men-of-war; but of course their nationality could not be made out in the darkness. It turned out later that we had good reason for feeling anxious about them, for it was in this same harbor, a few months after our visit, that the Confederate cruiser Florida was lying, as her commander thought, in peaceful security. So much at ease was he that he had given half his crew liberty, which they were enjoying on shore, when the U.S.S. Wachusett, disregarding Brazilian neutrality, rammed, boarded, and captured her in the middle of the night, carrying her to Hampton Roads, where she was sunk to avoid having to give her up on the demand of Brazil that she be returned to Bahia.

There was little sleep on the Georgia the night of our arrival. Day broke and we found ourselves very near the two men-of-war. What was their nationality? It seemed an age before the hour for colors arrived, but when it did, to our great delight, the most rakish-looking of the two warships broke out the 'Stars and Bars'! 'It is the Alabama!' we gasped, and commenced to dance with delight. The officers hugged each other, each embracing a man of his own rank, except the captain and myself. Like the commander, I was the only one of my rank, so I hugged myself.

The Confederate government had changed its flag since we had left home, and the Stars and Bars had given way to the white field with a St. Andrew's cross which we fondly believed represented the Southern Cross. The Alabama had not yet heard of the change, and we furnished the anomalous and embarrassing spectacle of two warships belonging to the same government and flying flags which bore no resemblance to each other! Fortunately the new flag was not a difficult one to make, and the Alabama's sailors soon had the new colors proudly fluttering from her peak.

Captain Semmes of the Alabama being the ranking officer, our captain quickly got into his gig and went on board the famous ship to pay his respects. The other man-of-war proved to be a Portuguese sloop, very small, and carrying sixteen little popguns.

As soon as we arrived in neutral waters, our prisoners, the captain and the first mate of the Dictator, were told that they were free, and were sent ashore in the first boat. The American consul demanded that the rest of the crew of the burned ship should be delivered up to him, and, rather than have trouble with the Brazilian government, we told the men they could go ashore. This they did, and some of the rascals went to the American consul and told him a tale of woe and got everything possible out of him. With the prisoners landed from the Alabama they had a royal time ashore for several days; but, strange to say, when we got to sea, there they all were on our decks! They had smuggled themselves aboard the Georgia, and with the connivance of our crew had remained hidden until we were outside of Brazilian jurisdiction.

The Alabama had recently fought and sunk the U.S.S. Hatteras off Galveston, and, as soon as possible, I went on board the pride of the Confederate navy to see the midshipmen. There were four of them — Irving Bulloch, an uncle of Theodore Roosevelt, and Eugene Maffitt, son of that captain of the Florida, who, while ill with yellow fever, ran her through the blockading fleet off Mobile in broad daylight, taking their broadsides as he passed, and finally anchoring his much-cut-up ship under the protecting guns of Fort Morgan. There was also William St. Clair, and my dear friend, Edward M. Anderson, who is still living (1916).

The holes in the Alabama's side and the scars on her deck where the shot from the Hatteras had ripped them were still fresh, and I heard the story of the battle at first-hand. Of course the midshipmen's account of the fight was the one which interested me most. When one has heard their story, one wonders why Captain Homer Blake of the Hatteras never received more credit for his gallant fight. He fought his ship until the muzzles of his guns were almost on a level with the sea and she was about to disappear beneath the waves forever.

Captain Semmes was a fine Spanish scholar, but did not speak Portuguese, the national language of Brazil. As I could speak French fluently, he borrowed me from Captain Maury to carry communications to the Governor of Bahia, who, like most educated South Americans, spoke French perfectly. The American consul protested against our being allowed to replenish our coal-bunkers from the British bark Castor which lay near us. To-day the meeting of colliers and warships at appointed rendezvous is supposed to be an invention of the Germans; but colliers followed, or were supposed to be, where the Alabama and Georgia would need them. I am sorry to say that they were rarely on time, but, as they were sailing vessels, there was some excuse for them. The Castor was under contract to deliver us the coal, and the coal was our property, paid for by the Confederate agent in England; on the protest of the United States consul, however, the governor refused to allow us to coal from her. We then made a sale of part of the cargo to a native merchant, had it put ashore, and then 'bought' it from him. Of course the native was well paid for his trouble, and the probability is that the officials got their rake-off from the transaction.

Brazil was a slave-owning country at that time, but the natives seemed to fear and avoid us, and as we passed through the streets, we could hear the negro nurses threaten crying children that they would be carried off by the *corsairos* if they were not good. An English engineer who was building a railroad into the interior was the only person in Bahia who showed us any attention or hospitality. He invited the officers of the Alabama and Georgia to go on an excursion on his unfinished railroad. The country through which it passed was rich and beautiful, and at the end of the finished line our officers were regaled with all sorts of good things to eat and drink. On returning to Bahia, he invited us to a dance to be given at his residence that night, and, naturally, as many of the officers as could be spared from duty accepted. The ball was quite a brilliant affair; all the British colony were there, of course, and many Brazilian ladies. They came from curiosity, but nothing could induce them to risk dancing with the *corsairos*. This, of course, made us youngsters think that we looked rather formidable.

Shortly after midnight, we said good-night to our host and hostess, and such of the guests as were not afraid to speak to us, and proceeded to the quay, where Captain Semmes's gig was waiting for him. The cutters from the Alabama and Georgia, which were to take the officers to their respective ships, had not yet come for us, and we thought we saw a long wait ahead; but Captain Semmes very kindly invited us to crowd into his boat, saying that after she put him aboard the Alabama she would take those of us belonging to the Georgia to our ship. On our way to the Alabama, Midshipman Anderson, the captain's personal aide, who had had rather a strenuous day, fell asleep. He was seated alongside his commanding officer, and his head fell on the captain's shoulder. Lieutenant Armstrong

who was seated opposite him was about to reach over and awaken Anderson, but Captain Semmes by a gesture stopped him, saying, 'Let the boy sleep: he is tired out.' Had Anderson been awake, he would rather have dropped his head in the ship's furnace than on Captain Semmes's shoulder, for the captain was not a man with whom any one would care to take liberties. As it was, however, Ned had the honor of being the only man who ever made a pillow out of 'Old Beeswax,' as Semmes was called behind his back.

Captain Semmes was an austere and formal man, and, with the exception of Doctor Galt, the surgeon, and Mr. Kell, his first lieutenant, he rarely held any intercourse with his officers except officially. He waxed the ends of his moustache (which the sailors called his 'stunsail booms') and he would pace his quarterdeck, alone, twisting and twisting those long ends, reminding one of Byron's description of the captain of a man-of-war in *Childe Harold:* —

> Silent and feared by all, not oft he talks
> With aught beneath him if he would preserve
> That strict restraint which broken ever balks
> Conquest and fame.

Captain Semmes was a past master in the art of dealing with Latin-Americans. When the Alabama entered the port of Bahia, the governor sent an aide, attired in mufti, to demand that Captain Semmes show his commission. Captain Semmes fixed his steely eyes on the visitor, and then quietly demanded that the gentleman first show his own, and his authority for making the demand. Naturally the aide-de-camp had not had the forethought to provide himself with either, so he took his departure. As he left the cabin, Captain Semmes kindly suggested that, if the gentleman wished to be treated courteously on his next visit, it would be advisable to wear his uniform. Of course, the aide shortly came back properly costumed, with his commission in his pocket and a courteous request that Captain Semmes would call at the palace and show his commission to the governor in person. No man knew better than Captain Semmes that he who attempts to enter into a bowing contest with a Latin-American is lost.

Shortly before we left Bahia a coasting steamer entered the port, bringing the news that the United States ships Niagara and Mohican were either at Pernambuco, a short run to the north, or else on their way south in search of us. Whether this information had any influence on our movements or not, of course a midshipman could not be expected to know; but all the same we got ready to depart. The Niagara was designed by Steers on the lines of the famous yacht America, of which also he was the designer; and, though a steamer, she had shown marvelous speed under sail. She accompanied the British fleet across the Atlantic when the first transoceanic cable was laid, and it was of her that Admiral Milne spoke when he wrote to the British Admiralty from on board his seventy-two-gun line-of-battle ship that he was in company with a sloop-of-war which carried only twelve guns, but could outrun his line-of-battle ship and whip her when caught. Consequently, there was no doubt on the part of any of us that the Niagara could clear the South Atlantic Ocean full of Alabamas and Georgias.

When this news concerning the Niagara and her consort reached the port we had not finished coaling, and the natives who had seemed so anxious to be rid of our presence now appeared to seek for excuses to delay our departure. Having transferred some five hundred pounds of powder from the Georgia to the Alabama, as the latter ship had used up some of her very short supply in her fight with the Hatteras, in the

forenoon of May 22 Captain Semmes sent me with a verbal message to the governor, informing him that he would sail at half-past four that afternoon. While I was standing respectfully before the governor awaiting his answer, the captain of the little white Portuguese sloop was striding up and down the room with a fierce expression on his face. Finally the governor told me to tell Captain Semmes that the Alabama would not be permitted to depart at that hour, as the port regulations did not allow vessels to depart after four o'clock; and the Portuguese captain said to the governor, in French (evidently for my benefit), that if the governor wanted the *corsairos* stopped, he would stop them for him. When I repeated this remark to Captain Semmes, he only smiled and said, 'Does he want his pretty white paint spoiled?'

Captain Semmes then sent me back to the governor with a message to the effect that the port regulation applied only to merchant vessels and that the Alabama and Georgia were men-of-war. At 4 P.M. the Alabama fired a gun as a signal to one of her boats to come aboard, and at once began to weigh anchor. We could see from our deck a company of soldiers trotting at the double-quick down to an obsolete water-battery, where the old-fashioned, rust-eaten cannon were mostly mounted in an extraordinary fashion, their muzzles resting on the parapet and their breeches supported on logs of wood. On board the Portuguese corvette there also seemed to be great excitement, as they beat to quarters with such a racket that every man aboard seemed to be giving orders or directions to some one else.

At exactly half-past four the Alabama hoisted her boat, weighed anchor, and slowly got under way; then, turning around and hoisting her flag at the main, she steered for the Portuguese. She passed so close to that vessel that I thought for a moment their yards would crash together, but the Portuguese allowed her to pass by without molestation. What business was it of hers, anyhow? When we followed the Alabama out, we passed very close to the water-battery, where the men were standing at their guns, but not a shot was fired until we were at least a mile and a half away, when we saw a puff of smoke, and immediately afterwards a shot skipped over the placid waters of the bay, falling half a mile short of us. We wondered how many men in the fort had been killed, for it was a brave and reckless act to fire one of those guns. We did not reply, as we did not know how soon it might be necessary for us again to enter a Brazilian port.

As we passed out of the bay of Todos os Santos, it was wrapped in the golden splendors of the most gorgeous sunset it has ever been my good fortune to behold.

II

Day after day passed, and not a single prize came our way. We were beginning to think that the Alabama had cleared up all the Yankee merchantmen in that part of the ocean, when one morning we spied a ship with the unmistakable long skysail poles, and brought her to. She proved to be the American ship Prince of Wales, but as she had a neutral cargo aboard, we had to bond her. These bonds were given by the master in the name of his owners, and stipulated that, in consideration of our not burning his vessel, they would be paid six months after the ratification of a treaty of peace between the United States and the Confederate States governments.

On June 8, at daylight, we found ourselves off the entrance to the harbor of Rio de Janeiro and in plain sight of the famous mountain called Sugar Loaf.

We also saw a splendid big clipper ship making her way toward the port. Putting on a full head of steam and setting all sail that would draw, we started in chase of her. The stranger evidently had no doubt as to our character, for she immediately set all of her kites and studding-sails, and hurried toward her haven of refuge, which lay within the charmed three-mile limit. Some thought that she had made it, but Mr. Ingraham, our youthful navigator, announced that in his opinion she was a few inches outside of it. There was no time to be lost, so we cast loose our guns, and, after a few shots, brought her to. The prize proved to be the clipper ship George Griswold of New York, manned by a negro crew with the exception of her captain and mates.

There was great rejoicing on the Georgia over this capture, as the Griswold was the ship which had carried a cargo of flour and wheat, a gift from the people of the United States, to the starving factory operatives of Lancashire, whose means of earning a livelihood had been interfered with by our war. Some of the bread made from this cargo had been distributed at Birkenhead, opposite Liverpool, by a distinguished committee at the head of which was the celebrated preacher, Henry Ward Beecher, who, from a stand on which had been placed a model of the Alabama, made a speech strongly denouncing the South in general and the Alabama in particular. At the conclusion of his oration the loaves of bread were tossed to the crowd, who, instead of eating it, used it to pelt the unoffending effigy of the Alabama. It did not look as if they were so very hungry; but there can be no doubt that this gift of breadstuff changed the sympathies of the working classes of England, and converted them into ardent adherents of the cause of the North.

The captain of the Griswold had no trouble in proving that she carried a neutral cargo, so we had reluctantly to bond her for her own value of one hundred thousand dollars, and let her go. In the meanwhile, the booming of our guns had evidently been heard in Rio, as Brazilian men-of-war and battleships of other nationalities began to send great columns of black smoke out of their funnels in their haste to get up steam. We thought it advisable to leave the locality, and drew out to sea. Soon we saw the warships coming after us, and they followed us all day; shortly after dark, however, we put out our lights — doused our glims, as the sailors say — and had the satisfaction of seeing the pursuers 'pass in the night.'

On June 13, after a long chase, we captured a very fast clipper bark, the Good Hope of Boston, bound for Cape Town, whose crew asserted that they had escaped from the Alabama the day before, and insisted that if the wind had held we could not have caught them. The Good Hope's cargo was composed of Yankee notions, as her mate called it, consisting of every imaginable thing, from a portable country villa to a cough-lozenge, and including carriages, pianos, parlor-organs, sewing-machines, furniture, dry-goods, and so forth. On boarding her we were informed that her captain — Gordon by name — had died on the voyage, and that his son, a youth of eighteen, who was a member of the crew, had objected so strenuously to his father's being buried at sea that, in deference to his wishes, the carpenter had made a rough oblong box and partly filled it with brine from the beef-casks; the ship's steward had slashed the body in every conceivable way, and into these gaping wounds had stuck slices of ship's pickles, the better to preserve it. The body had then been put into the briny improvised coffin and the cover tightly nailed down.

It was late in the afternoon when we made the capture, and Lieutenant Evans went on board as prize-master. We had expected to lie by the Good Hope all night, with the object of taking provisions out of her in the morning; but Lieutenant Smith, who had the midwatch on the Georgia, allowed the prize to drift out of sight, and when daylight came, she was not be to seen. Naturally we were very anxious, as Mr. Evans had only five of our men with him and the Good Hope's crew numbered over twenty. Shortly after sunrise, we were greatly relieved again to catch sight of her, and soon we were near enough to begin transferring her provisions to our own ship.

When we had got all we wanted, Captain Maury ordered the coffin containing the dead captain to be brought aboard the Georgia. This was no easy thing to do in a small boat with the sea running quite high, but the feat was accomplished, and it was safely hoisted out of the boat by means of a 'whip' sent down from our mainyard, and the coffin was reverently placed on two carpenter's 'horses' which awaited it just in front of the entrance to the cabin, where it was covered with the Stars and Stripes, the flag the dead man sailed under, and which we were told he loved so well in life. Several of our heaviest projectiles were made fast to the foot of the coffin, and when all was ready the ship's bell was tolled for divine service, the prisoners were relieved of their irons (the dead captain's son had never had them put on him), and all hands were summoned to bury the dead. The prisoners and our crew mingled together as they gathered around the coffin, at the head of which stood Captain Maury, prayer-book in hand, with the son of the dead man standing beside him, while our officers reverently took their places behind. Captain Maury then read the beautiful ritual of the Episcopal church for the burial of the dead at sea.

I was in charge of the deck while the service was going on. It was a bright, sunny Sunday morning, a fresh breeze blowing, and from the burning prize, which had been set on fire when our last boat left her, a great column of smoke, hundreds of feet in height, soared toward the sky. Just over our maintruck, all through the service, two white sea-birds (the superstitious sailors called them angel-birds) circled round and round. The solemnity of the occasion was somewhat marred when suddenly the lookout on the foretopmast sang out, 'Sail ho!' Not wishing further to disturb the impressive ceremony by asking the usual question, 'Where away?' I tiptoed forward and went aloft to see for myself, and beheld a strange craft rising on the horizon very rapidly. She appeared to be coming directly for us; she was close-hauled and it was impossible to tell whether or not a smokestack was hidden by her foresail, especially as United States cruisers used anthracite coal and made little or no smoke.

As the stranger approached, I noticed the unusual whiteness of her sails (sure sign of a man-of-war); next I noticed a long pennant flying gayly from the top of her main-skysail pole, (another sure sign), and as she came still nearer, she broke out the Stars and Stripes. I waited no longer, but scampered down from aloft, and softly stealing up behind Captain Maury, who was still reading from his prayer-book, said in a whisper, 'American man-of-war bearing down on us rapidly!' Never a muscle did he move, nor was there the slightest change in his solemn voice until he finished, and the prisoners lifted the coffin and committed the body to the care of the deep blue sea. Then he ordered me to beat to quarters and cast loose the guns.

By the time this was done, it was discovered that the stranger was not a man-of-war, but an innocent merchantman. What could be her object in thus courting her doom, when she must have seen the burning Good Hope only a few cables'-length from us? Nearer and nearer she came, while our gunners, lanyards in hand, kept their pieces trained on her. When within about a hundred and fifty yards of us, she was suddenly thrown up into the wind, her mainsail thrown aback, and, as she hove to, she lowered a whale-boat and her captain came over to the Georgia.

We lowered a 'Jacob's ladder' over the side, and the captain of the bark, jumping out of his boat, ran up it like the true sailor he was. As he leaped on to our deck, he exclaimed, 'This is dreadful! Can I be of any assistance?' Captain Maury stepped forward and told him that the Good Hope had been burned by his orders. The man for a moment looked aghast, and then an expression of indignation passed over his features as he asked, 'Are you a pirate?' Captain Maury quietly replied, 'That is what your people call me.' He then took the skipper into his cabin and heard his story.

He had sailed from the United States before the war began, and had made the long voyage around Cape Horn into the Pacific, where he had wandered about until he had got as far north as the Behring Sea. On his return, he had stopped at one of the South Sea Islands, overhauled and painted his ship and whitewashed his sails, and had then hoisted a homeward-bound pennant. He was well on his way when that morning he saw a dense column of smoke which he felt sure could come only from some unfortunate ship that had caught fire in the middle of the South Atlantic, and at once left his course to go to her assistance.

The first lieutenant of the Georgia went on board the bark, whose name was the J. W. Seaver, and searched her, finding many old newspapers, but none of later date than October, 1860. Although her cargo was American, Captain Maury let her go, saying that he would stand a court martial before he would burn the ship of a man who had come on an errand of mercy to help fellow seamen in distress. We put our prisoners, as many as wanted to go, on board of the Seaver; we also put sufficient of the provisions we had taken from the Good Hope to last them for the voyage. There were not many of them, as most of the crew expressed a desire to ship with us, and they proved to be among the best men we had.

On June 18, 1863, we sighted the barren island of Trinidad, situated in the middle of the South Atlantic, about 20° south of the Equator. The island is some six miles in circumference, and its precipitous sides rise out of the ocean to a height of about eight hundred feet. A few hundred feet from the island, and towering several hundred feet above it, a natural monument about two hundred and fifty feet in circumference at the base, and perfectly round, rears its head skyward. It is a natural beacon, and very useful to navigators who wish to sight it after coming around the Horn, to see if their chronometers are correct before shaping their courses for Europe or North America. One of the most magnificent spectacles in the world can be seen here when a storm is raging. The huge waves, with the sweep of the whole Atlantic, strike this rock with their full force, bursting into spray that flies hundreds of feet into the air before it comes tumbling down like a waterfall,

From daylight until dark a cloud of sea-birds could be seen whirling round the top of the crag, where we supposed they had their nests. Great numbers of them seemed also to resent the pres-

ence of the ship and took no pains to conceal their feelings, flying very close to us while screaming their protest. One day a sixteen-year-old lad by the name of Cox was on the lookout on the fore-topgallant yard when he was savagely attacked by a huge frigate, or man-of-war bird. The ship was rolling slightly, and, to maintain his footing, the lad had to hold on to a backstay with one hand while with the other he defended himself with his jack-knife. Suddenly, the bird got a hold with both beak and claws on the boy's clothes and was furiously beating him with his great powerful wings. It looked for a moment as though the combatants would both fall from that lofty height, when a fortunate jab of Cox's knife disabled a wing, and down came the feathered fighter to the deck, where he stood off the whole crew for some little time before they succeeded in killing him.

One day, several of our officers in a small boat rowed around the island; but we could find only one spot where a landing could be made, just opposite to where our ship lay. After great effort, a few of us climbed to the top. There were signs that at some previous time men had lived on the island — probably some shipwrecked crew: but the only signs of animal life we saw were one or two wild hogs. How did they come there?

We had lain at Trinidad for several days when one morning our lookout reported a sail on the horizon. Our fires were banked, and it took but little time to get up steam, slip our cable, and start in pursuit. We did not want to waste coal, so we fired a blank cartridge as a signal for the stranger to heave to, but it only had the effect of making him crack on more sail. Getting nearer to him, we tried the effect of a solid shot across his bows, with no better result. We then sent one so close to him that his nerve failed, and he hove to. The stranger proved to be the Constitution, a big full-rigged ship, hailing from New York, and bound from Philadelphia to Shanghai with a cargo of coal and missionaries. She was forty-eight days out and carried a crew of twenty-six men. Half a dozen of us were put on board the prize and, as there were several other sail in sight, the Georgia went off in chase, leaving us to work the big Constitution to the island, where we expected our cruiser to rejoin us. The wind was very light and we made but slow progress. In the meanwhile, the Georgia disappeared below the horizon and we commenced to feel lonesome. For safety's sake we placed one half of the crew in irons and put them down below; the other half we kept on deck, making them work the ship for us until night came, and then confining them all on the lower deck.

The Georgia had not returned by dark, and neither had we succeeded in making the island, so we stood 'off and on' all through the night. The next morning was fair and clear, but still there was no sign of our ship. The only restriction put upon the missionaries and passengers was that they were not allowed to communicate with the crew or go forward of the mainmast. The captain was confined in his cabin and the mates in their staterooms, but not in irons. Among the passengers were a lady, and her daughter of fifteen or sixteen years of age; and if there is anything in this world that can make a boy feel more miserable than a girl of that age, I should like to know what it is. The young lady would be seated by her mother, sunning herself, while in all my dignity, with my sword by my side and my pistol in my belt, I paced the quarterdeck. As I passed this couple on one occasion I heard (and it was intended that I should hear) the mischievous thing say, 'Mamma, all the pirates I ever read about were at least seven feet

tall and had huge beards reaching down to their waists. That child is not as tall as I am, and he has n't even any fuzz on his upper lip.' On another occasion, she observed as I passed that she did not believe my mamma knew I was with those wicked men. How I hated that pretty girl! The hour of my revenge was at hand, however.

We had almost come to the conclusion that the Georgia had been captured and that we would have to work our way to some European port in the big Constitution, with only six men, and all those prisoners aboard. We were lying at anchor in the cove, the ship rolling slightly with the swell of the sea; night had fallen and the time for extinguishing all lights had arrived, when we noticed that there was a great deal of whispering going on in the staterooms. An order for silence was given, to which very little attention was paid. A boatswain's mate came aft and reported that the prisoners forward seemed to be very uneasy and none of them was asleep. They were cautioned by telling them that, if they did not keep quiet, the hatches would be covered (which would have made it very uncomfortable for them); and by way of extra precaution an armed sentry stood at the hatchway with orders to shoot any man who showed his head above the combings.

While I was in the saloon, trying to overhear what was going on among the passengers in their staterooms, the captain, contrary to positive orders, came out of his cabin, holding in his hand a bottle. He offered me a drink; I put my hand on the butt of my revolver and ordered him to return to his room — which he did.

The night was very dark, and the rising sea caused the ship to roll more than ever. Toward midnight a large vase became loosened from its fastenings and fell to the deck with a crash: then pandemonium did break loose. The women, screaming that the pirates were going to murder them, rushed out of their rooms in their nightclothes and prostrated themselves on the deck, begging for mercy. My especial friend, the young lady who amused herself making fun of me, selected me for her especial executioner, and threw her arms around my knees as she pleaded for her life. Just then — to add to the terrors of the situation — the cries of the women were drowned by the boom of a cannon and the shrieking of a rifle-shell as it passed over us. I rushed on deck and shouted through the speaking trumpet to our unseen foe, 'Ship ahoy! Don't fire, we surrender!' A hail came out of the darkness, asking what ship we were? I was going to answer that it was the United States ship Constitution, prize to the Georgia, but as the words 'United States' came out of my mouth, there was some more banging of the great guns. Things were too serious for further conversation, so hastily ordering a boat lowered, I rowed over to the strange craft, and it proved to be the Georgia!

It seemed that, after leaving us, she chased first one vessel and then another until she had got a long way from us; then, as frequently happened, the wooden cogs of her engine had broken and injured several people, and it had taken some time to make repairs. As soon as possible she had returned in search of us, and was nearing the anchorage in the darkness, when the officer of the deck thought he heard cheers which sounded as if they were being given by a man-of-war's crew about to go into action. He also said that, when he asked what ship it was, he was sure the answer he heard was, 'The United States sloop-of-war Niagara.' There was so much talk about the Niagara on board of the Georgia that she evidently had taken possession of his imagination.

I have often wondered if those poor women on the Constitution ever realized the fact that they had given us a greater scare than we had given them.

Several days were spent in coaling the Georgia from the Constitution — a weary job, as our boats were small; then the passengers and crew of the prize were transferred to the Georgia, and our officers had to give up their staterooms to the ladies. They themselves slept in cots and hammocks crowded together and swung in the space between the rooms. We treated the women with the most respectful consideration, but nothing we could say or do seemed to allay their apprehensions. They were so very miserable that we felt sorry for them and prayed for a prize on board of which we could put them. On June 27, we chased and boarded a neutral ship which gave us the sad news of the death of 'Stonewall' Jackson — and in that lonely part of the ocean, we paid his memory a last tribute of respect by lowering our flag to half-mast. After a few more days of great discomfort, we captured the American ship City of Bath and hastily made preparations to transfer our unhappy guests to her. We sent boatload after boatload of provisions, which we had taken out of the Constitution, to her, and exacted from her captain a promise that he would take our unwilling and unwelcome guests to an American port.

When the time came to transfer the women to the City of Bath the sea was so high that it would have been dangerous for them to attempt to climb down the ladder to get into the boats. Both ships were hove to out on the open sea and were rolling heavily, so we rigged a 'whip' on the main yardarm, and placing the poor, frightened creatures in a boatswain's chair, first hoisted them up and over the rail, and then lowered them into the waiting boat. When it came to the turn of my sixteen-year-old tormentor, she was evidently very badly frightened — so much so that she actually condescended to ask me if there was any danger; and on my assuring her that there was none, she intimated that she was sorry she had made fun of me. For a moment my heart softened toward the helpless child who had so suddenly found herself amid such strange surroundings; I wished her a pleasant voyage as she seated herself in the chair, and the order was given, 'Haul well taut! Hoist away!' Up she went; the ship rolled to leeward, and she was landed safely in the boat. The oars splashed into the sea and a laughing young voice called out to me across the waves, 'You will be hanged before the down grows on your upper lip!'

Ungallantly, I replied, 'If we ever catch you again, you surely will walk the plank.'

We afterwards learned that the captain of the City of Bath had not kept the promise which had saved his ship from destruction, but had taken the unfortunate passengers and such of the crew as had not enlisted on the Georgia to Pernambuco, the nearest port, and left them stranded there while he went on to Boston with the provisions. The wife of the captain of the Constitution could not have suffered from want, as a few months afterwards we saw in a newspaper an interview in which she gave a very uncomplimentary account of her experiences with the pirates, but consoled herself by saying that she had saved from their clutches sixteen thousand dollars in gold of the ship's money by sewing the coins into her petticoats, and safely left the corsair with her treasure. When we read this, we felt that we had been robbed.

(To be continued)

THE LAST DAYS OF LAFCADIO HEARN[1]

BY SETSUKO KOIZUMI (MRS. HEARN)

In the 37th year of Meiji, September 19, at three o'clock in the afternoon, I went to his study. He was walking round, putting his hands on his breast.

'Are you not well?' I asked.

'I have a new kind of sickness.'

I inquired, 'What kind?'

'Sickness of heart, I think.'

'I think that you worry too much. You had better rest quietly.'

This was my word of consolation for him. Immediately I sent a two-man jinrikisha for Dr. Kizawa, our family physician.

Hearn never wished to have me or the children see him troubled. He told me that I had better go away and not worry; but I was worried, and I stayed there near his desk. He started to write something, and I advised him to keep quiet.

Hearn asked me to leave him alone, and finished his writing. He said,'This is a letter to Ume-san. If trouble comes, he will help you. Perhaps if this pain of mine increases, I may die. If I die, do not weep. Buy a little urn; you can find one for three or four *sen*. Put my bones in it, and bury it near a quiet temple in the country. I shall not like it if you cry. Amuse the children and play cards with them — how much better I shall enjoy that! There will be no need of announcing my death. If any one asks, reply, "Oh, he died some time ago!" That will be quite proper.'

I asked him not to talk so sadly. When I said that to him, he replied, 'I am very serious. Honestly, from my heart,' he said, emphatically. Then he added, 'No use,' and rested quietly.

Several minutes later he stood up and said, 'I have no more pain. I wish to take a bath.' He wanted a cold bath, and took one in the bathroom.

'The pain has gone entirely. Strange — I feel very well. Mama-san, the sickness has left me,' he said. 'How about a little whiskey for me?'

I thought to myself, 'Whiskey is not good for the heart'; but he insisted.

I said, 'I don't know. However, if you wish some badly, I will give you some with water.'

I gave him a glass, and he raised the glass to his lips and said, 'I shall not die.'

It made me feel better. Then he told me that he had had this particular pain for several days. 'I will rest a little while,' he said, and got on to the bed with a book.

In the mean time the doctor had come. Hearn said, 'What shall I do?' He left his book and went into the guestroom, where he received the doctor. He said, laughingly, 'You must excuse me, my sickness is gone.'

After the doctor had examined him, he told us that there was nothing serious the matter, and, as usual, talked and joked.

Hearn was almost always in good health. He dreaded like a child to have a doctor examine him, or to take medicine. He would not have a doctor unless I begged him to. When he was a

[1] Translated from the Japanese by Paul Kiyoshi Hisada.

trifle ill, and I failed to get a doctor in time, he would say to me afterwards, 'I am greatly pleased that you forgot the doctor.'

Hearn, when he was not writing, would walk around the room, or up and down the *roka*, thinking things. Even when he was sick, he was not the kind of man who could stay in bed.

Two or three days before he died, Osaki, the maid, told me that the cherry tree was blossoming out of season (*kaerizaki*) in the garden by the studio. (In my household things like that are of great interest. To-day some little bamboo-sprouts have shot up in the woods; look! a yellow butterfly is flitting about; Kazuo, my son, found a little ant-hill; a toad came to the door; or the sunset is full of beautifully changing colors.) Such details as these drew more attention from us than if they had been important matters, and Hearn was informed of every one of these incidents. He was delighted to hear about them. It seems funny that this gave us so much pleasure. Toads, butterflies, ants, spiders, cicadas, bamboo-sprouts, and sunsets were among Papa-san's best friends.

Now, in Japan, *kaerizaki* (to have the cherry tree blossom out of season) is not a sign of good fortune, so it worried me a little. But when I told Hearn about it, he was delighted, and replied, 'Arigato' (Thanks). He went near the edge of the *roka*, or narrow veranda that runs around the outside of our house, and, looking at the flowers, said, 'Hello.' He added, '"It is warm like spring," the cherry tree thought. "Ah! this is my world again"; and blossomed.'

Meditating a little while, he said again, 'Pity! soon it will become cold and frightened, and die.'

The flowers bloomed just one day, on the 27th; in the evening all the petals had fluttered to the ground. This cherry tree blossomed every season, and Hearn loved it. Probably the cherry tree remembered that, and blossomed to bid him farewell.

Hearn used to get up early in the morning; but as he feared to disturb our dreams, he always waited in his studio, sitting by the *hibachi* (bronze bowl of lighted charcoal) and smoking quietly.

He preferred a long kind of pipe. He had about a hundred of them. The oldest one he had the year he came, and the others had been added. Each pipe was carved. Among the carvings were: Urashima (the Rip van Winkle of Japan); the *kinuta* of autumnal nights (the *kinuta* is a wooden mallet used by women to pound linen); eggplants; praying demons; crows on a leafless branch; utensils of the tea-ceremony; and verses of poems, for instance, 'To-night of last year.' These were the favorite ones among the hundred.

It seems that it was interesting to him to smoke these. He chose one from many, and always looked first at the mouthpiece and the bowl, then lighted it. Sitting on the floor-cushion very correctly, he rocked himself slowly back and forth, and smoked.

The day he died, the morning of the 26th, about half-past six, I went to his study. He was already up and smoking. I greeted him: 'Good morning!'

He seemed to be thinking about something. Then he said, 'I had a very unusual dream last night.'

We always talked about our dreams. I inquired what kind of a dream it was.

He replied, 'I traveled for a very long distance. Now that I am smoking here, it hardly seems to have been a real journey. It was like a dream,' he continued; 'not a journey in Europe, nor in Japan — it was a strange place.' He seemed to be enjoying himself.

Before they went to bed, it was the custom for our three children to

say, 'Papa-san, good night, pleasant dreams.' And their Papa-san replied, 'The same to you.' Or, in Japanese, 'Yoki yume mimasho.'

That morning Kazuo, my son, before going to school, came and said, 'Good morning.' To this greeting his Papa-san replied, 'Pleasant dreams.' 'The same to you,' said Kazuo.

At eleven o'clock in the morning he was walking up and down the *roka*. He saw a *kakemono* (painting) depicting the sunrise, in the library *tokonoma* (raised recess at one end of a room). This is a picture of early morning. Many crows are flying around, and it looks like a scene from a dream. Hearn made the remark: 'What beautiful scenery! I should like to live in a place like that.'

He bought many *kakemono*. He did not decide to hang this one or that one, but left the choice to me. He enjoyed looking at whichever one I hung. He looked at it as a visitor would, and was pleased. He had a very æsthetic taste, I think. He liked tea and drank it with pleasure. When I made tea he played the part of a guest. He did not perform the intricate details, but he understood the principle of the *cha-no-yu*, or tea-ceremony.

Hearn enjoyed listening to singing insects. That autumn we had a *matsu-mushi* (pine-insect). Toward the end of September, when the song of insects is hushed, it made us all feel sad to hear the *matsu-mushi*.

I asked Hearn, 'Do you hear that noise?'

He replied, 'That poor little insect has sung for us beautifully. How much I enjoyed it! As the weather grows colder and colder, does it know that it will have to die soon? Poor, sad little insect!' After saying that, so piteously, he continued, 'Some of these warm days we had better let it go into the bushes.'

The early blossoming of the cherry tree, the dream of a long journey, and the dying song of the *matsu-mushi* must have been signs of his death, of which it makes me very, very sad to think, even to-day.

In the afternoon he asked, 'What book shall we send to Fujizaki-san, who is in the Manchurian campaign?' He looked for the book on the library shelves, and afterwards wrote a letter to his friend.

While he was eating supper he looked unusually happy, and joked and laughed loudly. 'Papa-san, good Papa-san!' — 'Sweet chickens!' — He talked with the children, and, as usual, walked round the library *roka*.

In a little less than an hour he came back to me with a drawn face, and said quietly, 'Mama-san, the sickness of the other day has come back again.'

I went with him. For a little while he walked around the room with his hands on his breast. I advised him to lie quietly on the bed, and he did so. Very soon after that he was no longer of this world.

He died without any pain, having a little smile around his mouth. It could not be helped, if it was the order of Heaven. I wish that I could have taken care of him, and given all my strength in nursing him. This was too easy a death for me.[1]

[1] A literal translation, which means that Mrs. Hearn regretted having been given no opportunity to show her love and devotion before death. — The Translator.

THE CASE AGAINST COMPULSORY LATIN

BY CHARLES W. ELIOT

A CONSIDERATION of the expediency of continuing to require some knowledge of Latin on the part of all candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts is timely, because many changes in respect to this requirement have already been made, and more seem imminent. A large number of the leading American institutions which confer that degree have already ceased to require Latin of candidates for admission to college, and of candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts within the college. Indeed, from an analysis of the requirements for admission in seventy-six of the leading American colleges and universities, it appears that in a decided majority Latin is no longer an essential for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and that four-ninths of the institutions whose practices have been examined make no demand on the secondary schools of the country that they teach Latin.

The position of the institutions which demand some knowledge of Latin of candidates for admission, but none during the college course, is anomalous and undoubtedly temporary. At Harvard University, for example, the wide extension of the elective system led to the abandonment many years ago of the requirement of Latin in college for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The University was conferring during this period a degree of Bachelor of Science, and candidates for this degree were not required to present Latin at admission, while within the University itself they, too, had a wide range of choice of subjects and freedom in their choice. Down to 1906, candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Science were registered and catalogued apart from the candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, although both sets of students had really been for some time under the control of the single Faculty of Arts and Sciences. In that year, candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Science were registered and catalogued in Harvard College, and the discipline to which the two sets of students were subjected became identical; although candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Science naturally chose a larger proportion of scientific subjects during their four years of residence than candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts did. For ten years, therefore, no distinction in respect to general discipline, social opportunities, or places and conditions of residence has been made at Harvard University between candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Science and candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The sole distinction between these two sets of candidates is that candidates for the A.B. must present for admission an amount of Latin represented by the term 'three units' — a unit meaning four or five hours a week of instruction in the preparatory school for one year. When Harvard University abolishes the requirement of three units of admission Latin from candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, there will be no difference between its conditions for the degree of Bachelor of Arts

and those for the degree of Bachelor of Science; so that the latter degree may well cease to be conferred. Columbia University has recently taken these steps.

Twenty-four out of seventy-six colleges whose requirements have been examined in connection with this article have ceased to confer the degree of Bachelor of Science or Bachelor of Philosophy, or never did confer either of those degrees; and with rare exceptions the institutions which have conferred, or are now conferring, either of those degrees have not required Latin for admission to candidacy for the S.B. or the Ph.B. Many of them have made foreign language requirements; but the presentation of Latin has almost invariably been optional.

This survey of present conditions shows that most of the state universities require no Latin of candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, either for admission or in college. It is, in general, the endowed colleges which are persisting in the requirement of Latin. The universities bearing a state name which retain a Latin requirement, either for admission or in college, are with one exception universities in southern states. That exception is the University of Vermont, which is not really a state university. The immediate reason that most state universities have abandoned all requirements in classical languages for admission is that they desire to maintain close affiliations with the public high schools. Now, public high schools the country over have almost ceased to provide instruction in Greek; and they maintain instruction in Latin with increasing difficulty. Their pupils are as a rule accepted at the state universities on certificates; and this practice tends to maintain somewhat intimate relations between high schools and these universities. The wishes of principals and local school boards or committees are more regarded by the state universities than they are by the endowed universities and colleges; and the state universities feel and express more sympathy with the serious difficulties which beset public high schools than the endowed institutions do. Nevertheless, the endowed institutions, particularly those that aspire to attract students from all parts of the country, always desire to keep in touch with the public high schools; so that the graduates of those schools can, through a moderate amount of extra study, obtain admission to the endowed institutions of their choice. Behind this immediate reason for dropping Latin requirements, however, lies an increasing sense of their inexpediency in a democracy which wishes to have the secondary and higher education as accessible as possible to all competent youth. Some people are furthermore convinced that the Latin requirements are futile; that is, that they do not really promote scholarship or 'cultivation' in the youth who have to be forced to comply with them.

Wherever the state university is well developed and well supported by the legislature, the endowed colleges and universities in the state maintain a difficult competition with the ampler and richer state university, and with some notable exceptions are likely to accept ultimately whatever conditions of admission the state university prescribes. In states where the state university is weak or not well-supported, and in which strong endowed institutions of the higher education have been long established, there generally exist, in addition to the high schools, independent secondary schools, often called academies, the management of which has been more conservative than the management of public high schools during the past forty years; but the

coöperation between these academies and the endowed colleges is not always as sympathetic and effective as the co-operation between public high schools and state universities. An academy is usually a boarding school as well as a day school; and the old academies receive pupils from all parts of the country, who are often the sons or grandsons of former graduates. Together, the academies exert a strong influence on national secondary education, and this influence will surely be in the future, as it has been in the past, a conservative influence insistent on traditional subjects and methods. A similar influence will be exerted by the Jesuit colleges and by the boarding schools in which the Protestant Episcopal Church is strongly interested.

East of the Alleghany Mountains, where there are many endowed colleges for men and several for women, the colleges have in the main controlled the requirements for admission to college and therefore have had a strong influence on the programmes of secondary schools, public, private, or endowed. The secondary school has been thought of as primarily a preparatory school for colleges. West of the Alleghanies, the public high school's main function has been to prepare its graduates, at eighteen years or thereabouts, for various occupations which do not require three or four years more of systematic education. The preparation of a small percentage of its graduates for college or university is a secondary or incidental function. The high school exists for itself, and not for the college. Hence the college or university must accommodate itself to the general policies and needs of the high school, if it is to keep in touch with the mass of the people.

The full or partial adoption of the elective system in the seventy-six institutions of higher education included in this survey ought to have produced a corresponding, though much more limited, introduction of elective subjects into the secondary schools of the country. And indeed it has produced this effect in some measure, but to a greater extent in the public high schools than in the endowed academies and private schools. The election introduced into secondary schools has, however, generally been in the form of a choice between distinct courses of instruction running through the four or five years of the secondary-school programme, and not a choice among subjects of instruction or studies. Hence the high-school pupil has been obliged to decide by the time he was fourteen years of age whether he would or would not go to college — a choice which he was generally quite unable to make wisely. The academies, on the other hand, generally provided a programme expressly intended to carry the pupil into college, making some modifications in this regular programme on behalf of pupils who knew already that they were going, not to a college, but to a scientific or technical school.

All kinds of secondary schools in the United States have usually been handicapped by the scantiness of their resources, whether provided by public taxation or by endowment. Free election for the pupil by subject costs more than a variety of fixed courses, and the schools have as a rule not had resources adequate to meet this additional cost. Some of the most intelligent and prosperous of American communities, finding it impossible to provide in one programme for the varied wants of the different sorts of pupils who resort to the single high school, have decided to maintain two kinds of high school, one intended to prepare its pupils for college or higher technical school, or for clerical or bookkeeping occupations, and the other — often called a tech-

nical high school — intended to prepare boys and girls for the industrial and commercial occupations. This new kind of high school, of course, provided no instruction in the ancient languages. The technical or mechanic arts high school is clearly liable to the objection that it requires determination of the future career before the pupil has obtained knowledge of his own powers and tastes.

While these changes of structure and aim have been going on in the universities, colleges, higher technical schools, and secondary schools, certain new conceptions have obtained a somewhat wide recognition concerning the function of education, and concerning the subjects through the study of which the educated young man may make himself most serviceable to the community in his after life, and at the same time procure for himself the best satisfactions in the exercise of his own powers.

In the first place, the idea of the cultivated person, man or woman, has distinctly changed during the past thirty-five years. Cultivation a generation ago meant acquaintance with letters and the fine arts, and some knowledge of at least two languages and literatures, and of history. The term 'cultivation' is now much more inclusive. It includes elementary knowledge of the sciences, and it ranks high the subjects of history, government, and economics.

Secondly, when Herbert Spencer sixty years ago said that science was the subject best worth knowing, the schoolmasters and university professors in England paid no attention whatever to his words. The long years of comparative peace, and of active manufacturing and trading, which the British Empire after that date enjoyed did something to give practical effect in British education to Spencer's dictum. The present war has demonstrated its truth to thinking men in Europe and America. It now appears that science is the knowledge best worth having, not only for its direct effects in promoting the material welfare of mankind, but also for its power to strengthen the moral purposes of mankind, and make possible a secure civilization founded on justice, the sanctity of contracts, and good-will.

In the third place, many educators are persuaded that the real objects of education — primary, secondary, or higher — are: first, cultivation of the powers of observation through the senses; secondly, training in recording correctly the accurate observations made, both on paper and in the retentive memory; and thirdly, training in reasoning justly from the premises thus secured and from cognate facts held in the memory or found in print. As these objects of education are more and more distinctly realized, the subjects of instruction for children, adolescents, and adults, come to be enlarged in number, and some of the new subjects take the place of one or more of the older ones, or at least may wisely be accepted by school and college authorities from some pupils in place of older ones. For example, it has become apparent that free-hand drawing and mechanical drawing give an admirable training to both eye and hand, and provide the youth with an instrument for recording, describing, and expounding, which is comparable with language, both in increasing his individual power and in increasing his enjoyment throughout life. Just as every normal child can acquire some skill in language, its own or another, so every normal child can acquire some skill in drawing, and can give satisfactory evidence that it has acquired that skill. It is now beginning to be perceived that a child who has acquired some skill in drawing may be

as good material for a high school as a child who has acquired some skill in language, and that the high school ought to provide progressive instruction for the pupil who is admitted with skill in drawing quite as much as it should provide means of further instruction for the child who comes in with some skill in language, Latin or other.

The colleges and universities are all providing large means of instruction in history, government, economics, and business ethics, and are adopting highly concrete and practical methods of teaching, not only the new subjects, but the old. Both colleges and schools are recognizing that they must teach elaborately, not only the literatures and philosophies of the past and the present, but also the sciences and arts 'which within a hundred years have revolutionized all the industries of the white race, modified profoundly all the political and ethical conceptions of the freedom-loving peoples, and added wonderfully to the productive capacity of Europe and America.' [1]

Some people think that advantageous changes in systematic education begin in the higher institutions and descend to the lower. Others maintain that durable changes are built up from the bottom. The first seems the more probable theory; because new subjects or new methods require a new teacher, and the teacher is the product of the higher education. Whichever theory be accepted, it is apparent that in practice great changes in the subjects and methods of the higher education have been going on in the United States for more than forty years with increasing impetus and momentum, and that corresponding changes are in progress in the secondary schools.

[1] *Changes Needed in American Secondary Education,* by CHARLES W. ELIOT. General Education Board. New York City.

In order to accommodate the changed schools to the changed colleges, there should be more options in the requirements for admission to colleges, and no requirements within the colleges themselves of the traditional subjects — Latin, Greek, Mathematics, and elementary History and Philosophy. With this new freedom for the pupil at school and the student in college, the degree of Bachelor of Arts will be the only one needed to mark the conclusion, somewhere between the twenty-first and the twenty-third year of age, of a three-year or four-year course of liberal education, superadded to a thorough course in sense-training, scientific reasoning, and memory-training, given within the secondary-school period in any subjects which experience has proved to be suitable.

That Latin should be no longer a requirement for the degree of Bachelor of Arts does not mean that the study of Latin should be given up in either the secondary schools or the colleges. On the contrary, it should unquestionably be retained as an elective college subject, and should be accessible to the pupil in all well endowed and well supported secondary schools, public or private. Although the argument for the introduction of new subjects in both school and college is overwhelmingly strong, nothing but long experience can fully demonstrate that the new subjects and the new methods are capable of producing as powerful and serviceable men and women as have developed during the régime of the old subjects and methods; and for one generation at least there will be many parents who will prefer that the experiment of omitting Latin be tried on other people's children rather than on their own. The parents who will risk their children in the new programmes, or in the new elections of study, will be those who have been consciously ex-

posed during their adult lives to the new influences which have been moulding human society during the past hundred years, and who have either gained new strength from the contact, or have perceived that their own education was not well adapted to what has proved to be their mental and moral environment.

The present argument only goes to show that the study of Latin ought not to be forced by either school or college on all boys and girls in secondary schools who are going to college, or, later, on all candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The argument of course assumes that a knowledge of the Latin language is not indispensable for the study of either ancient or modern civilization, or of the great literatures of the world, or of the best ethical systems and religions, or of any of the supreme concerns of mankind.

The highest human interests are concerned with religion, government, and the means of supporting and improving a family. Now, the religion of Greece and Rome is certainly not as well worth the attention of an American boy to-day as the Jewish-Christian religion, for knowledge of which acquaintance with the Latin language is unnecessary. Moreover, just as a knowledge of the Jewish-Christian religion does not require a knowledge of Hebrew and Greek, so a knowledge of the religion of ancient Rome, whatever importance may be claimed for it, does not depend on a knowledge of Latin.

As to government, it is true that Athens set up a democratic government with a very peculiar definition of the demos; but the number of free citizens was small relatively to the total number of the population, many of whom were slaves and many were aliens without power to vote; and it was a government which when it went to war killed or enslaved its prisoners, and planted its colonies by force. The Athenian democratic state was of short duration, and did not set a good example to any later republic; and the study of it is of little use to a voter or officer in any modern free state. In government, the Roman state was a very impressive example of the results of the ruthless use of military power in conquest, and of the unification through wise laws and skillful administration of an empire containing many races whose religions, languages, and modes of life were diverse; but a far better example of the organization of such an empire is to be found in the British Empire — better because vaster, more complex in every respect, and far less cruel and brutal than the Roman. For any student of governmental organization the British Empire is a better subject of study than the Roman Empire; because its principles and methods have been much more humane than those of Rome, its risks severer, its field the world instead of the near East and the countries bordering on the Mediterranean and a small part of the eastern Atlantic, its success more striking, and its durability unquestionably greater. If an American student of law is obliged to choose between a study of the Roman law and a study of the English and American law, — a competent student can study both, — he had far better devote his time to the English and American law than to the Roman. And, besides, even if undergraduate students desire or are expected to study Roman politics, law, and government, they no longer need to know Latin in order to do so.

As to the means of earning a livelihood for a family, no one will now think of maintaining that a knowledge of Latin would be to-day of direct advantage to an American artisan, farmer, operative, or clerk, inasmuch as the means of earning a livelihood in any

part of the United States have been wholly changed since Latin became a dead language.

The doctrine that a knowledge of Latin is indispensable to real acquaintance with the great literatures of the world is difficult — indeed impossible — to maintain before American boys and girls whose native language is that of Shakespeare and Milton, of Franklin and Lincoln, of Gibbon and Macaulay, of Scott, Burns, and Tennyson, and of Emerson and Lowell. English literature is incomparably richer, more various, and ampler in respect to both form and substance than the literature of either Greece or Rome. One of the most interesting and influential forms of English literature, namely, fiction as developed in the historical romance, the novel, and the short story, has no existence in Greek and Roman literature; and the types of both poetry and oratory in English are both more varied and more beautiful than those of Greece and Rome. For at least a hundred years past an important part of the real interest in the Greek and Roman literatures for advanced students has been the interest of studying originators and pioneers in literature — a worthy but not an indispensable study for modern youth. The social and individual problems of life were simpler in the ancient world than in the modern, and they were often solved by giving play to the elemental passions of human nature; so that the study of them affords but imperfect guidance to wise action amid the wider and more complex conditions of the modern world. When, as in this great war, modern peoples see great national governments revert to the barbarous customs and passions which were common in the ancient world, they indignantly resolve that this reversion cannot and shall not last.

The languages and literatures of Greece and Rome will always remain attractive fields for students whose tastes and natural capacities are chiefly literary, and especially for men of letters, authors, and professional students of language; but it is certain that they are soon to cease to make a prescribed part of general secondary and higher education. There are too many histories, too many new sciences with applications of great importance, and too many new literatures of high merit which have a variety of modern uses, to permit any one, not bound to the Classics by affectionate associations and educational tradition, to believe that Latin can maintain the place it has held for centuries in the youthful training of educated men, a place that it acquired when it was the common speech of scholars, and has held for centuries without any such good reason. For this loss of status by Latin genuine Classical scholars will naturally console themselves with the reflection that it has never been possible to give an unwilling boy any real acquaintance with the Latin language or any love of Latin literature by compelling him to take three 'units' of Latin at school and a course or two of Latin in college.

Benjamin Franklin, in his observations concerning the intentions of the founders of the Philadelphia Academy, describes the origin of the Latin and Greek schools in Europe as follows: —

'That until between three and four hundred years past there were no books in any other language; all the knowledge then contained in books, viz., the theology, the jurisprudence, the physic, the art military, the politics, the mathematics and mechanics, the natural and moral philosophy, the logic and rhetoric, the chemistry, the pharmacy, the architecture, and every other branch of science, being in those languages, it was, of course, necessary to learn them as the gates through which

men must pass to get at that knowledge.'

He points out that the books then existing were manuscript, and very dear; and that 'so few were the learned readers sixty years after the invention of printing, that it appears by letters still extant between the printers in 1499 that they could not throughout Europe find purchasers for more than three hundred copies of any ancient authors.' Franklin further says that when printing began to make books cheap, 'Gradually several branches of science began to appear in the common languages; and at this day the whole body of science, consisting not only of translations from all the valuable ancients, but of all the new modern discoveries, is to be met with in those languages, so that learning the ancient for the purpose of acquiring knowledge is become absolutely unnecessary.'

In the present state of the surviving prescription of Latin in secondary schools and colleges, there is another objection to it which has much force. If a college requires three units of Latin for admission but no Latin in college, it inflicts on boys in preparatory schools three years of study of Latin which in many instances will lead to nothing during the education which they receive between eighteen and twenty-two or thereabout. At this moment, for most pupils in preparatory schools, who under compulsion give one fifth of their school-time to the study of Latin for three years, the Classical road leads to a dead-end, when they have once passed their admission examination in Latin. Such dead-ends, no matter what the subject, are always deplorable in what should be a progressive course in education. Even if the college in which the student seeks the degree of Bachelor of Arts prescribes some further study of Latin, the amount of that prescription is always small; so that the student who abandons Latin when that prescription has been fulfilled has not made a really thorough acquaintance with Latin, and has therefore wasted a large part of the time he has devoted to it. In other words, the present prescription in school and college is against the interest of the greater part of the pupils and students who submit to the prescription. Only those who would have chosen Latin without prescription escape injury from it.

It is a fanciful idea that to understand Greek and Roman civilization and to appreciate the historians, philosophers, orators, military heroes, and patriots of Greece and Rome, one must be able to read Greek and Latin. The substance of Greek and Roman thought and experience can be got at in translations. It is only the delicacies and refinements of style and of poetical expression which are, as a rule, lost in translations. Let the future poets, preachers, artists in words, and men of letters generally give a large part of their time in school and college, if they will, to Greek and Latin; but do not compel the boys and girls who have no such gift or intention to learn a modicum of Latin.

It is often asserted that the study of Latin gives a boy or girl a mental discipline not otherwise to be obtained, a discipline peculiarly useful to those who have no taste or gift for the study. As a matter of fact, it has doubtless often happened that pupils in secondary schools got through Latin the best training they actually received; because their teachers of Latin were the best teachers in their schools, the best equipped and the most scholarly. The Classical schools have been the best schools, and the Classical teachers the best teachers. Gradually, within the past forty years, teachers of modern languages, English, the sciences, and

history have been trained in the colleges and universities, who are as scholarly and skillful in their respective fields as any Classical teachers. They can teach boys and girls to observe, to think, and to remember in the new subjects quite as well as the teachers of Greek and Latin can in those traditional subjects. At least, they think they can; and many parents and educational administrators think that the new subjects and teachers should have a free opportunity to prove this contention. That is all that the proposal to abolish the requirement of Latin for the degree of Bachelor of Arts really means.

Accompanying the production of well-equipped teachers of the new subjects, has come a better understanding of the way to get intense application, concentrated attention, and the hardest kind of mental work out of children, and indeed out of adults too. People generally recognize nowadays that children, like adults, can do their best and hardest work only in subjects or for objects which keenly interest them. Hence uniform prescriptions for all pupils at school are seen to be inexpedient, except in learning to use the elementary tools of learning; and even there much accommodation to individual peculiarities is desirable. Everybody agrees that power to apply one's self and to work hard mentally is the main object of education; but nearly everybody also has come to know that inspiration or stimulation of interest in any mental work will produce this power to work hard more quickly and more thoroughly than any driving process, no matter what the means of compulsion — rattan, ruler, staying after school, holding up to ridicule, deprivation of play or holidays, or copying pages of French or Latin.

Encouragement with respect to the changes to come may be drawn from the changes already achieved. Two generations ago the requirements for admission to Harvard College were Latin, Greek, elementary Mathematics, and the barest elements of Ancient Geography and History; and to those requirements the courses in good secondary schools were accommodated; for the requirements of other American colleges differed from those of Harvard College only in measure or degree and not in substance. To-day the subjects accepted for admission to the Freshman class of Harvard College embrace English, elementary Greek, Latin, German, French, or Spanish, advanced German, advanced French, Ancient History, Mediæval and Modern History, English History, American History and Civil Government, elementary Algebra and Plane Geometry, Physics, Chemistry, Geography, Botany and Zoölogy, advanced Greek, advanced Latin, advanced History, advanced Algebra, Solid Geometry, Logarithms and Trigonometry, Freehand Drawing, and Mechanical Drawing. From this long list of subjects the candidate for admission has a wide range of choice, although certain groupings are prescribed. Nevertheless, Harvard College still requires of every candidate for admission that he shall have studied elementary Latin three years in his secondary school four or five hours a week — a condition of admission which thirty-six considerable American universities, including Columbia University, no longer prescribe. All the other leading American universities have adopted to a greater or less extent the new subjects for admission which Harvard has adopted, and only four out of seventy-six leading American universities and colleges retain conditions of admission at all resembling those of Harvard College in the year 1850.

No one can reasonably maintain that the American educated generation to-

day is less well equipped for its life work than the generation which graduated from the American colleges in 1850. On the contrary, all the old professions maintain a much higher standard for admission and in practice than they maintained in 1850, and a large group of new professions has been added to the old. Moreover, business, including agriculture, manufacturing, trading, and distributing, has become to a much greater extent than formerly an intellectual calling, demanding good powers of observation, concentration, and judgment. There was a time when the principal part of the work of universities was training scholarly young men for the service of the Church, the Bar, and the State; and all such young men needed, or were believed to need, an intimate knowledge of Greek and Latin; but now, and for more than a hundred years, universities are called on to train young men for public service in new democracies, for a new medical profession, and for finances, journalism, transportation, manufacturing, the new architecture, the building of vessels and railroads, and the direction of great public works which improve agriculture, conserve the national resources, provide pure water-supplies, and distribute light, heat, and mechanical power. The practitioners of these new professions can profit in so many directions by other studies in youth, that they ought not all indiscriminately to be obliged to study Latin.

The new education since the Civil War has met the rising demands of the times in some measure; but the newer education must go forward more rapidly on the same lines. The rising generations will not prove inferior to the older. With better and more varied training their educated leaders will rise to ever higher levels of bodily vigor, mental capacity, and moral character.

THE MOURNERS

BY GRETCHEN WARREN

Across her lonely grave the wild birds fly
On drooping wing, the winds with sadder cry,
As if to mourn her rest.

For never bird did soar so swift, so high
As she, nor wind outvie her melody; —
Yet God, He knoweth best.

CONTEMPORARY NOVELISTS: WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

BY HELEN THOMAS FOLLETT AND WILSON FOLLETT

I

William Dean Howells is quite the most American thing we have produced. Almost all that one can profitably say of him distributes itself about this central magnetizing fact. Of the lessons he has taught us, no other seems half so important as the supreme value of having a home, a definitely local habitation, not to tear one's self away from, to sigh for, to idealize through a mist of melancholy and *Weltschmerz*, but simply and solely to live in, to live for. This part of his doctrine, more than any other, has the noble force of an eternal verity preached with striking timeliness. It is in itself the special crown of Mr. Howells, the open secret of his democratic grandeur; and it wins double emphasis because it had to be urged against the sterile æsthetic cosmopolitanism of the eighteen-eighties. Both his historical importance and, one may confidently hope, his permanence are affirmed by his anchorage in a provincialism as remote from mere provinciality as from the opposite extreme of cosmopolitanism — the 'wise provincialism' of Royce's *Philosophy of Loyalty*.

Moreover, the work of Mr. Howells, the most soundly representative expression of America as a spirit, is also the most broadly representative of America as a civilization. It falls in the era of the great transitions of our national life, the confusion of shifting ideals and mislaid ideas which led to the most American thing we have ever done — our specialization of everything. The war is over, and Howells comes back from his Venetian consulship to watch the phenomena of reconstruction, the emergence of a more centralized political system, and the dawn of a new unity. Agriculture grows relatively less important, manufacturing relatively more so; and thereupon begins the flux of young men and women from village to city, from farm to factory and office, and the consequent specialization of multitudes of lives. In industry, the epoch of individual enterprise merges into that of great combinations and corporate monopolies; business too becomes specialized. As commerce gains respectability, idleness becomes dubious and finally odious; and the result is a cleavage between generations in many a patrician family, the parents clinging to an old ideal of the leisured ornamental life, the sons drawn by a new ideal of useful prestige.

When the new aristocracy of vigor has supplanted the old aristocracy of cultivation, there arises the new cultivation, through efficiency. The laboring class, disproportionately augmented by immigration, develops a self-consciousness; its problems become insistent and terrible. In the professions, the general practitioner of an elder time turns into the specialist. Journalism and advertising — the quintessen-

tially modern professions — begin to have their day. Among women, too, a ferment is at work: they swarm through doors once closed, they begin to know something, subtle changes take place in the home, marriage itself hears questions asked of it and knows that sooner or later it must answer them. Dogmatic theology is sharply challenged when the physical sciences reconceive the world, and the social sciences the people in it. The sense of an organic unity replaces that of an organized unity — and the world begins to wonder what purpose it serves, what it can possibly *mean*. Casting about, it begins to think it sees a purpose in unity itself. And through the confusion there crystallizes slowly the dream of a real society in which the common interests shall overthrow the conflicting ones. In a score of ways the America of 1875 was at the crossroads. And William Dean Howells was the man who was there with her to see everything. He saw — and he understood.

All these tendencies and forces — the recital of them may be tedious, but it is certainly indispensable — are charted in the fiction of Mr. Howells, with an amplitude and a fidelity applied elsewhere, as in the novels of Trollope, to much narrower sectors of life, but never before in English to all the important phases in the life of a whole nation. It is as lavish as anything since Balzac, and it is focal. Howells is master of village and town, farm and city, New England and the Middle West; he is at home in factory and lumber-camp; he knows artisan and idler, preacher and teacher, the scientist, the journalist, the commercial traveler, the *nouveaux-riches* and their débutante daughter, the country squire, the oldest inhabitant, the village scapegrace and the village fool, the doctor and the lawyer; he misses nothing, as a review written by his greatest American contemporary once phrased it, of 'the real, the natural, the colloquial, the moderate, the optimistic, the domestic, and the democratic.'

And he has through all this, in addition to the notion of where we are, the vision of where we are going. His novels convey the impression of greater lapses of time than any one of them actually records, because each one of them is an inquiry into something that is about to become something else. *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, our first and best analysis of the self-made man and of the social implications of his money, is a tragedy whose significance reaches nearly the whole of self-made America. Written at the nexus of so many tendencies and interests, the novel remains to-day as poignantly contemporary as ever, a drama of transitions not yet more than half accomplished. We clamor still for 'the great American novel'? Why, we have been reading it these thirty years and more.

II

A comment of thirty years ago, written by one of the most unflattering of critics, has at least the merit of confirming, from a hostile and derogatory point of view, this fact of Mr. Howells's provincialism. 'Henry James,' said Mr. George Moore in *Confessions of a Young Man*, 'went to France and read Tourguénieff. W. D. Howells stayed at home and read Henry James. . . . I have no doubt that at one time of his life Henry James said, I will write the moral history of America, as Tourguénieff wrote the moral history of Russia — he borrowed at first-hand, understanding what he was borrowing. W. D. Howells borrowed at second-hand, and without understanding what he was borrowing.'

These remarks, whether or not we can agree to find in them something

more important than their author intended to put there, leave something to be desired as accounts of literal fact. It should be evident now, for example, even if it was not in 1887, that it was Mr. Howells, rather than Henry James, who consciously set out to write the moral history of America. Also, Mr. Howells knew at first-hand, not only his Tourguénieff and his James, but Gladós and Valdés as well. If his critical interest was never quite so intensive in its workings as Henry James's, it was certainly much more eclectic. Its boundaries in 1887 did in fact touch everything that we now recognize as having been at that time important in Continental fiction and drama, with the single exception of Meredith, who seems, lamentably, to have meant nothing to Howells. Many readers and some critics could still learn a good deal about Balzac and Zola, about Dostoïevski and Tolstoï, from what Mr. Howells wrote about them more than a quarter of a century ago.

But one of the principal effects of his excursions among Italian, Spanish, Russian, and French realists was greatly to intensify his appreciation of Miss Wilkins, Miss Jewett, Mrs. Cooke, Miss Murfree, and Mr. Cable — American realists whose worth, like his own, is all in their provincialism; whose breadth is, as he says, 'vertical instead of lateral.' If his fiction withholds the cheap tribute of imitation, it is doubly rich in its recognition of the inimitable. His way of learning from Tourguénieff was not to copy Tourguénieff, but to be as American as Tourguénieff was Russian. In the profoundest spiritual and moral sense, he did stay at home; but neither physically nor intellectually can he be said to have done so. He not only understood just what he might have borrowed, whether from Continental fiction or British: he understood it too well to borrow it at all.

The alleged resemblance between Howells and Henry James is a subject which has been irritatingly overelaborated by criticism. What resemblance there is is so superficial, and leaves room for differences so fundamental, that it becomes a point for criticism of Mr. Howells's critics rather than of Mr. Howells himself. But so many have conspired, both before and since George Moore, to make sure that neither great man shall be named without the other, that it is actually more invidious to ignore the point than to treat it.

To make an end of the matter, one may say that the similarities are most important where there is least hint of any debt, — that is, where each author is writing of the New England he knows, — and that where there *is* the hint of a debt, the similarity is purely verbal and almost too insignificant to bother with. However strange it may seem, it is true that Mr. Howells, whose style has for fifty years remained limpid and lacustrine, shows after 1895 an unconscious infiltration of the abused 'third manner' of Henry James. *Miss Bellard's Inspiration*, a tenuously delicate bit of high comedy, includes among its pretty sophisticated trifles some persiflage of the Henry James idiom — for example, the parting comment by Mr. Crombie, 'Well, I suppose she did n't want a reason, if she had an inspiration.'

But this sort of thing is of slight avail, is in fact positively silly, when one is dealing broadly with the question of 'influences.' While Henry James withdraws further and further from the America we know, into the queer world of his own intensely self-conscious art, Howells remains as objective, as regional, and as little self-conscious as an artist can be. It is utterly true that, in the sense we have described, he stayed at home; but the compliment

is to America, not to a brother author.

There is assuredly nothing in all this to disturb our account of that provincialism which is the nourishing root of his greatness. Morally, it is the whole story. If we speak, as here we have had to for a moment, of lighter and lesser things, — æsthetics, comparative literature, the transmission of influences, — we have to revise the account only so far as to say that Mr. Howells, if he did not stay at home, *went* home. We find him going everywhere but to go back again; enjoying one after another his Continental journeys, of the mind and of the body, as turnings of the road; never forgetting that great sprawled-out provincial modern Rome to which, he knew, whatever road he happened to be on must at length lead back; finding beauty, the beauty of self-fulfillment, in each successive reunion between the America he had left and the American he was.

Concretely, his books of travel, his various *Italian Journeys* and *London Films*, are better and truer records because there is no affectation in them of being anywhere except 'abroad.' Provincialism, like religion, is a surrender of something for the sake of something else that means more. If you are at home everywhere, you have lost the meaning of home. Mr. Howells prefers to give up being at home everywhere, in order to see Europe through naïve yet shrewd 'Yankee' eyes, very much in the mood of

> You have curious things to eat,
> I am fed on proper meat;
> You must dwell beyond the foam,
> But I am safe and live at home.

The result is that his most casual sketches of Italy, Spain, and England are not less American than *A Boy's Town* and *The Lady of the Aroostook* — which are as American as Abraham Lincoln.

III

In speaking of the sacrifices with which Mr. Howells, like any one, must pay for a sound and wise provincialism, we have in mind first of all the penalty inherent in any choice, the mutual exclusion of opposites. It is in the nature of things that you cannot be at the same time cosmopolitan and provincial: you can have everything or you can have something which shall mean everything to you, but not both. This is the inevitable penalty. And it is well for the artist who has the courage or the sublime innocence to pay it, as we see proved in the unpretentious successes of such authors as Trollope and Jane Austen. If we require proof that it is *not* well for the artist who lacks the courage or the innocence, we need seek it no further back than the pretentious failures of the Celtic Renaissance — a movement which had its headquarters in France and its impulse from a cosmopolitan æstheticism, and which was everything else before it was Celtic. We are safe, then, while we laud Mr. Howells for giving up everything, and acquiring nothing, which could have made him less definitively cisatlantic.

But there is another kind of penalty, incidental and secondary, not at all in the nature of things, which Mr. Howells also elected to pay, with damage to his work and even some risk to its lasting qualities. Seemingly in pure national self-assertiveness and a kind of fierce pride in heaping up the measure of his self-denials, he refused some things which he might fully as well have had. These minor refusals of his are made in all conscience, indeed with the finest recklessness; but they unquestionably blemish his work as that of a rounded artist, while adding nothing to its value as a national institution. If the future should disprove his theory that truth to fact is everything; if it

should show that care for treatment counts for more than he supposed it could, his greatness will have been impaired, and none the less surely because through his own deliberate renunciations.

One is happy to note, first, that he was constantly threatening some sacrifices which he never made, and that his work as critic abounds in precepts the consequences of which he refused to incur in his own practice. He despises care for style, and says that style becomes less and less important to fiction: yet he writes a style finer on the whole than Hardy's, since it is just as objective, just as clear, much more full of high lights and undertones, and less metallically cold. He damns with faintest praise the necessary technical means of art; he seems to imply that the artist can draw the pattern of his facts, as well as the facts themselves, from life; his account of Jane Austen would lead one to suppose that the sum of her process was to look about and jot down what she saw; in short, he develops a theory of the relation between literature and life that would result, if anyone literally practiced it, in novels with masses of subject-matter but no subject at all. 'Out of this way of thinking and feeling about these two great things, about Literature and Life,' there has indeed 'arisen a confusion as to which is which' — a confusion which has become in the last decade one of the least promising symptoms of the novel. And Mr. Howells seems to welcome the confusion when he says, 'It is quite imaginable that when the great mass of readers, now sunk in the foolish joys of mere fable, shall be lifted to an interest in the meaning of things through the faithful portrayal of life in fiction, then fiction the most faithful may be superseded by a still more faithful form of contemporaneous history.'

Yet here again Mr. Howells follows infirm doctrine with sound practice: his own novels enjoy all the advantages of the definite issue carefully extracted from life and then displayed before the reader as having relevance to some unified critical purpose. To young authors he says, 'Do not trouble yourselves about standards and ideals.' Himself, he follows a better precept: 'Neither arts, nor letters, nor sciences, except as they somehow, clearly or obscurely, tend to make the race better and kinder, are to be regarded as serious interests' — a dictum which is unintelligible unless it provides art with a *rationale*. The creative artist is made as much by what he *wants* as by what he knows; and what he wants involves, of course, the whole question of how he is to get it. It is strange that Mr. Howells, who never desired fiction to be less than a criticism of life, should so often have ignored this truism in his critical writings and so unfailingly have used it in his fiction.

Neither in the style nor in the architecture of his novels, then, does he suffer the logical consequences of what is narrowly provincial in his theory. But in one deficiency of treatment, the enormous excess of conversation over everything else, his stories do suffer from his contempt of design. He appears, as Henry James wrote long ago, 'increasingly to hold composition too cheap'; he neglects 'the effect that comes from alternation, distribution, relief.' The dialogue especially needs to be 'distributed, interspaced with narrative and pictorial matter.' It is not that there is too much of the dialogue, which is uniformly of the first excellence, but that there is too little else. Mr. Howells is at his very best when he is giving his subject wrapped in interpretation of character and manners. He makes a woman speak 'with that awe of her daughter and her judg-

ments which is one of the pathetic idiosyncrasies of a certain class of American mothers.' He speaks of the deplored 'infidelity' of a New Hampshire village squire as a time-honored local institution, 'something that would hardly have been changed, if possible, by a popular vote.' He is subtle in his notation of such realities as 'the two sorts of deference respectively due to the law and the church,' and 'the country habit of making no comment in response to what was not a question.' These touches are treatment, presentation at its finest, 'the golden blocks themselves of the structure'; and when Mr. Howells dispossesses them in favor of talk and still more talk, he deprives us of that which he can more abundantly afford to give than we can afford to be without.

IV

Unless one is in the heroic mood to require that the writer of fiction supply a full measure of everything one happens to like, one need not be greatly disturbed by the several details about Mr. Howells that one simply cannot understand. Why does it happen that, with all his coldness to technique, he instinctively warms to the most careful technicians, from Jane Austen to Hardy and Henry James? Why, against that same coldness, should he reject Thackeray because Thackeray pleased to 'stand about in his scene, talking it over with his hands in his pockets, interrupting the action, and spoiling the illusion in which alone the truth of art resides' — a minor technical quiblet if ever there was one? Why should he denounce Scott for 'acquiescence in the division of men into noble and ignoble, patrician and plebeian, sovereign and subject, as if it were the law of God,' without allowance for the fact that Scott often makes his plebeians nobler than his patricians, the subject more of a man than the sovereign? Why, above all, should he belittle Dickens because of the occasional caricature of people and the romantic distortion of facts, and not see that Dickens was *on the whole* a valiant fighter in the cause of realism against an effete romanticism, precisely as Mr. Howells himself was?

The only explanation of these sophisms is that Mr. Howells loves truth — by which he nearly always means actuality — so much that the most trivial violation of it affronts all his sensibilities. Let an author, especially a British author, tell more truth than anything else, let him further truth in intercourse and sternly rebuke whatever tends to defeat it: all this goes for naught if, in a moment of deference to some innocent romantic fashion now discredited, he is caught dodging realities. Why, the fellow cherishes 'shadows and illusions,' he is 'very drolly sentimental and feeble'; Mr. Howells will have none of him. We can think of hardly any other critic of equal repute who has allowed so little that he disliked to overrule so much that he would have liked if he could have taken the trouble to see it. This is an explanation, of a limping sort; but it does not materially reduce the deficit chargeable to Mr. Howells as critic.

What does materially reduce it is, of course, his historical position and influence. Preaching realism and democracy at a time when the novel, under the sanction of Stevenson and Anthony Hope Hawkins, was trying as hard as it could to get back to Scott and Dumas, he was in the position of a man who must shout if he is to make the unwilling crowd listen, and even so can make them hear but one thing. Most of Mr. Howells's criticism, despite its urbane moderateness of tone, is essentially controversial. He was decrying

a fashion which he hated as spurious and silly; his one message was the ugliness of whatever denies or shirks reality, and his exaggeration of that ugliness was simply the raising of his voice to overcome inattention. We do not think that he said what he did not mean, in order to be heard; but unconsciously he was carried away by his enthusiasm, as any small minority tends to be. The measure of his usefulness was the universal need of just that message, and his justification is its later universal acceptance. He fought the costume romance, and it is dead; he predicted the 'sociologic' novel, and it has come, to the exclusion of pretty nearly everything else.

In short, the author of *Criticism and Fiction* (1891) was one of the very few great modern men who have been deeply enough immersed in the stream of historical tendencies, and sensible enough of main currents in the life about them, really to understand and work for the future. He decried the romantic novel when it had most applause, in terms which show that he thought of it as already discredited. More characteristically, he decried a certain mawkish and very fashionable kind of sentimentalism — the sentimentalism of useless self-sacrifice made in a bad cause, on the theory that self-sacrifice is in itself a great enough good to be sought at the expense of everything else. Many readers will recall the instance in *Silas Lapham:* a girl's refusal to marry a man because her sister is madly in love with him, and the author's admonition (expressed, it happens, through a minister of the gospel) that it is better for two people to be happy and a third unhappy for a time than for all three to be permanently wretched. In both these particulars Howells is of the twentieth century more than of the nineteenth.

But even these are as nothing to his vision of what the future was to do for brotherhood among men, the increase of economic and social community, and the sense of 'living in the whole.' That sense, he saw, was what fiction must acquire unless it were altogether to lose step with the world; and in precept and practice he helped fiction acquire it. 'Men are more like than unlike one another,' he said; 'let us make them know one another better, that they may be all humbled and strengthened with a sense of their fraternity.' 'The work done in the past to the glorification of mere passion and power, to the deification of self, appears monstrous and hideous. . . . Art, indeed, is beginning to find out that if it does not make friends with Need it must perish.' And to Matthew Arnold's complaint that there was no 'distinction' in our national life, he justly and eloquently retorted: —

'Such beauty and such grandeur as we have is common beauty, common grandeur, or the beauty and grandeur in which the quality of solidarity so prevails that neither distinguishes itself to the disadvantage of anything else. It seems to me that these conditions invite the artist to the study and the appreciation of the common, and to the portrayal in every art of those finer and higher aspects which unite rather than sever humanity, if he would thrive in our new order of things. The talent that is robust enough to front the every-day world and catch the charm of its work-worn, care-worn, brave, kindly face, need not fear the encounter, though it seems terrible to the sort nurtured in the superstition of the romantic, the bizarre, the heroic, the distinguished, as the things alone worthy of painting or carving or writing. The arts must become democratic, and then we shall have the expression of America in art; and the reproach which Mr. Arnold was half right in

making us shall have no justice in it any longer: we shall be "distinguished."'

V

Because Mr. Howells's love of reality is more intense and consistent than that of any other important novelist we can think of, — and we have thumbed the list of others with some pains for the possible exception, — his realism is inexpressibly more vital than most realism. Of writers who explored the actualities because they distrusted or feared them, despised or did not know what to make of them, we have seen many, perhaps too many, since the turn of the century; but Mr. Howells is not of this company. No one has done him justice who has not seen that his love of life is his belief in life, and that it is to him quite literally a *faith*. By this we do not mean that he accepts everything as it is, proposing no improvements, — we have already seen how much courage he derives from the facts of social evolution, — but we do mean that he sees in life itself, ever struggling to articulate consciousness and beginning to operate, all the forces that are necessary to a great society and a great art. For him, there is no need of a fiat to legislate order into society from without; nor does he go to the opposite extreme of giving up the hope of order. All things work together for good, because that is the nature of them — even of things not in themselves good.

Thus, for him, intimacy with the real stands in the room of more prerequisites to art, and is altogether more sufficient, than we commonly know it capable of. He is a generation further along in the chronology of art than such a realist as Gissing, with whom reality was a distressing makeshift for lost faith. Mr. Howells appears never to have cherished illusions. Partly because he brought over from his early work as journalist and editor a vivid sense that life was in itself enough, and more because he was born with the probing mind that will not believe without sight where it is possible to see, he picked his way serenely through the religious disturbances of the decades when even Huxley and Arnold were spending themselves in theological controversy. He reports the disturbances, indeed, but tolerantly, indulgently, as things milder than they seemed, more ephemeral, less real. Here again his faith took him forward beyond the stresses of his time; he looks back on struggles little more than begun.

This faith in the reality which is our daily life is strikingly exemplified in everything Mr. Howells has written about the phenomena of mysticism. It was only the other day that he gave us, after a long incubation, *The Leatherwood God*, his record of religious imposture in a small Ohio community of the early nineteenth century. It shall not be said here that he intended this story as a sly and subtle *exposé* of all religion through direct physical revelation: all that the evidence warrants is the assertion that he *may* so have intended it, and that if so he could not have done much more to sharpen its point. Clearly it expresses his contempt of the faith that demands a sign. And in Squire Matthew Braile, the shrewd and humorous 'infidel' of Leatherwood, we have not only a striking individual of one of Mr. Howells's most sympathetic types, but also the intellectual point of view of the book. 'Why,' says Braile, 'I don't see what you want of a miracle more than you've had already. The fact that your cow did n't come up last night, and Abel could n't find her in the woods-pasture this morning, is miracle enough to prove that Dylks is God. Besides, did n't he say it himself,

and did n't Enraghty say it? . . . When a man stood up and snorted like a horse and said he was God, why did n't they believe him?' In all this quizzical irony did Mr. Howells mean to say, for hearing ears only, that Christianity is to him, not the water and the wine, the loaves and fishes, the empty tomb, the harps and crowns, but a rule of life which can neither be given nor taken away by any of these, and which is real whatever becomes of them?

We ask, not answer, the question. But it is worth while to note that the conjecture interlocks most adroitly with something Mr. Howells had written more than thirty-five years earlier — his analysis of spiritualism and its materializations in *The Undiscovered Country*. 'All other systems of belief, all other revelations of the unseen world, have supplied a rule of life, have been given for our *use* here. But this offers nothing but the barren fact that we live again. . . . It is as thoroughly godless as atheism itself, and no man can accept it upon any other man's word, because it has not yet shown its truth in the ameliorated life of men. . . . As long as it is used merely to establish the fact of a future life it will remain sterile. It will continue to be doubted, like a conjuror's trick, by all who have not seen it; and those who see it will afterwards come to discredit their own senses. The world has been mocked with something of the kind from the beginning; it's no new thing.'

The quoted words are Dr. Boynton's: who can doubt that the meaning is the meaning of Howells? He will have nothing to do with the mysticism which is only 'a materialism that asserts and affirms, and appeals for proof to purely physical phenomena.' Its sole effect is to drive him homeward to the plain every-day faithful and courageous actual. His philosophy is all in the cry of a foolish woman who has given a bolt of linsey-woolsey that the Leatherwood God may turn it into 'seamless raiment.' '"Oh, I don't care for the miracle," she kept lamenting, "but what are my children going to wear this winter? Oh, what will *he* say to me!" It was her husband she meant.'

VI

The corollary of faith is peace. And the faith of Mr. Howells in the realities of life brings to him, throughout the inordinate business of his career,[1] a peace, a large serenity, that one instinctively thinks of in Scriptural phrases — 'the peace that passeth understanding'; 'He that believeth shall not make haste.' We have seen how little friction and loss he suffered during years when the fading of supernaturalism brought a tragic unrest into nearly the whole Western world. Through those years while others fought, he enjoyed; and even when he fought, as sometimes one must for opinions worth holding, it was in the jolliest fighting mood, and with a good-nature as uncompromising as the opinions. If he had enemies to tackle, at least he was on the best of terms with himself. If it were not so, how should one account for the preponderance in him of humor, a tranquil attribute, over wit, a restive?

We would be at some pains to distinguish this deep composure of Mr. Howells from the merely vegetative contentment of which he is rather irresponsibly accused in several quarters. To words already quoted Mr. George Moore adds, in the mood of patronizing impishness which had then become his fixed mental posture: 'I see him [Mr. Howells] the happy father of a

[1] Including, as readers of this article will like to remember, a fifteen years' connection with the *Atlantic*, of which he was editor-in-chief for ten years.

numerous family; the sun is shining, the girls and boys are playing on the lawn, they come trooping in to a high tea, and there is dancing in the evening. . . . He is . . . domestic; girls with white dresses and virginal looks, languid mammas, mild witticisms here, there, and everywhere; a couple of young men, one a little cynical, the other a little overshadowed by his love; a strong, bearded man of fifty in the background; in a word, a Tom Robertson comedy faintly spiced with American.' These are indeed the ingredients, this is a large part of the formula — and it is a large part of America, too.

What George Moore really meant was that Mr. Howells had not chosen to be turgidly frank about sex. To which the answer is that Mr. Howells had chosen *not* to be, for the good reason that America does not share the Continental obsession, and provides singularly little in sex to be turgidly frank about. Mr. Howells explains himself on this point in two chapters of *Criticism and Fiction;* and in *A Modern Instance*, which contains some of his most inimitably faithful tragi-comedy of New England village life, he makes these observations upon the girl entertaining her suitor at midnight in a sleeping household: 'The situation, scarcely conceivable to another civilization, is so common in ours, where youth commands its fate and trusts solely to itself, that it may be said to be characteristic of the New England civilization wherever it keeps its simplicity. It was not stolen or clandestine; it would have interested every one, but would have shocked no one in the whole village if the whole village had known it; all that a girl's parents ordinarily exacted was that they should not be waked up.'

This is not the ignorant bliss; it is the *pax Americana* that leaves youth blessedly and uniquely free from the experience of guilty love, —

> . . . a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
> A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

No: the equableness of Mr. Howells is something other than the languor that aspires 'to sit in a corner tippling tea.' It consists of elements dynamic but under the control of knowledge and faith. Set a taut wire vibrating and touch it with the thumb-nail: it gives forth a jangling buzz. Mr. Howells's criticism of life is the wire left to vibrate harmoniously; there is nothing to disturb its free play in the vast quiet space of his charity, his faith, and his self-command. The Celtic rebelliousness which he inherited gives it *timbre* and poignancy but not discordance; and again and again the rarely beautiful overtones, such as that poor defrauded woman's cry for her lost labor, prove that it is taut, not slack.

And, finally, Mr. Howells proves his profound calm in his most American appreciation and retention of the ardors of youth. We cannot see that he wrote better about youth when he had it than latterly, with all his weight of years and honor; or that he knows the meaning of age better in his eightieth year than in his fortieth. In his philosophy, things must always be renewed if they are to live; the present must re-create itself out of the dead past, and be perpetually attaining perpetual youth. Language renews itself: 'No language is ever old on the lips of those who speak it.' Literature renews itself: 'Most classics are dead.' And life renews itself. When, in *The Son of Royal Langbrith*, Mr. Howells treats the problem of wealth got through the chicane of the father, and the serious question of the children's attitude toward it, he makes an end of the whole matter by letting the sleeping dog lie. 'It came to Anther again, as it had come before,

that each generation exists to itself, and is so full of its own events that those of the past cannot be livingly transmitted to it; that it divinely refuses the burden which elder sins or sorrows would lay upon it, and that it must do this perhaps as a condition of bearing its own.'

There is more than a touch of this indomitable youth in the characters, the best of whom live on, no older now than when we last saw them. Rarely, they step, like Trollope's characters, from one book into another — and then they are doubly welcome, doubly alive.

This year of Howells's eightieth birthday is also the centenary of Jane Austen's death — fitly, because he has honored himself in honoring her, and because she too loved reality and made successful war, from her provincial citadel, on superstition, on mawkish sensibility, and on the tinsel romanticism of the fashion then current. The years in which she was quietly fulfilling her allotted task were, like this year, made terrible by war and the pouring out of blood; yet she pursued her way and kept her faith, in a quietude untroubled by the great stirrings of empire abroad.

It is to be feared that Mr. Howells has not known how to keep himself similarly untroubled — for the world is smaller now, and crowded, and what hurts one hurts all. Our wish for him on New Year's Day, when these words are written, is that he may wring from this very fact, the community of pain, a confirmation of solidarity in the world, and a hope for its eventual triumph. If we could venture to wish him anything else, it would be that he might find somehow the way to keep on believing in America — his America of the soiled hands and the good heart.

MUSIC AND LIFE

BY THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE

I

For the ordinary listener the one great difficulty of the symphony lies in 'making sense' out of it as a whole. He enjoys certain themes, and is, perhaps, able to follow their devious wanderings; but he retains no comprehensive impression of the symphony as a complete thing, and he may even never conceive it at all as anything more than a series of interesting or uninteresting passages of music. Now, it is obvious that an art of pure sound, if it is to convey any significance at all, must have complete coherence *within itself*, and that the longer the sounds are sustained the more necessary does this coherence become. This is, of course, the problem of all music. Even opera cannot depend entirely on being held together by the text and the action. Even the song must make musical sense in addition to what sense there is — by chance — in the words. Give what glowing, romantic, even definite title you will to a piece

of programme music, — call it 'The Hebrides,' or 'Death and Transfiguration,' or descend to such titles as 'A Simple Confession,' — you must still give your music coherence and form in itself. As a matter of fact the titles of such pieces do not lessen the composer's responsibilities in the least. The title is, after all, merely a suggestion, an indication, an atmosphere. Schumann's 'The Happy Farmer' is merely jolly; it is not even bucolic, and you hunt for the farmer in vain. 'Träumerei' is made rhythmically vague in order to create the illusion of revery; but it has, nevertheless, complete musical coherence. 'Tod und Verklärung' of Strauss contains no evidence of sacrificing its form to its so-called 'subject.' The Wagnerian *leit-motif* is suggestive and not didactic.

The development of form in the symphony is too large a subject to be covered here, but there are certain fundamental aspects of it upon which I may dwell with safety since they represent laws that apply everywhere. To make clear what I mean, let me say that an art whose fundamental quality is movement must have for its problem the disposition within a certain length of time of a group of themes or melodies. The distinction between this art and that of painting is that in music the question is, When? in painting, Where? In this sense literature is nearer to music than painting is, and I shall shortly point out some analogies between literary and musical forms.

I stated in my first article the fundamental synthetic principle of music, which is that no one series of sounds formed into a melody can long survive the substitution of other series, unless there be given some restatement, or, at least, some reminder of the first. There is no musical form that does not pay tribute directly or indirectly to this principle. And this, much modified by the medium of language, applies also to literature. Most novels contain near the end a 'looking backward over traveled roads'; a too great digression from any thesis requires a restatement of it. The first appearance of Sandra Belloni is heralded by her singing in the wood near the Pole's country house; the epilogue to *Vittoria* closes with the scene in the cathedral — 'Carlo Merthyr Ammiani, standing between Merthyr and her, with old blind Agostino's hands upon his head. And then once more and but for once, her voice was heard in Milan.' The unessential characters and motives of *Sandra Belloni* disappear in *Vittoria* — Mrs. Chump, an unsuccessful portrait after Dickens, finds a deserved oblivion; so do the Nice Feelings and the Fine Shades; but the presence of Merthyr in the cathedral is as necessary to that situation as is the absence of Wilfred. *War and Peace* would be an inchoate mass of persons, scenes, and events, were it not for certain retrospects here and there which hold the whole mass together. *The Idiot* is a striking illustration of the point in question, for the early part of Mishkin's career is not revealed until the sixth chapter, as if to tide over more successfully the vastness of the scheme, and the final chapter brings back most vividly the experiences of his boyhood. The sonnet is the most concise example of this process, and I do not need to dwell on the precision with which it illustrates it.

One great difference exists, however, between music and literature, and that is in the number of its subjects or characters. *War and Peace*, to take an extreme example, contains scores of characters, while a whole symphony would usually contain not more than twelve or fourteen themes. The prime reason for this is that themes have no established law of association, and so do not represent something else with which we are already familiar, as do names of persons

in books. We remember the names of such characters as Joseph Andrews or Tom Jones, or even Dr. Portsoaken in *Septimius Felton;* for, although they lived a long a time ago, we have enough of word-association to contain their names, and we can understand them and can follow the devious courses of their adventures and the philosophy of life they represent. The absence of this association makes it difficult for us to remember the characters in Russian books.

When we hear a musical theme, however, we have to remember it *as such.* I have frequently stated the somewhat obvious fact that music obeys general æsthetic laws, and the foregoing is intended to show how those laws are modified by the peculiar properties of sound. A symphony is in this sense, then, a coherent arrangement of themes.

II

This brings me to the important question of the detachment or the unification of the several movements of a symphony. Is a symphony one thing or four? Should we listen to it as a unit or as separate contrasting pieces strung together for convenience? The conventional answer to these questions — the answer given by the textbooks — is that a few symphonies transfer themes from one movement to another, but that a symphony, generally speaking, is a collection of four separate pieces contrasted in speed and in sentiment. Now I wish to combat this theory as vigorously as possible; and I should like to rely solely on æsthetic laws, and say that no great work of art could, by any possibility, be based on such a heterogeneous plan as that. Or I might base my opinion on psychology, and say that since there are four different movements, different in general and in particular characteristics, — one containing themes which evolve as they proceed, producing the effect of struggle toward a goal; another suitable for states of sentiment; another for concise and vivid action, and so forth, — and since the mind of a great man is a microcosm of the world and contains everything, it follows, as a matter of course, that he tries to fuse his symphony into one by filling its several parts with the various elements of himself — a process that has been going on ever since there has been any music at all. The composer is not four men, nor is his mind separated into compartments. One symphony will differ from another because it represents a different stage in his development, but any one symphony — unless arbitrarily disjointed — will express the various phases of its composer's nature at the time, and will have a corresponding internal organism.

As a matter of fact there is sufficient evidence of the soundness of this view in the great symphonies themselves. I cannot specify at length here, but any reader having access to Mozart's, Beethoven's, and Brahms's symphonies, or to that of César Franck, may investigate for himself. Let me merely point out a few instances which I choose from celebrated and familiar symphonies. In the last movement of the C-major of Mozart (commonly called the *Jupiter*) there is a rapid figure in the basses at measure nine and ten which is derived from the beginning of the first movement. The theme of the last movement is drawn from, is another version of, the passage in measures three and four of the first movement. In Beethoven's *Eroica* the first theme of the last movement is drawn directly from the first theme of the first movement. The theme of the C-major section of the *Marche Funèbre* is the theme of the first section in apotheosis, and each owes a debt to the first theme of the first move-

ment. Such illustrations of this principle could be multiplied almost indefinitely, and it is not too much to say that there is in all great music this inward coherence. In other words, form in music is not only a framework, or, if you please, a law or a precedent, but the expression of an inward force. Themes having no organic relation are, of course, introduced into symphonic movements for the play of action against each other which results from their antagonism. The novel depends largely on that very contrast. If it were not for Blifil there could hardly have been a Tom Jones. Sandra Belloni must have Mr. Pericles as a foil to that finer character of hers which rises above the prima donna, and she needs Wilfred and Merthyr in order to achieve Carlo.

In short, the symphonic movement is not unlike the novel, which is based on the juxtaposition of contrasting or antagonistic characters, the struggle between the two, and, finally, their reconciliation; and sufficient analogy could be drawn between this and life itself to illustrate the principle as a cardinal one. But I believe the symphony to be a form in a flux; I see no reason why it should not continue to develop from within, and finally achieve an even greater coherence than that already attained. This will certainly not be brought about by an extension of its outward form or by enlargement of its resources — as in the case of certain modern[1] symphonies. In a word, the composer is an artist like any other; he is dealing with human emotions and aspirations as other artists are; he is subject to the same laws; he, too, draws a true picture of human life in true perspective, with all the adjustments of scene, of persons, of motives, carefully worked out — even though he deals only with sound. It is almost incredible that any one should suppose otherwise; the real difficulty lies in getting the ordinary person to suppose anything!

So I say that the symphony is a mirror of life, and that all the great symphonies taken together are like a book of life in which everything is faithfully set forth in due proportion and balance. All art sets forth nature and humanity, and through its power of doing so continually reveals the truth to us. I have said that the symphony contains everything and that it has room for disorder. This is its ultimate purpose, and the secret of its power. Life itself is an inexplicable thing. The great symphony compresses it all into an hour of perfection in which all its elements are explicable. Here that dream of man which he calls by such names as 'Heaven' or 'happiness,' and which he has always sought in vain, becomes, not only a reality, but the only reality possible for him. For nothing would be more terrible than endless happiness, or a located Heaven.

The history of the symphony is the history of all art. It moves in cycles, or it marks a parabola. It began as a naïve expression of feeling; it learned, little by little, how to master its own working material, and as it mastered that, it became more and more conscious in its efforts. As soon as new instruments for producing it were perfected, it immediately expanded its style to correspond to the new possibilities; as its technique permitted, it continually sought to grasp more and more of the elements of human life and human aspiration, and to express them. In Haydn we see it as naïve, folk-like, tuneful music, not highly imaginative, smacking of the soil, like Burns, but without his deep human feeling. In

[1] The reason for this is one to which I referred in my article on Opera in the April *Atlantic* — namely, that a work of art must not overstrain the capacities of the human beings for whom it was created. — The Author.

Mozart it reaches a stage of classic perfection which may be compared to Raphael's paintings; hardly a touch of the picturesque, the romantic, or the realistic mars its serene beauty. It smiles on all alike; it is not for you or for me, — as Schumann is, — but for every one. And, being purely objective, it belongs to no time and lasts forever. And how delightful are Mozart's digressions! He is like Fielding who, when he wants to philosophize about his story, proceeds to write a whole chapter during which the action awaits the philosopher's pleasure. Later writers never drop the argument for a moment; if there is a lull in the action it is somehow kept in complete relation to the subject-matter. Mozart often enlivens you with a story by the way, but he always manages to preserve the continuity of his material. The difference between his method and that of Brahms, for example, is like that between Fielding's philosophic interlude chapters in *Tom Jones* and Meredith's 'One Philosopher' who, looking down from an impersonal height upon the characters in the story, interjects his Olympian comment.

A new and terrific force entered music through Beethoven, — new to music, old as the human race, — namely, the spirit of revolt. The world is always the same. In its fundamentals, and within our historical retrospect, human life remains what it was. An art takes what it can master — and no more. Music was ready; the world was in a turmoil at just that moment, and the result was what we call 'Beethoven.' Mozart was his dawn, Schumann and the other Romanticists his mysterious and beautiful twilight. He himself represents at once the spirit of revolution, that inevitable curiosity which such a period always excites, and that speculative philosophy which tries to piece together the meaning of new things. The world was full of flame; battle thundered only a few miles from Vienna; the spirit of equality and fraternity was hovering in the air. Beethoven's piercing vision compassed all this. He sounded the triumph of the soul of man, as in the great theme at the close of the Ninth Symphony; he took the simplest of common tunes and made it glorious, as at the end of the *Waldstein* Sonata; his imagination ranged at will over men struggling at death-grapple, over the gods looking down sardonically on the spectacle. He was the great protagonist of democracy, but he was also a great constructive mind; he never destroyed anything in music for which he did not have a better substitute to offer, and there is hardly a note in his mature compositions that is not fixed in nature.

This great force having spent itself, the art turns away and starts in another direction — as it must. The lyric symphony of Schubert appears. His was the most perfect song that ever asked for expression by the orchestra. With small intellectual power, with but scanty education of any sort, Schubert, by the very depth of his instinct, creates such pure beauty as to make intellectualism seem almost pedantic. He strings together melody after melody in 'profuse, unmeditated art.' He was a pendant to Beethoven, and often enough in listening to Schubert's music we catch the echo of his great contemporary.

Then comes the so-called 'Romantic School' of Schumann, with its tender, personal qualities, its glamour, its roseate hues. Like all other romantic utterance, it had a certain strangeness, a certain detachment from reality, and a certain waywardness which gives it a bitter-sweet flavor of its own. Like all other romantic utterance, too, it was impatient and refused to wait the too slow turning of the clock's hands; it is the music of youth and of hope. Its

effect on the development of the symphony was slight, for it was ill at ease in the large spaces of symphonic form, its hues were too changing, its moods too shifting to answer the needs of the symphony.

No really great symphonic composer appears between Schubert and Brahms, but during that period the rich idiom of the romantic school had become assimilated as a part of the language of music. Brahms, using something of this romantic idiom, but having a broad feeling for construction, and being firmly grounded on that one stable element of style, counterpoint, produced four symphonies worthy of standing alongside the best. They are restrained in style, for Brahms has something of that impersonality which is needed in music as much as in other forms of art (and one may say in passing that the greatest of all composers, Bach, is the most impersonal).

The flexibility of the language of music increased rapidly during the nineteenth century, aided by Wagner and the Romanticists, and in Brahms the symphony becomes less didactic and more introspective. I may, perhaps, make the comparison between music like his and that later stage of the English novel wherein the author desires the action to appear solely as the result of the psychology of his characters, and wherein, also, words are made to answer new demands and serve new purposes. Brahms could not have said what he did say had he been limited to the style of Mozart; nor could Meredith had he been limited to the style of Thackeray.

Brahms's symphonies, in consequence of the complicated nature of his style, are not easily apprehended by the casual listener. Let a confirmed lover of Longfellow, or even of Tennyson, take up for the first time 'Love in the Valley,' and he will have the same experience. Every word will convey its usual meaning to him, but the exquisite beauty of Meredith's poem will elude him. He will go back to 'My Lost Youth' or to 'Blow, Bugles, Blow' for healing from his bruises. Any one of my readers who has access to Brahms's First Symphony should examine the passage which begins twenty measures before the *poco sostenuto* near the end of the first movement, if he wishes to understand something of Brahms's powers of recreating his material. Here is a melody of great beauty, which is derived from the opening phrase of the symphony, and which has a bass derived from the first theme of the first movement. As it originally appeared, it was full of stress, as though yearning for an impossible fulfillment. Here its destiny is at last attained, the law of its being fulfilled.

Contemporaneous with Brahms stands Tschaikovsky, to reveal how varied are the sources of musical expression. No two great men could be further apart than these — one an eclectic, calm, thoughtful, and impersonal, restraining his utterances in order to understate and be believed; the other pouring out the very last bitter drop of his unhappiness and dissatisfaction, entirely unmindful of a world that distrusts overstatement and has only a limited capacity for reaction from a colossal passion. Of Tschaikovsky's sincerity there is no doubt whatever. He so believed; life was to him what we hear it to be in his symphonies. But life is not like that; if it were, we should all have been destroyed long since by our own uncontrollable inner fires. And so, aside from any technical considerations, — and he contributed nothing of importance to the development of the symphony, — Tschaikovsky represents a phase of life rather than life itself.

Dvořak's *New World* symphony adds

a new and interesting element to symphonic evolution. Dvořak was, like Haydn and Burns, a son of the people, and the themes he employs in this symphony are essentially folk melodies; but where Haydn merely tells his simple story, with complete unconsciousness of its possible connection with life in general, Dvořak sees all his themes in their deeper significance and thereby creates from them a work of art. The *New World* symphony is a Saga retold.

A new phase in the development of the symphony appears in César Franck, whose musical lineage reaches back over the whole range of symphonic development and beyond. His spirit is mediæval. In his single symphony rhythm plays a lesser part, and one feels the music to be quite withdrawn from the vivid movement of life, and to live in a realm of its own. Franck was one of those rare spirits who remain untainted by the world; his symphony is a spiritual adventure. Other symphonies are full of the actions and reactions of the real world in which their composers lived. This action and reaction always depend for their expression in music on the play and interplay of rhythmic figures. Franck's symphony broods over the world of the spirit; his least successful themes are those based on action.

III

My object in writing all this about the forms and substance of the symphony, and in drawing comparisons between it and the novel or poetry, has not been to lead my readers to understand music through the other arts, for by *themselves* such comparisons are of small value. I have dwelt on these common characteristics of the arts because they exist, because they illuminate each other, and at the same time because they are too little considered. The only way to understand music is to practice it, or, failing that, to hear it often under such conditions as will permit a certain opportunity for reflection. We are incapable of understanding symphonic music chiefly because we have so little practice in doing so; an occasional symphony concert is not enough. How shall this difficulty be overcome? There is a natural way out, and it consists in what is called chamber-music. A piece of chamber-music is a sort of domestic symphony. A string quartet, a pianoforte or violin sonata, a trio, quartette, quintette, and the like — are all little symphonies; the form is almost identical; the same devices of rhythm, melody, harmony, counterpoint, and so forth are employed. In chamber-music paucity of idea cannot be covered up by luxury of tone-color, or by grandiloquence of style; everything is exposed, so that only the greatest composers have written fine music in this form.

Now, if in every community there were groups of people who played chamber-music together, and if these would permit their friends to attend when they practice, the symphony would soon find plenty of intelligent listeners. Such rehearsals would give an opportunity to hear difficult passages played over and over again; there would be time for discussion, and, above all, for reflection. Every town and village should have a local chamber-music organization giving occasional informal concerts. Under these circumstances a sympathetic intimacy would soon be established between the performers and listeners and the music itself. The inevitable and indiscriminate pianoforte lesson is an obstacle to this much-desired arrangement. Some of our children should be taught the violin or the violoncello in preference to the pianoforte; then the family circle could hear sonatas for violin and pianoforte by Bach, Mozart,

Beethoven, or Brahms, and could accomplish what years of attendance at symphony concerts could not bring about.

Chamber-music has also the great advantage of being simple in detail; one can easily follow the four strands of melody in a string quartette, whereas the orchestra leaves one breathless and confused. The practice of chamber-music by amateurs would be one of the very best means of building up true musical taste. I cannot dwell too insistently on the fact that the majority of those people who do not care for such music would soon learn to care for it if they had opportunities to listen to it under such conditions as I have described. The argument proves itself, without the abundant evidence of individuals who have gone through the experience. Furthermore, by cultivating music in this way, we should gradually break down some of the social conditions which now operate against the art. If we all knew more about it and loved it for itself, we should give over our present worship of technique. We should put the performer where he belongs as an interpreter of a greater man's ideas. By our uncritical adulations we place him on far too high a pedestal.

I have spoken of certain social conditions which affect music unfavorably. There has always been a certain outcry against music because of its supposed emotionalism. The eye of cold intelligence, seeing the music-lover enthralled by a symphony, raises its lid in icy contempt for such a creature of feeling; the sociologist, observing musical performers, wonders why music seems to effect the appearance and the conduct of some of them so unfavorably. The pedagogue who has his correct educational formula which operates like an adding machine, and automatically turns out a certain number of mechanically educated children, each with a diploma clutched in a nervous hand, tolerates music because it makes a pleasant break in diploma-giving at graduation time, and because it pleases the parents. The business man leaves music to his wife and daughter and is willing to subscribe to a symphony orchestra provided he does not have to go to hear it play.

Now, if the sociologist would put himself in the place of the singer who, endowed by nature with a fine voice, is able, on account of a public indifferently educated in music, to gain applause and an undue sum of money, even though he has never achieved education of any sort whatever — if the sociologist would but think a little *about sociology*, he would perhaps finally understand that he himself is very likely at fault. For it is more than likely that he knows almost nothing about this art which is one of the greatest forces at his disposal. He is, perhaps, one of the large number of persons who make musical conditions what they are. Public performers are the victims, not the criminals. We must remember of old how disastrous has been the isolation of any class of workers from their fellows.

I have referred in this and the preceding article to certain unities in symphonic music — in its several elements of rhythm, melody, and harmony, and in the whole. I have said that every object is unified in itself, and that it is a part of a greater whole. In this sense a symphony is a living thing — every member of it has its own function, and contributes a necessary part to the whole. But is not this equally true if we carry the argument into life itself and say, 'Here is a thing of beauty created by man; it is a part of him, one of his star-gleams'? Why is it that this, so necessary to him in his thralldom, is disregarded by him, or used only as a plaything? Can his spirit hope for free-

dom if he depends on his mind only? Is there not something even dangerous to him in permitting these magic waves of sound to beat vainly against him? Is the satisfaction of material or intellectual achievement enough? Is there not a realm where he would breathe a purer air and be happier because he would be beyond all those unanswerable questions which forever cry a halt to his ambitions — a realm where his doubts would find the only possible answer?

Of course this brings us back to the old problem. Many men and women have allowed this beautiful thing to escape them — and are by just so much the poorer. In many cases it is impossible to regain the lost heritage; no intimate relation between life and music is possible, for the musical faculty has become atrophied. But the children! Every one of them might be and should be educated in music. Every one of them should be taught to sing beautiful songs, and should listen to music which they cannot perform. Let us stop sacrificing them to the old conventions of the 'music lesson.' Remembering the few who can perform music well, let us teach them to perform it and to love it; remembering the many who are capable only of loving it, and of understanding it, let us set ourselves consciously to the task of so educating them that, when they are as old as we are, they will not be in our unfortunate condition of musical obtuseness. Moral idealism is not enough for the spirit of men and women, for, humanity being what it is, morality is bound to crystallize into dogma. The Puritans were moral in their own fashion, but they were as far away from what man's life ought to be, under the stars, and with the flowers blooming at his feet — as were the gay courtiers whom they despised.

Intellectual idealism is not sufficient, because it lacks sympathy. Idealism in buying and selling belongs to the millennium. We all need something that shall be entirely detached from life, and at the same time, wholly true to it. Our spirit needs some joyousness which objects, ideas, or possessions cannot give it. We *must* have a world beyond the one we know — a world not of jasper and diamonds, but of dreams and visions. It must be an illusion to our senses, a reality to our spirit. It must tell us the truth in terms we cannot understand, for it is not given to us to know in any other way.

APPRAISEMENT

BY ELIZABETH ASHE

To Margaret Reid the headlines of the evening paper had for a moment the effect of being yesterday's news, so clearly was the apprehension, the suspicion of the last months blazoned there in the two lines of clear type. That her husband had committed suicide seemed also a fact known before. Alan Reid had taken his life in a Philadelphia hotel, having been detected in the misappropriation of trust funds: the woman named in a note found upon his person was his secretary.

It was only when Margaret had ploughed through three columns of sordid detail that the storm held back by her desire to know, to know everything, broke over her. When she lifted her bowed head she was quiet, her bitterness hardened into strength.

There were many things to be done; but the first telegram she sent was to his mother, whom she loved. 'Expect me Friday.' It was brief, yet its very brevity would give support. This was Tuesday.

As the cab stopped, she looked eagerly up at the house; but it gave no sign.

Katie came to the door and took her bag.

'She's been waiting for you, Miss Margaret. But maybe' — Katie was looking at her with affectionate anxiety — 'you'll take your things off first; the heat has been awful.'

'Perhaps I had better go right up to her, Katie.'

Yet she stopped for a moment in the dim hall. Opposite was the parlor, the abiding place of the orphaned furniture of various branches of the family and of incongruities reminiscent of the struggling Montana days. The ranch which Mrs. Reid had managed alone after her husband's death paid in eleven years sufficiently for her to bring Alan East among her people. Margaret, looking into the pleasant, jumbled room, had the choking realization that the house was unchanged, only — only something had died in it just as something had died in her. A mirror reflected her pale hair clinging damply about her forehead; the pale stern oval of her face; her tired eyes. Her black dress with its austere thin line of white at the throat softened nothing. 'I must n't break down,' she told herself, as she went up the stairs.

Her mother-in-law's door was half open.

'Is that you, Margaret?'

It was an old, thin voice, but with a note of heartening.

Margaret went in, seeing only the dark eyes that waited. She had come to give comfort, at least to give love; but she stood, unable to speak, her lips twitching in their effort for control.

Mrs. Reid held out her hand.

With the affectionately compelling gesture, the moan of Margaret's heart escaped.

'O mother, how could he! How could he do it!' And as she knelt quivering at his mother's chair the cry went up again. 'How could he do it, do everything, mother, in the cruelest way!'

She did not heed the tremor that went through his mother's body, which at her first words had braced itself to meet pain. She did not heed anything. She must pour out the choking bitterness at her feet. It was a flood that would not be stayed, even for mercy's sake.

'Sit down in that chair, Margaret, and then, then tell me — you must n't be afraid.'

She obeyed blindly. Her veil had fallen over her face. She removed the pins of her hat with shaking fingers.

'I hoped you would never have to know,' — she was trying to speak quietly. 'I think it began a year ago this summer. You remember I was away two months, nursing my father, and the heat in New York was very terrible. I knew it, but my father was dying. I thought he needed me more than Alan did. When I came home I felt there was something wrong. We had been so happy, mother!'

'Yes.'

'Oh, can't you understand — I could bear it if she had been just a little worthy of him, just a little lovely! I've met her. She forced herself upon me in Philadelphia. She's the sort that makes scenes, you know. She's — she's cheap. And he — evidently — liked to be with her. He wanted what she had to give him — the cheapness, mother. He *chose* it.' Her stern, sweet mouth trembled. 'You think I'm hard, but I was n't hard. I waited, not knowing, only fearing and dreading, but I waited. I thought if I went on loving him, — just being myself, his wife, — that he would find his way back to me. But I did n't know quite the depth of the sordidness, I did n't know the facts. Have n't you suspected anything?'

'I thought he seemed not — not quite like himself when he was here on my last birthday; but I did n't suspect.'

His mother's gaze was fixed on a small stuffed bird standing in a corner of her desk. Margaret became aware that the desk was littered with letters, with odds and ends, as though the contents of a drawer had been spilled out. She went on, her voice a little more even, a little harder.

'The funds he — stole belonged to three sisters, elderly women; they were quite dependent upon them. Of course now, they will not suffer. I've already put the house into the hands of an agent, and the furniture will go at auction — it's pretty good furniture. We picked it up, piece by piece. I shall soon be able to pay a good part of their money back. I'm not afraid of things. I can meet life as it comes — after a fashion. He was too cowardly to meet it — so he killed himself.' Her passion burst through her frozen speech. 'Don't you suppose that even after everything I would have helped him and stood by him, if only he had come to me? He was afraid even to come!'

She paused a moment. She must not break down, she must fight back the tears.

'He — left a letter,' — she did not see the eagerness in the waiting eyes,— 'asking me to "forgive him." I burned it. I've burned all his letters.'

'O Margaret!' It was the first time his mother had cried out.

'The less I keep, the easier it will be to forget! I've got to live.' Even to her own ears her voice grated harshly. She added, with more gentleness, 'It's the only way, mother.'

'Is it? I'm not sure, Margaret. I've been looking over things to-day, a lot of Alan's that I've never been able to part with. I'm a sentimental person, I suppose. I get attached to things.' She glanced with smiling tenderness at the stuffed bird. 'That was the least trouble to me of all the child's foundlings. It died, poor thing, in spite of coddling,

and he was so heart-broken. I had to have it stuffed to comfort him.' She laughed unsteadily. 'I've kept it — somehow.'

Margaret listened pitifully. She could be pitiful now that the force of her bitterness had spent itself. She was only terribly tired now.

'I have n't any pictures of him as a little boy or a baby,' his mother went on. It was as though talking created for her an illusion of happiness. 'We did n't have kodaks in Montana then, you know, and I wanted pictures of him. He was such a dear baby, Margaret — the dearest, I think, any woman ever had. I used to believe he understood that there was no time on a ranch for a baby, because he seemed so willing to help bring himself up. He was n't any real trouble at all, just a bit of happiness through all those hard years. And yet, I think he was the greatest joy after he grew up and went to college and wrote letters. I was reading one of them just before you came.'

Her hand had found several sheets open on the desk before her.

Through Margaret's fatigue, through the numbness of her heart, shot cruel pain. She had burned his letters, yet the familiar scrawl was more his self than he had been through the long months of her doubt; each character stabbed through to her love for him.

Her mother-in-law looked up. 'You know he always avoided the stereotyped forms of address or signatures. This just begins, "Mother! Am I a hero or a prig? The class are having a smoker and I'm not at it because of our scapegrace Cousin Ed. Aunt Amy wrote me tearfully, imploring me to 'do' something. And Ed is n't the sort to be 'done.' You've got to deal tactfully with Ed. So I mounted the water wagon and, like the good-natured cub he is, he climbed up beside me 'for company.' Every time I've had a hunch he was going to climb down, I've shown an alarming disposition to do it first. And he won't let me. He's really very stern about it, you know. That's why I'm not at the smoker, — nor is Ed. He's at the drug-store, enjoying lemonade. I guess, maybe, I'm not a Hero. Ed's a nice ass, worth keeping that, of course; but I hate lemonade!"

'It was clever of him, was n't it? I must read you another, Margaret.' His mother's voice was not old now: there was life in it. There was life in her weak body as she leaned forward. 'He wrote this the year he spent in Montana just after leaving college. He was pretty much used up, dear boy. So he went out to the mines a few miles from our old ranch. He got a "job" as pit-boss. It was n't arduous work but rather "occupying" as he says.' She turned over the page.

' "We rise at 6.30 from our blankets. Breakfast is immediate. At 7.30 the whistle blows and I ascend into my cabin on the tipple top where the scales are. Then follows the day's routine: unlatching the cars, weighing the coal and keeping the screens clean. I like it, and I don't mind the town. You know the type, mother — a mile of sprawling unpainted ugliness, with an outlook from the tipple of woods and long ribbons of prairie roads that run away among the trees. It's mostly raw and crude but you can get fun out of it — if you dance. Last night we had a dance at our boarding house (two-roomed tar-papered shack); we danced to a fiddle sawed at by one Tom Wilson — mostly quadrilles. The school-ma'am jigged and the McLean sisters did a Highland schottische. I made a hit with the school-ma'am (ring on third finger left). She is n't pretty but she certainly can jig — only I wish she would second my wit more nimbly.

' "Besides the dancing, there's the church. It was built four years ago by

a little consumptive missionary from the East. We set it going again. It's an institutional church, I being the Institution mostly, though there's a basket-ball, a croquet set, and an ice-cream freezer too. I preach Sunday morning — no one else would. Don't laugh, mother, I don't preach anything much, just the Fear of the Lord. It was n't for nothing that I browsed among grandfather's Hell-and-Damnation sermons last summer. The old man must chuckle if he's where they let him chuckle. I'm also superintendent (*pro-tem*) of the Sunday School, forty little kids who were growing up without the slightest idea as to who made 'em. There is good in these people and promise of better for the next generation ! In the fall I want to begin a night school for the miners — arithmetic and first aid to the injured, $1 a week from each. My philanthropies are going to be self-supporting! Perhaps I can start a savings bank. It will steady them to save. And yet, mother, ice-cream freezers and banks don't strike at the roots of Sin (I follow grandfather's capitalization here). If environment, education, etc., make people good, whyfore the Unholy Rich? There's logic for you, and my experience in the settlement last winter supports it. To get character you've got to get religion — some kind of religion; and for the miners this is a personal God and a very personal Hell. It's a flabby age, ours, which would put the responsibility on society instead of on the individual. I may be a heathen (I feel like such a jolly one at times), but I'm a Presbyterian too." '

Mrs. Reid slowly folded the closely written sheets together.

'Alan was so much like his grandfather, Margaret. Only the righteousness he loved was n't quite as sober.' She smiled. 'We had so many talks, Alan and I. Sometimes after them I'd cry a little; not that — I had n't kept my ideals — but in knocking about so I'd parted with most of my illusions — and he had them all because he was young and very fine and high. You began to know him just about that time. You remember what he was then? I think you once said you loved him for the things he loved. He was wonderful, then, Margaret. You remember, don't you?'

It touched Margaret, her clinging to the past.

'Yes,' she answered, gently, 'he was all you say, but —' She did not mean to snatch away the poor comfort, only bitterness stronger than her pity welled up again. 'Mother, what is the use of remembering what he was, when I know what he is?'

It was cruel, yet she said it.

His mother's dark eyes glowed out of the still pallor of her face.

'Past and present make One, for mothers, Margaret. They make One, I believe, for the Judge of all the earth. Is n't a life a whole? Was n't he Alan when he was just a baby — when he was a little boy — when he was a senior at college? Was n't he Alan when you wrote — I've kept the letter — that he made your days a shining happiness? Was he Alan only beginning with a year ago this summer, when you say "things started"? I'm his mother. It's the way of mothers to pardon. But I know what he has done. I read the paper Tuesday evening. I read every terrible accusing word. I not only read them, but something within me said they were true. And your brief telegram confirmed my certainty. I have n't denied, have I, one bit of his guilt? When you said he stole — did I say he did n't? When you called him cruel, cheap, sordid, a coward, — did I say he was n't that? I could n't say it, because it's true — the evidence has been before me, the stained rags of his honor. I have n't denied nor have I excused.

He had no excuse. No one is to be blamed. He was n't a "victim of society." You see, I'm old-fashioned, too. He's responsible for the sin of his own soul. I'm not hiding my eyes from the stains — only — I'm his mother. I've been his mother since before he was born. I see the stains but I see more clearly the white ground which they soil. I see the whole of him. And the whole of him was not cruel, the whole of him was n't disloyal, the whole of him was not a coward; the whole of him is Alan.'

The last words barely reached Margaret where she sat, her face hidden in her hands. She sat there through the still minutes, while the sun set thickly behind the trees across the street. She was not aware of the darkening room, or of the stifling heat, scarcely of his mother. She only knew that Alan had been given her to love.

But could she love him? To his mother the knowledge of his guilt had come so swiftly as to make it unreal. His mother's integrity of mind could accept the brutal facts in a newspaper while her heart believed in the dearness of his letters, in the talks that had voiced the longing of his high youth.

'I'm a heathen, but I'm a Presbyterian.' Margaret quivered as the words repeated themselves. The whimsical remark was so like him — not the person who had spelled foreboding and wretchedness, but like Alan. And it was true of him. From the first she had seen, though without understanding, the struggle between the Calvinistic sturdiness which would call this a 'flabby age' and the paganism hating 'lemonade.' And he was a pagan in his love of life, of all life. *Tristan* and a 'show' were, according to his mood, equally satisfying.

'But you are such an inveterately perfect lady,' he laughed at her once; and when she had replied hotly, 'And what are you if not a patrician, Alan Reid?' he looked contrite. 'Guilty — but somehow I really *like* common people and their commonness. I guess I like about everything.'

She smiled, involuntarily, and with her suddenly cleared vision it came to her that Alan's secretary that hot, weary summer had not seemed to him cheap but human. And afterward, when the wrong was done, perhaps she had still seemed human; for he was not only a genial pagan but a Presbyterian, too.

And his voice was recovering for her other words — gay, thoughtful, tender; and not words only, but dear experiences. She recalled an afternoon during their engagement when they had walked out into the country — a soft, May afternoon — and Alan had talked as she lay looking up through apple-blossoms into a quivering blue sky. She had covered his eager hands.

'Why, Alan, you could n't be more dear than you are,' she had said to him.

'Oh, yes,' he answered, 'lots more.'

One night, the third anniversary of their marriage, — she remembered the gown worn to celebrate it, a blue and silver thing which Alan thought made moonshine of her, — he had thanked her for helping the dreams to come true.

Yet her own dreams had not been realized. She had wanted children becuse she loved them and because Alan loved them even more. Finally a child came, living only a few hours, and two years later another, stillborn. It was Alan who had told her, his face full of pity, and of strength for her taking, and he had loved her back to health.

Yet through the remembrance of his saving gentleness came words that would always ring in her ears: 'You had better not look, Mrs. Reid.' And she saw the room in the Philadelphia hotel and the still thing lying covered there. In the hot glare of her misery

she saw his disloyalty, his weakness; the idealism which in his youth fought to win had lost its vitality; it was there, but only as a mourner after the fact. Oh, it was true of him, the sin, she saw it — but — but — the gentleness, the sweet strength had been true of him too. And she wanted it, she turned to it as she had turned in that other hour of desolation when she knew that her baby was born dead. She was wanting, needing to love him now. She had wished to forget in order to live; but forgetting, forgetting the dearness, the joy, the very grief that had been Alan, forgetting was not living, it was death. She could deal with the sweet, the sorry truths only if she accepted them all. So should she live by loving.

And the love that swept back into her heart, as a warm quickening tide, was pain. There had been little pain these last few days, only bitterness. Now every quivering memory ached. Her heart was alive and loving him. And the whole of him, since even for love she could not part with her integrity, meant the stains too: it meant the present as well as the past. She faced the ugliness, realizing that though it might fade in time, yet it would be always there, disfiguring the whole that was his self. But she was accepting it since she could not take it away. She was bearing it for him, sharing it with him. That was all she could do for him now — just love him.

If she could only do more than that! All the dark months before he had become some one alien she had longed to stretch out her hands to him. If he were not dead, if he were living now, now when her heart was purged of fear, of doubt, of resentment, now when she was just loving, why, together they would make the brave future. She knew they could do it, love would do it. If only his last act had not been final — if there could be a future — not to redeem the present but to complete it. As long as one lived, there could be no finality. But he was dead.

Out of her pain, her longing, went her cry to him. The name made no sound in the still room, but as its echo came back to her it was not a name. It was life itself — Alan's life in her love.

A slight stir caused her to look up. Katie had brought in a lamp and put it in the corner of the room. His mother had sunk back in her chair, utterly spent. Her eyes were fixed on Margaret's face. For the first time, she asked something. And Margaret could give.

'Mother!' She bent forward, laying reverent fingers upon the cold hands. 'I've been — remembering, too. Don't you think that if we love him, you and I, if we love him every day, that he will live, that he will go on living — very beautifully — in our love?' Her voice broke though she smiled through her tears. 'Past and present are only a part of a life, mother. There's the future, the long future to complete him. He will go on — with us, dear.'

She left her place. She could not bear the flame of joy she had kindled. She gathered the worn body against her breast, holding it as she might have held a child, as she might have held Alan. 'O mother!' In her voice, in her straining arms, was her yearning that never should be quite satisfied, and her tenderness.

VIOLA'S LOVERS

A STUDY IN THE NEW MORALITY

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL

I SOMETIMES think that our relations with our children, or our pets, are successful because we expect nothing in return. Yet, after all, the relations are reciprocal; and I have been thinking to-day of some of the things I have got from an old dog who has been in our family for years and years. I have learned several spiritual truths from her, and I have learned them more thoroughly, perhaps, because she never had the slightest idea that she was teaching me anything. Dogs, of course, show various characteristics — some are snobs, others take naturally to a low life, others again are aristocratic and reticent and self-controlled; but I have never known a dog yet that you could describe as exactly a moralist.

Viola came to us out of the primeval woods with an effect of apparitional beauty. Rather a poetic name for a dog, perhaps; but there was such a union of grace and timidity, such a charm of silken draperies and russet ruff and tail almost sweeping the ground, that we were irresistibly reminded of a Viola we had seen recently. It was as if the dog said mutely, 'What should I do in Illyria?'

She had evidently been through a terrible experience. A broken rope was around her neck; she was as gaunt as a wolf; her eyes were almost iridescent with terror, like the wonderful eyes of some hysteriacs.

> Imprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
> And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes!

We did n't adopt Viola; she adopted us. She followed us to the tent where we were spending the summer, and there she stayed with us, to remain on guard when we were away, to welcome us on our return with such a show of abject gratitude. I don't think a male dog could have shown such a union of love and fear; her spirit had evidently been broken; it became our task to lure her confidence back again — and here began my own education. If I spoke with — well, decision to my wife, poor Viola slunk to the ground. She thought the tone was meant for her. I would never claim to be a model husband, but I did learn from Viola, theoretically at least, that one can have good manners even in the privacy of the family circle.

More rapidly than we could have expected, Viola's terrors left her, and she resumed the normal canine outlook on life, like humans I have known who have managed to counteract the false starts of their early childhood — obsessions regarding dark closets, snakes, or an avenging Deity.

I am not going to dwell on the intelligence Viola manifested after she had freed herself from fear. All dogs are wonderful, even when they are not intelligent. The most stupid dog I know mopes around the house and refuses to eat whenever his master is away, thus

evincing an emotional sensibility more valuable than the smartness of the most Frenchified of poodles that ever trod the vaudeville stage. Unlike a collie of my acquaintance, Viola did not keep the woodbox replenished; nor had she a vocabulary of several hundred words, like another collie that I know. Still, she had an aptitude to learn spelling. When it was inadvisable to take her out for a walk, we spelled the words, vainly trying to conceal the fact from her, as we would from a child; and often, to this day, people stop me on the road, and ask if I am the owner of the dog that knows how to spell.

What I want to dwell on is my own education rather than Viola's, and this began in earnest after we had moved to the real country, and lived in a little farmhouse without any farm. Viola was a lovely ornament to the dooryard; but it seemed a pity that there were no flocks or herds to evoke her ministering care. We did n't even keep chickens; we were ostensibly in the country to cultivate thoughts, — such as they were, — and while Viola might be said to inspire thoughts, they hardly gave her the necessary exercise. A collie should have a run of ten miles every day, and it was pathetic to see Viola lying in the dooryard, ears erect, eyes eager, watching, waiting, hoping for something to happen. I should not be surprised if her very eagerness attracted the thing she longed for.

Our next-door neighbor, a man fully as fond of dogs as myself, was early attracted to her. He had recently lost his own dog, and asked if he might borrow Viola to help him catch his chickens, and if she might accompany him on the long drive he took every day through the countryside. With perfect good will, and in utter innocence, I consented. Little did I dream, as they say in the novels, of what lay before me.

I had an idea that Viola would understand that she was merely loaned for these expeditions; that she would come back from them with undiminished loyalty, grateful to me for having given her a chance for exercise. But our friendly neighbor had a very taking way with dogs. Aside from the wonderful trips, which were enough to turn the head of any collie, he knew how to talk dog-language better than I did. He knew how to pinch a dog's ear in the most seductive manner. With him, doggishness was both an art and a science.

There was nothing lovelier than the sight of Viola rounding up the chickens, shepherding them into their houses, holding down a recalcitrant pullet with her paw, or bringing in her mouth a dowager hen to her foster-father. If I had the gift of a sculptor and wished to carve a personification of pride, I think I should depict Viola bringing in a chicken — her tail aloft, like a plume of triumph, her eyes shining, stepping over imaginary obstacles like a high-manège horse with an air of dignity that was really ludicrous. If an unlucky chicken got away from her, away she went across meadows, and over walls, her beautiful voice vibrating through the landscape, sometimes breaking to an octave higher in her excitement.

It was fun to see her scour ahead of the wagon when her new master took her out to help him pick up eggs. It was charming to see her come home sitting on the seat beside him, tired but still eager, looking to right and left, sniffing the air, learning all sorts of smell secrets which are closed forever to our supposedly superior human consciousness. Is it any wonder that it was necessary for me to go next door to get her, and that she followed me along the path with a certain droopy air that was hardly flattering?

There is not much in the literary life that would interest an outdoor dog. I felt somewhat like a dry-as-dust professor married to a young and attractive wife who is being taken to all the routs and parties throughout the neighborhood by a disgustingly youthful and handsome cavalier. I know nothing quite so shriveling to the soul as jealousy, nor anything so hard to fight against. I reasoned that Viola's expeditions were doing her good, that I ought to be grateful for them, and I repeated the antediluvian fallacy that my jealousy was only indicative of my love. Nothing that I could say to myself made any difference; and if I were in danger of forgetting how I felt, there were plenty of other persons to remind me.

'Well,' said the fishman, 'I guess you don't know whether that dog is yours or Lysander's!' And my most intimate friend remarked genially, 'If I had a dog, I'd want it to be *my* dog, or I would n't want to have any.'

It was bad enough to bear the sympathy of the community; it was worse to witness the triumph of my rival. Often, after I had brought home the drooping Viola, Lysander would follow after her. Instantly she revived like flowers in water. She smiled, she was even coquettish. They began a lengthy conversation I could not understand — little sounds from him, little grunts from her. If, by any chance, through a belated sense of duty, she happened to remain beside my chair, he surreptitiously snapped his fingers and made little sucking sounds that he fancied were inaudible, and then she sidled over to his chair.

If jealousy is an index of one's love, it is strange that, the more jealous I became of Lysander, the less I loved Viola. 'Well, *let* her stay with him,' I said to myself. 'I guess he won't object to having me pay the license.'

She did stay; she sometimes stayed all night; and few things in my life have been more humiliating than my visits to get her.

Lysander was glad to see me, oh, my, yes! He welcomed me with a crooked sardonic smile that I understood thoroughly. Viola knew just as well as he did why I had come, and pretended to take an interest in the wall-paper. As we walked home along the path, I scolded her, and she slunk to the ground and asked my pardon. Was there anything in her life that could make her conscious of any evil? Of course not. Without realizing it, I was exercising a sort of spiritual coercion over her. I was really condemning her for what was a true expression of collie life; but she accepted my suggestion of evil. I have often wondered since, how many persons in the human realm are suffering from a sense of sin as false as hers was. Of course, I did not philosophize the situation at the time. I simply felt disquietude when I was with her. This disquietude increased rapidly until I apparently disliked her; and I suppose that in my feeling for her there was actually an element of hate.

'Very well,' I said to myself in effect, 'there are better dogs in the world than ever were licensed. The next one I get, I'll keep for my very own.'

I had now reached my low spot — a centre of indifference; and if this were fiction, the reader might expect an ever-increasing objective crescendo from this point onward, culminating in a stirring climax. Possibly Viola would rescue me from a burning building, thus showing that she really loved me, after all. Unfortunately I am dealing with facts of a rather intangible nature. I have noticed that in life coffee and pistols for two are not called for so often as in literature. We pass the time of day with an acquaintance, discuss the play, and what not, little dreaming

that behind that smiling exterior a spiritual crisis may be taking place.

My crisis was rather interesting because it seemed almost physical. Not so much in the sub-conscious brain ganglia as in the sympathetic nerve-centres, the process was taking place — the reverse process of what had taken place during my period of jealousy. I could almost hear a spiritual clicking going on inside me, as if I were composed of children's blocks which had become disarranged and were being replaced in a symmetrical pattern. One by one, the filaments of possession were being broken — that sense which in its grossest terms is really a sort of fatuous pride. Say what we will, most of us feel that we deserve praise and tribute for having selected so attractive a wife, for having begotten such charming children. Having no longer any more of a proprietary interest in Viola than I had in the wild flowers, or the sea, or sky, I got a fresh eye on her. I could not help admiring her, and I could not help admiring her for herself alone. Having no longer any taint of possession, it was impossible for me to impose my will on her, so I adopted unconsciously the courtesy one shows to some one else's wife.

'Well, Viola,' I would say, 'do you want to come home to-night? You don't *have* to.'

She would look up and listen, cock her ears, consider the matter. Sometimes she would decide to stay with Lysander, and sometimes, strangely enough, she would decide to go home with me. If she came, she came happily, because she was exercising the prerogative of an independent creature. Her sense of sin or shame left her; and somehow we were all gainers, Lysander, Viola, and myself. He no longer snapped his fingers or made little sucking noises. These had been psychical reactions from my jealous emanations when we were struggling for Viola's favor; but we were now united in doing what we could to make her happy; and our friendship, which had suffered previously, in this new office became confirmed. What expansive talks we had about her! How he rushed over to tell me the latest example of her wisdom or affection; and when one expects nothing from a dog, it is rather pleasant to feel suddenly, while struggling with a sentence, a damp delightful nose inside your hand.

Sometimes I fancy that Viola, in forming her friendship for Lysander, had a prevision; for the time came when we had to leave her, and in whose hands could it be better to leave her than Lysander's and his wife's?

Most dog stories end with the death of the dog, but I can assure the reader that Viola is still very much alive. Not agile any longer, she has become a privileged parlor guest, for the stairs are too much for her. Sometimes she even finds it impossible to bury a bone, and then she goes through the pantomime of burying it. She knows we know she has n't really done it. Her assumption of achievement is ludicrous. Who says dogs have n't a sense of humor?

She is beautiful as old ladies are beautiful. If she wore a lace stomacher, she would make a magnificent Rembrandt — rich browns, tawny gold, and, in the heart of the picture, the spirit of her personality as mellow and pervasive as a flame.

I don't see Viola often nowadays, but what I gained by renouncing a purely personal interest in her has extended itself somehow beyond what we know as the realm of time and space. This sounds rather esoteric, but what I mean is that I am very happy whenever I think of her, whether I am with her or not. I feel very near her though we are separated by a hundred miles; and I should not be surprised if, in the muf-

fled 'Woof! Woof!' of her dreams, she often lives again what I happen to be thinking of at the moment — wonderful runs with Teddy, the cocker spaniel, or the homeric combat with the woodchuck beside Simon Brook.

As I sit thinking of Viola, there happens to come into my mind, by one of those odd associations that have so little logic in them, an apparently trivial incident that took place a day or so ago. A couple of little girls stopped me on Arlington Street, Boston, and asked the way to Marlboro Street. It chanced that I was going to Marlboro Street myself, and I offered to conduct them there, but they were walking in the leisurely way of children, taking in everything on the way, and I soon outstripped them. At the corner of Marlboro Street, however, I turned and waved to them to indicate that this was the street they wanted, and they waved back to show that they understood.

That was apparently the end of the incident; but two or three blocks up Marlboro Street, something impelled me to turn. The children had found the street, they were following safely, they were evidently watching me; for as soon as I turned, they waved again. As I went up the steps of the house where I had an appointment, I looked back for the third time. The children, now become almost fairy-like figures, were still watching me. Up went their hands and up went mine, and across the long length of city street, we waved in greeting and farewell.

I don't know why the incident should have seemed to contain an element of real beauty. I was reminded of George E. Woodberry's poem in which a somewhat similar incident is celebrated. A boy, you remember, while playing, ran heedlessly into the poet, and the poem ends, —

> It was only the clinging touch
> Of a child in a city street;
> It hath made the whole day sweet.

What struck me even more than the beauty of my adventure was the quality of permanence that it seemed to wear. In my under-consciousness, there was something immortal about it. Can it be possible that our casual relations, where love is, — our relations with children, or with strangers whom we shall never see again, or with the lower animals whose span of life is necessarily very limited, — can it be possible that these relations are less ephemeral than we think? Would it be too much to hope that the relation between Viola and myself is a small but permanent addition to the store of worthwhile things?

LLOYD GEORGE AND THE COUP D'ÉTAT

BY A BRITISH OBSERVER

I

THE fall of the Asquith Ministry and the accession of Mr. Lloyd George to supreme power is a momentous event in more senses than one. It expresses a phase of anxiety in regard to the war that is new, general, and very deeply felt. Neither Parliament nor the country, it is true, had any direct part in the crisis that led to the *bouleversement.* The disruption came from within the Cabinet, but it could not have succeeded had there not been both in Parliament and in the country a general sense of disquiet.

That disquiet was the inevitable consequence of the singular turn of events which followed on the intervention of Roumania in the war. The uninterrupted story of failure on the part of the Allies in 1915 had been followed in 1916 by an almost equally uninterrupted story of success. The German failure at Verdun, the Austrian failure in the Trentino, the Russian advance in Galicia, and the Anglo-French offensive on the Somme seemed together to give an absolute assurance of ultimate and even speedy victory. The Central Powers, to all appearance, were at last securely held. The Allies had overtaken them in equipment and more than overtaken them in man-power; the pressure of British sea-power was exercising an increasing influence upon the economic position of Germany, and all the evidence went to show that the temper of the enemy had been seriously lowered. The announcement that Roumania, after trembling on the brink of war for nearly two years, had at last joined the Allies seemed to complete the hopefulness of the outlook. When Roumania comes in, said every one, the end will be in sight. And for a moment the forecast seemed assured of fulfillment. The advance into Transylvania apparently added a new and formidable threat to the Central Powers, and the retirement of Bulgaria from the struggle was anticipated, nowhere so strongly as in Roumania itself. But the promise was extraordinarily delusive. There is no doubt that Roumania intervened in a rather headlong fashion, on her own initiative, with her own strategic conceptions, and at a moment when the Germans, after checking the Russian advance in Galicia, were in a position to release men and material for the Roumanian theatre.

Hindenburg, who at this moment superseded Falkenhayn as head of the German General Staff, seized his opportunity with a masterly grip. He had always been the advocate of a policy of action in the East and of defense in the West, and with the German failure at Verdun he was given a free hand. He used it to crush the newcomer. Material, military, and political considerations alike sanctioned the stroke. The defeat of Roumania would make the Balkan position secure and strengthen Constantine's hand in Greece; it would revive the drooping prestige of German arms; it would threaten the Russian left and the position of Russia on the Black Sea, and it would give Ger-

many what she badly needed — new supplies of corn and oil. The stroke was brilliantly planned and brilliantly executed. It created a profound reaction in the mind of England, which had come to regard the tide of the war as having finally turned. At the same time, the renewal of the submarine campaign on a new and more menacing plan added to the public disquiet, and the general complaint that the government were slow to act gathered volume and impetus and prepared the way for Mr. Lloyd George's *coup*.

That that *coup* had been long contemplated is matter of common knowledge. In the early months of the war Mr. George, like all the statesmen and politicians, had been overshadowed by the prestige of Lord Kitchener; but with the 'shell' episode of May, 1915, he emerged into prominence as the active and bustling spirit of the struggle. His genius accommodated itself to a world in convulsion more readily than that of any of his colleagues. That world gave him the conditions of free action which appealed most to a mind imperious, wayward, empirical, impatient of tradition and restraint. During the four years preceding the war he had made politics in England a thrilling and unprecedented drama of action. The impetus of his genius, at once emotional, supple, and incalculable, had swept the Liberal chariot out of its traditional path across new and virgin territory. The old school, attached to their doctrines and their principles, watched the astonishing adventurer with admiration qualified by many disquiets; but the agility of the performer overcame all resistance. It was the very necromancy of politics.

But the disquiets continued, and there were plenty who saw party disruption approaching. Mr. George saw it more clearly than any one. He hated the restraints of party and his impatient sciolism chafed under the dominance of theories, precedents, and tradition. His political heroes were the adventurers like Chamberlain, the rude invaders of the comfortable parlors of thought, not the Burkes and Gladstones who reverenced the past and saw society as an august growth of liberty, widening out from precedent to precedent, but always true to the spirit of its ancient root. His touch with historic Liberalism was casual and superficial, the product of his Welsh upbringing, of the hatred of a village boy brought up under the shadow of an agrarian tyranny, and of a Nonconformist resentment against the pretensions of a privileged Church. It was alien alike to the Whiggism of Burke and the modern conceptions of Liberalism of which Charles James Fox was the author and inspirer. It was equally remote from the doctrinairism of the Socialists. Anything like theory, in short, was the very east wind to his spirit of impulsive opportunism, and it was observed during the fiscal controversy that he was the least convinced and least convincing exponent among the Liberals of the free-trade position which rested upon a foundation of economic thought and upon principles rather than expedients. In a word, his conception of politics was revolutionary and empirical, and it was characteristic of him that the one historical period on which his mind dwelt was the French Revolution, particularly the years from 1793 to 1797.

Even before the war there had been much speculation about a new alignment of parties, the break-up of the old party system, and the emergence of a new National Party which was to be neither Tory nor Liberal, neither Socialist nor Monopolist, but a mixture of all interests, based on practical necessities and bargainings rather than upon principles, with 'business' as its watch-

word and activism as its driving wheel. Mr. George and Mr. Churchill were known to be coquetting with this idea, though it seemed only an academic exercise of adventurous and wayward minds.

But the war made the idea a practical possibility. I think there is no doubt that, almost from the beginning, Mr. George was seized with the notion of scrapping the old party system and creating out of the *débris* a new engine of political activity of which he would be the natural expression and director. The obstacle in the path was the Old Guard of the Liberal Party, of which Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and Lord Haldane were the representative figures. They must be removed if the Liberal Party was to be thrown into the melting-pot and the way made clear for a new political dispensation. Given the purpose and a willingness to use any means to achieve it, the circumstances of the time made it relatively easy of accomplishment. Burke once said that to tax and be popular was as impossible as to love and be wise. Certainly, to govern in war-time and be popular is an achievement which is unthinkable in a democratic society. In the early stages of the war the agitations and alarms were too insistent for much internal conflict, and the Liberal government, by general consent, dealt with an unprecedented situation with great success.

But with the 'shell' episode and the conflict at the Admiralty between Lord Fisher and Mr. Churchill over the Dardanelles the signs of disruption appeared. Behind the apparent conflicts, the real conflict was becoming visible to the farsighted. It was a conflict between Mr. Asquith and Mr. George. In such a conflict waged in such an atmosphere of rumors, alarms, and passions, the odds were all in favor of the younger man. Mr. Asquith was singularly detached and aloof from the popular mind. He neither used the press, nor placated it. He was the least demonstrative man who ever appealed to a democracy, and was not so much indifferent to the limelight as contemptuous of it. Mr. George, on the other hand, had an extraordinary popular genius, used the press with great skill, had an incomparable gift of *réclame*, and was always in the public eye and on the crest of every wave. He had already come into touch with Lord Northcliffe, and all the enormous engine which the press monopolist controlled began to work against the government. The government fell, but the end aimed at was not achieved. Mr. Asquith did not resign, but reconstructed his Cabinet on the basis of a coalition. In that Coalition he included representative men of all parties. He was dominated by the single idea of preserving the unity of the country in the face of the enemy, and the measure of his devotion to that idea may be gathered from the fact that he consented to exclude from his Cabinet his life-long friend Lord Haldane, on whom an attack of peculiar virulence and malevolence had been concentrated.

The meaning of that attack was not obscure. The historic Liberal Party rested, as has been said, upon a triumvirate consisting of Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and Lord Haldane. If the party was to go, the triumvirate must be broken up, and Lord Haldane was chosen as the subject of attack because he was the most vulnerable. He had had intellectual sympathies with German philosophy and German methods in the past, and it was easy to travesty those sympathies and to organize a mob campaign against him on the ground that he was a pro-German. It was calculated that, if he fell, Sir Edward Grey, who was his most devoted friend, would go with

him. Mr. Asquith yielded to the clamor, and we know now that Sir Edward Grey wished to retire. Had he gone, Mr. Asquith could hardly have survived, and the object of the attack would have been accomplished at once. Sir Edward Grey, however, finally consented to continue in office and the Coalition started, apparently with every prospect of public approval.

But that prospect hardly survived a day. The new government was instantly subjected by the Northcliffe press to a ceaseless and reckless attack, directed now against this member of the Coalition, now against that, but always against those who were known to be Asquith men. Even the Conservatives, like Mr. Balfour and Mr. Bonar Law, did not escape, for they had committed the unforgivable offense of falling under the influence which the magnanimous and public-spirited attitude of Mr. Asquith exercised over his colleagues. Once the attack o'er-leaped itself. Lord Northcliffe measured swords with Lord Kitchener and came instantly to grief. But the campaign against the government within and without the House was not checked. As Mr. Duke, a responsible and respected member of the House of Commons, observed, every afternoon produced a new cabal and every other day a new crisis. No weapon was too gross to use against the government, no disaster too serious to be exploited for the same end, no position too delicate to be outraged for a placard and a headline. The trick of learning what the government intended to do in this direction or that, then raising a loud clamor for it, and, when it was accomplished, claiming a new victory over the 'wobblers,' was employed with astonishing unscrupulousness.

Mr. Asquith staggered on with his vast burden. His patience was unfailing; his determination to keep the government together survived every new assault. It has been said truly enough that he failed to deal with the press terrorism, and that, failing to deal with it, his fall was inevitable. But he knew that if he suppressed Lord Northcliffe he would have to face an open rupture with Mr. George, whose association with the great newspaper-owner was now notorious. Mr. Asquith would not face that rupture. He was convinced that it would be fatal and that it would lead to disruption in the country, to the growth of faction, the strengthening of all the anti-war influences, and fatal reactions on the solidarity, not only of the nation, but of the Allies. It was this fear, joined to his habitual scorn of the press, that through nearly eighteen months allowed his enemies an undisputed field of operations.

They had ample material for their task. The waging of war is always a gamble with the unknown, and even the most triumphant war is only a balance between great successes and great failures, in regard to which a just verdict cannot be delivered until the last shot has been fired. The possibilities of failure in the present war were on an unprecedented scale. The Allies were geographically separated; their interests were extraordinarily diverse; their forms of government ranged from autocracy to republicanism. No power was in the position, as in the case of the Central Empires, to impose its strategy and its will on its Allies. There were innumerable failures due to these causes, and all of them, no matter who was responsible, were visited on the government, or rather on that section of the government which stood by Mr. Asquith.

Take the case of Greece. The Allies have had throughout the war no more fatal stumbling-block than Constantine. The extent to which he has deflected the course of events cannot be

overestimated, and it is one of the unsolved mysteries of the war why he was treated with such amazing toleration. When the facts can be revealed, it will be found that it was not England which feared a republic in Greece; but it was Sir Edward Grey who bore all the odium attaching to the license allowed to Constantine. Mrs. Pankhurst's sandwich-women paraded Palace Yard daily with venomous attacks on the Foreign Minister, and we had the amazing spectacle of anti-government processions organized by that lady out of funds supplied by the Ministry of Munitions, and passing along the Embankment or Whitehall to the salutations of Mr. Lloyd George.

But these powerful undercurrents were overborne by the events of the spring and summer. Mr. Asquith seemed to bear a charmed life. His dominion over the House of Commons remained unchallenged; and the confidence of the country, especially of the working classes, in his plain undemonstrative character survived the daily avalanche of vituperation. After each crisis he was found standing erect and triumphant. It is true that he was always yielding ground that the Liberals reverenced, as on the conscription issue, but he yielded it so obviously only at the challenge of political or military necessity, that he carried with him the main body of Liberal and Labor opinion. With the apparent success of the attack on the Somme it seemed that at last the government had passed into relatively calm waters. The death of Lord Kitchener had opened the way for Mr. George to the War Secretaryship, and it was felt that in this new office his energies would find a sufficient field for their exercise. But it soon became apparent that all was not well and that a new storm was brewing. And, significantly enough, at this moment it was found necessary to commandeer the National Liberal Club for war purposes. This action created a profound sensation. The National Liberal Club was unlike any other institution in London. It was not so much a club as the central ganglion of the Liberal Party in the whole country. Its fall seemed like the shutting up of the power-house of the great organization which had been the active force in the making of modern England.

Then, with the tragic reverse of fortune in Roumania, — which, according to formula, was duly attributed to Sir Edward (now Viscount) Grey and Mr. Asquith, — and the concern at the new submarine menace, the storm burst. It would be absurd to suggest that there were no grounds of honest complaint and even alarm. The machinery for conducting the war was still lacking in rapidity; there were delays in arriving at decisions, conflicts between this minister and that, this department and that. All this, shouted in headlines and on placards, and directed against the Prime Minister and his Liberal colleagues, prepared the way for the *coup*. It came with startling suddenness. On Friday, December 1, there was a meeting between Mr. George, Mr. Bonar Law, Lord Northcliffe, and one other newspaper proprietor, at which it was decided that the moment to strike had come. Mr. Bonar Law's position in the affair was equivocal. He did not want the government to fall, but he is a timid man, overawed by Sir Edward Carson, who was always able to threaten him with the withdrawal of Conservative support to his remaining in the Coalition, and he took the plunge as the easiest way out of an impossible situation.

The decision once made, events were developed with Mr. George's characteristic intrepidity. The point of

attack chosen was the War Council, its constitution and its powers. Again, obsessed with the idea of unity, Mr. Asquith made large concessions to his colleagues, and the interview on Sunday between the two ended, on the part of the Prime Minister, in the conviction that an accommodation had been reached. But when he opened the *Times* on Monday morning Mr. Asquith saw a construction put upon the agreement which shocked him and made him realize that no settlement had been reached. The *Times* was obviously inspired; it indicated that the Prime Minister had been practically obliterated. Mr. Asquith drew Mr. George's attention to the *Times* leader and pointed out that its contents showed it to be inspired. Mr. George replied that he had not seen the leader, and disclaimed any authority over Lord Northcliffe. That (Monday) afternoon in the House of Commons a question was addressed to Mr. Asquith about the 'Food Dictator.' Mr. Asquith said he knew of no such title. Then he paused and added, 'I do not like the word dictator.' The action, the pause, the words, startled the House. Mr. Asquith is such a master of precise meanings that the significance of the remark could not be misunderstood. It was felt that the end had come. Within an hour Mr. George had resigned. Mr. Bonar Law and his Conservative colleagues met and agreed that they must resign, too. That night Mr. Asquith placed his resignation in the hands of the King.

The *coup* was perfectly timed. The reaction from the confident hopes of the summer and early autumn had reached its lowest ebb with the spectacular advance of Mackensen in Roumania. The general public did not realize that that adventure was a forlorn hope, a desperate attempt to create by a dazzling triumph a favorable atmosphere for an offer of peace. In high places that offer had been expected, and the manner of its reception had been the subject of discussion and sharp controversy in governing circles for some time. But the general public did not know this and could not know. Had they known, there could have been no crisis. Had the *coup* been delayed a week there would have been no *coup*, for within a week the whole sky had changed. Within a week Germany had asked for peace negotiations. Within a week the world knew that the patient, far-sighted policy which Mr. Asquith and Lord Grey had pursued in the face of an infamous campaign of misrepresentation and artificial pessimism had come within sight of victory. Mr. Lloyd George had snatched the helm from his captain at the last moment when that achievement was possible.

Perhaps the severest comment on that achievement was made by the *Spectator*, which throughout the war has ably represented the sanest and most responsible judgment of the nation. It took the form of a quotation, and the art of quotation was never used with more effect. The passage quoted by the editor in addressing Mr. George was the following extract from Lincoln's famous letter to General Hooker: —

> I have placed you at the head of the Army. Of course, I have done this upon what appear to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable, if not an indispensable, quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during your predecessor's command, you have taken counsel of your ambition, and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother-officer.
>
> I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the Army and the Government needed a dictator. Of course, it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those who gain successes

can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is success, and I will risk the dictatorship.

I much fear that the spirit, which you have aided to infuse into the Army, of criticizing their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories.

The *Spectator* added no comment, and none was needed, for every word of that immortal letter rang like a word of unanswerable judgment.

II

The request of the King to Mr. Bonar Law to form a ministry was, of course, only a formality. He was the leader of the Conservative Party, but he did not command a majority of the House; and in the absence of the support of his late Liberal colleagues he wisely declined to invite the fate of the government that had fallen. The crisis had been the work of Mr. George and Lord Northcliffe, and the fruits of the victory must go to them. Mr. George promptly accepted the King's invitation, and formed a ministry on a plan unknown to the Constitution and out of materials of an extraordinarily disparate kind. It included none of his Liberal colleagues in the late Cabinet. Only one of them (Mr. Herbert Samuel) was asked to serve, and he preferred to follow Mr. Asquith into opposition, to exercise, not a hostile, but a friendly criticism of the new government. But some of the minor offices were distributed among unofficial Liberals. In the same way the sanction of Labor was secured by large promises of reform, the creation of a Ministry of Labor, a pledge as to the representation of Labor at the Peace Conference, and an increase of ministerial appointments for Labor members. The Labor Party vote on the question of the acceptance of office was so close as to spell the disruption of the organization. The war had severely tried its unity, and the acceptance of Mr. George's bid made its dissolution inevitable. The disruption of the Liberal Party was less complete. The party organization, the Liberal press, and the main body in the House remained with Mr. Asquith and his colleagues, but there was a sufficient withdrawal to mean future weakness.

Meanwhile Mr. George's idea of smashing the party system and constructing out of the *débris*, not a coalition, but a National ministry — non-political, with a strong 'business' element and with an entirely empirical attitude to affairs — had the inevitable effect of enormously rehabilitating the party to which he had been opposed and of which he had been the most dreaded enemy. His Liberal and Labor supporters were only camp-followers. The business men he brought in — Lord Rhondda, Lord Devonport, Sir Albert Stanley — are mere departmental heads and will have no influence on policy. The appointments of Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, Principal of Sheffield University, to the Board of Education, and of Mr. R. E. Prothero to the Board of Agriculture are excellent selections, but they have no relation to the larger issues of the war or of government. For all practical purposes the new government is a Conservative government presided over by a Radical. All the commanding positions are held by Conservatives. Mr. George's colleagues in the War Council are Lord Milner, Lord Curzon, Mr. Bonar Law, and Mr. Henderson. The last-named, it is true, is a Labor representative, but it is no disrespect to him to say that he is not a serious balancing force against his colleagues. Sir Edward Carson is

the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Derby the War Secretary, Mr. Balfour (whose exclusion from the old War Council was one of Mr. George's main points in the crisis) the Foreign Secretary, and Lord Robert Cecil the Minister of Blockade. No other positions mattered, and it will be seen that, apart from Mr. Henderson and Mr. George himself, the Conservatives hold all the keys of power. The continuance in office of Mr. Balfour and Lord Robert Cecil furnishes the mystery of the combination. They had fought hard to keep the Coalition together, they had been notoriously Asquith men; they had been bitterly attacked by the Northcliffe press. The announcement that they were in the new government brought out the Press King against them.

HOW TO LOSE THE WAR
MR. BALFOUR AND LORD ROBERT CECIL

were the headlines of the *Daily Mail*, and we seemed, even before the new government was well formed, to be threatened with a revival of all the old savageries. Then the campaign ceased as suddenly as it had begun. What had happened? By what miracle had the muzzle been put on that loud and vulgar mouth?

But it is the appointment of Lord Milner which most clearly indicates the character of the new government. There has been no more ominous figure in British public life in this generation than this able and solitary man. Born in Germany, of mixed German and English ancestry; bred in Germany, with close German affiliations, he came to England and created a considerable reputation at Oxford. Hard, unteachable, indoctrinated with the Prussian conception of Imperialism, his career has been a record of tragic failures. He has the Prussian passion for intellectual freedom, allied to the Prussian hatred for political freedom — its scorn of the humanities and its love of the machine and the iron hand. South Africa has been said to be the grave of reputations, but the political tomb of Lord Milner towers there over all the rest. Every forecast he made was false, every act of policy he initiated prolonged and embittered the war; the scheme for introducing Chinese labor into the mines ended in a violent repudiation by the conscience of the whole world; his attempt to overwhelm the native population with an inundation of English settlers ended in a costly failure. When the war was over he was the bitterest foe in the House of Lords of Campbell-Bannerman's policy of reconciliation and self-government — a policy that was destined to have a miraculous justification. In the great internal struggle that began with the Budget of 1909 he was among the most extreme of the 'wild men' in the Lords, and it was he who uttered the mandate to that body to throw out the Budget and 'damn the consequences.' No reputation seemed to be more finally extinguished; but he represented all the extreme elements of reaction, was the idol of the *Morning Post* and the Northcliffe press; and his selection as one of the two chief lieutenants of Mr. George is the most startling indication of the true meaning of the *coup* and the direction of Mr. George's mind.

The third figure in the triumvirate (for Mr. Law is to be only an occasional member of the War Cabinet, doing 'sentry duty at the door,' as Mr. George said, and Mr. Henderson is little more than a lay figure) is not less eloquent of the character of the new Administration. Lord Curzon is a man of great capacity and industry, but he is an Imperialist of the most autocratic type, and his viceroyalty in India, in spite of much capable paternalism, reduced the dependency to a state bordering on

rebellion. The partition of Bengal was an act of unprecedented provocation, conceived in the spirit of what Charles James Fox called 'that devil's maxim of government' — *Divide et impera.* It was only by the repudiation of that policy that Lord Morley and Lord Hardinge restored the confidence of India in the good faith of British rule. Yet Lord Curzon's Imperialism is less morbid and doctrinaire than that of Lord Milner. It is informed by the English rather than the Prussian spirit, is not inaccessible to ideas, or entirely without the note of humanity.

But even more significant than the *personnel* of the new Cabinet is the daring departure which Mr. George has made in its relation to Parliament and the machine of government. He has not only concentrated the executive power in the hands of the triumvirate: he has divorced the triumvirate alike from Parliament and the administrative departments. None of The Three is responsible for the conduct of any great administrative office. M. Briand has reformed his War Cabinet in France and has diminished its numbers, but the members of it still represent the chief departments of the State. In the new British War Cabinet, on the other hand, neither the War Minister, nor the Foreign Minister, nor the First Lord of the Admiralty has a seat, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer has only an occasional seat. They will be invited to be present when their opinion is wanted, but apparently they will have no part in formulating policy. Yet that policy must necessarily conform to the needs, interests, aims, and capacities of the various departments, considered not in isolation, but collectively as parts of one instrument of power. No doubt there were delays and conflicts in the past, owing to the rival demands and necessities of the various departments. Those delays and conflicts irritated the impatient spirit of Mr. George. He has sought to obliterate them by separating the Executive from the departments, and the departments from themselves, but it remains to be seen whether he has not obliterated a wholesome symptom of trouble rather than the trouble itself. The clash of the departmental interests will remain; what will disappear is their effective expression, their power of coördinating themselves for a common purpose by mutual hammering, discussion, and agreement.

Mr. George's idea of a war cabinet is a court which shall call witnesses and issue edicts without regard to this department or that. The Cabinet is not a cabinet at all in the constitutional sense. It is a directorate. It will work in isolation from the machine. The chief engineers will be outside the door, and they will not be expected to collaborate. They will work in watertight compartments, although, as Mr. George jocularly observed in his speech in the House of Commons, they may qualify their separateness by 'a weekly dinner.' Not only are The Three divorced from the departments and the departments from themselves, but Parliament is divorced from both. None of the triumvirate will appear in the House of Commons, for Mr. George has intimated that all his time will be occupied with the War Cabinet. The sole means of intercourse between the Directorate and Parliament is Mr. Law, the in-and-out member of the Cabinet. who will lead in the House of Commons. Again one is compelled to leave Mr. Henderson out of the calculation. The heads of the departments, it is true, will still sit in Parliament and answer questions, but they will no longer speak with the authority of the Cabinet. They will appear as departmental officials working under the instructions of the Directorate, responsible for the

efficiency of their particular engine-rooms, but having no concern with the larger issues of government, or the correlation of the parts to the whole.

In these circumstances, it would seem that the influence of Parliament upon the Executive is completely paralyzed. That influence during the war has been sufficiently small, for the British Parliament has nothing comparable with the French system of Parliamentary commissions, before which the heads of the departments have to appear and explain details of policy which cannot be discussed in the open Chamber. But with the concentration of power in the hands of a directorate, with the reduction of the heads of departments to the status of work managers, and with the absenteeism of the only men who really matter, it would seem that Parliament as an instrument of government is obliterated. It is simply a discussion class.

There has been no such daring experiment in government in Great Britain since Cromwell set up his system of major-generals. It has arisen out of circumstances of unprecedented public anxiety, and at the inspiration of a politician of equally unprecedented audacity. But the great fact for democracy is that it could not have been made without the driving power of a press campaign of unbridled ferocity. Mr. Asquith has been dethroned and Mr. George reigns in his stead by virtue of the will of Lord Northcliffe. A throne occupied on such a tenure will not be a comfortable seat. As a war measure, Mr. George's experiment will be judged on its merits. As a political *tour de force* it will have its place in history. But the great currents of national life have not been diverted; and Parliament, the Constitution, and even the party system, will in due time assume their authority in the nation.

THE DELIVERANCE FROM WITTENBERG[1]

THE JOURNAL OF PRIVATE HUTCHINSON, NO. 5475 FIRST BATTALION, MANCHESTER REGIMENT

I

But on the 25th of April I wanted to live. As I was sitting on my bed just eating my bread with a bit of salt to it, I had a letter from my wife begging for news from me and telling that she got news from the War Office on the 30th March telling her that I was a prisoner of war in Germany. I may say that it eased my mind a great deal to know she knew where I was. I was able to write back and tell her that I was all right, etc., as I was feeling a lot better then. The sun was beginning to have its effect on me. I used to be out of the room as much as possible when the sun was shining. On the 28th April I had an order for 2s. 6d., but I could not spend it at the time, as they would not give us the money. We had to put

[1] Earlier portions of this journal were published in the February *Atlantic*. This portion, however, is complete in itself. — The Editors.

down for some groceries, so I put down for 3 lbs. of sugar. 1 lb. of margarine, and 1 jar of syrup. I was about a month before I got them. On the 1st May, I had 34 packets of Woodbine cigarettes come from the Chums Association of my town [Worksop] which were a godsend to me. I had not had a smoke since I came out of hospital, but I was not long before I had one of them on the go. It was the first real smoke since I was captured, and I felt quite drunk after the first cigarette, and not only me but a few of the boys as well.

I was beginning to feel new life then. On the 7th of May we were allowed to send a post-card home for the first time since the failure of the 1st of January one. So I wrote home again asking my wife to send me a few things to eat, and not forgetting to mention a smoke. I did not build any high hopes this time of them going, as I had had enough of the other one, but I found out later that mine had got through. A few days later we were all removed into No. 8 compound, when I think some of the sentries went mad for the lust of killing some one. It was on the evening of the 20th of May that a Frenchman was going to hospital inside the wire enclosure, but not in the compound, and he stopped to talk to one of his comrades through the wires, and whilst talking he was shot through the back by one of the sentries not twenty yards away. There the poor fellow fell and died. No one was allowed to go out to his aid under penalty of being served the same, not for a long time after. Then the alarm went, and we had to get back to our rooms. Then there was some more shooting, so we had to keep low for a while. I saw seven carried by on tables and I heard afterward that three were dead and the remainder wounded, and that one of them was shot dead whilst just peeping through the room door. All those poor fellows were shot for practically nothing. No reason whatsoever.

The next day they had us all fall in at the bottom of the compounds. They then turned the guns towards us, and had a lot of soldiers lining the ditches around the camp, just the same as if they were going to attack the camp and kill the lot of us. After they had had us like that for about half an hour, the whistle blew, and I may say there was a race for the rooms then. I do not know what their idea was, but if it were to let us see what they could do in case anything went wrong in camp, there was no need for that demonstration, as nothing ever happened to show the slightest cause whilst I was in that camp. And I was there from the 26th December, 1914, to the time of leaving for Switzerland on the 25th May, 1916. Of course there were small offenses, for which the offenders were punished by being tied up to the posts in the hot sun, and the ropes were drawn so tight the poor fellow could scarcely breathe and some of them would go blue in the face. Any punishment that they could think of was not bad enough for them to inflict on a man, such as making them stand on their toes with their hand on their hips for an hour or more, and some balanced on their toes with knees bent and a piece of wood to represent a rifle held out at arm's length. If there is any one who reads this and cannot imagine what it is like, just try it for an hour with an empty stomach. And they were not allowed any soup. Then the Germans would laugh and jeer at them. In all my experience, they are the cruelest race of people I ever came across. I thank God to-day that I am an Englishman.

About the end of May I received a post-card from Holland, telling me that my wife was making inquiries through some firm there (I forget the name and

place) to see if they could get news of me and if I were allowed to write. So my flag fell again, as I thought they could not have sent the last card, so I did not know what to do. I know I hated the Germans more than ever, for it is a cruel thing to be kept in suspense for such a long time. But imagine my joy on the 10th June when I received a post-card from my wife telling me that she had received my card dated 7th May and that she sent a box of foodstuff off on the 27th, the same day she got my card. I felt like forgiving the Germans all they had done to me, so I was left wondering if I would get the box, and what a feed I should have when it came. I could not sleep many a night for thinking about it, and so on the 28th June the welcome box came, not only one but two. The one from my wife and the other from her dear mother, who I am proud to say has been the best friend to my wife and children and also myself in our time of anxiety and trouble.

Well, I was not long in having the boxes open to see the good things inside, and when I saw the currant loaves, I had a good fill. It was a wonder that I did not make myself bad, for I ate a whole two-pound loaf and some cheese straight off, as I felt as if I could not leave it alone. Then I had a good smoke. After that I felt very comfortable, more than ever since I was taken out of the trenches. I was happy for a week. We were now allowed to write a post-card every Saturday, so with that I was able to keep in communication with home and that was worth a lot to me, as we had been practically cut off from the world without any news at all. About the 10th of July I had another parcel, and to my surprise it was a large fruit-cake. I should think it were about eight pounds, and one of the finest cakes that ever came into that camp, and I had the great pleasure of having two of them from my own town, Worksop; but I do not even know now who sent them. But I hope to have the pleasure of thanking them when I get home again. Then I went another month without receiving any more. But the parcels began to come in pretty frequent by then, as the people in England began to get to know where their boys were. I had another post-card from my wife, telling me that she was sending me a parcel of food every week. But I never got a lot of them. I went almost two months without receiving one of her weekly parcels, so I wrote and told her not to send any more, as I were not getting them. Then the very next week they started coming and they came very regular. I only missed three, after sending the card, up to the time of my coming away, as she would insist on sending me one whether I got them or not.

I had four parcels from Lady Beauclerk's Fund, but they stopped for about three months. After that I received five more from her, and I also had five from the Lancashire Regiments war funds, also a complete outfit of clothing from them, which I was wanting very badly, as my old khaki was getting the worse for wear. Some of the tinned stuff would reach us in a very bad state. The Germans would stab with their bayonets tins of syrup, milk, salmon, and corned beef. Anything that would go bad or waste they would stab; even the tea, sugar, coffee, cocoa, soap, and tobacco would be all mixed up together, and then the milk and syrup would run out of the tins where they had stabbed them, and all over the remainder of the stuff. But after a few complaints the parcels would come intact, which went to show that the damaged ones we used to get had been damaged wilfully.

July passed without anything of importance to my knowledge. About the

11th August we had a severe shock. I will endeavor to tell the story as best I can. I was laid on my bed about 8 P.M. when one of the boys shouted across to me and asked me if I knew what the light was which were shining on the other side of the room. I looked across, but could only see the electric light shining through the window from outside, so I told him that it was only the lamp from outside. Then he said, 'Not that one; have a look through the window.' So I did. Then I saw what he meant, for I could see a big red glare over the other side of the camp. I told him there must be a big fire and then I ran outside to get a better view of it. When I got to the end of the bungalow I shouted for them to come and have a look, but I had no sooner shouted when *bang!* went a terrific report which shook the whole camp. There were six steps to go up into our room. I do not know how I got on to the top one, but that was where I found myself. Then I turned round to have a look at what damage it had done, but all I could see was a lot of men running as fast as they could. Some were shouting, 'The d—d Germans are blowing the camp up!' Then I saw one man dressed in white fall down, and then there were about twenty more fell over him. I could not help but laugh, although my heart was beating a great deal faster than its normal state; and whilst they were down another bang went off which made them shout worse than ever. There were English, French, Russians, and Belgians all on top of one another. Then I went outside, and there I saw a lot of men crawling underneath the bungalows out of harm's way. But I thought they would be well away if the bungalows were to fall on top of them, as the reports shook a great deal and a great many of the windows went with the first report.

When I went back into my room, I could not help laughing when I saw the Russians bowing and making signs across their bodies. Some were right underneath their mattresses, and some with a blanket over their heads, and some hiding behind the table-top, where I had put it along the door to keep the draught off me in the night, as I slept against the door. We then heard that the ammunition factory had blown up.

II

Shortly after the explosion the Germans came back into the camp again, as the typhus had practically disappeared. But we could have very well done without them, as we had had enough of them when they were in before and we did not want the knocking about we had from them. When they came in, they were just as wild as ever. We hardly dared look round but one of them would be snarling at us. Then they started to send two Germans through the rooms, one with a dog and the other with a rifle and fixed bayonet. And, instead of keeping the dog close to him, he would allow it the whole length of the leash, so as to give it plenty of room to spring on the man nearest to it, which happened very often and the men's clothes were torn by them. They would sometimes pounce into the room, which was practically dark with the exception of one stable lamp to light the whole room up. We would be talking amongst ourselves under this lamp, and not notice them till they were on us; then the dog would bark and spring at the one nearest to it, when there would be a scamper to the sides of the room. They would then have a good laugh at us. Sometimes the dog would break loose and several men were severely bit by them. I remember one corporal who used to come round with a dog. He used to threaten to strike us because we would not stand

to attention while he passed through the room, swelling his chest as if he was the Kaiser himself. But we soon got his little swank stopped, as one of our sergeants reported him to the captain of our compound.

After the Germans had been back a few weeks, we were marched once a week to the bath-house and we would take everything belonging to us. While we were having our bath our clothes and blankets would be fumigated, which operation would last about twenty minutes after we got inside the bath. There would be from 40 to 50 go in at a time. The worst part about it was the waiting outside in the cold and sometimes in the rain. I have seen the time when we have had to wait from 8 A.M. to 11 A.M. before we could get the bath; and it once happened that after waiting from 8 A.M. till soup-time, then we had to go back and come again after soup. There was one German who would come and strike us chaps who had only got one good hand, because we could not dress and undress as quick as the other men. He was a regular terror for striking us. But by good chance an American reporter came along, and don't forget, we told him everything: the only decent man that ever came into camp that we could tell our troubles to, and he listened to us with a good will. When he was talking to one of our fellows the German staff officers came close up to him, to listen to what they were talking about, but he soon asked them to stand back, which they did with a few black looks. The camp commandant was in a fine rage that day.

I am glad to say that the reporter's coming did a lot of good for us, as things began to improve after the reports had been circulated as regards clothing and striking; but the soup was something horrible. The Russians, who were practically starving, could not drink it. Many a time it used to be carried to the latrine and emptied down there. Even their own pigs sometimes refused to eat it. I had from good authority that three pigs died and that they were cleaned and sent to the cookhouse to be boiled up for the camp. So we got the hint not to have any soup for two or three days.

A short time after the reporter had been, a captain of the R.A.M.C. was struck by a German; and if they will strike a captain-doctor what would they not do to us? But after that there was very little striking. It was more like the good old English style — take his name and get punished accordingly. I am pleased to say that I was never punished in that way for misbehavior, as I had had enough punishment at the beginning for being an Englishman. But I once had a very narrow escape. Early one morning a German sergeant came to rouse us out of bed. He had a shambok in his hand, so he made a rush at a couple of our men, when of course a laugh went round, and a young chap who was lying next to me (Enoch Brook) had a laugh like a donkey bellowing. When he let go, the German thought that it was me making fun at him, so he took my name. But I was very lucky and did not hear anything more about it, for I did not want tying up to the post: I had seen enough of the other poor fellows.

Early in September they came round asking what trade we were used to in England. I told him that I was a butcher. We had heard a whiff that they wanted some men for the mines. I am also used to working in a mine, but I did not tell them so. So a lot of miners changed their trade to hawkers, chimney-sweeps, clerks, and beer-testers. They came for the butchers first. I did not have to go on account of my hand being useless. They were not long before they had a lot of men going out

to work on farms and in factories. After they had sent a lot of men away, they made our compound into a convalescent place and moved all that were fit into other compounds, and all those that were unfit into ours, and then every nationality were put in their own rooms, which was a lot better for us. So we used to pass the time away walking about till we were tired, and then went in and had a game of cards which were made out of cigarette packets until we got some from England.

On Saturday nights we used to have a concert in our room and the boys from the other rooms used to come and spend a pleasant night once a week. We had violins, and very good ones they were. They were made out of the parcel-boxes, and if they had been varnished, you could not tell if they had been bought out of a shop or not, they were made so perfect both in shape and the splendid music they could get out of them. These were made by some of the Russians. I never saw such a handy lot of men; they could make anything. Before I left camp, we could get anything from a button to an aeroplane, of course toy ones, all made by these Russians.

As time went on things began to be a bit pleasanter for us, as the Germans were getting quite tame. They began to see what the English were like and that they could not make them downhearted, as we were always either singing or whistling. And when we got some clothes and boots, we all would turn out with polished boots and buttons. It was quite common to see some of us as clean and as smart as if they were walking out with their best girl in England. I am sure it impressed the Germans. We all looked a lot smarter and cleaner than the Germans outside. We looked haggard and worn, but I dare say some of them wished they were in our place. We would sometimes pull their legs. About six of us would get together and pretend that we could see an aeroplane; and after they had been straining their necks for a while, looking for something that was not there, we would have a good laugh at them and shout 'Englander.' There were all sizes and shapes, boys and old men. I remember one old man with a gray beard who could hardly walk, as he was ruptured very bad, but he had to do his sentry-go just the same as the young ones. When we used to go and draw the parcels, about 30 or 40 men carrying 4 and 5 parcels a man, they would start teasing the sentries, and saying to them, 'England kaput, nix packets,' at the same time dangling the parcels they were carrying in front of them. Then the sentries would say, 'England nix kaput, plenty packets.' But I began to think at times that my packets were 'kaput,' as I went a long time without getting any. I had five from the end of October to Christmas eve. But I did not go short, as the boys who were getting a lot used to give me some of theirs.

On Christmas eve we all were very busy. A very great difference from the Christmas eve before, unpacking our parcels and putting the good things into a box we kept on purpose to put on the shelf. The other chaps had got all their stuff on the shelf. Then I asked one of them to lift mine on for me, but he had no sooner put it on when the shelf broke in the middle and the whole lot came down with a crash. Of course they all blamed my box, as it had been practically empty for a long time. I would not have minded, only I could not find my tobacco after we had cleared all up again. I had to fall back on the boys for a smoke. We then had a few songs and a game of cards, with English ones this time, as we were getting all sorts of little games out from

home by then. Then we all got down to sleep and dream of the plum puddings we were going to enjoy the next day.

Christmas day. We were all up in good time the next morning and wished one another a merry Christmas, and I may say that we enjoyed ourselves immensely. Some of the boys managed to get a drop of rum, and of course that livened things up a bit. My friend Lew invited me to have my dinner with them in their room. And we had a grand feast, almost just the same as if we were at home. We had cardboard plates and plenty of food to put on them this time: tinned tongue, beef, sausages, and steaming-hot plum puddings, finished off in style with chocolates, nuts, dried fruits, cigars, cigarettes, and tobacco. Then we had a few good old Christmas carols. Every one of us was a lot happier than we were the Christmas day before, when we were starving and hungry on our way to Wittenberg. The boys that had got the rum were in a merry mood. I thought they would never stop singing. But I am pleased to say that everything passed off very well.

At last the day came to an end, and every one of us stood up and sang 'Britannia rules the waves,' and finished with 'God Save the King.' Then to bed we went, after the best day we had had since we were taken prisoners. I may say that it was the best day I had in Germany, except one, and that was the day I left, for that one beat them all. On New Year eve we had another good feast, and we sang the good old carols with a better heart than we did the year before, as we had some good old English packing inside us, instead of the German wind and water.

III

New Year, 1916, brought us better prospects than the old year did, but not without its disappointments. Some of us were inspected by a German doctor to be exchanged for England. Some of us passed, I for one. But as time went on and we heard nothing more about it, we gave it up as a bad job. About six or seven weeks later, an order came that those men that had passed the doctor before were to go to hospital to be examined again, so our hearts began to flutter. But not for long this time, as we were inspected by the Iron Cross hero this time, the one that came padded up when the typhus was on the go. He only passed one man out of thirty, and that poor fellow is still in Germany. They would not even let him come to Switzerland with us. This man, Private Davis of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, after being passed for England, was sent to work. He was one of a party of thirty men who were sent out to work. We called them 'the crippled working gang,' as some of them had bad legs, some with bad arms, and one man with one eye. They looked more like being exchanged for England than going out to work. The Germans wanted them to work on Sundays, but they had not been used to it, so they refused. They were then sent back to Wittenberg and put in a punishment compound (No. 3 compound). They had to do all fatigues in camp and they were not allowed to receive their parcels and letters from home, but they were allowed to write. They had been like that a long time before I came away. They (the Germans) have sent better men to Switzerland than several of this unlucky working party.

A few weeks later news came that there was going to be an inspection of the sick and wounded to go to Switzerland. So every one of us had our worst look or limp on that day. After the inpection we all were on tenter-hooks wondering how we had got on. First one and then the other would be asking,

'What did he say to you?' 'Do you think he passed any?' and then would say, 'I hope I have passed.' But none of us knew, so of course we were unsettled for a week or two, expecting to hear who had passed and who had not. But nothing came, so we stopped packing of our bits of things, as we hardly dared look at our bags, but some one would shout, 'When are you going?' or 'What train are you going to catch?'

Just as we had given it up again, we had another inspection, but the same thing happened again; then another, and so on until we had ten inspections altogether before they let us go. We had been disappointed so many times that we thought they were pulling our legs, so we lost all faith in them and fell into our normal state of camp-life again, at the same time wishing them far enough. We were getting books from England now. I used to pass many a day away reading. I have read more books whilst in that camp than I read in all my life before. When I could get hold of one of Nat Gould's I was happy, as there were always a lot of excitement in them.

The Germans had now begun to let us make little fires in the compound to boil water for our tea and warm some of our tinned meat up. Before then it was very difficult to make anything, because if you had a fire, once upon a time, a lump of lead would come whizzing past your head; but they got very kind and had a boiler brought in the compound, so we used to buy hot water from the Russians at two pfennigs a bowl full. Sometimes we would get it boiling and other times nearly cold. Then it used to spoil our tea and there would be a bit of arguing with the Russian; but it was all useless talk, as he would not know what we said to him, and we were just as wise when he talked to us, so we had to make the best of a bad job. We used to get issued a raw herring twice a week, but I could not go mine raw. A good many of them could, especially the Russians. They would go mad for them and they did not waste any either, for they would eat the head and inside as well and then look round for the heads that our fellows threw away. But of course they were starving and not getting any packets the same as we were, so there is an excuse for them. I know I would have done the same before our parcels started coming. I am sure a cat, never mind a raw herring, would have been very acceptable at one time; but there were neither to be had at that time for me to see what they were like. I used to give my herring and also the German bread, when I had some English bread, to a Russian, and he used to wash all my clothes and mend them for me, as I was very bad at washing clothes with one good hand. But I have managed to wash them many a time and then get a chum to wring them out for me.

We used the tin biscuit boxes for a cooking range. We cut a hole in one side, just large enough for our can to rest on the edge. The boys would be very busy from 7 to 8 A.M., 11 A.M. to 1 P.M., cooking their food and making tea. We used to have tea or cocoa to every meal. Some of the boys that had no fire would hang round until there was one finished with. It used to be the old cry, 'After you with the fire, mate,' just the same as when we were smoking a cigarette in the hard times — 'Anybody after you, mate?' Our fuel would consist of the boxes our food used to come in. Sometimes we could buy a box from the canteen for half a mark, when we had run short of our own wood. Camp-life was getting up to perfection now, as the Germans were more friendly towards us, and being able to cook our own food made everything a lot easier to bear. About the middle of April we had wooden beds come in our

room. Some of the camp had them before us, as they all were made in the camp by some of the prisoners and they were issued out as they finished them, so we were able to sleep off the floor for the first time and able to keep our blankets a lot cleaner, as they used to get very dirty with always being on the floor. Being more comfortable than we had been for a long time, we forgot all about the inspections for Switzerland. I settled down to my reading and wondering how much longer the war was going to last, and how long I had to remain behind the barbed wire.

IV

On the afternoon of the 24th May, I lay on my bed reading. I was just finishing a book called *The Black Tulip* when I heard a German sergeant calling my name. I had been so interested in my book that I did not take any notice of him before, but when I heard my own name shouted, I was all ears then, and I was not long in making inquiries to see what he wanted. I will never forget the joy I felt when he told me to fall in, as I was going to Switzerland, so I never finished the last few lines of the book. I was so excited I forgot all about the Black Tulip. After we all had fell in, he gave us instructions as to what we were to take with us, such as correspondence, as we would be searched at Konstanz, and if they found anything about us, we would be sent back to Wittenberg again. Then he told us to pack our things up at once, as we had to go into No. 6 compound until the next day. We were not long in getting ready, and after bidding goodbye to our chums we were marched to No. 6 compound.

I did not sleep very much that night as I was so excited and longing for the next day to come. We all were up in good time the next morning, the 25th. After breakfast the Germans came to search our kit, but we took good care not to have anything that would be likely to stop us from going. After they had finished searching us and packed our things up again, we were fell in and then marched to the guard-room, where they had some wagons ready to take us to the station. When we had got nicely settled down in the wagons, we set off to the town station. My old chum Lew was the driver, so I was able to have a chat with him on our way, and waving our hands and shouting to the boys who were watching us off. At last we arrived at the station, wondering if we would be put in trucks for our journey. I would not have minded what they put us in, as long as I knew that I was leaving the country; that was the only thing that troubled me. We were told off to second-class carriages and we made ourselves comfortable for the long ride, which turned out to be thirty-six hours.

We left Wittenberg at ten past twelve mid-day. We began to feel a lot safer when the train got on the move, for I did not feel safe until then; I had been disappointed so many times I could not trust them. We had a pleasant journey right up to Konstanz. We stopped twice for food, which was the best I ever had from them. At one station they brought us mashed potatoes, cutlets and coffee, which I may say were very good. I thought at the time, what a vast difference to what I had when I went to Germany. The feeds were just as opposite as the journeys; a bad welcome and a good send-off. We arrived at Konstanz twelve midnight, the 26th, and there was a great many people up to see the English prisoners arrive. As we were being marched to the barracks, some of the people greeted us with a few jeers, but I did not mind that as I was used to their ways. There is an excuse for them as they do not

know any better. When we arrived at the barracks, we were told off to rooms. There were ten of us in one little room and I slept between clean sheets for the first time for nearly two years. I may say I made good use of the bed whilst I was at Konstanz as it had a spring mattress. I never thought they would be so kind as to let us sleep on such good beds. About 10 A.M., the 27th, we were inspected by a German doctor, then we were set on the wondering system again, as we did not know who had passed and who had not. When I went in front of the doctor, he asked me if I were a volunteer. I said, 'No, I am a reservist.' 'How many years have you been a soldier?' I told him 18 years. 'Och! You have been a soldier a long time, but you finish now.' So with that he let me go.

Sunday, the 28th, we felt not very bright, as we heard that a great many had failed; but we did not know who, so we passed the day away walking about, watching the German soldiers do the goose-step and the changing of the guard. Monday, the 29th, was, I am pleased to say, my last day in Germany. About twelve midday we were paraded on the barrack square and inspected by a German general. After the inspection a German sergeant had a lot of labels with numbers on, and as he called the names of those that had passed the doctor, he gave each man a label with his number on. There were some heart palpitations on the go whilst he shouted them out. I know mine beat very fast until I heard him call my name, and I took good care to answer it the first time for fear he would not call it a second time. I was taking no risk. I felt very sorry for the men that had to go back, as I can imagine what a great disappointment it was for them. I know I would rather have died than been sent back. After he had finished calling the names, he told us, who had been lucky, to get tickets. We would be going to Switzerland at 6 P.M., and those poor fellows that were not called, had to fall in at 3 P.M. to go back to Germany again. Then I went back to my room and packed my things, longing for six o'clock to come.

At 3 P.M. the unlucky party (about 120) fell in, and I must say they went back with a better heart than I should have done. Their hearts might have been sad at the disappointment, but they all had a shout for us and a merry smile on their faces, and waving their arms to us as they marched out of the barracks. We then had tea, but I wanted nothing to eat, as I was too overjoyed at the thought of leaving Germany, for food. At 6 o'clock we fell in and were marched to the station with a few more jeers from the people. I did not mind that, as I thought my turn would come soon. We arrived at the station about 7 P.M., lined up along the platform, and then were told off to our carriages, 1st class (Swiss trains). We made ourselves nice and comfortable then, wishing that the train would be quick and start before the Germans changed their minds, for I could not trust them even to the last minute.

At 8.40 P.M. the engine gave a whistle. I think the engine wanted to be out of it as well as we did, for it gave a jump and had a good speed on in no time. When it started, we all gave a good cheer and entered on the very best journey I ever had in all my life, one that I will never forget. We could see the sentries on the frontier, and before the tail end of our train had crossed the border we had a good old English flag and a Swiss one in our carriage. They were held up to the window on a long stick and we were the lucky ones to get them as we flew by.

I can safely say that we had one of the finest receptions into Switzerland as anything we'd wish to have. Right

from the very edge of the frontier to our destination [Château d'Oex], I have never cheered so much before in my life. For five days after the journey I could hardly speak at all, as I had cheered myself hoarse. Flowers, chocolate, newspapers, cigarettes were coming through the windows as we were traveling along, and when we stopped at any station we was practically bombarded with flowers and every comfort we could think of. I have never seen such kindness before. We fairly trimmed the train up with flowers, inside and out as well. Our first stop for lunch was at Berne. The station was swarmed with people who had stayed up all night to see us come through; it was a struggle to get to the restaurant where we had lunch. It is only a few yards across the platform, but I had my arms full of good things. 'Oh, *do* take this and this' — they kept on piling them up. Some of them were putting things into my pockets before I got back to the carriage. I got back into the train looking more like Father Xmas just going on his visiting rounds. Some one was that anxious to give me something, they gave me an inkwell full of ink. Of course when I put my hand in my pocket I felt it wet, and when I looked at my hand, it had changed color.

Then there was a dear old lady who asked me if I wanted any clothes sent on. I thanked her very much for her kind offer and told her that I had plenty, as I did not like to impose on her generosity. 'Oh, but you must let me send you something! I am English, you know, and I love the Tommies.' So, after a bit of thinking what I required most, I said, 'If you are so kind as to insist on sending me something, you might send me a razor as I am wanting a shave very bad.' 'Oh, I shall be so pleased to send you one! Is there anything else I can do for you? Are you married? Do let me send a few lines to your wife; I know she will be pleased to know that you are in Switzerland and in good hands.' So I gave her my wife's address as well as mine, and the dear old lady kept her promise, as I had not been at Château d'Oex long before a splendid safety-razor came, for which I shall always thank her.

Then we set off again with cheer after cheer ringing through the station. At every small station and level crossing there was a lot of people gathered together to get just a glimpse of us as we passed by, and we gave them all a cheer. Our next stop was Lausanne. We only stayed there a few minutes; some nurses brought us milk and coffee, then we were bombarded again with flowers and comforts of every kind. The trouble was, we hardly knew where to put the good things as we had got so many; then, after a few more cheers and 'It's a long way to Tipperary,' we set off again to Montrémy.

When we got there we had to change trains, so we collected our presents and some of the flowers, as it was impossible to carry them all, and marched to the Hotel Suisse where we had breakfast, and we had a grand spread there. Everybody was wanting to talk to us all at once. After we had our breakfast we had a look round the hotel, which is a very fine place. Then we had tickets given to us for our journey up the mountains to Château d'Oex by electric trams. After we had had our photographs taken about a dozen times and a lot of cheering, we set off to our heaven of rest. After the pleasantest journey I ever had in all my life, we arrived in Château d'Oex feeling very tired and hoarse with shouting so much. Here the band was playing and everybody dressed in their best watching to welcome us all to this little Heaven on earth. We had lunch in the station-yard amongst a forest of flowers and flags. Every one wanted to give us a bit

of something. After we had finished lunch, which was the 3rd meal in about 12 hours' journey, we were told off to our hotels. As we walked down the streets some of the people threw flowers on us out of the bedroom windows. Almost all the windows had a flag flying, some stretched right across the street. The boy scouts carried our kit-bags.

At last our journey was ended. We arrived at the Hotel Berthod and were told off to our rooms. My room was No. 59. I was surprised when I went in, to see such a lot of furniture and a nice clean white bed, all for one tired man. I was not long in settling down. I had a good bath. After tea I tested the bed, which was very soft and comfortable. I then said my prayer and thanked God and all the good people for the deliverance from Hell to Heaven.

THE LIEUTENANT'S STORY.[1] III

BY LIEUTENANT R. N. OF THE FRENCH ARMY

March 29. Hill 181, in reserve. Shelters deep underground. From the northern crest of this hill can be seen the whole system of trenches, both French and German, in the basin of Perthes. I posted myself with my field-glass between two bare bushes; a maze of white lines, much twisted and tangled; from time to time rise blackish clouds. The ruins of Perthes become every day more mournful. I was driven from my post by shells.

Every hour, exactly and methodically, two batteries fire their twelve shells. Fore-warned, fore-armed. When the moment is past, there is nothing more to fear for one hour. Unfortunately, one of the lieutenants was killed by a shell that was so very unmindful of precedent as to seek him in his dug-out.

I had the honor to be shaved under fire. The barber of the company was busy relieving me of a two days' growth of beard when shells began to fall not far from us. 'Go on!' I cried; and though my barber's hand shook, he cut off neither my nose nor my ears.

I have discovered a stove with some stovepipe. The infirmary didn't want it, and simply threw it away, so I had it set up in my dug-out, where the air is decidedly chilly. With the pine boughs from the woods round about, which my orderly stuffs in, it keeps me warm and enables me to make some good chocolate.

It is cold. To-night we shall have to go to the first line to take planks and wire. But what a good cup of tea I shall have when I come back!

March 30. Last night a blizzard came down upon us. It was doubtless due to the violent displacement of air caused by the terrible bombardment that never for a moment ceases. I came in late — about three o'clock. We had to do a lot of trotting about; the communication trenches took up the snow,

[1] Translated from the manuscript diary by Miss Katharine Babbitt. Other installments of this diary appeared in the January and February *Atlantic*. — The Editors.

and were beginning to be muddy again. Oh, this abominable Champagne mud!

To-day we were bombarded even more than usual. Several men imprudently went to walk in full view of the enemy. Naturally shells came after them, so now the men are forbidden to go out of the shelters. I slept all the morning in front of my snoring little stove. Played cards this evening. I feel as if I were rapidly sinking to the level of the brute. For variety we go to the trenches to-night.

March 31. Our last days in Champagne. It seems we are to be laid off to recuperate and will change sectors afterward. One would say that before we go the authorities want us to become profoundly familiar with the landscape of this desolate region. We are in the second line, and before us stretches the panorama of all the trenches we have held, beginning with Hill 181. The weather is clear. The snow did not last. We can see the woods, stripped bare by shells, as well as the whole labyrinth of trenches and communications; then the ruins of the stricken village of Perthes. With my glass I can make out the first trench I occupied. I recognize it from certain little details, but we have gone a long way ahead since then, more than a kilometre.

Day comparatively calm. Nothing to do except be ready to sustain a possible attack. We sleep, read, or play cards. The Boches are still bombarding Perthes and Hill 181. The big 'marmites' send up into the night splendid luminous volcanoes, or else burst above the trenches in clouds that whirl off down the wind. The curious thing is that you see the explosion long before you hear it, and the hiss of the bomb sounds directly overhead at the very moment when it is bursting in the distance. I had to explain this phenomenon to my men, whose knowledge of acoustics is not very extended.

I have just witnessed a magnificent and terrible sight — a German attack in close formation crushed in less time than it takes to tell it. To the east, in the direction of Beauséjour, was an intense bombardment; then through my glass I could see gray masses emerge, gesticulating and densely crowded together. This attack was caught between two curtains of fire. The raging 75's hurled a curtain of fire in front of them, keeping them from advancing, and one behind them that made it impossible for them to get back to their trenches. They were wiped out to the very last man. There was a mad dance in the air, of scattered limbs, mingled with clouds of dirt and smoke. The incredible part of it is that nothing was left on the ground, or next to nothing. It was as if the bodies of those men had been volatilized and made one with the air. We were transfixed with horror and filled with rapturous hope. May the fight in the open be not delayed! Our 75's will quickly give us victory.

Holy Thursday. Our aviators are floating gracefully about in the twilight — a twilight divinely calm. It is Holy Week. The strains of the great Johann Sebastian and of *Parsifal* keep running through my head.

Orders have come. We are to be relieved this evening. We are going to recuperate and then, they say, to Alsace. I shall be so happy to have a chance to fight on the soil we have won back. This is our last day in Champagne. I am leaving without regret this desolate desert where I have known difficult hours and a few splendid moments. The thing that tried me most sorely was this mole-like existence, I who am always longing for large action and open and intense fighting with an enemy who is before your eyes.

The Boches have been bombarding rather violently. That is to be expected since this is Holy Thursday. But, in

spite of everything, there has been something religious in the calm of the elements these latter days. Nature is at her devotions. This evening is superb. Shells are bursting in great numbers, and the little church of Perthes totters as if it were about to fall. Through the loopholes comes the mew of spent bullets, but these noises disturb but little the heavenly serenity of the twilight. Larks are singing, full-throated, a sublime pæan of life and joy. In the distance lie the dead, and the frightful mangled corpse of the village of Perthes.

[For a month the Lieutenant's diary records marches and more or less prolonged sojourns in various cantonments in the region of the Meuse: a calm existence, without many events of interest. At the beginning of May, however, he was sent back to the front near Artois, on the eve of the great offensive.]

May 4. Once more we take up the life of war. We have been back in the trenches since last night. We had nearly lost the wont of shot and shell, although we are managing to keep up a good face. But how different this is from Champagne! Here it is comfortable, almost to the point of luxury, and the sector is as calm as calm — only a few isolated cannon-shots now and then, just to let each other know we are here.

Two false alarms last night. A soldier thinks he hears suspicious noises, gets excited, and fires like mad. The panic goes churning down the line and raises a regular hurricane in its trail.

In making the rounds, I went over the whole ground occupied by the company. From time to time a flash from my electric lamp showed me the way through the deserted communication trenches. Every one was at his post. The enemy could come on if he wished. To tell the truth, not a single shell was sent our way. The Boches have never been less troublesome.

To-day it is raining, and I regret to see that the soil of Artois gets muddy easily, too. Having nothing else to do, I asked an officer of the engineering corps for permission to go into the mine. He consented most willingly, and went down with me into the gallery. It is solidly built, and supported by heavy planks, for the crumbling earth might easily stop up this narrow space. I had to crawl on all fours a long time before reaching the end, where the listening post was. Two men were on duty there, standing with their ears close to the wall, in the yellowish light of a single candle. We were under the German trench.

On listening carefully I made out a faint murmur of voices, very indistinct and muffled. I should not have objected to overhearing the conversation of those men, who were in all likelihood to die before many days were spent. The large explosion chamber of the mine is to be stuffed with cheddite, and, at the given moment, an electric spark will send that trench and its inhabitants on a journey through the air. It was n't at all pleasant down in that hole. The air was stifling, and I was glad enough, after another long crawl, to find myself in the open again, if the trench may be called the open.

In order to guard against gas-bombs we have been given horrible, nightmarish masks, goggles set in a kind of pig jowl or snout made of rubber and containing a solution of ammonia. They make one look like a wild animal, and as soon as I got mine I put it on for the benefit of my *poilus*. They nearly laughed themselves into fits.

But life in general is calm, too calm even. I am reading *Anna Karénina*, which came by mail yesterday, and

smoking endless pipes. The men make lots of aluminum rings. As soon as a shell lands they start out to look for the fuse, of which they fashion very artistic little rings. My soldiers have given me several. I am on most friendly terms with them all. At odd times I have bought them little extras in the way of wine or sweets, and then I manage things so that they get their letters before any of the other sections. The letters come toward midnight, with the fatigue who brings rations. I am always on hand, and along with my own correspondence, I take that of my men. It is the one great joy of the day, so why should it be deferred? To be sure, it is because I am so keen on letters myself that I like the men to share my pleasure. And if they have no light, they have permission to come to my dug-out, which is always lighted. They insist on my taking some of all their good things — candies, cigarettes, or what not — when a package comes. But I can find a way to even things up. I think I have my men well in hand. I shall be able to do some good work with them when the time comes.

May 5. At noon returned to the first line. After that the day was eventful. It was decided, by way of preparation for future offensives, to furnish the attacking sections with red and white pennons, which were to serve as signals to the artillery, and mark the first French lines. By this means the artillery will not risk peppering its compatriots in the course of an advance. To-day the order came to raise the pennons over our first lines, so that our artillery can get the range of the enemy's positions. At two o'clock therefore they were hoisted. The astonishment of the Boches was promptly made manifest by a whirlwind of bullets, which converted these common bits of cloth into glorious trophies. Then our artillery turned loose. It was our duty to observe the range and rectify it by telephone. One by one, with mathematical precision, big shells lighted on the German positions. There must be a formidable number of batteries, for without a moment's pause or cessation shells poured on the Boche trench for three full hours.

Meanwhile, very naturally, our friends across the way began to get peevish and sent off a few blasts of little 77's, which afforded great satisfaction to the makers of rings. One could hear them coming very distinctly: first, the six reports of the battery, then a hiss, then a detonation, not very terrifying. I was in the middle of the trench with my eye glued to a periscope. Several shells landed near; one fell on a decaying corpse in the midst of the wire, spreading about for several minutes the horrible heavy odor that reminded me of the night we buried the dead in Champagne. Another stupid shell chose to fall in the passage that led to my dug-out. The bags of sand were tumbled all about, and it took more than half an hour's work before I could get into my quarters. My things were not at all damaged. And yet at one moment the shells rained thick and fast; two or three fell on the parapet, blowing to bits several loopholes. The machine-gunners who were playing cards near their gun shut their dug-out with a tent-sheet. It is a thing I have often noticed; it proves that, after all, man is not so different from the ostrich. One has the illusion of being secure behind the most flimsy barrier, if only it keeps out the sight of the danger — a hedge, a plank, a tent-sheet. It is an insult to reason, but never mind. Brute instinct knows no reason.

So the sector that on our arrival seemed asleep has had a rude awakening. Everything points to a coming offensive. I certainly hope we shall have a share in it.

May 6. Night calm. The Boches seemed non-existent. Our artillery quieted down. I was wakeful notwithstanding. The responsibility is too great. It is raining hard. There is water in the bottom of the trench, and it is impossible to move without taking a disagreeable foot-bath. The aviators, however, give sign of great activity. Since morning we have had the joy of watching several reconnaissances. The planes were hotly bombarded, but to no purpose.

Their flight must have been successful, for no sooner had they returned than our artillery set up a terrible spitting at the German trenches. It was not hurried, but was a slow, continuous, methodical fire which must have been very deadly. From the second line we sent off the little winged bombs, the *chouxfleurs* whose acquaintance we made in Champagne. They leap up, not very high, then hesitate an instant before they swoop down upon the Boches, exploding with a muffled thud which makes the ground tremble clear to our trench, while a spout of black smoke rises and floats a long time. In all the sectors where I have been, the superiority of our artillery becomes every day more evident.

After dinner the question was telephoned: 'What are the special points the different section commanders would like to see battered by the artillery in case of a drive?' I asked for the collaboration of all my men. I had the corporals explain to them the signs by which they could recognize the machine-gun positions: better defenses; loopholes bigger; bags of sand more numerous and more carefully arranged. I took my glass and observed minutely all the points of the German trench. I went to the listening post, and with the help of a much-perfected field-glass periscope, which magnifies in addition to giving a view over the edge, I probed the German position. At the end of more than an hour's work, utilizing the observations of my men, I was able to fix almost to a certainty the positions of four machine-guns. I marked on the plan of the trenches that had been given us the exact points to be hammered, and the document was sent along the hierarchical paths and in due time reached the artillery.

Then we indulged in a little distraction. As the rain had ceased, I went to two of my best marksmen and proposed a match. It is very amusing to try one's skill in shooting. The objective point is a Boche loophole, that is to say, a piece of steel plate. If the balls touch, one hears a metallic ring and the hum of the ricochet. I made a good score, but I placed only nine balls out of ten, and was beaten by P., who got in all ten. The prize was a package of cigarettes.

Everybody is in a good humor today. There is a great buzz of conversation. Some of the men are playing checkers, others cards. One man, who is the happy recipient of an accordion, is favoring us with popular tunes which everybody catches up in chorus. Really, it is very festive. This evening we go to the second line, in the shelters. Three of the four companies of our battalion are on the firing line, the fourth is in reserve. It is our turn now to be in reserve.

May 7. We are in marvelous shelters, where we laugh defiance to missiles of all sorts and kinds, even the 420's. Behind the second lines, galleries are sunk, to which large staircases give access. They are surrounded by a sort of ditch which serves as a yard, on which the entrances open. They are vast tunnels, 15 metres underground, made by the engineers; broad, comfortable, supported by huge beams, and furnished with plank floors. They are about thirty metres long, three metres

broad, and three metres high. There are beds of straw, bags for pillows, and candles for lighting — in every way comfortable. In the yard are supplies: grenades, wire, trench-shells, and casks of water. We officers have a special gallery with two compartments — a living-room and a sleeping-room. The former has a huge fireplace, a big table, several stools, and a superb lamp. The bedroom is less sumptuous: a large space covered with a thick bed of straw, where we shall sleep soundly.

There has been unusual activity along the front these two days. Staff officers keep coming and going. Men have been carrying to the first lines quantities of hand-grenades, wire, and ladders. Aeroplanes are circling busily through the air. The artillery sounds like an orchestra tuning its instruments before the symphony. Important events are in the air.

Evening. It's coming! The grand offensive is to be launched over a wide area. In the whole of Flanders the attempt is to be made to pierce the Boche front. We are going to try to get out of these accursed trenches and fight superbly, face to face.

About five o'clock, just as we were sitting down at table, I was called to the commandant. My colleagues had also been summoned and we received our orders. To-morrow, at an hour not yet indicated, the regiment is to attack in concert with those of the nine army corps that are massed in this region. It is the grand offensive, victory perhaps. We are to go forward and jump over four enemy trenches, previously battered by the artillery, not stopping until we reach a ravine that can be seen through the glass 800 metres from our first line. We pore over the maps, and each of us makes sure of his exact goal. My company is to march at the head in deployed line and lead the drive. The commandant then shook hands with each of us in turn, and told us that he counted on every man to do his duty.

I went back to my soldiers to issue the command to get ready. Each man was to have 200 cartridges, six grenades, and three days' rations, and was to carry his blanket slung crosswise over his shoulder. But while I was consulting the plan of the German positions with my colleagues, a message came that all orders were canceled. The sudden let-down was not entirely pleasant, but we all shared somewhat the feeling of the sorry jester who said, 'All right, that gives us one more day to live.' We count on coming out alive, but the nearness of danger is not without its anguish.

We have been having a fine game of poker. I lost, so I shall be lucky. I am tired. My fellow officers have been asleep this long time. I am going to imitate them. The boom of our big guns is heavy and deep.

May 8. — 10 P.M. It is for to-night. We are to take positions in the first line at 2 A.M. The time of the attack is not yet fixed. I have written a great many letters. Perhaps I have given way to my feelings in some of them. I did not tell my mother. I wrote her that new movements of troops are predicted for the near future and that she is not to worry if she has no news of me for a while. But I told the truth to my little godmother and to my old friend. . . .

But sadness and farewells I have put behind me. Now I am all a soldier, and a soldier filled with the determination to fight and to conquer, and exalted by the work that is before him. If I die, and these are the last words I am destined to write, I want them to be *Vive — vive la France!*

June 9. In the silence and quiet of a little hospital room, near a window where pink and white thorn trees make a fragrant screen, I am going to try

to describe the nightmare of a month ago, and finish the record of my first campaign.

As I read over the last few pages, the enthusiasm I felt when they were written comes surging back. Neither time nor suffering can take it away from me. But the horror of the terrible hours that followed our offensive on the ninth of May is a thing of the past. It has been lifted and smoothed away in this peaceful hospital by the angels who dwell in it — the sublime women of the French Red Cross. The account of the events of that day will be none the less exact for having waited. I have not forgotten any part of them.

On the night before the attack, then, we were awakened about midnight by the beginning of the bombardment. Unable to sleep, we arose and began preparations ahead of time. At last came the order to go forward to our fighting posts. One by one we moved along the dark narrow trenches leading to the first lines. Above our heads was the constant hissing of our big shells going ahead of us to the Boches. Once in the first line, we spent the hours of waiting as comfortably as we could.

Dawn came slowly. The bombardment kept growing in intensity. It was seven o'clock. Several artillery officers came into my trench to regulate the precision of the fire, which was to clear our way of all outside obstacles — wire-entanglements, *chevaux-de-frise*, the enemy trenches. In a short time, all was regulated, and the storm began. It is impossible to realize the din of this firing. Guns of all calibres spit forth their shells with the maximum of rapidity. This lasted three hours, three deafening, maddening hours. In the midst of this storm of steel and fire, the brigadier-general arrived. He said a few words to me. I told him I was as sure of my men as of myself. He seemed satisfied and gave me the hour of attack, ten o'clock. Every one looked at his watch. Nine o'clock. So in an hour then —

Five minutes to ten! I take my place at the foot of my ladder. In those last moments thoughts come rapidly. On this ladder hangs our destiny. In the trench there is relative security. What will become of us at the top of those four rounds? But no one thinks of hesitating. We seem to be in the grasp of some unknown and mighty force.

I seize my revolver and make sure of my grenades. One minute to ten. At this instant comes a rumbling detonation which causes the ground to tremble as if shaken by an earthquake. Our mines have exploded. This is the time.

'Attention! Forward, *mes petits*, and *vive la France!*'

This cry burst from every throat, and I sprang up my ladder, followed by my men. From that moment I was carried forward by the intoxication of the assault. I did not see, but rather felt, my men close to me, running by my side, and, like myself, drunk with a sublime madness. We reached the first German trench. We threw hand-grenades. But no living thing was there. Confusedly, in my forward rush, I saw heaps of earth and corpses. The bombardment had almost leveled the trench. Forward, still forward. We kept running breathlessly, carried away by the strange fascination of victory, and by the joy of treading the soil we were giving back to France. I went ahead, unconscious of those who were falling by the way. My intelligence was numbed. A greater force was urging me on.

After passing the second trench, I noticed that our ranks had thinned, but we went on and plunged into the third trench. A furious hand-to-hand fight followed. I unloaded my revolver almost instinctively on a German who was aiming at me. By this time our

second wave of assault was joining us. I quickly decided to merge in it and push forward. I was covered with sweat and blood — with the blood of the Boche I had killed. I was in a frenzy. I ran toward the fourth trench, the last one to capture before reaching our goal. I went on, hypnotized by that trench which seemed to be running to meet me. I could see the enemy through the gaps that our artillery had made in their defenses.

Suddenly I fell. I was alone. Above my head the constant whizzing of bullets; near by, the significant snorting of a machine-gun. At first I was a little stunned, then I tried to rise and felt that my right arm moved with difficulty. My coat was covered with blood. My arm hung limp. I felt it. I began to understand. Wounded, of course. But what of my soldiers? I raised my head; a bullet struck the ground very near. I fell back, but I had had time enough to see. Nobody in front of me. Nobody behind me. Corpses all around. I was alone, ten yards from the enemy's trench. I could see the Boches moving about in it. With my left hand I got hold of my revolver. But what was the use of trying to fire left-handed? I should miss and they would make an end of me.

To advance was impossible. To go back was equally impossible. The least move would be my death. The bullets over my head kept up a fearful hum. This situation could not last. If I did not get under shelter, one of those bullets would surely find me out. Near by, within a few yards, a slight rise in the ground indicated a possible cavity. With great care, without apparent motion, inch by inch, I dragged myself to it. Think of my joy! It was a large funnel, dug out by a German mine, and a score of wounded had taken refuge in it. Still another effort and I found myself among them. The cavity was five or six yards deep and very wide at the top. A few dead lay prone upon the edge — poor fellows, killed at the moment when, like myself, they saw salvation in that hole.

Above our heads the air was lashed with a terrible cross-fire. The sad truth began to come home to me that our advance had been checked after the third trench. And what of my men, my *poilus* whom I so loved? Dead?

But our own plight was critical. Our lives hung by a very slender thread. For the present, the unceasing fire of the machine-guns prevented our escape. Sooner or later the Germans would launch a counter-attack and put an end to us with their hand-grenades. And again, if the French pursued the offensive, they would renew the bombardment, and in all probability we should be struck by our own shells. As for surrendering to the Boches, — they were near enough, — every man of us would rather starve in that hole. These thoughts and the pain from my wound overcame me for an instant. I felt myself losing consciousness. I took a few drops of cordial that I happened to have in my bag, and revived.

Then came a short lull. Time dragged along slowly, very slowly. Toward noon a fusillade broke forth in the enemy's trench. A ray of hope. Were the French carrying their attack to the fourth line? A man suddenly stumbled into our crater. He was one of my own soldiers. He was without his equipment. He saw me and, weeping and laughing, embraced me. I asked him where he came from and why he had no gun, no bayonet, no grenades. In a distracted voice, he told me his story.

After I had been wounded and knocked down, my soldiers kept on running forward and jumped into the fourth German trench. But their ranks had thinned, and they were too few.

Some were killed, others disarmed. The latter were told by the Boches after a time, 'You are not wanted. Get out of here.' My men were bewildered. They could not understand. Again they were ordered to leave, and finally they climbed out of the trench and began running back to the French position. The brutes then fired upon them from behind. All were killed evidently, with the exception of this soldier, who owed his life to the crater into which he had providentially fallen.

My despair was intense, for I had lost all my brave men, and I was powerless to avenge them. To this mental torture was added the suffering from my wound. The hot rays of the sun shone directly upon us. Hand-grenades fell again into the crater. We crouched close to the ground.

Presently the French 75's and 105's began to burst over the German trench. They were very, very near us. One 75 exploded just above our heads, and the impact threw the body of a dead soldier almost on top of me. A shell burst and blew to pieces that very soldier of mine who had escaped the odious massacre. We quickly threw a tent-sheet over this abomination. We were fully conscious of the horror of our situation. Another explosion cut off the foot of a sergeant, and, in spite of his screams, I poured a flask of iodine on his wound. Then, for the first time, I abandoned all hope. We had made a sacrifice of our lives and waited, motionless, resigned, trembling.

But an idea came to me. There were heavy planks in the bottom of the crater, which had been used to prop the explosion-chamber of the mine. With much difficulty, we moved them together, leaning them against the side of the crater. Under this shelter we all huddled. Several times our wooden structure was violently shaken by explosions, and our wounds were racked at each shock. This lasted a long time, an infinitely long time. The hours do not seem to move under such circumstances.

Finally the captain of the company which marched immediately behind us, the only man in the crater who was not wounded, declared that he was going to the French trench to have the firing stopped. In spite of our protests, for we were sure that he would meet death on the way, he went out under the bombardment. A long time afterward the firing from our side stopped. Could the captain have reached our trenches? And hope revived in us again. We all wanted to leave that inferno at once. But the German machine-guns started in afresh. We must wait for the night.

The sun was getting low. The bombardment ceased, and we came out from under the protection of our planks. We stretched out on the ground, which was all furrowed by shells. The wounded were moaning, some had the death-rattle. I was completely exhausted, and somehow I fell asleep. When I awoke it was already dusk. The hour of deliverance was near. But as soon as night came, rockets flashed from the German trench and a fusillade burst forth. Possibly some of the wounded had tried to return to our lines and were being shot from behind. Our hope grew dim and we wondered if we should ever get away. We were horrified to think we might have to spend another day in that hole. Better die at once, die in the effort to get back, die with hope in our hearts.

Toward nine o'clock the man least wounded among us decided to venture forth. His plan was, on reaching the French line, to request that a trench be dug out in our direction so that we could return in safety. We agreed upon a signal to be given by our machine-

guns. Twice-four sharp shots to establish the communication. Three times three slow shots would indicate that we must wait until they came for us. Three times three rapid shots that we should have to escape by our own means.

Half an hour or more elapsed. Rockets kept flashing in the night and the machine-guns never stopped. We began to fear for the fate of our comrade. But at last came the signal — three times three rapid shots. Hurry back, hurry back, hurry back, said the French guns. We had to count on ourselves alone, and we decided to crawl toward our lines.

One by one, at long intervals, we left. Only one could not leave, the man wounded in the stomach. 'So you forsake me!' he moaned. I spread my blanket over him and promised to send for him. I knew this was impossible, but my deception might help him to die in hope. I knew also the terror of dying there slowly, and alone, all alone. But he was beyond our help.

I could not crawl on my stomach. I was obliged to lie on my back, and advance head first toward the French lines. The rockets gave me a glimpse of our trenches. They were several hundred yards distant. I pushed myself along with my feet as does a man when swimming on his back. As soon as a rocket flashed its light I remained motionless, feigning death among the dead. And in those few instants of immobility, I could hear my heart beat, and moans and cries of men dying, and of wounded calling for help. I passed by a soldier who was groaning feebly. I recognized him and tried to drag him with me. With great difficulty I managed to pull him a few feet. And then I saw that I was dragging a corpse.

This Calvary lasted long, frightfully long. Several times I bumped my head into dead bodies. Crawling backward I could not see these obstacles. At one moment, I found myself under a corpse. The body was in a kneeling position and leaning forward. I had its face against my face, and its open eyes seemed to stare at me. The magnesium light of a rocket made that face appear still more livid. I worked myself free and went on over that rough, chaotic ground, falling into shell-holes, jostling the dead. But my whole being was strained to the one idea — to go back, to reach the French trench to which I was drawing nearer and nearer. I began talking out loud. Without knowing it, I must have talked a good deal. I found myself saying over half-forgotten snatches of Virgil: —

'Est in conspectu Tenedos, notissima fama
Insula, dives opum —'

It was indeed *in conspectu*, that trench, and likewise *dives opum* — richer than any Island of the Blest.

Meanwhile German shells kept falling in rapid succession. I was covered with earth several times, and once roughly shaken up. But now the goal was very near. I shouted with all my strength, 'France! France! I am a lieutenant of the Eleventh Company.' I dimly heard voices saying, 'This way, this way!' I directed myself by those voices. I was exhausted. I got entangled in wire-defenses. My arm hurt unbearably. A shell that fell near stunned me. I felt myself being seized and pulled. I fell into the trench — the French trench. Then I fainted.

(*The End*)

LETTERS TO A BLIND SOLDIER

Osmin Lagarde, Adjutant of the —— Regiment of Infantry, French Army, is one of the most energetic, the sprightliest, and the best set-up French officers I have ever met. He has a striking but unaffected military bearing that fits him neatly and sets him off from others. Withal he is one of the most helpless of men. He is blind. On the 22d of August, 1914, he fell near Bertrix in Belgium, his temple pierced by a German bullet which, in tearing its way through, completely destroyed the optic nerve.

His little cane raps smartly before him as he gropes along the wall of the room where I am writing. He turns quickly toward me when I speak to him, and his eyes, fortunately still in their sockets, look upon me in their peculiar unseeing way. The pupils are white and somewhat bloodshot. But the sweet intelligence of his whole face seems to dominate it; and in his persistent struggle to overcome the darkness into which he has been plunged, one perceives nothing but his strength.

His face is dark and handsome, worthy of a bright son of Provence, with the added alertness and force of his long training as an army officer. His expressionless eyes seem to hinder in no way the extreme mobility of his features. These I have seen light up with all sorts of beautiful feelings and thoughts. I have seen them darken, too, at the mention of his country's enemies. But I have never seen them assume a regret for the loss of the priceless privileges of taste and sight, though his face wears oftenest a thoughtful sadness that comes from the inevitable consciousness of a broken life.

An officer by career, he was among the first called out to defend *la douce France*. He left his wife and little girl, with whom he had been spending his furlough, and in a few days had crossed the Belgian frontier to help stem the invading horde. While directing his men in a skirmish near a village, a bullet pierced his head; and his comrades, forced back by superior numbers, left him for dead. He was later picked up by a German officer and carried into Bertrix. There a Belgian woman, whose husband was fighting in King Albert's plucky little army, took care of him and, in time, nursed him back to health. During his convalescence the German officer who had saved his life visited him several times; and between the two developed an interesting and amicable relation that inspired mutual respect and confidence. It is but just to record the conduct of this German officer toward his wounded adversary, since it offers a striking contrast with many tales since told.

The Adjutant says but little of his days of convalescence. He lived in peaceful quiet in the house of the Belgian woman, Madame Fontaine, and her two little sons. She took loving care of him, who was to her a defender of her country, a hero who had offered his life to save her land. And indeed this was the truth. To-day this French soldier speaks in the simplest terms of his willingness to die for this other land that had spent itself to remain true to its pledge. His one regret is that he fell without having killed a single German. In the vibrant tone in which he says this, one feels the sincerity of his regret. 'Mais,' he adds philosophically

and bravely, 'il fallait être là.' Somebody had to be on the spot. Still, the bitterness of having fallen thus at the very beginning of the fighting, in one of the first combats, is not so easily tempered, even by the sense of duty accomplished. To have his sight back is Lagarde's strongest desire, but not for the sake of seeing. With what is almost a flash in his blank eyes, he speaks of his ardent wish to be able to see in order to return to the ranks and help accomplish the task that has now devolved on his brothers in arms. The dead hopelessness of this ambition is in such contrast to the energy and appeal of his tone that I am shaken by emotion whenever I think of it.

As a prisoner of the Germans, the Adjutant remained for eight months in the care of Madame Fontaine, during which time he learned to adjust himself to the bitterness of his plight. His nurse had many other duties to perform toward the wounded in the village, but the two found time to become firm friends and to talk together of their hopes for the future and their thoughts of their loved ones. The husband of Madame Fontaine, of whom she had no news since the beginning of the war, was a corporal in the Belgian army. The presumption was that he was dead. She knew that he must have passed through some of the fiercest fighting in Belgium. Madame Fontaine spoke often of her husband and of their peaceful life together, now so cruelly shattered by the invasion of the treaty-breakers. The French officer, in his turn, told her of his beautiful little home in Corrèze, of his wife and child who had had no word from him. They were safe, to be sure; but what could they believe in the midst of this dread silence? 'Only one thing,' came the hopeless answer from his heart. The quieting words of Madame Fontaine alone helped to calm his anguish.

Yet what he dreaded most had come to pass. His name had been published in a list of the heroes who had perished in the defense of their country. His wife and child assumed their mourning garb, while upon their hearts settled the despair of their loss. Then they went through long days of pain, he all the while oppressed with the dread of their mourning and unable to break through the silence that shrouded his fate.

Until April, 1915, he was detained in Belgium, receiving fair treatment from his German captors, and fast learning to admire the Americans who wrought so nobly and successfully to save from starvation Belgian women and children. In glowing terms he speaks of these efforts of a 'friendly' nation; he rejects the word 'neutral' for us. He has often maintained to me, in speaking of the Americans on the Food Commission, that, 'if in conversation their words were of necessity neutral, they were unable to make their handshake the same, and with pride I recognized in these men friends, true friends.'[1] It was with something of a lump in my throat that I watched him not long ago speaking to Ambassador Sharp and conveying to this representative of America in France his gratitude, and that of all the Belgians he knew, for our humanitarian intercession in the barbaric martyrdom imposed upon their peaceful land.

The Adjutant learned to love Americans and to appreciate their activity in Belgium; but presently he had to leave all his new friends, for he was sent to a prisoners' camp in the heart of Germany. There he languished several weary months, till the time came for his exchange through Switzerland as a *grand blessé*. After interminable weeks of travel, he finally crossed the border of his own land. All the way to his

[1] Quoted from one of Adjutant Lagarde's letters. — The Editors.

home in Corrèze, the blind hero was acclaimed and welcomed; and when he reached Brive, his native town, the joy of those dear to him filled his heart to overflowing.

One of his first pleasures in this partial resumption of his former life was to have his wife write a long letter to Corporal Fontaine, of the Belgian Army, telling him all he knew of Madame Fontaine, of little Maurice and his brother, and reassuring him of their well-being. He sent the letter off, hardly expecting an answer, dreading to learn what he feared so surely. The fact was, however, that the corporal was safe, his life having been miraculously preserved even in the hell of Namur, Antwerp, and the Yser. Overjoyed at the receipt of this unexpected budget of news, which gave him such precious knowledge of his little family, the Belgian, knowing nothing of the nature of the Adjutant's wound, wrote back asking for more information.

Thus began a series of intimate letters between two soldiers of a great cause. They revealed to each other two splendid fellows, both of lowly extraction and limited education, and both endowed richly with the qualities that make heroes of men. Lagarde was proud of his new friend, proud of his glowing letters. He waited impatiently for them to come, fearing that each might be the last. He was glad to share with some of us his pleasure in this new comradeship; and as our own friendship developed, he intrusted the letters to me, permitting me to copy them.

HARRY KURZ.

A——, *August* 6, 1915.

MONSIEUR LAGARDE, —

I do not know how to thank you for the kind letter you have just written me. After a whole year I receive news of my people! And it is a Frenchman, a wounded man, who sends me this news! Imagine the state of mind into which your letter has thrown me. I could leap for joy!

So you have really been eight months in my home? Were you then very seriously wounded? And how did it happen that you came to know Madame Fontaine? Does she tend the wounded, perhaps, with some doctor, or in a hospital?

Monsieur, please pardon these questions if they seem indiscreet; I am so astounded that I should like to know everything, and I am taking it for granted that you know a great many things about my village.

I suppose that you have been returned to France by means of an exchange of the seriously wounded. Then you too, you are seriously wounded?

If I am not mistaken about this, accept my sincere congratulations for having been able to escape alive. We are fighting for the great Cause, we are brothers-in-arms — and you must not smile at hearing a little Belgian speak in this manner to the great Frenchmen! We have, for the moment, but one country, the land of Right and of Justice. Belgians and Frenchmen and the rest, we all want liberty and we shall have it. If I am neither wounded nor dead, it is n't my fault, although I have no complaint to make!

While you had fallen in defense of our two countries, I was fighting at Namur, Bioul, and Philipville; I was at the siege of Antwerp in the first line, and at the Yser. As soon as the Belgian government had decided to throw the old classes into working divisions, I applied for permission to be transferred to the battalion in charge of the military railway. Work here is still action at the front, close to the Boches; I would not go to the rear for anything in the world. I should be bored to death there.

Monsieur Lagarde, would it be too

much to ask you to send me a few more words about Bertrix, about my home town and my family? You probably know some of the people whom I know well; at any rate it is a place I love with all my heart. You will help make less cruel for me this hard and long separation from all the people and all the things I love.

And if you know any means of writing to Bertrix, I might be able to send a few lines that would bring infinite pleasure to my family.

Please accept, Monsieur Lagarde, with my gratitude, my most respectful sentiments.

CORPORAL HENRI FONTAINE.

A——, *August* 31, 1915.

DEAR MONSIEUR LAGARDE,—

I tremble as I write to you. Of all the guesses I made about the nature of your wound, the one that is true never occurred to me.

I have hesitated a long time — I did n't know what to say; before this atrocious result of our struggle for our rights, the mind pauses confused; what thoughts, what rancors, what discontent, what deep revolt accumulated within me during these cursed days which last only too long, are obliterated before this reality which you make me touch, as it were, with my finger! And I thought myself unfortunate!

It is not fitting for me to offer you here stupid words of consolation which your French spirit would reject with disgust! The two letters that I have had from you have shown me clearly enough that I have as correspondent a soldier, a true one! The more cruel your state, the greater and nobler your courage, which reveals itself in the serenity of your words.

I admire you, dear friend, dear soldier of France! You incarnate all that is great and noble in your sublime race. On foreign soil, for a country, for a people of whose existence you were hardly aware, you have sacrificed yourself, like others of your countrymen, as you have given yourself for France, your own beloved land!

And after having sacrificed yourself, you have only one thought, only one desire: you want to reassure those who fight on for the same sacred Cause. I cannot adequately express to you the admiration that your conduct inspires in me. La France reveals herself completely in your act: generous and sublime, even to the supreme sacrifice.

Dear and brave friend, if it is given to me some day to prove to you that a Belgian is neither a coward nor an ingrate, you shall be convinced. I assure you that I shall not forget! I feel my blood boiling within me, and the hatred I had vowed against these bandits is all the greater because the sufferings they have made you endure are so cruel. Perhaps the moment for making resolutions about the future has not yet come; but whether or not I am lucky enough to get out of this alive, I can assure you just the same that you have in me a brother, a devoted brother, if you are willing to accept me as such.

My home is beautiful; you are familiar with it! It shall be your home also.

Let me also express to you, dear friend, the joy I feel at knowing that you are united with a companion who, one can easily see, has as much tenderness as courage. For France she, too, suffers! But what solace and what joy she must have in feeling that she is your support, the support of a loving heart! For you together life is still rich in opportunities; and the things your dear eyes can see no more — she will see them and then you, too, will see them!

I close by assuring you of my feeling of unalterable confidence regarding the final result. Whatever may be said or thought, we shall always do our duty, in spite of everything, in spite of death

itself. Let this assurance be a comfort to you; keep saying to yourself that your sacrifice shall not have been in vain! We are bound to win, we will win!

I pray you, dear monsieur and friend, present my respectful regards to Mme. Lagarde, and be assured of my entire devotion.

Corporal H. Fontaine.

P.S. If my talk gives you pleasure, I can write you as much as you wish.

A——, 9/30/1915.

Dear Monsieur Lagarde, —

I have just received your friendly card from Biarritz. I thank you sincerely for the interest you show in me. You have no doubt received in the meantime my answer to your second letter, in which I tried to explain to you my delay in writing; I shall not repeat what I said, since your letters are surely being forwarded to you at Biarritz.

I do hope very much that you will not leave me without news of your health. Now you are enjoying a few days of calm at the seashore after the frightful upheaval of those terrible days of torment. How I wish I were with you, in order to accompany you on your walks with your loving and devoted companion, and to have good long talks with you about all we know and have been through! How many subjects there are upon which, intimately and agreeably, we should converse — subjects made up of memories and hopes, but all leading to the same thought, since all our ideas at present tend toward the same flashing goal: Victory! For it is true that, wherever we are at the present time, we cannot forget that we are soldiers; and that when you are a soldier, however you may twist your mind and your speech, you end always by persuading yourself that what you dream is true. And when you dream, you often see things going right all by themselves! Yet since it is not true that things do go right all by themselves, but rather that you've got to push them along with all your might and main, and that even then you need lots of patience, why, you just do all you can. And so the pleasure one would feel at being with a friend, in order to rest, to relax, becomes not merely a need, a strong desire, but also a natural result and a reward for a task well performed. Dear friend, it is this reward that I hope to obtain. One day or another the beast will be downed, and I want to be in at the death. Then what a shout of triumph and joy I shall bring you! You will be happy indeed when we come to tell you how we drove them out; and then, for you, too, as well as for us, there will be great gladness.

The newspapers tell you many things concerning the war; here, we see really just the daily task to be performed, and the rumors or echoes that come to us from other sections of the battlefield often leave us quite astonished.

I can't help hinting to you that our officers are letting us hope for an offensive before very long. If you only knew how we cling to that hope! Oh, the blessed sight of that land, lost now for so long a time, which, perhaps, we are going to see once more in only a few weeks! What a mad longing seizes you when you think that, very soon perhaps, you will be covering with kisses those of your loved ones who are still there! Alas! How many among us will find only grief and ruin! What despair, what horror, are bound to be the result of this tragedy! I am thinking of that dear fellow Nanan, to whom I gave your address in order that you might yourself confirm for him what he has heard through others. What terrible suffering for this poor boy who, knowing nothing of life and still so young, is going to find himself suddenly face to face with such a frightful reality.

For he's a big-hearted fellow, this boy Nanan, brought up according to stern principles by him who fell a noble victim to the barbarians. You have some of his letters and you will be able to judge him a little by his writing. I see him quite often, and each time I discover in him new qualities of spirit. You ought to understand each other very well, you two deep sufferers . . .

One thing troubles me — that I don't know exactly what happened in their house.[1] The only definite news I have received concerning Bertrix comes from you. Is it true that his brother and sister both met death on that cursed day? Oh! if you know the truth, dear friend, don't conceal it from me, for this uncertainty tortures me, me also, all the more because the poor fellow thinks I possess definite information, and because when we talk I no longer know how I ought to help him to feel. Ought I to go on encouraging in his heart hopes from which the awakening will be all the more cruel because I shall have helped build them up? Should I not rather prepare him (oh, very gently!) to foresee with some self-control that his misfortune is most likely what he persists in believing it to be? If you know, I beg you, tell me, and above all tell me what ought to be done. You can judge the situation better perhaps than I can.

I have received through the Bureau of Information at Lausanne some news of my family; brief news, to be sure, but which proves that our people are holding firm and are plucky. Maurice, my first-born, ranked third in excellence at the end of his year's studies. Doubtless to give his father pleasure, the child has worked hard, urged on by the courage of his mother. My wife tells me that the necessities of life are very dear — and that's all; even this comes indirectly, as a communication from a correspondent at Brussels.

We are having particularly fine weather here. A year ago, almost to a day, we were retreating along the road to France for the second time, pressed back by the fierce and bloody horde; the weather was fine even during that famous retreat from Antwerp. But how much more beautiful, more radiant, the day when we shall enter for the third time our glorious France, the France of our hearts, in order to acclaim our triumph in the cause of Justice! For I feel that very soon I shall come bringing you an echo of joy from these little Belgians who have been fighting, and who, battle-worn, will be all the more glorious with their great brothers and allies.

My best wishes and respects to Mme. Lagarde.

Your devoted friend,
CORPORAL H. FONTAINE.

A——, 28/10/15.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

This abominable weather that has been oppressing us for the last few days makes me rather sad. One feels so much alone when unable to go out; all one can do is to look at the monotonous cold rain, falling with a sound that irritates you, that drives you mad. . . .

Therefore I turn to writing to you, for it seems to me I am less alone when I share some of my thoughts, when I give my feeling expression to those near whom I should love to be, first of all to thank them, and then to talk to them about those I love and whom I pine to see again. Are you not indeed, my dear friend, the only person to whom I may speak about these things, since you have been there, have talked with them, have known them? How many times I have lived those moments of your life, so cruel for you, but which neverthe-

[1] Bertrix is mentioned in official reports among the places where the Germans 'committed atrocities.' — THE EDITORS.

less gave you the opportunity to form some appreciation of the spirit of my people! Do I not see 'Her' taking the little ones to pay a visit to the comrades of Papa, and to care for those whom the wicked have made to suffer? I know them all so well, those places, the house, the room where you spent such long months!

These past days had aroused in my heart fierce hopes. Did n't I actually see myself tramping along the roads, in the thick of the woods, returning to that land so desolate, yet so precious to me? How many plans had already taken shape in my mind! I had reached the point where I was trying to guess the words we should say to each other after such a long separation. Such are the illusions these few hours of triumph have given me.[1]

And then, reality turns you cold. We know what these advances cost; we understand all the force, the courage, the self-denial required of our valiant brothers to dislodge the cursed invaders from those few lines; and so we resume our daily task, a bit disappointed but nowise discouraged, awaiting all the more ardently the final cleaning-up with a little more determination or rage in our hearts.

The approach of the cold season is certainly not calculated to make us happy, but we will endure everything in order to avenge those who must be avenged — and, on my word, I think we are beginning to get used to it. It is only at certain moments that the memory of past joy softens you, but without weakening your confidence; one really does become hardened in war!

I suppose you have returned from your trip in good health. Is it indiscreet to ask you for your impressions? Are you becoming somewhat reconciled to your new life? I should like to know a little about you, because I want to give back to you some of the pleasure you have given me. May I hope to receive a few words from you? They would bring me so much happiness.

CORPORAL H. FONTAINE.

[1] Corporal Fontaine refers to the gains of the French in their Champagne drive. — THE EDITORS.

December 30, 1915.

DEAREST FRIENDS, —

Each year at this season one is happy indeed to be with those one loves, or to write them expressing all the affection one feels and wishing them all the joy that can be had here below.

For the second time, the brutal force of events holds us apart from our people. The days, when we used to be so happy in feeling that we were close together, when we thrilled with the joy of living and loving — these days are spent now amid the moans and groans of death; nothing human remains, except perhaps our desires and our regrets, which are awakened in our minds by these days.

And nevertheless, in spite of the horrors of these dark moments when the whole world seems bent on slaying and destruction, in spite of this return to the savage times when only the instinct of self-preservation animated men, we still feel that the horizon will clear and that happiness will overcome all these sorrows! We have in our hearts an invincible hope, a real faith in the future. Why is it that in the heart of man these sentiments are born and finally succeed in driving away the sombre moments when despair is about to overwhelm him? Happy mystery, that saves and consoles us!

I find these days less cruel since I may confide some of my thoughts to people who have shown themselves so kind to me. Were it not for you, I should probably not know that they, they also, can still send their wishes to the absent one into space.

Since you have known them, since you have spoken to them, you understand me and you can realize the love I bear them. You, you are a bit of them, for you have lived with them and have served as a bridge between their hearts and mine! To you, then, I send these good wishes that I would fain cry out to them. It seems to me that thinking of you will reach them, far away as they are. To you, whose happiness I desire, I impart my hope and the determination in me to give every ounce of strength in the defense of our rights and our liberty. To you I impart my hatred, that increases every day, for those unspeakable savages who have let loose upon us so many atrocities, so much grief; to you I say that to the last breath in my body I shall work for vengeance. And I wish you the joy of seeing that bright day arrive soon when, bleeding perhaps but proud, we shall enter into our country to put a stop to the martyrdom which has been going on for so many long months.

I should be happy to receive the picture of your dear little Paulette, and permit me to kiss it for their sakes.

CORPORAL H. FONTAINE.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE FIRST HERITAGE

MY wood-fire purrs and whispers. The Big Ben clock ticks faithfully on the mantel; the Little Ben dog snores a doggy snore on the rug. The baby, in her white bassinet in the corner, stirs and makes funny sleepy noises.

The room is gay with sunshine, and comforting to the soul with the books and pictures beloved of a lifetime. Darning stockings by the fire, I glance up now and then, and let my eyes be pleased and puzzled by the queer blue Scripture tiles around the fireplace.

Some day, when the baby is bigger, she will sit in my lap with her feet sticking out to the good heat, and I will hug her, and tell her, —

'That funny man up in the tree is Zaccheus. And here is the poor Prodigal Son coming home again. Those are the kind ravens who fed Elijah in the dry wilderness; and that man there is ——'; and doubtless, if she lives to be a hundred, Zaccheus and the Prodigal and the Prophet will appear to her drawn in coarse blue flowing lines, medallioned about a flickering birch-fire.

I wonder what else of this room and this house she will take with her, out across the years. She is very little now — hardly big enough to lift her head like a strong little turtle, to smile a broad square smile with a dimple at each corner, and to squeal out with inconsequent joy. But no doubt she has already begun to store that brown silken head, bumping my cheek so nonchalantly at times, with the stock-in-trade of all her future. Little Ben's terrible Airedale bark will be the gentle 'Bow-wow' of her first patter; and Big Ben is destined some day to clang and bang her out of dozy delights, crying 'School!' to the cold gray winter dawn.

The little bluebirds of my chintzy curtains will sing and fly for her like the first gay troubadours of the fence-posts. The hour-glass, up beside Big Ben, waits for her small hand to reach and

turn it, while she wonders at the red sand slipping in its chase on old Time's heels. Perhaps she will carry away with her a strange vision: dark, windy cypresses, deathly rock-chambers, curdling water and fatal barque, from the Böcklin 'Isle of Death,' over there; or Parrish's dreamy boy, blowing opal bubbles and pearly castles in the air, or swinging out of his black pine tree into the unbounded blue like an exulting arrow of youth, will make her little secret spirit dance and sing.

Downstairs, the piano, with a crack in its back and a rattle in its throat, seems asking that she should steal new music from it. The wide hearth has more than Scriptural bed-time joys to teach her. Pop-corn, and sparks running to Sunday-School, and dwarfs' forges and witches' caldrons and burning ships! Grimm and Andersen and Howard Pyle, now perched on the highest shelves, will come down to her desire, and the theology and history will go up, lighter than vanity, before many years. Will she keep house between her father's feet, there in the dark palatial space under the big desk? Will she shudder when she finds that it is a gray half-skull that holds her father's pipes so jauntily, and learn to watch the crystals of the ancient candlesticks for rainbow charms, each sunny morning?

Out in the garden the poppies flame, and the hollyhocks and larkspur sway. She will remember, some day, that she held pink poppy petals high against the blue, blue sky, and saw how deep a bee can burrow in a crimson hollyhock. And before that, there will be such dandelions on the lawn; such grasshoppers to jump after; such busy ants, toiling about their little sand-huts on the crooked red-brick walk!

She will have many happy things to remember, I think.

But what will she remember best of me, who sit here dreaming into her life the things that many years have wrought into mine? Perhaps it will be only that I wore a white dress on warm summer days; or that my hair had such and such a twist; or that I sat by the fire and darned many stockings, sometimes. Perhaps it will prove that I am just a picture in her swiftly turning picture-book: no more.

She is very little, there in the white bassinet. She starts on her long journey most quietly. But the house, the garden, the meadows, and the roads seem waiting for the stirring of her feet. I am waiting too; and some day the memory of me may be to her no keener than that of the red fire, the blue tiles, the poppies.

It does not trouble me to think that, though it has a sad empty look as I write it. Why should it trouble me? — Once I too lay in a basket in a corner, and made sleepy noises under a blue-edged shawl; once I watched a wood-fire dance, safe-hugged and rocked in quiet arms.

She will remember of this first heritage even what I have remembered. May it but prove as dear, out across her years!

MY DECENNIAL

A DECENNIAL of mine is about to be observed. Decennials are usually celebrated, I believe; but I have no cause to rejoice over this particular one, for it registers the completion of ten years of failure. For this reason, if there is a Failures' Club, I am not only eligible for, but I highly merit, its presidency. One hundred and twenty months ago, the *Atlantic* refused my first contribution; one week ago, my latest was returned. The even tenor of this experience through so long a period of years shows that my failure has at least the virtue of consistency. There have been no successes, and hardly any encouragements, to mar the sheer and blinding

beauty of my failure's symmetry and the perfection of its whole. My rejections have not only been regular; they have been absolute. True, the editorial wind has often been tempered to the shorn literary lamb; and many a letter from the *Atlantic* office has been far more human and kindly than any that I have, in trembling hope, been able to devise to the Editor. That austere gentleman has been 'ever so sensible' of my goodness in sending undesirable manuscripts; he has been 'grateful' for my tireless persistence in continuing to send contributions that did not suit. And seventy times seven (as admonished by Holy Writ) he has apparently forgiven me for trespassing on his time and his bounteous patience.

These emotions of grief and gratitude that he has expressed — I have wondered about them; not that I doubt their genuine nature, but that I must class them as editorial sorrows, not likely to bring the one who experiences them to an early and tragic end. After so long and so satisfactorily uniform a career of unsuccess, I am beginning to feel that this coming decennial of mine should celebrate my obsequies. As so much of my material has been rejected, *I* am evidently rejected; therefore I should observe my final rites.

About such solemn matters, one should ponder seriously and coolly. And indeed I have often pondered in a cool and serious mood. I wondered why it was that I, who had tried so faithfully, had never succeeded; who had knocked so patiently, had never been admitted. Of course, faithfulness is of dubious literary value; pure genius has often seemed allied to forms of unfaithfulness. But advantages were mine which should have been my allies in my attempts to attain this coveted success. By heritage, by breeding, by education, by inclination, by profession, I was literary. Seven generations of my family had been college-bred. Many of the literary men of the first half of the nineteenth century had been entertained by my family; and those who remembered the happy experience had always encouraged me to emulate, if possible, the lives of Agassiz, Holmes, Longfellow, and Hawthorne. In the university, I was one of the few unusual creatures who delighted to delve (for the pure love of it) into old poems and ancient plays. My face was almost as familiar a feature of the library as was the marble bust of Homer there. The college authorities made me the editor of two publications; my classmates indicated by their choice that they believed I could write a class poem. True, I had never visited Boston; but about the time of my graduation, a third cousin of mine from the far South spent a few days in the Hub; so I felt that in some subtle way my education had been completed.

At that time I was perfectly familiar with the *Atlantic* and with the ideals which it so admirably represented. My introduction to it, several years before, had been rather unusual. Of course, I knew the magazine by sight; but I had always been a little apprehensive of my ability to understand what the simple cover declared that the magazine contained. One day I was reprimanded by one of the university professors who had supervision over one of the magazines whose destinies I was guiding. The matter in one issue of the periodical had, I believe, been poorly arranged. I shall never forget what was said. 'Don't you understand what I mean?' the professor asked. 'Have you no model? Don't you read the *Atlantic?* Well, here is a copy. Take it home and study it carefully. In all respects, including its general plan, it is the best magazine in the world.'

For a while, being entirely human, I seriously resented the perfection of the

Atlantic. And I was dubious of the degree of success that would follow the modeling of a weekly newspaper after a monthly literary magazine. But I studied the *Atlantic*. And I can truthfully say that, having studied every issue since that day, I am fully prepared to pass any examination set on the contents of the magazine since February, 1904. Moreover, the names of those who have contributed to the *Atlantic* have seemed to me names with which one might conjure; though, conjure I never so wisely, the admiration I have for those names and the appreciation with which I read those writers' work have so far brought me no nearer my goal. And I believe I understand the spirit of the magazine; for I feel that no experience on earth confers quite the same sense of pleasurable refinement and of genuine culture as the experience of drawing a chair before the evening fire and adjusting the light at one's shoulder so that it falls on the pages of a new *Atlantic*. Milton must have had some glimmering forethought of joy like this when he wrote of 'the sober certainty of waking bliss.'

After my first genuine acquaintance with the *Atlantic*, and after my education and a few experiences in real life had confirmed my opinion of the qualities of that periodical, I began to think of the time when the Editor would be writing to find out how many articles I could spare him every year. Ah, that was long ago; it was in the days of golden youth and of roseate hopes. Yet my desire of achieving literary success was not in vain. At least a score of magazines accepted from me stories, articles, poems. One critic even had the hardihood to declare that a book of mine contained 'poems of promise.' Such faint praise bears the breath of fame, however damning it may be. I began to experience the ecstasy of drawing from a letter-box envelopes of small size and significant contents. Indeed, as far as money was concerned, I succeeded. But apparently such success was not what I desired. I never earned real happiness. I never achieved the goal of my desires. The *Atlantic* remained obdurate; or perhaps it should be said that I continued to be uninteresting. Reputable magazines featured my work, and reputable artists illustrated it. *Who's Who* took a deep personal (or was it financial?) interest in the facts of my life. Certain alluring offers came from good publishers. But I was like Elaine who could not have Lancelot:—

> 'Of all this will I nothing'; and so fell,
> And thus they bore her swooning to her tower.

To such a tower am I shortly to be borne; there to observe my decennial, which now fast approacheth. How shall the date be fitly celebrated? As the ideal guiding spirit of the Failures' Club, I fail to know. But there remains a bare possibility that this decennial in question may never materialize; so I am as yet not issuing invitations. It all depends on the Editor of the *Atlantic*. It is said that the world is becoming better, and that humanity is growing more thoughtful and considerate. All these forces, making for joy and peace, may penetrate the erstwhile (to me) inviolate doors of the Sanctum, and even the kindly but (to me) inviolate heart of the Editor.

Should this notable self-confession be rejected, the decennial will be observed. Knowing what for ten years they have escaped, all the great family of *Atlantic* readers should enter jubilantly into the spirit of the occasion. It will be an odd funeral, to be sure; for while some rejoice, others will mourn. The corpse will be the chief mourner, and the Editor will be the dominating figure of the whole occasion.

Send no flowers.

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THE UNITED STATES AND THE LEAGUE OF PEACE

BY H. N. BRAILSFORD

THE idea of a League of Perpetual Peace has a life of three centuries behind it. The Duc de Sully labored to bring it about. William Penn and the Abbé de Saint-Pierre, Rousseau and Kant employed their genius to keep it alive. Saints and philosophers were not its only votaries. It fired the ambition of Henry of Navarre, and for a moment amused Louis Napoleon; in his work at The Hague the Tsar Nicholas was but reviving in a timid form the much bolder inspiration of his ancestor, Alexander I. The most elaborate draft of this scheme has lain for two centuries on the library shelves, and Europe with a punctual cynicism has twice celebrated by a universal war the centenary of Saint-Pierre's 'Perpetual Peace.' This ideal has had too long a history. It must be some new fact, some fresh departure, some shattering of traditions, which will give it life again.

The new fact is before us. It comes from the New World, and it implies the breaking of the most obstinate tradition in politics. If President Wilson, when he addressed the League to Enforce Peace, at Washington (May 27, 1916), had been content to make an academic speech in favor of the processes of arbitration and mediation, we should have listened with a fatigued and languid attention. Persuasive and cultured orators have exhausted that theme in all the languages of civilization. Rousseau was more eloquent and Kant more acute. On the merits of the question Mr. Wilson said nothing new; there is nothing new to say. He made a new fact by shattering once and for all the tradition of American isolation. Since Washington warned his countrymen against 'entangling alliances,' and President Monroe formulated his Doctrine, the principle that the United States must hold aloof from the politics of the Old World has reigned as an unquestioned dogma. It was more than a preference and an instinct. It was the condition on which Americans hoped to purchase the immunity of their own continent from the ambitions of European dynasties.

The Doctrine was, in the first instance, a warning addressed to the Holy Alliance, which threatened to carry into Latin America, on behalf of Imperial Spain, its principles of legitimate authority and its habit of intervention. It survived to hold at arm's length the colonial aspirations of restless powers. The United States does not meddle in Europe primarily because it will not allow Europe to meddle in America. The doctrine of isolation had come to be much more than a maxim of statecraft. It seemed to guarantee to

North America for all time a peculiar civilization of her own, based on a security unknown to the peoples of Europe. The Republic stood, when our war broke out, on the Atlantic shore, and watched our agony as the landsman in 'Lucretius' watched the shipwreck at sea. The typical American mind is not content to disapprove of war; it barely understands it. In the profound peace of its unassailable continent, the belief in the validity of moral judgments and the confidence in the processes of rational conference have acquired such an ascendency, that even able men seem unable to interpret our international life, dominated as it is by the ideas of force and power. It is a new human type which is evolving in this melting-pot of races, without the old formative influences of nationalism and militarism. It lives virtually without an army, and prizes above all its other advantages the security which permits it to escape the barracks and taxes of Europe. Mr. Wilson's phrase, 'too proud to fight,' which stirred some of us to an unpleasant mirth, was the apt expression of this spirit.

From this aloofness, a policy not merely of self-interest and calculation, but of sentiment and morals, Mr. Wilson is prepared to step down. He has offered, not merely his services to assist Europe to form a League of Peace, but the power of the United States to back the authority of such a league. His speech was a deliberate and explicit pledge that, if a league is formed among the nations to conduct their common affairs by conference, conciliation, and arbitration, the United States will take her place in the League, and use her economic and military resources against any power which makes war without submitting its cause to one of these processes. He has boldly adopted the idea of using 'coercion' in 'the service of common order, common justice, and common peace.' It was a declaration, in words that consciously echoed the old Stoic maxim, that nothing which concerns humanity can be foreign to any civilized people. 'What affects mankind is inevitably our affair.' It means that henceforward to be neutral when wrong and aggression are suffered by any nation is a dereliction of duty.

That is not a new idea in the world, but those who preached it have hitherto been dismissed by all the right-minded as Quixotes and Crusaders. Revolutionary France became an armed missionary of liberty in Europe, but only after her own existence as a republic had been threatened by a coalition of kings. For her own defense she carried the torch into their inflammable palaces. The Holy Alliance in its turn stood for a cosmopolitan ideal of reaction, but it too was based on a conception of self-defense; its members, when they bound themselves to assail revolution, aimed at protecting their own rights. More than once in our own history we Britons have approached a cosmopolitan conception of national duty, when we sought to give an idealistic interpretation to the principle of the Balance of Power. When once we have embarked upon a continental war, we profess with an entire sincerity that we are fighting for the liberties of other peoples; but the decisive consideration for us is, inevitably and naturally, that if we did not so fight, our own liberties and our own interests would be threatened by the dominant power.

That last consideration is only faintly present to the American mind — so faintly that in all human probability it will not emerge from its neutrality in the present war. There is a vague alarm about the future, a sense that even America is living in a dangerous world. But the alarm is so general, so little directed at any single power, that it does not destroy the broader and hu-

maner thoughts of international duty. The new fact in the world's history is that for the first time a great power with a formidable navy, a population from which vast armies might be raised, and an economic and financial strength which might alone be decisive in any future conflict, is prepared to stake its own peace, not merely to guarantee its own interests, or to further the partisan aims of its allies, but to make an end in the world of the possibility of prosperous aggression. Whatever may be its fate as a constructive proposal, this American offer marks an epoch in the world's moral evolution. Ambition and fear have masqueraded before now in an international disguise, but the disinterested advocacy of a cosmopolitan idea of duty has been left to academic moralists and to Socialists. At length a great power, hitherto of all powers the most isolated and self-centred, has adopted this idea as the permanent foundation of its policy.

The scheme adopted by Mr. Taft's League to Enforce Peace, which President Wilson was addressing at Washington, proposes to unite all civilized nations in a league bound by treaty to settle by peaceable means all disputes which arise among them. It is a simple scheme, differing only in details from that of the kindred English committee, and much less elaborate than the Fabian Society's model. But the root idea of all these schemes is the same. They all suppose a voluntary union of all or most of the civilized states of the world. They all distinguish between the spheres of judicial settlement and conciliation. They all declare that where diplomacy has failed one or other of these processes shall be applied. They all prescribe coercive action by the member states against another which fails to resort to one of these processes. They are all content to leave optional the further application of coercive action if a state refuses to carry out the recommendations of the council of conciliation. They all rely in such cases on the effect of delay, public discussion, and the authority of an impartial finding to make war morally difficult, if not impossible. The crux of the problem of peace is for them to secure a reference to some disinterested authority.

Mr. Wilson, in his speech at Washington, gave a somewhat wider scope to the idea of a League of Peace. He laid down these fundamental principles: —

1. That every people has the right to choose the sovereignty under which it shall live like other nations.

2. That the small states of the world have the right to enjoy the same respect for their sovereignty and for their territorial integrity that the great and powerful nations expect and insist upon.

3. That the world has the right to be free from every disturbance to its peace originating in aggression and disregard of the rights of peoples and nations.

These are broad principles, and this method of approaching the problem of peace has many advantages over the narrower statement of Mr. Taft's League. The question of machinery, important as it is, is really secondary. The world's peace depends in the end on the recognition of these great principles, and, perhaps, of one or two more. To nationality, the equality of states, and the responsibility of all for the prevention of aggression Mr. Wilson afterwards added, in his final summary, the freedom of the seas. He declared that the United States would aim in the settlement of this war at the creation of 'a universal association of nations to maintain inviolate the security of the highways of the seas for the common unhindered use of all the nations of the world, and to prevent any war begun either contrary to treaty covenants or without warning and full

submission of the cause to the opinion of the world — a virtual guaranty of territorial integrity and political independence.' The purely pacifist basis of the idea has here broadened out into the conception of an international charter of right.

A skeptical student of affairs may admit the moral value of this American initiative, and yet retain his doubts about its practical efficacy. The skeptic's case against any league of peace shall be fully and ruthlessly stated as we proceed. Meanwhile let us note that, if the scheme can be made to work by any power of wisdom and goodwill, the inclusion in it of the United States immensely improves its chances of success. What might have been too difficult without this unexpected aid may now be feasible. That is the new fact. No one can have failed to note in the comments on the world's future of British, even of German, Liberals a pathetic stretching of hands toward the New World. We all know what a tragic failure we have made of the adventure of international life. Despairing of our own ability to surmount the accumulated hatred and distrust of our past, we look to the Republic to extricate us. At the end of this war she is to step down upon our reeling stage, like the god from the machine at the close of Euripides' *Elektra*, who taught the bloodstained heroes how they might wash their stains at the altar and obey the judgments spoken on the Areopagus. So far from underestimating this American intervention, we tend, indeed, to trust too much to it, for no one can help us until we know ourselves.

But clearly America is the ideal mediator. She is too strong and secure to dread the resentment of any of the combatants, as the weak European neutrals must do. She has, moreover, in her composite population spokesmen who can present the case of all the parties to our quarrel, and visit the action of the Republic's chiefs with their displeasure if it should be partial. So far from regretting that the German-Americans have influence, we should rejoice that they can gain a hearing for their fatherland. America can do no service to a distracted Europe if she becomes a partisan, and allows her opinion and her actions to be governed by an instinctive sympathy based on the kinship of the majority of her population with ours. We must learn, if we look to a world based on rational conference and even-handed justice, to consider what guaranties any scheme offers to our enemy as well as to ourselves. It is of little use that we should trust a mediator or a council if he distrusts them.

A League of Peace must answer two tests. Can it be so composed that in normal times it will assure to all its members such a prospect of fair decisions in disputes, and such a chance of effecting reasonable changes in the world when they are due, that war will be unnecessary? Secondly, can it be so composed that there will be in every probable contingency an available superiority of military and naval strength at the command of the League if any member should resort to aggression?

A league which cannot satisfy both these tests is doomed to failure — if, indeed, it could ever come into being. The chief difficulty in the way of the creation of any effective concert or conference in Europe is notoriously the sharp division of the Great Powers into two groups of allies. So long as these groups are held together by the principle of mutual support, so long as they come to a conference (to use the Kaiser's illuminating phrase) like 'brilliant seconds to the duelling-ground,' there can be no real mediation and no honest handling of any question on its merits. 'My ally, right or wrong,' is the negation of any international ideal. That

was our difficulty before the war, and it is likely to be much graver after it.

Into this system of close partnerships and unyielding enmities the United States will enter, disinterested and uncommitted. We need not ascribe to her more than the European average of political virtue, but in none of the racial, strategic, or colonial questions which are likely to divide the European powers has she any interest or concern. Beyond the American continent her only interests are the open door to trade, the freedom of the seas, and the maintenance of peace. She has no ally, and she will have none. If, on the one hand, kinship and common ethical ideals link her closely to us, her reading of maritime right separates her politically from us, as her detestation of militarism separates her emotionally from Germany. One may doubt whether, if the group system continued to prevail in Europe as sharply as in the past, a single great power could, by its casting vote, preserve harmony and avert strife. That would mean in the long run a kind of moral dictatorship which would be resented; Europe would grow tired of the American Aristides. But in the first stages of the experiment it is indispensable that some powerful neutral should assume leadership.

If the worst should happen, if some power or powers should break away from the League and threaten aggression, could the United States redress the balance, and make good to the loyal powers by its aid what they might have lost by their own previous moderation? Unless this question is answered in the affirmative, the League will not be formed, or, if it is formed, it will be a meaningless decoration, a plaster ornament which will fail to disguise the sinister old structure of the armed peace. In plain words, would the United States have the will and the power, once the League was formed, to oppose aggression so firmly as to make it unprofitable? Would a sentimental, negative pacifism of the Bryan type prevail over positive, constructive pacifism of the Wilson type, so that the United States at the real crisis would give good advice but no active help? Would the selfishness which prefers the profits of neutrality to the risks of intervention defeat the new ideal of international duty? Further, if the states should intervene, would their material power be a decisive factor?

The answer to all these questions is to be found in the new American movement toward 'preparedness.' It may evaporate in rhetoric, but at present it seems to be a genuine effort to prepare the means by which American diplomacy may play an effective part in the world. If the shipbuilding programme of Congress is realized, the United States will be in three years the second naval power in the world, and will have an army, with its trained reserves, large enough to be a balancing factor in a European conflict, though distance and the need of further training would allow it to act decisively only after the lapse of some months from the outbreak of a war. We know, and the Germans know even better, how much the industrial and financial power of America has told in favor of the Entente, while she was still only a friendly neutral. It is not unduly sanguine to conclude that, even if the aggression came from a great military power, the aid of the United States in meeting it would be reliable and in the long run decisive. The movement for 'preparedness,' coupled with the abandonment of the old tradition of isolation, is the new fact which for us makes a League of Peace a prudent and rational policy. Here lies the answer to our dilemma. A policy of trust, with America to back it, ceases to be an idealistic folly.

Inevitably we look at this question

from our own angle. We want security first of all for ourselves. But we shall ruin the promise of this scheme if we allow ourselves to think and talk of 'an Anglo-Saxon alliance.' The states are not an Anglo-Saxon community, and the more we talk in this strain the more shall we antagonize the German, Irish, and Scandinavian minorities, who do not propose to give up to Great Britain what was meant for mankind. The American tradition is still adamant against 'entangling alliances,' and Mr. Wilson has been careful to explain that what he proposes is a 'disentangling alliance' — a league which will make an end of the old partisan groupings. The United States will help us in so far as we act as a loyal member of a community of nations; they will not further our self-regarding purposes against our rivals. The American offer is not to back Britain or to join the Entente; it is to use the power of a continent against any future aggressor.

The offer will avail to found a League of Peace only if it brings confidence in equal degree to all its members. It must seem a good and reassuring offer from the French and German standpoints, as well as from the British. The French will ask, How soon could this new army which is to be 'prepared' reach the Meuse and the Vosges? The answer to that very pertinent question is that the knowledge that it would arrive in six or even nine months would enable the French and British forces to be used with full effect at once, without the anxious economy of a staff which must save its resources for a long trial of strength.

From the German standpoint the problem will be anxiously weighed. Absurd as it may seem to us, the risk to the German mind will be that Britain might not be loyal, that she might not in every issue consent to a process of conciliation, and might not always accept the award of a court or the recommendation of a council. We must consent to smother our natural indignation and examine this hypothesis. Unless the League can reassure Germany, there can be no League of Peace; there could be only an anti-German alliance of the old-world type. The German would at once give to his doubts a concrete form. 'The League,' he would say, 'involves presumably some limitation of armaments; at any rate, it precludes a really challenging and resolute attempt on my part to build a navy against Britain. While the League works well I am secure, and I save my money. But a moment arrives, ten years hence, when some capital issue of colonial or economic policy brings me into conflict with Britain. She refuses to carry the case before the Council of Conciliation, or else — what is more probable — she does go before it; but when the decision turns against her, refuses to give it effect. What am I to do then? I have so far trusted the League that I have agreed to keep my navy within moderate limits. I have allowed England to retain her supremacy at sea. I have lost ten years' naval building, and I am now forced in consequence to bow to England's will, though the opinion of impartial judges is in my favor. The League from my standpoint is simply a proposal to stereotype England's naval supremacy, and with it her power to veto every claim and expectation that I may reasonably cherish outside the Continent of Europe. In such a case I could deal with France or Russia, if they defied the League, and need ask for no one's help. But I am powerless against England. If I go to war with her, however just my cause, she will blockade me and seize my colonies, and all I can do is sink a few of her ships and harry her towns with Zeppelins. There must be some guaranty of equal treatment before I enter Utopia.'

As the world stood before Mr. Wilson's offer, that would have been the German's answer to any proposal for a League of Peace. Convinced that he was acting wisely, he would go on building warships. We should then denounce him as the one obstinate reactionary force in Europe and the one obstacle to the world's peace. We should feel so sure of our own integrity that we should regard his wish for material guaranties of our loyalty as a wanton insult, concealing the worst designs. If the German reminded us that we refused in 1899 to go to arbitration in our quarrel with Mr. Kruger, we should reply that there were in that case decisive and exceptional reasons. The new fact has its bearing on this difficulty. America is already a great naval power, and she now aspires to the second place. If she believed that Germany had been wronged, if the issue were substantial, and our conduct were really 'aggressive,' her weight, if we were ill-advised enough to press a bad case to a quarrel, would presumably be thrown into the German scale, and our ability to make an oppressive use of our naval supremacy would then be at an end. An extreme instance of this kind is indeed almost unthinkable. Our cousinly feeling to America is so strong and our respect for her opinion so real that we are never likely to risk a conflict with her, apart even from the fact that in this case the naval and economic odds might be fairly even.

The American Navy is therefore, in the last resort, exactly the material guaranty which Germany has the right to ask for as an assurance against the abuse of our superiority at sea. It is an ideal form of guaranty, for we on our side know very well that an American-German combination against us is unthinkable, unless we were grossly and undeniably in the wrong. That imaginary case would never arise, not because we are too virtuous to abuse our power, but because we have too much sense for realities to act in a way that would combine such formidable forces against us. That, if the imaginary German in this argument were sincere, would suffice to reassure him. This balancing of future combinations on land and sea is a gross and repugnant exercise of the fancy. Diplomacy is rarely so crude as this. America's power in the League would rest broadly on the new fact of her readiness to intervene against the aggressor and the lawbreaker. No one doubts her ability to wield great power. What has been in doubt was her willingness to use it. Her conversion to the doctrine of international duty brings the League of Peace among workaday realities.

Before we examine the grave objections to any League of Peace, or consider the conditions in which it might be realized, let us note here that it meets the two chief difficulties in the way of any restoration of normal intercourse in Europe. These are (1) the natural doubt, suggested by her conduct toward Belgium, whether Germany could be trusted to keep a treaty; and (2) the still more paralyzing doubt whether her public opinion, which regards this war as 'defensive' on her part, can ever be a reliable element in a league whose main purpose is to prevent aggression. The object-lesson of Belgium must inevitably destroy, while our generation retains its vivid memory of these years, any unsupported faith in Germany's respect for her own pledges. There has been in modern times no case of treaty-breaking so gross as this. It was aggravated by the innocence of the victim, whose vow of perpetual neutrality made her a vestal virgin, entitled, if her weakness did not sufficiently plead for her, to claim the chivalry of Europe. The breach of a plain treaty shattered the fabric of public law in Europe: the

needless brutality which disgraced the execution of an ill deed added to the account its tale of murdered lives, broken families, and ruined homes.

It is fair to remember, however, that there is no similar instance of the violation of treaties by the German Empire during the forty-four years of peace which preceded this war; nor should we forget that some instance of the disregard of its pledged word or of treaty obligations (though none so gross) can be alleged in modern times against all of the Great Powers. The problem of good faith in international affairs is a common one, and it depends partly on a general raising of the level of international morality, partly on the reform of diplomatic procedure, and partly on the provision of external sanctions against treaty-breaking. Our experience in 1914 taught us that for this last purpose our influence was limited. It failed to save Belgium, for we could not concentrate on that single issue. We were bound also, by honor and interest, to France and Russia. We were part of a complicated continental system, with interests and associations wider than the single issue of Belgium. In the much simpler conditions that prevailed in 1870, when we stood aloof from European affairs, Mr. Gladstone made our neutrality in the Franco-Prussian War dependent on the single condition that Belgian territory should be respected by both sides. By this concentration he succeeded in saving her from violation.

Sir Edward Grey's relationship to France (to mention no other reason) forbade him to repeat Mr. Gladstone's tactics. The special advantage of the entry of the United States into a system of guaranties is that she would come in uncommitted, without allies, and without local interests of her own. She could act in every question of an imperiled treaty as Mr. Gladstone acted in 1870. Her whole weight would be available against the potential lawbreaker, and her action would turn (as ours could not and did not) solely on the question whether the treaty was broken or observed. It is not enough that a guarantor will certainly resort to hostile action if a treaty is broken: the power meditating the breach must also be sure that the guarantor will not act against him (or for other reasons) if the treaty is observed. A European power can rarely specialize in this way.

The United States, on the other hand, is, and will probably remain, outside our system of continental interests and commitments. That it is morally impartial is important; that it has no interest which must drag it into a mere struggle for a balance of power or the possession of territory is much more important. When it promises its adhesion to a League of Peace, all the members will know that the United States can afford to be the guardian, not merely of this or that state or of this or that interest, but of the idea of right itself. If any power should threaten to make war without resorting to the procedure of the League of Peace, its European neighbors might be perplexed, each of them, by a great variety of conflicting calculations, and some of them might be tempted to take sides at the prompting of considerations wholly irrelevant to the question of formal right. The United States alone could certainly afford to take its stand on the constitution of the League, and on that basis alone. In an hour of crisis one great power will certainly say, 'This hasty mobilization, these threats of war, this intemperate hurling of menaces and ultimata are a breach of our agreement, an offense against civilization, and a clear instance of aggression. To us beyond the Atlantic the rights and wrongs, the grievances and hopes which have induced you to adopt this behavior are of no interest. For us the only

vital fact is that you are threatening war before you have resorted to the processes of conciliation. Desist from these threats, demobilize your armies, and await the deliberations of the Council. If you refuse to observe the constitution of the League, if you persist in these appeals to force, then, however good your case, you are for us the aggressor, and our fleet, our army, and our finance will be used against you.'

President Wilson's speeches are, in effect, an offer to guarantee a League of Peace and to back international treaties by the promise that America will in the last resort intervene against the aggressor and the treaty-breaker. In other words, she stands security for such treaties in the future. Her intervention is a new fact, a guaranty of a kind with which the past was unacquainted. We need place no implicit trust in Germany's good faith, but with the certainty that America's power would be added to the forces that opposed her, if she should refuse to adopt the procedure of conciliation, it would no longer be necessary to question the value of her signature to a League of Peace. No power will resort to aggression if it must by so doing raise invincible odds against itself.

It is indispensable that any League of Peace should have behind it the external sanction of a force strong enough to repress a recalcitrant power. But the world's case would be nearly hopeless if the League had to rely mainly on measures of coercion. Unless there is a general will to peace, unless there is, at least in all the more advanced and powerful nations of Europe, a spirit which abhors and condemns aggression, they would labor in vain who sought to build a League of Peace. I believe, for my part, that such a temper exists, that it has been infinitely strengthened by this war, that it has existed for a generation at least in Western Europe, and even that it existed in the minds of the majority of the German people on the very eve of this war. On the last Sunday of peace the German Socialists held in every large town of the Empire impressive demonstrations against war. They number one third of the German electorate, and in these manifestations they seemed to have with them the good sense and the goodwill of a great part of the middle classes. How came it that a week later these same Socialists, with heavy hearts perhaps, but still with an unquestioning obedience, donned their uniforms and marched obediently to Belgium or the Eastern frontier? No one doubts their sincerity: every country presented the same spectacle. Some of the most vehement orators among the Socialist and Radical leaders and Members of Parliament who protested in Trafalgar Square on the first Sunday of war — August 2 — against our entry into the conflict in association with Russia, were addressing recruiting meetings themselves a few weeks later, or volunteering for the front.

The rampant hatreds of our war are a consequence of the ascendency which the habit of moral judgment has won over our minds. It is because every nation in arms regards war as an evil (as the old aristocratic and professional armies did not), that we all hate the enemy whom we regard as its cause. The paradoxical effect of the prevalence of a general condemnation of war from the humanitarian, Christian, or Socialist standpoint, would seem to be, to-day, not to prevent war, but to make it, when it comes, less chivalrous, less merciful, and more brutalizing.

Must we conclude then, that modern morality will always be impotent to prevent a war of aggression? We need not pause to point out that the secret conduct of negotiations, and the practice, which obtains no less in Britain than in Germany, of postponing any

discussion of the issue, or any publication of the dispatches, until the irreparable step has been taken, will alone suffice to frustrate the influence even of a resolutely pacific democracy. But to assume that every nation would judge fairly in its own case, if it had all the documents in good time before it, is to take an excessively sanguine view of human nature. There might in the blameworthy country be more division of opinion than at present, but the mass mind is nowhere formed as yet for difficult feats of historical criticism. The only hope of 'mobilizing' public opinion with any effect against an imminent war is to provide it with some test of 'aggression' much simpler than is available at present. That is the great merit of the conception which underlies the League of Peace. Its procedure provides a uniform and mechanical test. The democracy need no longer dispute over the merits of the question, or speculate on the motives of the adversary. The only relevant question is whether its government has kept its pledge to refer every dispute which baffles the ordinary processes of diplomacy to the arbitrament of a standing tribunal or council of conciliation. No Western democracy is so simple that it cannot apply that test, and none so prejudiced that it would not apply it.

A skeptic may point out that Sir Edward Grey did propose an informal conference on the eve of this war, which would have interposed the mediation of neutrals between Austria and Russia. The Chancellor's rejection of this expedient — which history may possibly regard as the heaviest count against him — does not seem (if it was generally known) to have disturbed public opinion in Germany. But it is one thing to reject mediation if the procedure and the council must be improvised; if you have no security that in a like case in the future the advantages of this method will be open to yourself; if further you doubt whether the proposed council can possibly be impartial;[1] and quite another matter to reject conciliation if you and your adversary are alike bound by treaty to resort to it; if the council is so composed that impartiality may be hoped for; if, finally, it is a standing institution which has proved its utility in other cases. To have accepted mediation in 1914 would have been for a German Chancellor a notable act of grace; to refuse it if a League of Peace is constituted would be a startling act of perfidy. It requires no excessive exercise of faith to assume that public opinion, if all the Great Powers were pledged to adopt this pacific procedure before resorting to arms, would be in each country sufficiently enlightened to insist upon it, and to condemn as the aggressor the statesman who broke the compact.

Many difficulties will in practice confront a League of Peace. We shall find them only too real and only too formidable. It requires for its realization conditions which exact from European statesmanship a high and difficult level of wisdom. But in this preliminary statement of the idea we have found the two essentials for the fortunate conduct of a league. The promised adhesion of America provides, not merely for an impartial and uncommitted element in its councils, but also for a powerful external sanction for the observance of its constitution and the fulfillment of treaties. The simple, almost mechanical test that it furnishes for the judgment of 'aggression' promises for the first time in history to arm the moral conscience of civilized opinion in the service of peace.

[1] The prevailing view among Germans was that three of the four 'disinterested' Powers — Britain, France, and Italy — were already biased against Austria, and that only one — Germany — was friendly. — THE AUTHOR.

A SIX-HOUR SHIFT

THE LOG OF A TRANSPORT ENGINEER

BY WILLIAM McFEE

I

I LIE still, with eyes closed, for a few moments before rising, listening to the drumming of the rain on the deck overhead, and the gurgle of the scupper-pipes outside in the alleyway. I sort out drowsily the familiar vibrations: the faint, delicate rhythm of the dynamo, the hammer of a pump, the leisurely rumble and hiss of the refrigerator. Suddenly a hideous jar close at hand: the Fourth Engineer is making tea in the galley, and has dropped the poker. I look sideways at my watch. It is now five minutes to two. I decide to get up and dress.

I reflect on the fact that to-day is the anniversary of our departure from a home port. For a year, with but one or two days of rest, we have been dressing at five minutes to two. For a year the Armée de l'Orient has been fed with frozen meat from our insulated holds. I recall a sentence in a recent letter from an officer on the Western front. It seems to put the matter succinctly. 'War,' he says, 'is like trade; only indirectly interesting.' And again, lower down, he remarks, 'It is n't the horror of war that makes a man tired, or even the danger and bloodshed; it is the infernal monotony of it.'

So I suppose we have no corner in monotony! I finish dressing (it is now five minutes past two, but no matter), and go into the mess-room for a cup of tea. The Fourth Engineer is there, also my colleague whom I am relieving, and the Third Officer in pajamas. This last person is suffering from insomnia, which is not surprising, since he drinks strong tea at 10.30 P.M. He is now drinking strong tea at 2 A.M., on the principle of poison counteracting poison, I suppose. Anyhow, he does nothing all day, so it does n't matter.

The Fourth Engineer is a hospitable soul and makes me toast. He is on duty all night in the main engine-room. He is a lanky, immature, good-tempered youth, with nice eyes. He knows I like toast. In return, I am looking the other way when the cook gives him a pocketful of eggs out of the cold-storage rooms. I like him. He laughs easily and bears no malice. Like most East Anglians, he has a subtle refinement of mind that will stand him in good stead through life. Among the dour north countrymen who throng the ship, he is almost feminine.

While I eat my toast, I listen to their conversation. It does not amount to much. How could it? We have been together a year. We are, occasionally, rather tired of each other. We are each painfully conscious of the other's faults. Most subjects of which we know anything have been bled white of all interest. There are neither mysteries to attract nor revelations to anticipate. 'The End of the War' and 'When the Ship will go Home' are taboo. Most of us

take refuge in light badinage. Others, like the Third Officer and his colleagues, play bridge for three hours every night. Some study languages and musical instruments; but there are not many of these. Some drink secretly, and are reported later as 'sick.' Most of us, however, do simply nothing. We sit, or stand, or walk, or lie, with one dull thought in our minds, one vague image before our eyes — the thought, the image, of Release.

It is an unusual state of mind. I had almost written 'a curious psychological phenomenon,' but I am anxious to make the reader understand, and plain words are best. It is, I say, an unusual state of mind. From the Commander to the scullion, from the Chief Engineer to the coal-passer, we have all gradually arrived at a mood which is all the more passionate because it is inarticulate. With every other outlet dammed, our whole spiritual life is forced along one narrow channel of intense desire. We want to go home. It sounds childish, but that is because the reader does not understand. When he has read through this article, I hope he will understand. I mean him to.

I drink my tea and eat my toast, and having given Thomas a saucer of milk, I go on duty. Thomas is a large black cat, who shares my vigil. *Allons donc!*

I go aft to the refrigerating-room along a covered alleyway, which none the less leaks; and Thomas, who follows, makes little runs to avoid the drips. It is raining as it can rain only in the Balkans. There is something Scottish about this rain, something dour, persistent, and irritating; and this old obsolete banana boat, converted into a cold-storage, leaks in every seam of her boat-deck, which is all warped by the blazing suns of a Balkan summer. We skip in, Thomas and I, in where there is light and warmth and comfortable noises, and, in our various fashions, carry on.

It is no part of this article to treat of refrigeration. That, being part of modern war, is uninteresting. My greaser, a faded Irishman with a bad leg, does most of the work. I note the log on the desk, thumb the compressor rods, take a few thermometer readings, feel the crank bearings of the engine, and feel bored. Thomas, after watching a couple of cockroaches who persist in risking their lives along the edge of the evaporator-casing, settles down to snooze on the vise-bench. For a time I envy him. I want to sleep again myself. I sit down near the desk, and, sharply alert as to the machine, I permit the rest of me, my soul and body, let us say, to take forty winks. I leave the explanation to competent psychologists. It can be done. I need no Psychical Research Society to tell me that my soul and my intellect are differentiate entities. I know it, because I have kept six-hour watches, because I have been on night duty, because — because of many private reasons, of which it is not seemly that I should speak. Suffice it.

For an hour I sit with folded arms, while the machine pursues its leisurely never-ending race; while the brine-pump lifts first one leg and then the other, gingerly, as though in deep snow; while the electric fans revolve noiselessly in their corners; while the faded Irishman moves uneasily from side to side as he ministers to the needs of the machine. Subconsciously I am aware of all that goes on. So much for the experience and *flair* born of a dozen years at sea.

And, to tell the truth, this is the most hopeless time of the day. I once saw a picture, well known, no doubt, A Hopeless Dawn. My experience is, that all dawns are hopeless, to those who have to witness them. The legend

of the early palæolithic ancestor who spent a night of terror after seeing the sun sink out of sight, and who leaped for joy at the dawning, is too thin. He is no ancestor of mine. For me the period comprised between the hour of two and four is one of unrelieved vacuity. The minutes, the very seconds, seem to deliberate. When, after what seems a long quarter of an hour, I look again at the clock, that white-faced, impassive umpire has registered exactly three minutes. Well, it is three minutes past three. I get up abruptly, startling the faded Irishman who is standing near me, smoking a dirty pipe and thinking of heaven knows what, and go outside into the open air. And outside in the open air is Salonika.

II

The rain, in an inconclusive way, has ceased, though the scupper-pipes still gurgle and cluck with the water running from above. I walk along the after deck, climb up the heap of sandbags built round the gun-platform, and take refuge in a sort of canvas sentry-box which the gunners have improvised out of ammunition cases, a spring mattress and some old tarpaulins. Here I am more than ever solitary at this hour. The gun, looking like a gaunt cab-horse in its gray canvas shroud, droops its muzzle slightly, as though dispirited because we go so rarely to sea. Nothing else can I see of the ship, save the flag-pole, a ghostly outpost of humanity, for beyond it the world has dissolved into a sad chaos of water and sky. There is no wind. The waters of the Gulf lie placid and obscure. The sky-line has vanished, and one has the illusion of floating in infinite space, in a sort of aerial Noah's Ark without any animals. The patches of white in the cloud-canopy are reflected with eerie accuracy in the lifeless and invisible mirror below. One feels a slight vertigo, for all things seem to have been swallowed up, and even Time, that last refuge of saints and sinners, to have stopped.

The rain comes as a relief, as though the works of the universe were getting under way again. My knees being exposed, I decide that I have had enough of nature in solution and climb down from the gun-platform. The moon, which is shining behind the dense clouds, brightens the patches of white, and these are reflected on the wet deck. Picking my way carefully, for all scuttles are screened, I reach the machine-room. Nothing is changed save the hands of the clock: it is now half-past three. The faded Irishman has become a shade more brisk in his movements. From now on he will become more and more active and intelligent in carrying out his duties, until he reaches a climax of senseless energy at four by breaking into speech with a 'Well, good-night, sir,' and vanishing into his kennel. His place is taken by a somnolent negro.

At four the rain is pouring down with all its old violence, and I make my way along to the mess-room for more tea. I bump into a damp silent man, a Greek sailor, on night duty. He is supposed to keep a lookout at the gangway and tend the galley-fires. He does both very well. Some sailors are poor hands at stoking. The Russian, who occasionally acts as night-watchman, is no good. They say Russians understand tea. Our Russian understands nothing.

The Japanese second cook, on being called by the Russian mariner, is furious with the fire. The Greek and Arab firemen do not understand that coal-dust is unsuitable for galley fires. There are, at times, international complications.

The Fourth Engineer and I once more foregather in the mess-room. I make the tea, and I do it this way. The

tea-pot, of white china, is rinsed and scalded with boiling water. I then put in the correct quantity of tea, which is an art acquired only in the school of experience. Then I pour on the correct quantity of fresh-boiling water — another art. The tea is left to steep on the hob for as long as it takes to cut, toast, and butter two slices of bread. The tea is now ready. I pour it. Its color is superb. Having done all this, I cast a look of triumph on the Fourth Engineer, who informs me that there is no milk; very much as a silly young staff officer might tell his general that the army has no ammunition. I retire to my room and return with a cream-jug full of condensed milk of an age so vague that only boiling water can reduce it to a liquid form. Thereupon we sit down, and having exhausted every conceivable subject of conversation six months ago, we drink and munch in silence.

The militarists say that war is necessary to develop the soul of a nation; without war men would sink into stupidity and sloth.

Having eaten and drunk in silence, we light cigarettes and go away, he down below to pump the boilers up, I to my machine-room to see how the somnolent negro is going on. He is going on very much as I expected. He wanders like a sleep-walker among the machinery, attending to his duties after his own fashion. I make up the log to four o'clock, examine certain things that may go wrong, but never do, and go out into the alleyway again.

The hopeless dawn is approaching. A ghastly pallor now faintly outlines a mountain which I indolently call Ben Lomond. The Gulf of Salonika is almost entirely surrounded by land, and the city is built on the slopes of a mountain. Ben Lomond is farther off to the eastward; other mountains form ramparts to the west and north, while the Vardar River delta insinuates itself among the more rugged features in a most curious way. Southward, beyond the headland that marks the entrance, the horizon is closed by the sublime peak of Olympus. The Gulf, therefore, is a kind of bowl, against the rim of which the clouds are condensed and held. Under their caps of cotton-woolly clouds the mountains are white with snow.

We have come out of the void, and dark blobs are now recognizable as ships. Lights glitter along the shore. A motor-lighter passes, her engine exhaust beating the still air like a pulse. The silence is no longer profound or tragic. The world of men, the world of living men, is coming back, and I am glad. I have a weakness for the world of living men. A steamer, weighing her anchor with much puffing of steam from her windlass-exhaust, blows her whistle. It is a trumpet-blast, completing the rout of the powers of darkness.

There is a crash from our galley: some one, most probably the Japanese second cook, has dropped the poker. The Japanese second cook is a creature of moods, often passionate. He is, so they say, a student of philosophy at Tokyo University. He has come to sea to earn more money to complete his courses — of philosophy, I suppose. The chief cook, who is a Chinaman, has presumably completed his studies in philosophy, while the third cook, who is an Italian, has never studied philosophy at all. Anyhow, various noises combine to inform me that all three are now in the galley engaged in making bread and preparing breakfast for the crew in a more or less philosophical manner.

Other sounds assert themselves, too. Weird moans from below announce the Fourth Engineer's success with his boilers. A small dog in the firemen's house aft yelps tediously at an imagin-

ary enemy. He presumes upon his rating as a mascot. A sleepy Greek boy, with weak eyes and legs, appears from the forecastle with a tin tea-pot. He is reported to be a Venizelist. Venizelists, I observe, make poor sailors. The night watchman, who answers to the name of Papa Gregovis, but whose political tendencies are obscure, fades away forward. The greaser in the main engine-room, a one-eyed mulatto, carries his tea-can along.

So an hour passes.

Once again the rain has ceased and I go out on the after deck and walk to and fro. I discover the crowded roadstead of Salonika. Black blobs have become transports, misty phantoms have changed into hospital ships, gray shadows into men-of-war. One hospital ship is preparing to move — does move, as I watch her. She is girdled with a necklace of emerald lights. On her rail is a red cross of electric lights. She is very beautiful, a jeweled wraith moving noiselessly across our bows. Several Greek schooners, with all sails set, float near us on the glassy water, waiting for a wind. Time is no object with them. One appears close to our quarter, like a ghost of some past age, a fabulous blue galleon with silver sails. She is part of the ridiculous unreality of the whole business.

III

I decide suddenly to have a pipe, and go in to get tobacco and matches. However, the mess-room steward is bringing in tea and toast for two, so I postpone the pipe. As I sit down on the stool by the desk, the Fourth Engineer comes in, wiping his hands on a piece of waste. He is gay. It is nearly six. The boilers, sanitary, and fresh-water tanks are all full. Everything is in order. At seven he will dive into his room and be no more seen. He sits down beside me and partakes of his seventh cup of tea and piece of toast since nine o'clock last night. He wants to go up for an examination. He has been away fifteen months as Fourth. He will probably be away another fifteen. He is losing his chances. And they need young men at home.

One of the great advantages of war, the militarists tell us, is that young men get their chance. War gives us scope, provokes initiative, stimulates the soul, quickens the brain.

With my pipe alight, I take up my walk on the after deck. The setting moon is a mere pool of radiance, like an electric lamp swathed in muslin. A rift in the clouds over Ben Lomond shows a pale blue patch of sky with the morning star shining in the middle of it. The lights of the port shine like stars, too, in the rain-washed air. Men move about the ship, launches begin to cross and recross the harbor. A steamer near us suddenly wakes into life. Electric clusters and arc-lights blaze about her decks, derricks swing and winches rattle. Another ship, a collier, hauls up her anchor and very cautiously, very stealthily, approaches a cruiser, as though she were about to pounce upon her without warning. But the cruiser is in full possession of all her faculties apparently, for hundreds of men appear on deck, whistles are blown, fenders are lowered, ropes are thrown out, and at length the two lie in a close embrace, and the cruiser's Morse light winks rapidly several times, to inform the world that all is as it should be.

As I turn from this fascinating spectacle I behold the French lighter approaching. The French lighter is a cumbrous old Turkish sailing ship propelled by a minute French tug lashed to her side. She seems to have her arm round the tug's shoulders. Loud hammering announces the steam making

its way along our water-logged deck-pipes. A shrill whistle from the French tug elicits a similar whistle from some one on our upper deck. Several soldiers in khaki make their appearance about the ship. The French tug and lighter come alongside and are made fast. A swarm of dirty Greeks climb up and begin to remove the hatches.

You cannot honestly say the day has broken. It is much more as though the blank opacity of the night had worn thin. That blue rent in the dirty tarpaulin of the sky over Ben Lomond has closed up, and a fine misty drizzle begins to fall.

I retire to the door of the machine-room, where I encounter my friend the French sergeant-major. He is a handsome Marseillais, by profession a dealer in antique furniture and *objets d'art*. For two years he has been supervising the transportation of beef and mutton from ship to shore. He is of the opinion that war develops our higher faculties to the utmost, and that without war civilized man would degenerate into a gross preoccupation with material needs. However, just now he is good-humoredly frantic because there is no steam. I inquire what it is that it is. He waves his arms. I say, 'Pas de vapeur?' Ah! he nods and waves his arms again. I wave mine. In a species of utilitarian French which I find that French men — and women — understand, I inform him that the *vapeur* is on its way, but that it is being retarded by the condensation in the pipes, due to the odious weather. He agrees, and waves his arms. I nod vigorously and wave mine. We are brothers. We shake hands. He hands me a copy of *L'Opinion* or *L'Indépendant*, diminutive news-sheets dear to the heart of the Armée de l'Orient. I deluge him with thanks and he returns to the hatch to load the Greeks with opprobrious epithets.

While perusing the little French paper, I am accosted by the philosophical second-cook, the dark-eyed gentleman from Tokyo, and the very human third cook, a dark-eyed gentleman from Naples, who wish to enter the cold-storage. I give them the keys and they vanish into a cupboard-like cavity where they blow on their fingers and proceed to quarrel over legs of beef, corpses of sheep, or other less desirable provender.

The French paper tells me a great deal that I wish to know. I rejoice particularly in the very cavalier attitude it takes up with regard to neutrals. It trounces Constantine very much as the French sergeant-major trounces the Greek cargo-men. I pass half an hour very pleasantly with *L'Opinion* or *L'Indépendant*.

I find it is seven o'clock. The decks are being washed. Firemen and engine-room men, a variegated crowd of British, Greek, Arab, and negro, pass along and go below. Carpets are being shaken, scuttle-brasses polished, floors scrubbed. The city of Salonika becomes dimly visible, a gray smudge picked out with white columns and red domes. A battleship is going out to practice, and presently you hear the heavy *bang-bang* of her big guns reverberating against the bluffs of the Karaburnou. Stone quarries behind the town take up the tale, and for an hour or so you will hear the explosions sullenly booming in the still damp air.

The hours drag on. It is a quarter to eight. My somnolent negro suddenly becomes wide awake and hurries along the deck to call his relief. I make a general and particular examination of everything in my care, and, rubbing my chin, decide to shave. There is a tendency to grow slack and slovenly in circumstances like these. One says, 'Who cares?' and 'What does it matter?' A slow poison of indolence is in the air.

I must shave. As a rule I am negligent, but this morning I make a hasty decision that this must end. I will, I announce to myself, shave, breakfast, and go ashore. As a rule I turn in, as soon as I have eaten. I will go ashore.

I tell my mate I am going, and seek information concerning a conveyance. I inquire of the Second Officer which lighter is going away first. He does not know. He never does know. He is the most complete agnostic I have ever met. I ask one of the soldiers, whose king and country have taken him away from his job on a farm and set him to tally meat. He says he thinks the extra British lighter will finish first. I then discover the extra British contingent loading twenty tons of canned goods — sardines, salmon, and cling peaches; why cling peaches, I cannot say. So I drop down the rope-ladder to the lighter's deck and discover the two naval engineers getting the engines ready for starting. They are Bolinder engines.

If the reader does not know what a Bolinder engine is, he is a happy man. A Bolinder engine is the devil. I once worked on a ship whose launch had a Bolinder engine, and it nearly killed me.

By the time the bulbs are hot enough to start, the senior artificer catches sight of me and we fraternize. He is a pale blond middle-aged man with the expression of mingled humility and efficiency common to lower-deck ratings in the navy. This lighter, he tells me, was under fire at Gallipoli. He shows me a patch on either side of the engine-room plating: the entry and exit of a twelve-pounder shell. It must have passed within a few inches of his neck. With this exception he has led a humdrum parcels-delivery sort of life. Suddenly, as his assistant opens a valve, the engine starts with a roar and then settles down to the fluttery beat and cough of an oil-engine with the clutch out.

We discuss the merits and demerits of Bolinder engines. I hazard the remark that personally I prefer steam. The man's face lights up for a moment as he answers, 'Ah, me too!' You know where you are with steam. Steam is the friend of man. Steam engines are very human. Their very weaknesses are understandable. Steam engines do not flash back and blow your face in. They do not short-circuit and rive your heart with imponderable electric force. They have arms and legs and warm hearts and veins full of warm vapor. We all say that: Give us steam every time. You know where you are with steam.

So much for the trip ashore — one meets a stranger with the knowledge of the craft. As we climb up out of the tiny engine-room, I observe that we are now inside the stone jetty of the Greek harbor. Several large transports are discharging men, mules, horses, guns, locomotives, and so on. We slip gently alongside, and with a cheery word and a shake of the hand I quit my friend with his cargo of cling peaches and the rest, and jump ashore. It occurs to me in passing that the letters from the front never mention cling peaches and fresh mutton. No, the burden of their song is always 'bully beef' and 'skilly,' whatever that may be. They also speak disparagingly of 'tinned stuff.'

I cannot get those cling peaches and sardines out of my head.

IV

And here I am ashore in Salonika! I feel absurdly shy amid so much busy life. It is almost as busy as a provincial town in England on market days. I feel something like an escaped prisoner. They say that convicts, when they are liberated, wander aimlessly about, not knowing what to do with their liberty.

I feel just like that. I wander about among huge piles of hardware, stared at critically by sentries of all nations. I make for the Custom House Gate, and I become suddenly aware that the sun is shining through a jagged rent in the white clouds over Ben Lomond, and that I am very warm indeed.

There is something tragic about Salonika. I have visited many goodly states and cities, and I doubt if there be one other on the globe to compare with Salonika in her ingenious combination of splendor and squalor. She is a dirty queen, sitting in filthy rags, with gems about her noisome girdle, and a diadem upon her scrofulous brow. She babbles in all the tongues of Europe and speaks none of them aright. She has no native language, no native air. She is all things to all men, Jew and Gentile, Moslem and Frank. She is everything and nothing. The winds of heaven blow among the ruined turrets of her citadel, while the mosquitoes from the Vardar swamps sing ten million strong in the purlieus of the port. She is very proud. She has nothing left to give but death, yet the nations fling themselves upon her and quarrel for the honor of her embrace.

I was thinking all this as I picked my way in the mud along the road to the Place de la Liberté, because I had thought of it often before. It is all true. Quitting the custom house, which is a building of French design, I pass the Olympos Palace Hotel, an edifice of Berlin architecture, all curls and whirls and involute swirls. At this point is the Place de la Liberté, facing the landing place known as Venizelos Steps. The square is not worthy of the name, being a mere wide strip of Venizelos Street, and consisting exclusively of cafés. The steps are flanked by two kiosks which contain bunks for the night watch. This is the heart of the city. Past this point there rushes a never-ending tide of tram-cars, pedestrians of all nations, ambulance wagons, motor lorries, cavalry and artillery, donkey carts and mule teams, staff motor-cars and dispatch-riders on motor-cycles — good men, bad men, beggar-men, thieves.

Along the front Greek schooners are discharging charcoal, paraffine, stone, fish, vegetables, and peanuts. Around the steps crowd many launches — British, French, Italian, Greek, and Serbian; row-boats, sail-boats, ships' cutters awaiting vegetables, and ships' dinghies awaiting their commanders. Old ladies in native costume, caricatures of Queen Victoria as a widow, move to and fro gossiping. Shoe-shine boys almost trip up the unwary stranger in their endeavors to clean his boots by main force. And then, half a dozen strong, come the news-girls with their loads of twenty-two different newspapers in six different languages.

They are not very clean little girls, but I regard them with tolerance as they press up to sell me a *Balkan News*. They never by any chance mistake one's nationality. I suppose the English character is noticeable in Salonika. Moreover, the Englishman is a fool about money. I know, because I am a fool about money; yet I am not such a fool as some. The French, Italian, Russian officer, counts his change with meticulous care and gives a very very small tip. The Britisher, officer or man, grasps the coins, looks at them without really knowing whether he is being cheated or not, bestows munificent largesse, and strides out, leaving the Greek waiter full of contempt for the burly fool who parts from his money so easily.

This is by the way. We are learning so many things in this war, that quite possibly the Englishman abroad may learn to keep his money in his pocket.

Personally, I have not much to spend, and each drachma must produce its utmost value. But I can gratify my native craving to be thought a philanthropist when I buy a paper. I give all those dirty little girls a penny each.

Do not misunderstand me. I do not say they are ugly little girls. Their noses do not run in the embarrassing way common among the street-children of a northern clime. They are all different. One is dark, with long thick brows over black eyes, her hair in a thick plait. Another is blond and has a red nose. Another is quite tall and will probably become a dancer, she has such neat little legs and feet. Her stockings, by the way, are not a pair. Another has a pair but no garters, and she looks very untidy. Yet another has garters but no stockings, and her legs are very dirty. A very tiny little person has only one forlorn copy of a Greek paper, and she is thrust away by her more muscular rivals. I give her a penny, too. I am popular.

When all are recompensed they sidle away, looking back wistfully for a moment. I dare say they are wondering if I am a millionaire in disguise. Then the whirling vortex of Venizelos Steps sucks them in again; they spy another sailor coming ashore, and they collect and fling themselves upon him, a compact, yelling Macedonian phalanx of youthful amazons.

Turning eastward, one sees the city-front curving very gently as far as the White Tower, nearly a mile away. Beyond that superb landmark the new suburban town spreads out indefinitely amid shabby foliage. The view up Venizelos Street is closed by a covered-in bazaar. The yellow buildings of the front are a confusing medley of cafés, cigarette shops, hotel-entrances, paper shops, hardware shops, barbers' shops, cinema theatres, Turkish baths, a fish-market, farriers' shops, cafés chantants, charcoal stores, more cigarette shops, more cafés, a few immense private houses with interesting courtyards and discontented-looking sentries in battered boxes, one or two small houses with tremendous walnut doors and black iron hinges, bolts, and window-bars; and finally, just as the heat and acrid smells from motors and horses begin to parch the throat, and the devilish cobbles to tire the unaccustomed feet, there is a café in a covered garden, with the White Tower standing alone in a grass plot at the waterside.

(*To be concluded*)

EDUCATION AS MENTAL DISCIPLINE

BY ABRAHAM FLEXNER

I

When doubts are suggested as to the value of certain time-honored subjects included in the elementary and secondary curriculum, one is told that the subjects in question are valuable because they 'train the mind.' 'Training the mind' is therefore a phrase which expresses a definite educational theory — the theory, namely, that the most important function of the school is to discipline the mental faculties so that in after life they will be serviceable instruments ready for effective use. The faculties to be thus trained are memory, reason, imagination, observation. People who believe in 'training the mind,' or in 'formal discipline,' which is the same thing technically expressed, almost invariably hold that the time-honored subjects — Latin, algebra, geometry, and so on — best serve this purpose. They believe that subjects which will themselves probably never be used furnish the most effective mental gymnastic, to use another favorite expression; that memory developed by learning Latin grammar, observation practiced in distinguishing moods and tenses, reason practiced in algebraic or geometrical operations, are so many weapons, in fighting trim, ready to be put to such uses as arise out in the world subsequently. The theory of mental discipline or formal discipline is therefore the bulwark of conventional or traditional education.

The opposing conception may be described as education on the basis of content. Education on the basis of content endeavors to equip the pupil with a varied body of properly-ordered material, which will serve his purposes, stimulate his interests, and engage his growing powers. It selects things to teach, not primarily for the purpose of training the mind, but because the things are in themselves useful, satisfying, or inspiring — because, in a word, they serve some purpose which is valued either by society or by the individual, be the purpose material, utilitarian, artistic, spiritual, or what not. Education by content does not deny that there is such a thing as training. Indeed, having once chosen a particular subject or content, it insists that this content should be so presented as to develop the maximum power and interest. But it entirely disbelieves in the training of general faculties — a general memory faculty, a general reasoning faculty, a general faculty of observation — on which the theory of formal discipline sets such great store. It holds that really no such faculties exist, and hence that they cannot be trained. There are instead — so content-education believes — many kinds of memory, many kinds of reasoning power, many kinds of observing faculty; and all we know of training is that these various abilities are within limits improvable through exercise. Content-education holds, therefore, that, if the mind is to deal with varied, yet definite and specific experiences, problems, and activities, education or training should concern itself with such experiences,

problems, and activities — not with totally different and very limited problems and activities. Hence the emphasis on a content which is in range and quality fairly representative of the world as a whole and of the mind in all its varied interests and capacities.[1]

American education is, on the whole, dominated by the former of the two conceptions I have briefly characterized — that is, by the theory of formal discipline. Children study most of their present subjects, not because they serve essential purposes or represent significant experiences, but because they are supposed to 'train the mind.' From time to time in recent years, to be sure, content-studies have crept in or been forced in. But it would be a mistake to suppose that this indicates a deliberate abandonment of the disciplinary line. On the contrary, the new content-studies have largely shared the fate of the rest of the curriculum — they have been taught so as to 'train the mind.' Their presence does not therefore indicate that the content-theory is crowding out the theory of mental discipline.

The frankest and most unqualified embodiment of the disciplinary conception of education is the preparatory school. I single it out in this discussion because, particularly in the East, it represents the kind of training given those who qualify for admission to college — those, that is, who want to get a higher education. It is true that increasing numbers enter college, in the East as in other sections, from public and private high schools which do not describe themselves as preparatory schools. Nevertheless, high schools preparing students for college have been directly and indirectly compelled to approximate the preparatory school in the course of study and in the way in which the course of study is handled. Thus the influence of the American college works strongly in the direction of fastening on the secondary school the disciplinary conception of education. I propose in this paper to consider this procedure; in a subsequent one I shall try to convince college authorities that they ought to promote an experiment with the alternative conception.

The preparatory school devotes itself, then, to mental discipline. It seeks to train the mind by forcing it to do intellectual tasks mostly of little inherent interest, but of gradually increasing difficulty. Some pupils do, indeed, get interested; at times the personality of the teacher will irradiate the instruction; at times the study takes on the character of a game which minds of a certain type like to puzzle out. Again, it happens that in every class certain pupils do with ease and almost intuitively the tasks that are defended because of the deliberate intellectual effort that they are supposed to require and to train. I have never heard any believer in mental discipline explain what becomes of the theory in the case of such students — the students, I mean, who see through the thing in this rather effortless fashion. We need not, however, worry about them; for the number of those who succeed easily because of interest in the game or because of native capacity is not large enough to upset the contention that most pupils find intellectual tasks of the type employed difficult and unappealing. To consider what sort of training — intellectual and moral — these pupils get out of their hard and dull tasks, is the main purpose of this paper.

The preparatory school curriculum is made up of languages, abstract mathematics, history, and a bit of science. On its face, it is predominantly a thing of

[1] For an admirable discussion of this whole question, the reader is referred to Professor Ernest C. Moore's *What is Education?* — THE AUTHOR.

words and symbols. The mind that it trains is therefore necessarily the word-mind — the mind that has to do with words, the mind that can be reached through words, and only in so far as it has to do with words or can be reached through words. If there be people — as there surely are — who think more or less in materials, in colors, in sounds, in images, in action, the word-discipline of the preparatory school is not for them, in so far as they think or act in those media. Now, of course, no education is going to dispense with words and symbols, and the best possible education is going to make a large use of them. But words and symbols are not used in the preparatory school discipline as they are used in daily life. In daily life words are used to suggest meanings or ideas. The preparatory school, on the contrary, uses words and symbols, not primarily to transmit a meaning, but, without emphasis upon meaning, as a method of disciplining the will, the reason, the power of analysis. The other type of school I mentioned — the content type — would employ words and symbols as keys to living subjects, as ways of summarizing experience, as stimuli and challenges to action. Not so the preparatory school. The preparatory school employs words and symbols as formal instruments for disciplinary exercise. And, as we shall see, it treats pretty much all subjects in pretty much the same fashion.

Let me make sure that I am understood when I say that the preparatory school curriculum or the college-entrance programme — call it which you please — is overwhelmingly a thing of words and symbols taught for formal ends. Note in the first place the prominence of language studies and the objects which the language studies subserve. Over one half the subjects offered are languages; much more than one half the time of pupils in school and out of school goes to the study of languages — to the study of languages, furthermore, which pupils do not learn and are not expected to learn. I say the languages are not learned; no one expects them to be learned. They are taught, not for the sake of their meanings, not to be used in suggesting ideas, but as a means of discipline.

Now consider what happens when a child studies, without learning, Latin and Greek. He commits to memory paradigms, conjugations, and vocabulary. What is the process? A mechanical remembering and identifying of arbitrary correspondences between mere words. Each particular ending in Latin equals something, or one of several somethings, in English; each word in Latin equals something, or one of several somethings, in English. There is a list of cases with meaningless names to be arbitrarily accepted; it is astonishing how glibly children learn to employ this incomprehensible terminology. It is no part of the child's business to ask why; it is, in the main, his business to take the thing on faith and to commit it to memory. Thus, a whole series of declensions is memorized: in the first declension, a long *a* is a symbol to be mechanically identified with what is called ablative singular, *ārum* a symbol to be mechanically identified with genitive plural, and so on. Subsequently things called moods, voices, gerunds are accepted on the combined assurance of the printed page and of a teacher who treats this printed page with convincing gravity. Intelligence — on the child's part — is rarely involved; there is rarely anything for him to understand; there is rarely any stimulus to his wit or interest. It is, I repeat, a mechanical process which some children do readily and some do not — and there is an end of the matter.

An enormous mass of such arbitrary material has to be taken aboard like so much lifeless freight — declensions, conjugations, regular, irregular, with no end of equally arbitrary exceptions. Nor does arbitrariness end when the grammar forms are learned; for the syntax is from the pupil's point of view, generally speaking, just as arbitrary, just as much a matter of faith. He is told that *ut* means 'that,' — 'in order that,' or 'so that'; that when it means 'in order that' the negative is *ne;* when it means 'so that,' the negative is *non;* once more, a mechanical set of correspondences, to be mechanically memorized and mechanically applied. So far as he is concerned, it might as well be the other way round or any old way round. No reaction which he can feel or perceive would follow the reversal. Where alternatives are open, the pupil usually fumbles or guesses; some hapless children have a diabolical tendency to guess wrong — just as Mrs. Wiggs's children were carried irresistibly into an open rain-barrel, when with the slightest good fortune they might have avoided it. In such instances the teacher's displeasure, evinced by a low mark, not some untoward experience with the rain-barrel, is the pupil's only way of knowing right from wrong.

I do not, of course, mean to deny that now and then Latin and Greek can be made, and indeed are made, to convey a distinction in meaning which the child may be brought to see is genuine — as, for example when the prepositions *in* and *ad* are distinguished. But even if such opportunities were much more abundant than they are, they would not give to classical study the disciplinary virtue asserted for it. The content learned and the method by which it is learned go together; the child cannot acquire a method *in vacuo* with power to apply it afterwards to other situations that may arise. The child who learns to make a verbal distinction learns just that — and that is practically an end of the matter; he is not acquiring a generally applicable analytical skill. If the teacher happens to possess a wider interest in his classics and if in consequence his teaching is more or less vitalized thereby, the pupils profit by just so much. The subject is made just so much more real; its stimulating, engaging, or, if you prefer, disciplinary effect is increased by so much, and no more. The disciplinary theory, however, tends strongly to restrict the teacher's opportunity to develop his subject on these side lines. In any case, the scope of meaning or reality in operating with dead languages is as a pinpoint compared with vast arid stretches of formality or arbitrariness. For the most part, teacher and pupil operate, or, better, attempt to operate analytically on intellectual lines with empty, unreal symbols devoid of the breath of life.

II

One half the subjects of a curriculum based on the old-fashioned college-entrance requirements can thus be criticized for many pupils as mere juggling with words and symbols — a juggling which does not in the end hope or intend to be familiar enough with them to become unconscious of mechanism and conscious of the ideas which languages are meant to communicate. Nor is this failure to learn the language as language regarded by the preparatory school as a fair criticism; for learning the language is not what the school aims at — so far, at least, as the avowed theory of the preparatory school goes. The school aims at mental discipline — and the reader is now in a position to judge how much and what kind of discipline most pupils get from the preparatory school language

studies. Moreover, whatever they get, there is no reason whatever to suppose that as discipline it goes beyond the particular abilities called into action by it. In this respect, the discipline got from learning Latin resembles the discipline got from playing chess. *You train what you train.*

Mathematics is another formal subject, taught, mainly, not for the sake of imparting knowledge that is or can be used to serve some purpose or other, but taught, once more, because it is supposed to discipline a certain faculty — primarily the reason. In practice, if only teachers observed what happens, it might be perceived that algebra is learned, not as a rule by the exercise of anything that can be properly called reason, but passively, mechanically, just as Latin grammar and Latin syntax are for the most part learned. And just as the Latin student is reputed to be successful if he can reproduce what he has taken in, so the algebra student succeeds when he can mechanically perform the operations that the teacher or the book performs. He is told that $a^2 \times a^3 = a^5$, while $2a \times 3a = 6a^2$; and, more or less precariously, he comes to do the same thing himself. When negative or fractional exponents are reached, he is — as they say — 'drilled' until hazily and doubtfully he can carry out the same operation. A bit later, and in the same imitative fashion, he learns to apply the binomial theorem or to solve quadratics involving two unknown quantities in this way or that, according as they resemble this type or that. But throughout he is dealing with words and symbols through which he does not penetrate to the realities represented.

Nor is the study illuminated by being brought to bear. Formal discipline does not require that; as I pointed out in discussing Latin, the tendency is in the opposite direction. The disciplinary purpose narrows and impoverishes. Hence the preparatory school curriculum offers nothing in the way of science or industry which might relieve the teaching of mathematics of its uncompromisingly abstract character, or might tend to mitigate formality by means of an occasional touch of reality. In consequence, save in rare instances, the student goes through a mechanical exercise to which he remains spiritually indifferent — an exercise which does not tap his interest or power, and which for that reason leaves him very much the person that it found him. Highly typical is the girl who made 83 per cent in algebra in the latest college-entrance examinations, after being 'prepared' in one of the most successful preparatory schools in the East. Just before entering the examination, she ran through with her father all the common quadratic types, glibly explaining the appropriate solution of each. It was a perfect performance — mechanically considered; but when it was finished and the subject dismissed, she suddenly broke out, 'Oh, by the way, father, what is a quadratic anyway?' Which reminds me of a keen little fellow who recently explained to his mother: 'You are not expected to understand algebra — only to do it.' Algebra then, like Latin and Greek, means the mechanical handling of symbols, in close imitation of set models. As a discipline it would at most train children to operate imitatively with formulæ whose origin and function they do not appreciate.

The theory of formal discipline is so pervasive that it has subdued other subjects which, it might be supposed, have and can have only content-value. How, for example, does the preparatory school teach history? In the first instance, the history selected is usually Greek and Roman, not modern — a choice which sacrifices at once the pow-

erful motivation of the student's environment. Ancient history has, to be sure, its proper place in education, but ordinary schools have thought little as to what that place is. The choice of Greek and Roman history is, therefore, not a choice dictated by a sense of the value of content; still less is the treatment calculated to bring out content-value. The subject is presented just about as formally as can be. The unit or symbol is larger, a paragraph, instead of a case or tense or formula; but words and symbols still. There is a textbook of Roman history in which things are boiled down to the form in which the pupil must absorb them with a view to their subsequent reproduction. Of the realities which these feeble paragraphs vainly attempt to portray, few obtain any grasp whatsoever. For the time being, a capable fellow can tell you the main features of the laws of Solon or the Licinian rogations. But the subject-matter was not chosen because of intrinsic interest and importance; and the teacher aims, not at cultivation of historic or civic interest, but at a neat and presentable formal achievement. One may well be puzzled as to what faculty is trained by this kind of exercise; a recent authority tells us that it is 'memory, imagination, and social reasoning!'

I mentioned science. In the last school-year, or the last but one, boys and girls whose faculties have for some eight to ten years been disciplined on case-endings, moods, rules of syntax, algebraic formulæ, Euclidian demonstrations, Roman constitutions, and the like, are permitted to get a year of a chosen science — physics, or chemistry, or physiology. Well, tardily, to be sure, — but let us not be ungrateful, — the eager boy, itching by this time for a contact with real problems, his curiosity deadened, but not yet wholly dead, — here at last, he will have done with words and symbols; he will come face to face with content, with phenomena. Not so, however. Preparatory school science, like preparatory school language, preparatory school mathematics, preparatory school history, is intellectual in aspect, meagre in content, disciplinary in purpose. The child's normal scientific interest and activity are derived from the world of phenomena and objects in which he lives. In reference to that world, he is, as has been said, 'an animated interrogation point': he wants knowledge of that world; he strives to understand it and to do something with it. The content-teaching of science would heed these strong instincts; and discipline, if we may use the term, would come because of the reality and variety of the efforts made.

This would be science taught from the standpoint of content. The preparatory school, interested in discipline, selects a single science, — physics or chemistry, — presented in strictly logical or intellectual fashion, in a systematic, even if elementary, form; and thereupon, the pupil studies bookishly described phenomena, experiments, and laws, with the same strong emphasis on memory, mechanism, and faith that is characteristic of his study of Latin and algebra. He gets in his physics and chemistry as little sense of the real phenomenal world as he gets sense of meanings when he studies Latin, or sense of uses when he studies algebra or geometry. And what faculties are disciplined? Why, the faculties of 'observation and concrete reasoning'!

Thus, our children study science, our children study history, just as they study German and French and Latin — not to gain insight or mastery or understanding, not because the subject-matter is a selected portion of their present or prospective experience which in one way or another is going to make a dif-

ference to them, but for the purpose of disciplining faculties that do not exist, by means of exercises, the real disciplinary outcome of which remains uninvestigated. They do not study languages as a way of getting at and conveying ideas. They do not study history as a way of arousing and satisfying social curiosity. They do not study science because they wonder at the world about them, or want to be able, so far as may be, to understand or control it. School science, is, therefore, as Dr. Wickliffe Rose once remarked, apt to be 'Latin under another name.'

III

I am at a loss to say just what the preparatory school English course — or the college-entrance English requirements, which is the same thing — aims to accomplish. It may, perhaps, be fairly regarded as an attempted discipline in taste and expression. As such, it is, of all the features that constitute the preparatory school programme, the most dismal failure. For the futility of conventional English teaching, in respect to both taste and expression, is precisely the point that strikes any observer, who, not being responsible for the teaching, is compelled to deal subsequently with the pupils who have passed through it. A university law school professor recently deplored, in conversation with me, the meagre vocabulary, feeble style, and paucity of ideas characteristic of the 'picked' students to whom his first professional courses were addressed. How could it be otherwise? The art of expression develops where there is something to say; but the preparatory school curriculum, and, most of all, the English course, disdains any content such as would give the pupil something to say, and, instead, devotes itself, as consistently as it can, to a 'discipline,' which bleaches out all subjects to a uniform deadly pallor. As for taste — taste is something to be developed, not something to be summarily forced upon the pupil. Why should the long-drawn-out analysis of dull, unsympathetic, and ill-adapted 'classics' like *Comus*, develop an ordinary pupil's taste? and why should a man or woman who teaches English for twenty years be compelled every year to dawdle for days over *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and Burke's speech? In the thing itself there surely resides no sovereign virtue whatsoever — only infinite boredom for pupil and teacher alike.

In fact, however, the English course — like the Latin course and the history course and the mathematics course and the science course — was devised by persons who never took into consideration such factors as boy-nature, girl-nature, what is left of teacher-nature, or the realities of life and the universe; and it is carried out implicitly by teachers who do not compare what actually happens with what the theory of mental discipline assumes is happening. For, just as soon as the product is tested, — tested as to knowledge of the subjects studied, or tested as to the power thereby developed, — at that moment the whole structure will collapse like the house of cards that it is.

Mental discipline thus effaces the natural distinctions between different subjects; it makes Latin, history, mathematics, science, and English as nearly as possible the same. It empties the subjects of content in order the more effectively to utilize them for intellectual discipline. I repeat what I have already said: this discipline trains what it trains, — not general faculties, but specialized abilities, — the degree of specialization depending on the relative breadth or narrowness of the presentation; on the extent, that is, to which discipline forgets itself and for

the time being becomes content. Dr. Rose very aptly compares the champions of mental discipline to the Egyptian priests who planted rows of dead sticks which, for disciplinary purposes, they watered regularly; had they planted corn, they would have got the same discipline, and something more: the corn, for example, and everything directly and indirectly involved therein.

The champions of mental discipline do not usually try to prove their case by testing the faculties supposed to have been trained. From time to time a business man avers that his classical training lay at the bottom of his commercial success; and some engineers are credibly reported to have expressed the same sentiment. But retrospection is, to say the least, unreliable. I do not forget, of course, the examinations — the preparatory school examinations and the college-entrance examinations. But these examinations do not test the faculties which mental discipline claims to have trained; they are not tests of memory-power, reasoning-power, observation-power, imagination. They test only whether the candidate remembers the things by means of which the faculties in question are said to have been trained. If a boy is required to learn

> amnis, axis, callis, crinis,
> cassis, caulis, fascis, finis,
> funis, fustis, ignis, ensis, —
> orbis, panis, piscis, mensis,

in order to train his memory, you do not prove his memory to have been trained by requiring him to repeat the lines (especially if, as is usually the case, he has forgotten most of them). Nor do you prove that a long succession of geometrical propositions has trained his reasoning power, because he can reproduce the simpler ones, after hard drilling on them. You merely prove that a person who has done a thing often enough can sometimes do the same thing again — more particularly if he has been warned in advance as to just when he may be called on to do it. Meanwhile, certain types of memory and reasoning power and observation might really be tested; but, to prove the preparatory school contention, these powers would have to be tried on material that is both fresh and varied. This is not done.

A much more limited test might however have its uses — namely, a test of the power of pupils in the very subjects with which they have been working. The school tests and the college-entrance tests are not sufficiently objective; besides, the results have not been studied in a way to throw light on the fundamental questions involved. Latin is taught — we are told — so as to train the mind. Very well; let us find out in the first place, how well it is taught. A certain state superintendent of education has recently asked every fourth-year high-school Latin pupil in his state to tell in writing the meaning of a piece of simple Latin prose. On the basis of the performance he makes a preliminary estimate of the efficiency of Latin teaching in his state as between 10 and 15 per cent. This result and other results not a whit more encouraging ought to suggest to believers in mental discipline a series of problems. If Latin is taught to train the mind, how successfully must it be taught in order to train the mind? Is any kind of result better than none at all? Is an inferior result — failure in greater or less degree — capable of *harming* the mind or character? What does an efficiency of 15 per cent signify? Does it guarantee training, or may it indicate damage? If it should be decided that 15 per cent efficiency is not helpfully disciplinary, then just where shall the line be drawn? Suppose we tentatively assume that an efficiency of 60 or 75 per cent indicates a trained

mind, can an efficiency of 15 per cent, objectively measured, be raised to an efficiency of 60 or 75 per cent, similarly measured, and if so, how? Is success in this possible? If possible, what would it cost in time, effort, and money? Would it be worth what it cost to all, or only to those who can achieve it with a moderate expenditure? If a low final grade indicates damage, what shall be done for those who cannot be brought above it? Obviously the same questions can and should be raised as to the other subjects in the disciplinary curriculum. And when the disciplinarians begin to study education in a scientific spirit, they will entertain such questions and patiently seek the answers to them.

Before leaving the subject, I must touch on one other point. Mental discipline is sometimes, as I have said, called a 'gymnastic,' and it is held to be justified by the bodily analogy. I do not want to be entangled in a discussion based on metaphors; the metaphors are too apt to come between the disputants and their subject. But so much I may say: the physical gymnasium may or may not train the muscles for other uses; at any rate, it makes only a limited demand daily on the time and energy of the boy; it leaves him free to cultivate other forms of physical expression and urges the wholesomeness of so doing. Not so the mental disciplinarians. Their procedure — meagre and one-sided though it be — tends, by mere pressure, if not otherwise, to exclude other forms of mental and spiritual activity. At a time when pupils are being formally disciplined and mentally trained by means of six subjects all presented in the same fashion, one might suppose that teachers, supposed to be students and observers of the adolescent mind and soul, would be aware of other potential interests and capacities that must be given a chance. Not at all. Children with a turn for the woods, for animals, for poetry, for music, for modeling, for drawing, or with the possibility of such a turn, have no right to be heard as against the sure intellectual and moral salvation promised by a mental discipline, which has never been subjected by its votaries to a critical examination! If the grind destroys or starves out their possibilities — well, their 'faculties' have been trained!

IV

When I say that American schools generally are committed to the theory of formal discipline, I do not mean that other claims are not from time to time also advanced. Latin and Greek are occasionally defended on the ground of their culture-value. The champions of formal discipline appear not to realize that the culture argument flatly contradicts the disciplinary theory, and really accepts the content view of education. In any event, the methods pursued and the results obtained belie the culture argument. Latin and Greek have culture-value only for those who learn the languages and read the literatures. But so few of those who study Latin and Greek learn them, read their literatures, or take any interest in their literatures, that the culture claim cannot be taken seriously as a ground for general and enforced study of Latin or Greek. If, of course, any one desires to learn Latin or Greek as he would undertake to learn French or German, and for the same kind of reason, no objection could be urged, for such study would be calculated to realize culture-value — which is a real and not a formal end. But an argument for the classics based on the assumption that they are to be mastered and appreciated cannot possibly serve as an argument for a study that does not result in mastery or appreciation, and is not expect-

ed to result in either. It is a tactical blunder for believers in classical culture to make common cause with the mental disciplinarians, for classical culture can thus only be involved in the ruin which has overtaken mental discipline.

Precisely the same must be said of any argument for Latin or Greek on the ground that higher education must transmit the inheritance of the race. The transmission of culture in the shape of literature, art, history, philosophy — this is content-education, not disciplinary education. Transmission can be effected either through the original language, or through translation, or through both. But if through the original, then the language must be learned, just as French is learned, as a medium for the communication of ideas. The disciplinary purpose is once more a contradiction. Persons who really believe in the culture argument or the transmission argument cannot too soon extricate themselves from their present educational company; they belong on the content side. Instead of defending education of the disciplinary type, they ought to be raising the question as to how in this busy modern world the content of ancient culture can be conserved and transmitted. Whatever the way, it will not be through schools organized and conducted on the theory of mental discipline.

The situation in respect to the theory of formal discipline is, indeed, a curious one. It dominates American education generally; it receives in the preparatory school a clean-cut, unqualified embodiment. Our educational administrators thus accept it, believe in it, practice it. Meanwhile, among students of the science and art of education, — that is, among those who are concerned with the study of educational processes and results, — the theory of formal discipline has, nowadays, no standing whatever. It is as though the students of disease believed, let us say, in the germ theory, while the practitioners of medicine took no stock in it at all. As a matter of fact, practitioners of medicine listen to the students of disease; but educational administrators are still wary of psychologists and such folk!

For our present purpose, I need not argue the case against formal discipline further. It is clear that its psychology is seriously at fault; for the faculties — memory, reason, etc. — which formal discipline thinks to train in such wise that they can afterwards be used to deal with any problem or emergency that arises, simply do not exist in separate form. Memory, reason, imagination are not single entities which can be disciplined once for all. There are all sorts of ways of remembering, reasoning, and imagining; so that, from the standpoint of training, not a monotonous, verbal, and intellectual set of exercises is needed, but rather all kinds of physical and intellectual experience. Further, formal discipline errs in belittling the possibilities of interest, in ignoring the urgency of knowledge and power adapted to practical needs, social and personal, and, finally, in overlooking the significance and importance of individual capacity. It is at once false in its psychology and too narrow in its outlook.

V

A school that concerned itself with content would begin by asking what children naturally do and are capable of doing; what tasks life imposes; what accomplishments are of inherent value; what different sorts of ability can be profitably and happily employed. It would set out to guide and to develop the interests and abilities of children; it would select from the objective world

significant objects — languages, literature, art, civics, industry, physical phenomena — in the hope of making them objects of genuine and significant concern to growing boys and girls. It would not bother with discipline in the abstract; but it would endeavor so to do its work that habits and attitudes of the right kind would tend to become the ways in which the individual expressed himself. In a content school such as I am describing one would study languages in order to understand them, to use them, to have access to the ideas stored up in them, to satisfy one's curiosity, if one will, about their history, structure, and so forth. But always one's aim would be involved in the language, not in some supposed medication of one's mental faculties through it. Again, one would study science, not to discipline the mind, but to serve a purpose through knowing the subject; the same would be true of history and literature. Science, literature, history, modern languages, industrial processes, would be taught because they answer the questions which live people ask and can be led to ask, or because they in their substance minister to our needs, capacities, or aspirations, — taught, that is, because they serve purposes and in order that they may serve purposes.

Some of the purposes will be what some people might, perhaps, call low; some of the purposes will be what they might be pleased to call high. We can afford, however, to be less concerned with the topography of the purposes than with the reality or genuineness of the results. If literature can be taught so that there is a vital connection between school and home reading; if history can be taught so that it supplies the child with answers to his problems and raises more problems still; if languages can be taught so that they can be used; if science can be taught so that the world about us is either intelligible or intelligently unintelligible; if industry can be so utilized that the child can understand and sympathize, it is immaterial by what adjective either the effort or the result is described. Is it not clear that this way of studying restores to every subject its proper individuality and thereby engages the mind in various ways? There could indeed be no greater absurdity than to divorce training from content, even were it possible; all the advantage lies the other way. In other words, the purpose for which subjects are taught lies, not in the pupil's mind, but in the subject-matter and its relations to existence and life; and the more varied and appealing and trying, if you will, the subject-matter, the better for the boy, whether the result be viewed from the standpoint of discipline so-called, or from the standpoint of knowledge, interest, and power. The purposes inherent in subject-matter and its world-relations are infinite in variety. Some are utilitarian; some spiritual. Some are mediate — that is, lead elsewhere; some end with their own attainment. But they are always and invariably real, not formal; and discipline comes — if it comes at all — through exercise and experience with various realities.

At heart, intelligent teachers of the classics must know this just as well as we do; they must in their candid moments admit to themselves that they hold on to the theory of mental discipline because their present subjects are not successfully taught as content. They defend Latin and Greek as instruments of mental discipline; but they know perfectly well that that is not why Latin and Greek came into education. Latin and Greek came into education as real subjects, not as formal subjects; they came into education because they embodied more valuable thoughts than other languages, and because except

through learning Latin and Greek the thoughts were not accessible. Suppose even to-day someone invented a way to teach Latin, — a way to teach it so that preparatory school pupils could speak it, read it, care for its literature, — would not the preparatory schools jump at it and never mention mental discipline again? Do they not really know that there is more good of one kind or another to be got out of knowing a language than out of the discipline acquired through failure to learn it?

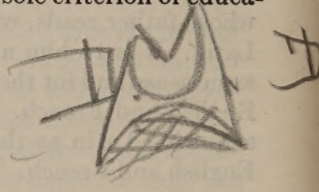
Consider the question from another angle. I know a family of children whose father reads, writes, and speaks Latin. It is to him a language in the same sense and for the same purpose as English and French. His children are acquiring Latin as they are acquiring English and French. There is no question of grammar or syntax, of formal or of informal discipline. They are absorbing Latin through their pores. Is this a bad thing or a good thing? Are those children acquiring a language at the expense of a discipline? Are they getting culture by sacrificing mental training, and, perhaps, moral training, too? Are we to say that, if Latin could be learned as children grow up, because it is spoken in the household, the loss to intellectual training would be utterly disastrous? Of course, no one believes this. Everybody knows that the value of Latin is in knowing Latin, as the value of French is in knowing French, and the value of botany is in knowing botany, and in using it to solve problems and serve purposes; and that thorough and varied knowledge in this sense is effective as training because it involves wide, varied, stimulating, and resourceful employment of one's capacities. If, then, Latin is to remain in the curriculum, it remains in order to be learned; and if it goes out, it goes out because it is not learned, or because other languages or other subjects are better worth while.

In conclusion, a word by way of quieting the apprehensions of those who fear that real studies will weaken character through appealing solely to spontaneous interest and through following slavishly its vicissitudes. I observe here once more indications that the disciplinarians have not exerted themselves to understand the opposing theory, and have not carefully reflected upon their own practice. When, for example, they discover a teacher of Greek who interests his pupils and arouses their enthusiasm, they do not discharge him. They do not tell him to make the work disciplinary by making it dull; they raise his salary. If interest — whether native or derived — is salutary in respect to Greek, why is it dangerous in connection with a modern subject or activity? Now let me say that in my judgment every teacher, every parent, every business man, every person responsible for any kind of result, will do well to enlist the most vigorous possible interest on the part of those with whom he is trying to work. That only means that the workers are active, assertive, that their powers are mobilized — the very attitude that a good teacher or effective leader aims to procure.

I do sincerely hope that every teacher in a modern school will have enough common sense to do this. The preparatory schools themselves do it when they can, and are right in so doing. Interest, whether native or derived, is indeed the most direct, though not the only, path to moral, intellectual, and economic salvation. So far from being a source of possible demoralization, it is the most certain means of preventing just that.

Perhaps it may be said in reply that it is not so much interest that is to be dreaded, as the heeding of variable and

inconstant interests. But this is a manufactured bogey. The modernist does not propose to follow up every interest: he proposes to select and to develop significant interests. Nor does he propose to heed only the child's native interests and to drop activities as soon as interest flags. Subjects and activities will be selected because they serve purposes. Many of them will be interesting, if teachers are fairly competent — the more, the better. But they will be taught because they serve purposes, not because they tickle the palate, and they will be taught thoroughly enough to serve their purposes, whether they cease or continue to interest. Difficult things will be done— some with zest, let us hope, others by hard pulling against the stream. In both cases — as in all cases — the effort will lead somewhere, and it will be supported by the consciousness that it does lead somewhere. Meanwhile, such effort involves no surrender of the principle that interest, derived as well as native, forms a legitimate and powerful motive. I should work it to the limit; I feel sure that far more can be done with it than is commonly done; but it is, after all, only one aspect of a complicated problem, and no well-informed person has ever made it the sole criterion of educational value.



THE SCHOOLMA'AM OF SQUAW PEAK. II

BY LAURA TILDEN KENT

I

THERE came a cold Friday morning when Clyde and I thought ourselves half-frozen all the way to school. A strong wind rose and rose all day, and by night was sweeping down icily out of the north. We fought our way home for two miles against it that afternoon, and all the evening after we got home we shivered and hugged the stove and could not get warm. Clyde was sick that night and the next day and Sunday. As for me, I was oddly weak and stiff. I would not quite call myself sick.

On Monday morning I set out to school alone. Clyde was still not well, and the morning was very sharp. I dreaded the long walk in the cold, and for once realization was quite equal to anticipation. I was thoroughly chilled by the time I reached the schoolhouse; and there Nemesis met me boldly. I had been cowardly about dismissing a negligent janitor. Now I was to pay the penalty. There was no fire this morning. I had to go out, cold as I was, to gather up frosty wood to build one. And when the wood was gathered, I found that the stove was too choked with ashes to receive it.

I went out again and lugged in a heavy wooden bucket, weighted with remnants of the cement that had once been mixed in it. This was our ash-bucket. I filled it three times before I considered that the stove would do. And when I finally made the damp wood burn, I was feeling, not cold only, but very queer.

Queer and more queer I felt all day. By noon I knew that I was sick; but I had an idea that perhaps I could struggle through the afternoon session somehow.

I tried it. By two o'clock I seemed to be looking at my geography class through a dense haze; and I realized foggily that I wasn't quite sure of what I was saying to them, and that I cared very little what they should say to me. At about this time I suddenly sat down in one of the children's seats and admitted that I was not feeling so very well.

There was an immediate, still, awed confusion in the schoolroom. I dimly saw a small girl's terrified face and felt that I probably looked rather white and odd.

Then, 'I'll get my horse for you,' Edward Lancaster was saying. He always thought of something practical! 'You can ride home —'

'I'd never stick on a horse,' I owned mournfully.

'You would n't?'

Edward was looking at me regretfully. I hated to disappoint him, he wanted so to help.

I put my head down upon my arms and let the world go as black as it wanted to for a minute. Then, because I knew from the hush how frightened the children were, I sat up again and tried to look intelligent.

It was then that Rosie Dennen spoke. 'Walter, you go an' hitch up Dolly to the buggy,' she said to her big brother. And to me she said, 'Walter 'll take you home.'

He did. In a surprisingly short time — considering how time dragged just then — Walter was back with the ramshackle surrey, on the back seat of which was spread out generously a gorgeous 'comfort' from the Dennen beds. Mamma had sent word that I was to be wrapped in it; but even in the numbness of the moment, I shuddered at the thought.

'I'm all right. I don't need to be wrapped up,' said I, feebly dropping down on the seat.

But when we reached the Dennen house, there was Mamma herself ready to go with me to the Wests', and she pulled that comfort about me with a firm hand.

'I'm not much cold,' I protested faintly — in spite of the chill I was having! 'And don't take the trouble to go with me. I'll be all right.'

'I'm a-goin',' she replied cheerfully. 'You look as white as death. Are you troubled with heart trouble?'

I denied it. And she began to cheer me up — if I remember correctly what I did n't much notice at the time — with some accounts of illnesses that she had had in her family.

When I had once reached the Wests', and been put to bed with hot things about me, I began to revive. And when I had revived, I slept. And after I had slept, I decided that I was not in for a fit of sickness at all. I should be all right to-morrow. During the night I revised this opinion; and indeed I did not get to school again for a week.

Of course, that was an illness hardly worth mentioning; but have you ever been away from home and teaching your first school far out in the country? It was a short illness — but oh! the length of the crawling days when I lay in bed and gazed at the faded wallpaper in that narrow room that did *not* look like home! I could read very little. I was alone. It was terrible — especially after the sky clouded over and it began to rain. And after I got up, the days seemed longer than ever. I could not even sleep while sitting in a straight-backed chair at my little study table.

All this is not saying that Mrs. West was not good to me. She was an angel

of mercy. The trouble was with me, who did not need anybody but home folks.

Two things stand out clearly from this experience. One is the call of Mrs. Dennen, who came heavily in on the day when I felt worst. I could not help a decided surging out of gratitude in her direction. Her ideas of sanitation were exceedingly meagre; but — bless her! — she was, after all, interested in the teacher. I wished even then that she had a better schoolma'am to be interested in.

The other little incident of my sickness was my terrible struggle with the oil-stove. It was after I had got better. It was on Friday, I remember. I had been trying to do something to the wick of the thing, and in my ignorance of oil-stoves, I had managed matters so that neither I nor any one else could turn it either up or down.

Mrs. West and I both labored valiantly over the wreck of my comfort. I, especially, worked with frantic zeal, but more and more despairingly. I had always rather despised my oil-stove, which was never a satisfactory means of heating my room; but how much better than nothing it seemed now!

It was a raw, bleak day of drizzling cold rain. Mr. West and Bert were out riding to bring in some poor cattle to shelter and food. I could n't tell when they would be back. Besides, it stood to reason that they could n't fix a ruined stove when they did arrive. In my despair — it was despair, though it was only over an oil-stove — I hysterically half resolved to harness Bally and try to reach the Post myself, where there might be oil-stoves on sale. I could not sit idly by and see myself freeze. I knew that I must, in all reason, be sick again, if I tried anything so rash now; but I could not feel that I cared much. I wanted my stove! — I must be warm — a *little* warm!

Mr. West and Bert got back in time to prevent my going out in the storm. They set to with noble energy, and, after an hour or two, restored my stove to me. Its newness had forever departed; it could never again be what it was before I tampered with it; but it could be used! It would burn! When I carried the mutilated thing back into my own room, I felt a great thankfulness for the priceless boon of the oil-stove.

My sickness had called my attention to two blessings. The oil-stove was one. The friendliness of the Dennens was the other. I knew now that they were friendly, though they were dull and not clean.

The schoolma'am, you see, was learning, whether or not the pupils were.

II

The one definite thing that was making my whole year hard, and that made my little sickness seem so long and so woeful, was the fact that at Squaw Peak I never knew when I was going to get my mail. During the early part of my sojourn on the Verde, the situation had not been so painful. Then it was possible to send my sister into town to the post-office, whence she could arrive almost as soon as I was home from school; or it was possible for us to ride to the Post together after my work was over. But after she left, when I very much needed mail, I could not often go for it myself in the evenings. The days were too short and cold now. And when I knew that I could not get it myself, the mail became an obsession with me.

I used to think about it at school. There were days when I could hardly wait for four o'clock, when I could set out in hot haste down the long road to the Wests', to see if, perhaps, somebody had not gone to Camp Verde to-day. And when I found that no-

body had, — for the Verde-ites are a contented lot, not much excited over conditions outside of the Valley, — what a terrible feeling of desolation used to settle down over me! I would go savagely at my work on those nights, filling my pitchers and my lamp and my oil-stove in a spirit of animated gloom. I would look off desperately over the long, cold, brown stretches of country, feeling myself a very little prisoner in its bigness — little and helpless and hopeless and very young! As I have said, I was really older by several years than most girls who teach their first schools; but I could not remember it, surrounded by these very old, very relentless mountains.

Now I am newly impressed with the fact that I am not making myself out to be anything of a heroine. I was *not* a heroine; but I was human, and I suppose that human, homesick girls have tried before to teach, and that they will try again. Let me go on frankly with my shameful story.

The mail was an obsession. I lost no chance to get it; and many were the adventures for which it was responsible. There was, for instance, the time when I 'rode around' for it on Sunday with Ethel Baker.

There had been a rain-storm which had sent the river booming. Nobody could cross for the mail. Nobody had been able to cross for days. The situation was growing intolerable. And then Ethel suggested that she and I 'ride around' on Sunday. We sent word to her sister in Camp Verde to get our mail from the office on Saturday, and on Sunday morning we set out.

We could do this because we were really on the same side of the river as Camp Verde, but across a great bend from it. Normally we would ride about three miles each way, fording the river twice. Now we must ride more than twice the usual distance; and we must, besides, open a dozen gates going and the same number coming back. Since almost all of these gates were of the famous barbed-wire-and-pole variety, and since the roads were very muddy, this was no small task.

I was not a good rider: on the slippery roads I hardly dared go out of a walk; so we moped along monotonously for something more than two hours, I suppose, before we reached Camp Verde. The hope that was set before us buoyed us up. For myself, I was tired, of course, when we got to the Post; but I should soon have my mail now!

We hastened to Ethel's sister — and found that, although she had taken Ethel's mail from the office, she had not got mine.

Did you ever have a great disappointment? Grown person, school-ma'am though I was, I greatly desired, for a few minutes, to weep openly in the face of several strangers! I just managed not to disgrace myself; but my woe must have been evident. The strangers made a vigorous effort to get hold of a man who had the keys of the office. They failed, and I went wearily back over the miles of mud and gates, mailless and melancholy.

Sometimes I had real adventures when on my quests. Once, when the river had been up but was falling, I decided that I must get to the post-office after school. They told me that it would be safe if I crossed carefully and at the right spot. To impress upon me how very unsafe it might be to cross Rio Verde at the wrong spot, they had before told me various gruesome tales of happenings along the river. There was the story of a young soldier who, before the Post was the Post only in name, had tried to cross the Verde during high water and had been seen no more. There was the story of a young cowboy who, only a few years before this, had been lost just below the Wests' house,

in the sight of the Wests and of several other people. He had gone down suddenly into the quicksand. Some of those who watched him were unable to swim; others lost their heads for a minute or two. He was gone when help tried to reach him. His body was never found.

These stories I had heard; but I was told now that I could cross the river without danger, if only I would be careful and take the Old Crossing. They insisted strongly upon that. I *must* take the Old Crossing right here below the house. There would be no danger then.

I rode forth a very trifle timorously in spite of the reassurances of the family; but I must have the mail. Also, I must put in the office my own important letters. Down the lane I went, and across the tiny bridge to the little hollow at the foot of the bluff. The mud was black and deep and shiny. Beyond, the wet sand lay quite unmarred except in one narrow track. It gave the country a very lonely look, somehow, as if it were uninhabited — newly washed up from the waters. The river tumbled by, black and angry.

To take the Old Crossing I must turn from the one narrow track, and that very act gave me a feeling of greater loneliness. I seemed now to be blazing my way through a new country and I did not much like being a pioneer. Still, I was fully determined to obey instructions!

Brownie liked being a pioneer no better than I did; but we traveled obediently across the smooth, wet sand into a bog of the shiny black mud I had noticed before, and on to the ford. A white cottonwood log marked the beginning of this ford — a bleached skeleton of a log that lay now half-drowned in the muddy water, like a dead body washed ashore. I did n't like the look of the crossing — the water was so still and mysterious there. Neither did Brownie like it; but we were both docile. We followed instructions and waded bravely in.

I pulled my skirts up and up and curled my feet higher and higher on Brownie's sides. The water was much nearer wetting me than I liked to have it; but we were out of the deep place at last, where Brownie stepped so gingerly, and were splashing over a long stretch of shallow water with a hard, stony bottom. And then we were on the wet, unruffled sand again, and finally on the muddy road, where I saw once more a few tracks that proved that somebody besides myself was alive in the Valley.

We hurried as well as we could to the Post. The river had to be crossed again just before we entered Camp Verde; but it was broader and shallower here, and the bottom was known to be stony all the way across. We splashed over, — a long way it seemed, — and as soon as I could finish my brief business and reach it again, we splashed back. Three crossings were made! Only one more remained, and I should know myself to be safe! I hurried. I needed to hurry to reach the last ford before dark. In spite of all my haste, I failed.

The damp twilight had faded into night as Brownie and I drew near again to the long stretch of fresh, wet sand that lay between us and the last crossing. The stars were not very bright up in heaven, and they weirdly lighted the river waters that glimmered a dull silver under them. There seemed to me something sinister in that shimmering silver. It looked too peaceful. I heard the river's ugly voice gurgling hungrily as if demanding something. I remembered the cowboy and the poor young soldier.

It was very dark. I strained my eyes, when I had reached the water's

edge, and only dimly made out the bleached skeleton log that I must head for. Then — fearfully, I confess — I urged the unwilling Brownie into the water. It was a long, long way across. I drew farther up on Brownie's back, away and away from the water, and held my breath.

We were across at last.

The next morning at the breakfast-table I told them how hard it had been to see the white log when I had crossed the evening before.

Three men stopped eating and gazed, gasping, at me.

'You crossed at the white log?' they demanded.

'Why, yes!—You told me the Old Crossing—' I began, puzzled, feeling guilty, somehow.

'But—that's not the Old Crossing!' they denied excitedly. 'You — you crossed at the white log!' They seemed stupefied by the knowledge.

'Why, yes. That's the crossing we always have used. It's what I call the Old Crossing—'

'No! no!' they hurried to inform me. 'The Old Crossing—You crossed at the white log! Have n't you heard about the cowboy who was drowned there? Don't you know the river-bottom changes there with every storm? You did n't see any tracks leading down to that crossing, did you?'

Oh, there were plenty of questions they had to ask me! I could hardly remember ever having caused so much perturbation among my acquaintances. 'Sonny,' especially, — who had given me most of my instructions for crossing, — kept repeating over and over, 'But I *told* you—I'm *sure* I must have told you!' And the 'white log' kept coming in like a refrain from them all.

At last they were convinced that I should never again try to use the white-log crossing in bad weather. Then they grew calm — ready to let the matter drop.

'You crossed where no man would 'a' dared cross,' said Bert then, serenely once more. 'You were brave —'

'I was not brave. I was ignorant,' I had the grace to admit instantly.

But now that I was ignorant no more, I had a great fear of the river when it was at all muddy and high; and not even for the mail would I try crossing it when it was called rather dangerous by those who knew. Yet my obsession did lead me into real danger at least one other time. It was nearing the end of my year. Mrs. West had brought Bally and the buggy to the schoolhouse for me that afternoon; and with their help, I was to return our borrowed books to the school across the river. Then, in spite of a blackening sky and a gusty wind, I was going to risk continuing to the Post for the mail!

To do myself justice, Mrs. West actually advised my going this time. 'Why, certainly I'd go on for it, if I really wanted it,' said she. 'It's too late in the season for storms on the Verde. If it should rain, it would n't amount to much.'

That was enough for me, of course! I took the books home and then went on, down a not very familiar road, toward Camp Verde and the post-office.

The country here was rather more desert-like than on our side of the river. It was flatter, more monotonous; and I was traveling through an uncultivated section, too. There was a fence on one side for a way, but it seemed to be only a pasture fence. Inside and outside, the almost level land was dotted with a scattering growth of thin mesquite. It was all dreary enough under the darkening sky.

It was indeed a darkening sky. The clouds that rolled about old Squaw Peak were taking on a hue more and

more inky every minute. And the wind was blowing ever more gustily.

I was watching the sky with an increasing nervousness now. Mrs. West had assured me that it could n't rain in the Valley at this time of year. If I had been anywhere else, I should certainly have expected rain — or something. As it was, I began to expect something.

Now a few icy blasts came cutting down from the mountain, and with them a great stinging drop or two of rain. I decided to trust no longer to Mrs. West, but to act for myself; and I dived under the seat for the old umbrella she kept there and hoisted it in the teeth of the wind. Since I was still driving Bally, who evidently did not like the wind or the occasional lashing raindrops, this was no small task.

I had hardly got the umbrella up and its handle tucked firmly under my arm, when I began to perceive that it was going to be entirely insufficient. The cutting gusts were increasing to a gale; the occasional drops to a clatter of pelting rain, spiced now and then with a touch of hail. I struggled down with the umbrella, and hauled out an old slicker which providentially reposed under the seat. A large square had been torn from one corner of its tail, but its shoulders were intact. The wind got inside of it, puffed it out like a sail, and tried to carry it bodily out of my hands.

I was decidedly nervous now. How to get into the slicker and under the umbrella — how to keep Bally from running away?

I managed it somehow. I was inside the slicker. I had the handle of the open umbrella tightly clasped under my arm again. The umbrella itself rested low, almost on my hat. I was again sitting on the seat of the buggy with the reins in my resolute hands. Harder and harder blew the wind. Faster and faster fell the rain. More and more hail came hurtling down with it — larger and larger stones. They battered on to my umbrella; they whacked poor Bally's sides like a cannonade of great marbles. For a little I was half-blind with the storm and with sheer fright. Then, in my desperate need to act, the terror cleared away a little.

The buggy was filling with ice and ice-water. Bally was shivering, balking, leaping ahead in sudden spurts when the larger stones pelted her. At last she got her back to the tempest as nearly as she could, and, forsaking the road, set off galloping unsteadily through the mesquite. I would jerk at her — almost stop her. An extra pelting of hail would set her off again. I saw the end of it in a swift vision — the wheels of our chariot tangled in some clump of mesquite — the buggy upset — I, lying stiff, crumpled, in the ice-water, with the hailstones pounding me. Somehow I had got to stop Bally!

For a second I did get her stopped, huddled together in the raging storm. And then I hurled myself out over the wheel on to the plain — a shallow lake, now, with hailstones floating in it. I was instantly wet to the knees, gasping with cold; but I could not stop. I sprang to Bally's bridle and caught it and held on. Somehow I kept the umbrella, too.

I had a wild notion of leading my horse to the shelter of some clump of mesquite; but she had wild notions of her own. We dragged each other back and forth for a time. Once in a while I got her near some worthless bush and saw that it was worthless. Now and then she grew crazy with the beating of the stones and set off, pulling me after her. At last — it seemed long, but I suppose it was only a short while — we both realized the hopelessness of trying to better ourselves, and then we huddled close together and took what was

coming. *That* lasted only a few minutes, too, I am sure. The gale swept the black clouds and the lashing storm over us. The flood of driving rain became a drizzle and then a sprinkle. The pelting stones grew fewer and fewer, and ceased.

I stood there hanging to Bally's bridle and to the umbrella, and wondered how I had escaped alive. Any one of those stones might have stunned me if it had struck me squarely. The shallow lake of the plain was afloat with them everywhere. I climbed into the buggy — its body several inches deep in ice-water — and headed Bally in what I thought was the direction of the road. I happened to be right. We reached the road. We were near Camp Verde, I saw.

Now I was very wet. My shoulders, protected by the yellow slicker, were dry; but my shoes were soaked, my skirts, to far above my knees, were wringing wet. In spite of the umbrella, my hat was wet. It hung in a dripping straw ruffle about my face, and from its two bunches of lovely pink roses fell rosy drops of ice-water. Damp strings of hair lay against my cold cheeks. I probably looked even worse than I felt, but my spirit was up. I was not going to be downed by such trifles as my appearance and the atmospheric conditions. I had set out to Camp Verde for the mail, and to Camp Verde for the mail I went.

They made rather a fuss over me in the post-office. I might have been killed, they said. It was a marvel I had n't been killed! And my nerve —!

'Nerve!' I cried half impatiently. 'It was n't *nerve!* I was in it and I could n't get out! I had to stand it somehow!'

To this day I am very glad I did n't 'collapse after it was all over,' or desert Bally, as they suggested I might have done; but also to this day I do wonder whether I did display much courage in this little experience? As I said then, I was in it, and I could not get out.

I borrowed some dry clothes in Camp Verde and went home after the dark had fallen. It was barely light enough, I remember, for me to see white foam and floating hailstones in the water at the first crossing. I was a little afraid, but I reminded myself that I was now a rural schoolteacher and that I'd better get over some of my weaknesses.

I never got over the weakness that led me into the trouble. The mail continued my obsession to the very last. When I think of it the old passion of loneliness comes back over me. I can imagine myself again out on the wind-swept mesas, bright with strange cactus blooms, hunting for Bally, who is somewhere in the Big Pasture — only three miles across! Again I can feel my throat tighten, choking me as it did on the night when I went to the barnyard for a horse that I *knew* was there, and found that Mr. West had turned all the creatures out. I can even pityingly see myself, a slim girl dragging a bridle in her hand and hurrying in the gathering dark through the thick mesquite of the pasture, knowing all the while that it is useless, feeling all the while that she is ridiculous, and yet suffering all the while that hideous agony of longing that we call homesickness.

Poor new rural schoolteachers! I suppose many of them have known the disease — and have taught somehow in spite of it.

III

The mail was my obsession while I was at Squaw Peak; but it was not the only one of my cares outside of the schoolroom. The oil-stove, which I have mentioned before, was another trouble. In the first place, it was seldom satisfactory as a heater for my quarters; but since there was no chim-

ney connected with the room, it had to do its best to fill a void. On cold mornings it was very exasperating to try to keep half-warm by the thing. I fancied the icy breeze blowing up between the cracks in the floor through the thin carpet, wafting upward the slender heat of the stove, to filter through the muslin ceiling and freeze against the cold of the iron roof just beyond. Then I realized so keenly the inadequacy of my own heating plant that I could not help feeling also a positive grudge against oil-stoves in general. I detested the things, I was sure, until that day when I thought that I had ruined mine. Then I discovered an amazing fondness for it; and ever afterward I cherished for it what might be called a sort of contemptuous affection, as for a poor weak creature, but one that was willing to do its best.

Sometimes that oil-stove's best was not to be despised. Sometimes, late in the evening, my room grew to be really warm. I would have my large lamp lighted to aid the stove. The curtains would be drawn closely. A pan of water would stand steaming on top of the heater. Gradually I would find myself relaxing in a luxurious, blissful comfort.

There was only one disadvantage connected with this delight. The same warmth that was so agreeable to me seemed equally pleasing to a family of yellow-jackets that must have lived in some loose door- or window-frame, or in the wall behind the paper. It did not add to my peace of mind when they used to come crawling or fluttering out as soon as the atmosphere grew balmy. I was afraid of them. I was afraid even to try to kill them — until one night I stretched out my hand for some half-hidden object, and jerked it back again with a feeling of confusion and disaster. I felt for a minute as if I had been struck by lightning; but I finally recovered enough to perceive that I had merely been stung on the little finger by a yellow-jacket. Him I killed; and thereafter I slew as many as I could of his relatives. I used often to kill several of them in my room in a single evening. I wish I had kept a record of the whole number I disposed of during my year at Squaw Peak.

Yes, indeed, there were drawbacks connected with my oil-stove! I have mentioned that it had to be filled. It consumed oil unbelievably. In the coldest weather a five-gallon can would not last me more than ten days, though I was at school, or on the way to or from school, all of five days out of seven. I was continually getting out of oil and having to borrow from the Wests. Sometimes, when the river was high, they used to get out, too — and then I was in dire straits.

One day I remember particularly. It was the first of May and presumably delightfully warm and summery in the Valley. But the year of my sojourn was an unusual one, they say. It was cold — really cold. It rained an icy rain at the river-side, and Squaw Peak was covered white with snow. I was very satirical regarding my May Day in the ever-balmy Verde. It was Saturday. Trusting to the lateness of the season, I had allowed my supply of oil to run low. Now it was stormy, very chilly; the river was up. I was in great anguish of spirit. It seemed to me a pity to freeze to death within about three weeks of the end of my term. Had I kept alive all the year for this?

At about noon Mrs. West and I decided that it was clearing. A chill breeze swept down from Squaw Peak and parted the clouds. Doubtless they would disappear after a while; but doubtless, also, it would still be cold. I had a letter that should be posted. I wanted the mail. I needed fuel for my precious stove. Therefore, after much

gazing upward and many hesitations and changes of mind, I finally did visit the barnyard, catch the faithful, peevish Bally, saddle and bridle her, and set out, wrapped in two woolen sweaters.

It had rained so much that traveling was rather hard. The roads were slippery to Bally's feet and very disagreeable to mine when I had to dismount and struggle with gates. I had hardly started before I realized that my ride around would be less pleasant than usual. The wind continued to blow from Squaw Peak; but instead of clearing the clouds away, it now seemed to be bringing in more of them. When I was about half a mile from the house, Squaw Peak began to be shrouded in mist. Then I could see racing streamers of mist moving over the mountains, down onto the mesas — nearer and nearer to me. They reached me presently. It was a fine, cold mist, varied with dashes of lively, frozen snow that pelted right merrily down. I had a feeling that the sensible thing might be to turn back; but I had put my hand to the plough. A certain spiteful stubbornness in me forbade my returning; and I kept on, laughing grimly at myself from time to time and really enjoying myself in my usual inconsistent manner. Why was it that I always got so much fun out of the perfectly horrid situations? Tamer hardship bored me to death.

I arrived in Camp Verde exceedingly cold and damp in spite of the two sweaters. My curious habits were becoming known. People had not yet stopped talking about my hailstorm experience. Now — as I learned afterward — one of the Post ladies looked from her window into the drizzle. 'I guess we're going to have a good, smart shower after all,' she remarked to her husband. 'There goes Miss Kent.'

At the post-office and general store I told my troubles and asked advice on the weather. The clerk told me that in his opinion the storm had only begun. I should get soaking wet going home, unless — And he departed and returned with a beautiful yellow slicker, large man's size. It had been hanging in a stable for months and might have rats' nests in the sleeves, he said; but I was welcome to it. It was certainly welcome to me, as were the four quart bottles of coal-oil which the same obliging clerk loaded carefully on to my horse.

I dried out a bit at the house of a friend and set out for the ranch against a wind that cut like a knife. It did not rain on the way home, but I kept thinking over and over that I must certainly have frozen stiff had it not been for the yellow slicker. I had always detested the very sight of a yellow slicker before I went to Squaw Peak. Now I love them dearly still!

IV

In telling the story of my year at Squaw Peak, I have dwelt most upon my experiences outside the schoolroom. That, I am afraid, is because my experiences outside the schoolroom most interested me. Perhaps it is also because the experiences outside were more varied than those within. I hope this is part of the reason! I do not like to believe that I had nothing of the teacher in me. I should like to believe now, as I wanted to believe then, that, somehow, it had been good, on the whole, for the young Squaw Peakers that I had spent a year among them. It had been good for me, I knew. I did not want to have all the good to myself.

My experiences in the schoolroom had been very instructive. For one thing, I had utterly revised my views of the Little Teacher as pictured by my Institute Orator. She did need to be

rather a wonderful young woman — that rural schoolma'am whom I had once thought of so lightly.

I went back over my own days at Squaw Peak and remembered the meagre first equipment that had helped to set me off wrong. Before the windows had been put into their frames, the wind had scattered papers over the house. I had allowed the pupils to scurry noisily over the floor after those papers. The habit of being noisy in my room was one of which I never broke my pupils. In that regard I had allowed myself to be wrecked at the outset by a mere external. The Little Teacher would not have done this — and I knew it.

I had tried to be adaptable that year. Before the term began, some men had evidently had a spitting match in the old schoolhouse. Mrs. Dennen told me that she had removed some of the results of the contest; but I remember vividly that after I arrived I mounted a chair and scrubbed tobacco juice from the walls above the door and between the high windows. This I tried to do with a good grace; but I think I did not succeed in feeling very cheerful over my labor.

I washed windows at the Squaw Peak School; I struggled with a long, rusty, refractory stovepipe which had a periodic passion for coming disjointed; I often acted as janitor in the janitor's absence, — and sometimes in his presence, — carrying in loads of frosty wood, lugging out ashes, building fires, sweeping. I gave a few free music-lessons; I acted, as well as I could, as a physician and surgeon in cases of accident; I attended school faithfully, regularly, myself, in spite of furious storms and the two-mile journey through the mud; I really tried to teach the children something when I had got there — and yet I was not at all the speaker's Little Teacher!

I seemed to miss the things that count. I failed to discipline children who had not been disciplined at home, and thereby left a lack in their backbones, I suppose, — as in mine, — at the end of the year. I loathed the filth of the Dennen youngsters, and sometimes almost loathed them because of it, instead of teaching them to be clean. How I could have done that, though, I have no idea even yet. The Little Teacher would have found means to accomplish it. Often and often I lost chances through my inertia, through my own self-centredness. I was numb with homesickness. In school this should not so have been. Since it was so, the sympathy which should have existed between those country children and myself was often gone.

And as to book-learning! — I was proud of a very few of the little tots — and very proud. But from older children, in final examinations, after a year of my training, I got such answers as these. A member of the history class informed me that General Lee was the commander on 'our' (the Northern) side during the great Civil War; and that Cornwallis Jackson commanded on the other side. Another member of the same class suggested the name of 'General Wolves' — apparently for both positions. A great statesman's career was thus epitomized: 'Benjamin Franklin was a poor boy. He went barefooted. He got married to Dora.' I was informed that Maschuttes was the first settlement in North America and that Captain Cabbot helped the town. And when I requested a little information regarding General Sherman, I found out simply that he had once 'taken a walk to the ocean.' In geography Urazy and Yourp were mentioned as continents, and Virginia was named as 'an important western city.' From the language-class I gathered that a 'nown is a table or a chair or a

house,' and I also learned that, while the subject of a sentence is what you are talking about, the predicate is what you are not talking about!

Yes, I know! 'These things are nothing,' cries a whole chorus of teachers' voices. 'We all have those experiences, sometimes. Why do you waste your time in commonplaces?'

Commonplaces! Indeed, indeed that is my own criticism of all I have written. I have told commonly the story of a common country schoolteacher's experience in the Verde Valley of Arizona. Once I thought my adventures rather unique and picturesque. Their fancied picturesqueness and uniqueness alone made them tolerable during the year I lived at Squaw Peak. Now I know them to have been only the usual thing. It is entirely usual that country schoolma'ams should have inadequate equipment at school, fierce struggles with the elements outside, and loneliness and homesickness always. I had a good boarding-place with a family who are still my dear friends. I could easily have missed that. As the commonness of my story is my own criticism of it, so is it also, in my mind, its best defense. I endured nothing that every rural teacher does not, in some measure, endure. And many teachers succeed gloriously in spite of every hindrance.

There are many of them. The little blue-eyed, golden-haired Miss Manchester, who taught across the river from me, is one who stayed, and only one. And any girl, it seems to me, has something of the heroic in her, if she can stay, joyously, helpfully, with her task of being a rural schoolteacher.

I honor them. They seem to me a fine, upstanding sisterhood. What are those words again that came to me as the Institute Orator held forth? 'The goodly fellowship of the prophets' — 'the noble army of martyrs.' In serious earnestness I want to describe just so this growing band! They are so to me now — those who teach themselves to belong in the country schools. For what do they not need? Adaptability, sympathy unbounded, resourcefulness, courage, knowledge — and such knowledge! Not the course of study and the texts are sufficient. They need to know practical sanitation and medicine, music, household arts, sewing; and they need the gift of imparting what they know. And they need hearts that will not go straying home in school-hours!

Are they not truly a goodly fellowship — those who are succeeding? To me they are.

You will observe that I say 'they' and not 'we.' Nothing would I give for what I learned during my Squaw Peak year. All that I taught might very cheaply go.

DILEMMA

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

O Jesus, if your good Samaritan
Had come along the road to Jericho
An hour earlier; if he had heard
The cries for help; if he had found those thieves
Half-killing that unhappy traveler, —
Would he have waited, peeping round the turn,
To give the helpless victim time to offer
His coat, and cloak also, and other cheek?
What would a neighbor do? O Son of Man,
That day you call the nations unto judgment,
Do not forget — we gave two pence for Belgium.

O Jesus, were you thinking of the Germans,
Or Turks, or Austrians, or French, or English,
Or Russians, or Italians, when you said,
'Be not afraid of them that kill the body,
But cannot kill the soul; fear rather him
Who may destroy both body and soul in hell'?
Or were you thinking of old Master Mammon,
Who laughs to see his puppets, Peace and War,
Obedient to his hand that pulls their strings,
Dancing his Dance of Death? O Prince of Peace,
How shall we slay the slayer of the soul?
How shall we know your peace from Mammon's peace?

O Jesus, when we're set on your left hand
Among the goats, we wonder will it be
Because we took up arms and did our bit,
Killing our quota, reddening the shambles?
Or will it be because we always said, —
America first!

BABANCHIK

BY CHRISTINA KRYSTO

I

It was my smallest brother who called him that, because, at the time of their meeting, he could not manage the whole of his very long name. But his friends took it up presently, liking the ridiculous yet oddly caressing sound of it, until all who knew him well knew him only as Babanchik.

I remember him first as a chance guest in my father's house by the side of the Black Sea — a big, deep-chested man in a badly wrinkled pongee suit, who missed his train because we children had drawn him into a game of hide-and-seek. I can still hear his laughter-filled voice demanding fiercely, 'Where are they? Where are they?' as he flung himself about the room, making wide détours to avoid our feet, which protruded from under the cloth-hung table, while the train, with his car attached, paused a moment at the 'half station' at the far end of the pasture and went roaring on along the shore. He stayed the night with us, and our child-world changed forthwith.

During the two years which followed, the play-times of Babanchik and his children were inextricably bound with ours, and the distance between our homes grew very short. At Christmas we danced around the scintillating tree in his spacious Tiflis house; at Easter he helped us with the beating of the unnumbered eggs which go into the Easter bread of Russia, spattering the kitchen wall most dreadfully.

Business brought him often to Batum, which lay just over the hill from us — so often that we fell into the habit of racing down to the pasture-bars every Saturday to wait for the afternoon train. It was long and wearying, that walk back, on the days when the train clattered by without pausing. But on other days, when, just this side of the cliff, the engine whistled to announce the stop, — when we listened, breathless, for the setting of the brakes, when we saw his huge figure swing lightly from the steps, coat-pockets bulging with mysteries, and heard the gay voice shouting that his own car would not come by until Monday, — the walk home was a march of triumph. Two summers we spent together in a half-starved Georgian village high in the Caucasian mountains, where we lived on bread and eggs, both reeking with the wild garlic which grew thick among the wheat; ran, bare of head and foot, over the pine-grown canyons; and loved every moment of it.

It was in those two summers that we came to know Babanchik best and to adore him accordingly. We might emulate the manners of Manya, his young-lady daughter of twelve; we might acknowledge the leadership of his harum-scarum son Kolya; but it was Babanchik who really counted. It was he who led our marvelous expeditions to the neighboring peaks, his clothes steaming with the effort of that leadership, — he who showed us where to look for mushrooms, and later fried those mushrooms for us, surreptitiously, lest mother begrudge us the butter

where no new supply was to be had. His mind it was which settled, wisely and fairly, all our momentous quarrels, and invented countless new and fascinating games when we had tired of the everlasting croquet. But for him we should never have bathed in the yellow water of the mad Kura, water so muddy that it left great streaks across the bath-towels; but for him we should never have been forgiven for robbing the little forest church of candles with which to rub the porch floor whenever we wanted to dance.

That the merry existence of his vacations was but a small part of his life, we knew, even as we guessed that the man who frolicked with us lived only in the hours of play. For often at tea-time on the porch we came upon the other Babanchik, a bitter and fearsome man who talked to father in a voice which, to us, was the voice of a stranger. They made us very wretched, those tea-times, when from an obscure porch corner we watched him striding up and down along the railing, the smile gone from his eyes, his cheeks flushed, his arms waving wildly. For we could never understand why the man who taught us that it was cruel to step on ants seemed so ready and eager, at those times, to throttle some one, we knew not whom, unless it were the terrible creature he called the Russian government. It all hurt us inexpressibly. Yet hour after hour we watched him and listened to his long, involved denunciations of oppression and dishonesty and selfishness and class-distinction and many other long words which we could not grasp. And most difficult to fathom was his oft-repeated assertion that he was doing all that talking in behalf of us.

'It is for the children that I fight!' he would shout, stamping feverishly up and down the long porch; 'for my Manya and Kolya, and for your boys and girls and all the countless thousands of others whose lot has been cast with this accursed country! I must fight, for I know what will come to them! Their souls will be dwarfed and crippled by our stupid schools and our stupid laws, and their minds poisoned and embittered by suspicion and hatred and the damning sense of their impotence, as long as conditions here remain what they are! Our lives are behind us, yours and mine. But we must make theirs different for them, must keep them away from straight-jacket regulations, must keep them happy and trustful and brave! It is for this that I fight! And I would fight if I knew that I could not change a word of our laws and our statutes!'

He did fight. Unceasingly, along with his routine work, —he was one of the managers of a Caucasian railroad, — went the bigger work of making his corner of the world a better place for those who came behind him. He fought in the ranks of his employees, that the least of these might claim justice and equality; pleaded with school boards and schoolmasters for patience and generosity toward their charges; and fought — and this was the most bitter fight of all — against those who held in their hands the destinies of his city.

In all this he was severely handicapped. An Armenian by birth, which in itself matters even in cosmopolitan Caucasus, he had inherited the ungovernable temper and unbridled tongue of his people, and this, coupled with his love for truth, worked him unceasing woe among the hidebound conservatism of his associates.

All this Babanchik knew. And yet, in spite of the knowledge, he had a dream of becoming a member of the city Duma, that he might have a real voice in the direction of the city's fortunes. It should not have been a thing

so difficult of attainment. Time after time his name was proposed for the city ballot; time after time hordes of enthusiastic friends made his election a certainty; and, time after time, as the deciding day drew near, his candidature was suppressed, his name withheld from the ballot, his adherents silenced — and the dream remained a dream. No one knew just when it happened, or just how: — he was an Armenian and a revolutionist, a freethinker and an enemy of the government, marked '*neblagonadejny*' (not to be depended upon) in the police-books of the city — and no country knows so well as does Russia how best to curtail the activities of such men.

What he could do in spite of these drawbacks, he did. Was he not our undauntable Babanchik? If he could not insure fair play for the men of his railroad, he could give them of his advice and sympathy, and they forgot to ask for more. If additional factory windows did not come into being at his command, he could still lend his money to those of the workers who fell victims to the foul air; and how beautifully he lost his temper when a borrower spoke of interest! And if school boards and schoolmasters remained unyielding in their demands upon the children he loved, at least the holidays were his, when he could take those children on long walks in the open and teach them to respect their souls and not to step on ants.

All of which we learned much later. At the time, he was merely our Babanchik, without whom the world could no longer be imagined; who came in the evening to blow out our candles because he had guessed that the memory of his good-night laugh cheated the dark of its dangers; whose rumbling shout awakened us in the morning and opened up for us a new day of unsuspected possibilities.

II

The third summer we did not go to the mountains. Some one else was sharing Babanchik's cottage in the Georgian village; he was leading a band of new children in search of mushrooms and adventure. But we were too excited to care, even in the face of this.

A new unrest hung over our house. All the day long father was showing strangers about the place, pointing out to them the value of the untouched forest, the richness of the pasture land, the clearness of the drinking water, the glories of the mountains and the sea. In the sun-filled glass room which served as library mother was superintending the sorting and packing of books. And a placid-faced woman with the patience of a saint was fitting our squirming bodies into trim, tight-fitting clothes which, after the loose, shapeless things we had always worn, vexed us endlessly. We were going to America.

Babanchik came to us often in those last weeks, inexpressibly saddened by our impending departure; and his discussions, to which father listened a bit abstractedly now, grew ever more violent. Though their invariable ending filled us with an unexpected hope: —

'When my work is done here, I will come to you, in the United States. I cannot, now — there is still so much to be done for my weaker friends. But when I am very tired, so tired that I can no longer endure it, I shall take my children and come to you — to forget the Russia that I hate.'

So we parted. We leaned over the rail of an Odessa steamer, our arms overflowing with the packages he had brought us; and he stood on the edge of the wharf, waving his hat and smiling. But tears were running down his brown cheeks and losing themselves in his beard.

The new life, the new language, new interests, caught us. From the first Russia seemed very far behind. Several letters followed us. Kolya wrote three or four in his uneven round hand — funny little letters which began, 'We have two ducks and two puppies. How many dogs have you?' and which were properly answered in kind. After that, we forgot very quickly.

But Babanchik did not forget. Once every month we found in our mail-box a fat, square, carelessly addressed envelope which held a letter for father and a folded note for each of us. The notes were full of gay nonsense, stories and rhymes and caricatures; but father grew very thoughtful over the letters.

Life was pressing Babanchik hard. He was still without thought of defeat. But his enemies were bringing more stringent methods into the combat; he was now being constantly watched. Other troubles were even harder to bear. The government was consciously setting the hot-headed Georgians and Armenians at each other's throats, that neither might have time to think of greater issues. And Babanchik could but stand by and watch the suffering of his people. Manya was in school, in the hands of narrow and incompetent teachers, teachers selected for their political views. Kolya's turn would soon come. After that, so ran the letters, his children would have the choice between becoming power-seeking sycophants of the government, and going, as he had gone, into battle with it, knowing beforehand of their certain defeat. He could not take them away from it — yet. But he realized, he said, that each day, besides giving to him its measure of sorrow, brought a little nearer the fulfillment of his new dream. He was beginning to study English.

The years marched on. The square envelopes came less often, but they came still full of their old-time warmth for us — full, too, of increasing enmity toward the country which we had left. Manya had gone to Petrograd to attend women's 'courses.' Two years later Kolya followed her, and entered the University in the same city at the time that I was enrolled in mine. And when, a care-free sophomore, I was working off surplus energy in basketball and dramatics, a new alarm crept into Babanchik's letters. Manya and Kolya were becoming involved in the revolutionary movement.

It is hard, in these clean war days, to remember the murky chaos of the Russia of 1904–06. If a revolution could have come at all it would have come in those years, and it would have been led by students. The younger minds were afire with visions of freedom, — irrepressible combinations of deep conviction and the ardor of youth, — visions which took no cognizance of the wide and weary space which lies between desire and accomplishment. Class-rooms were hotbeds of revolutionary plots, — mad, illogical, glorious plots, — for which their authors, usually still in their teens, paid so heavily. Too heavily, for the government, alarmed, was losing its head a bit.

The heart of Babanchik beat fearfully. 'I am proud of the trend of their convictions,' he wrote, 'but sometimes I am a little afraid. They can so easily be led into a spectacular prank, a bit of mischief for which the government might take it into its head to punish them too harshly. And though we have all become accustomed to that sort of thing, it would hurt me sorely to have them spend two or three months in prison.'

He conjectured mildly. There was news one day, in our American newspapers, of the attempted assassination of a Petrograd official. We passed it by — attempted assassinations were no rare events just then — until the next

letter came from Babanchik, a letter of two brief paragraphs. Both Manya and Kolya were implicated in the crime. Manya had waved her handkerchief from a window which commanded a view of the official's residence; Kolya had passed the signal to twenty fellow conspirators. All had been caught and all had confessed. The official was unhurt and there was hope of a light sentence. Still — the two or three months of prison lengthened into a prospective two or three years.

Once more he conjectured mildly. Manya was sentenced to be hanged. Kolya, because of extreme youth, was punished by life imprisonment. We read the story of it, scarce believing, page after anguished page in a handwriting we did not recognize. We never knew — no one ever did know, save Babanchik himself — all that went after that. His letters no longer came regularly and, when they did come, were so incoherent with rage and despair that we gathered little information from them. We learned, however, that by some superhuman means he had obtained a stay in the execution of the sentence, had taken a leave of absence from his office in Tiflis, had called in all the money which he had loaned, borrowed what additional money he could, and had gone to Petrograd. At the end of eighteen months there was a new trial, and we were left to guess of much that went between.

It was not difficult to guess, in part. His way to that new trial had lain along the ways of personal influence, and the men who possessed that influence were the officials whom all his life he had hated and who knew him only as one 'not to be depended upon.' Could he have abandoned to their fate the twenty whom he did not even know, and worked for his children alone, his task would have been less difficult; but then he would not have been Babanchik.

So for eighteen months he worked; seeking audience in the studies of his enemies, humbling himself before their insolent eyes, accepting from them what taunts they chose to give, holding in calm control the hot temper which was hourly made less manageable by the strain under which he lived, pleading where he longed to curse, smiling where he would kill — and knowing, with a knowledge which made all these things possible, that a careless word on his part would take forever from twenty-two youngsters the one hope to which they clung. And so he accomplished the inconceivable. Somehow the new trial was held, somehow the twenty-two sentences were made lighter, unbelievably lighter. For Manya was sent into a far province and given hard labor for life, and Kolya would be free in ten years. But what those eighteen months did to the loving big soul of Babanchik can best be told in the barely legible words of the letter which brought us the news.

'It has finished us at last, this country! It has strangled my children and torn my heart to shreds! I burn with shame at the thought of being its subject, and there is no wretchedness which I hold too great for it, no plague which I would not send upon it if I could! I long to take the first steamer away from it.'

But he had his lost fortune to recover before he could go. There were his debts, too, and the children needed money, even in prison. He went back to his work with redoubled energy. But as he fought for the money which would bring him to America, he found himself fighting against a new enemy. The splendid body had not been able to withstand the ravages upon his mind; he remembered suddenly that he was nearly seventy. He spoke little of this, — perhaps he would not believe it, quite, — but there was dejection in

every word he wrote. And we began to wonder whether we should ever see our Babanchik again.

Yet in the winter of 1913 he came to us, a tired and feeble old man. There was a burned-out look in his eyes and his wrinkled pongee suit hung limp from stooping shoulders. The journey across Siberia had been hard, that across the Pacific still more trying; there had been an alarming wireless from the nurse who accompanied him. But he reached us, and as I remember the sound of his laugh on that first day twenty years ago, so shall I never forget the ineffable happiness in his face when he stood, a few days after his coming, and looked out over our sunlit valley.

'Peace,' he said, 'and joy. And the end of Russia forever. God has been good.'

He built for himself a tiny bungalow in a corner of our garden, one that could be moved when Kolya should have come to him, and was soon deeply engrossed in the simple tasks in which erstwhile busy men sometimes find such keen delight. All day long he spaded and raked and planted, wrote letters home, and went on ever-lengthening walks; but evening brought him to our living-room where, beside the humming samovar, we swung the conversation around to his wild Caucasian tales.

The stories he told were not new; we had heard them all many times before. Accounts of his own trips in pathless mountains, adventures of the danger-loving Georgians, legends of his own people, the Armenians — they had lost not a shade of their interest in the years which had gone since those other winter evenings, when the sea raged just beyond the pasture-bars and made us crowd close to the fireplace and to him. Often, too, he talked of his children, but always it was of their life before Manya had waved her handkerchief from a window. Only of Russia itself he would not speak, nor would he read our Russian newspapers.

'Let her be,' he once said, 'the vampire! I ask only to forget.'

And we thought that he did forget, for the months brought to him an ever-deepening contentment. His shoulders were squaring themselves into old accustomed lines, the illness which had menaced gave no sign. Spring found him searching for a plot of land which would be his own, for Kolya had but two more years to serve.

III

And then, in the summer, came the war.

We translated the news to Babanchik — he had never finished learning his English. A smile twisted his mouth.

'Retribution!' he said; and there was something very dreadful in his uplifted hand. 'I pray that Germany will destroy all Russia.'

We turned upon him in indignation. Under our accusing eyes his arm came down and hung limp by his side. He swung on his heel and left us, muttering as he went, —

'Nothing but German shells will ever break down her prisons.'

There followed the weeks and months of tense living. The Russian papers were filled with opportunities for the new work, names of old friends appeared in committee lists. As for us, we could but talk of it endlessly, and dream of it, wait for the morning paper, and talk again. We still saw Babanchik every day, but, every day, he mattered less. We could, and did, accept without comment his attitude toward the country which still held our affection, but, somehow, we had lost interest in his stories.

The war went on. The enemy was

halted before Paris; the Russians swarmed over Prussia and were promptly driven back, far over their own boundary. Riga began to figure in the dispatches, and life seemed a solemn thing — so solemn that we had no time at all for noticing that something was very much amiss with Babanchik, until he said one evening, diffidently,—

'If you could ask your doctor to stop in — some day.'

We stared at him curiously. Why did he have that ghastly look about him? He was perfectly well only the day before — or was it last week — or was it a month ago? or when was it that we had really looked at him? What had checked so suddenly the straightening of his shoulders? We could not say. But we were vaguely ashamed.

The doctor was terse and explicit.

'There is nothing wrong, chronically, save a general hardening of the arteries and a very high blood-pressure. He must have had bad news recently, a sorrow of some sort.'

'Nothing new,' I contradicted. 'He was perfectly happy until now.'

'The war perhaps? or Russian reverses?'

'Oh,' I answered lightly, 'he cares nothing for the war, and Russian reverses would cause him no sorrow.'

The doctor left no medicine.

'Keep him amused,' he ordered, 'and don't let him grow excited. That is the only remedy.'

Keep him amused! With no thought in our minds, no word on our tongues which did not deal with the war, the war of which he never spoke, with which he had no concern!

It was the youngest brother who broke through our quandary.

'I think we have all been blind — and stupid! Babanchik never asks for war news. But why does he always happen to be about when the paper comes in the morning? Why does he never change the subject as long as we talk of the battles? Have n't you seen the embarrassed look on his face when Germany claims victory? And why did n't he need the doctor until Warsaw was endangered?'

Thus did we chance upon the truth. Though even then we were not certain — not until a letter, six months delayed, came to him from Kolya. Babanchik's hands shook when he laid it down.

'The little rat! What do you think he has done? He has sent a petition to the Tsar, the Tsar himself! To beg to be released from prison that he may join the army. He promises to go to the most dangerous position, to do the hardest work, if the Tsar will only set him free and let him fight. The blessed little rat!'

'Fight?' I asked, and looked Babanchik straight in the face, 'fight for Russia?'

The embarrassed look came into his eyes. But, even then, he did not at once capitulate.

'Oh, my dear,' he replied, 'youth forgets so easily.'

After that it was not difficult to keep him amused. But to keep him from growing excited was not a task for human minds. Already he was fighting with Kolya. At night he lay awake, gleefully devising a thousand sly schemes whereby, single-handed, Kolya should take captive a hundred Germans; the days he spent in filling his letters to the boy with a detailed description of these schemes. Each morning we were introduced to marvels of unheard-of strategy, and called upon to translate from the newspaper every word of the long and conflicting dispatches. He was forgetting to eat, he had no time for exercise. An alarming shortness of breath followed, and we sent for the doctor again. The lat-

ter's visit was short, his opinion no less so: —

'If he continues to live at this tension he will not last until winter. Keep him quiet.'

And he left some pills.

And then came another letter from Kolya. I stepped into Babanchik's room a few minutes after he had read it and found him at his open window, staring out at the sky. He brushed his hands across his eyes before he turned and held out the letter to me.

'Read it, my dear.'

The uneven round handwriting was pathetically reminiscent of the letters which used to deal with ducks and puppies, and there was boyish heartbreak in every word of the curt, matter-of-fact sentences. Kolya's petition had not been granted.

'And now, father,' the letter ran on, 'you will have to come back. We are the men of our family. And, since the Tsar has decided that I must not help, the honor of that family rests with you. For, if you fail, I also fail.'

I looked up over the page. What could he do, a sick old man, in a country which was calling forth the finest of its young strength? He answered my unspoken question hastily.

'There is much for me. The wounded are coming home; I could read to them in the hospitals, and tell stories — you know how well I tell stories. And I can count cars — that is the logical work for one who had been so long with the road. Right in Tiflis I can count them, — supply-trains go out from there, — and release a younger man for the front. Will you get me a schedule of the sailings of Japanese steamers, my dear?'

So came his decision. At dinner-time he could not eat. Morning found him with a newspaper in his hand. Out of his meagre knowledge of English he was trying to decipher the flaming headlines. He waved away the suggestion of breakfast. Food interfered with his breathing, he said; but would we not bring in his trunks and suitcases? By afternoon he was shivering, and the tea I made for him failed to warm his hands. And once more we called the doctor.

He fought with all the strength which was left him, our gentle Babanchik, fought with tears of helpless fury coursing down his face, when we took him from the chaos of his packing and put him to bed. And a hard three months began for all of us.

It was a cold and cheerless autumn of early rains. The doctor came every day. And every day I sat at the bedside, translating to him Babanchik's entreaties and commands. I had procured for him the schedule of Japanese steamers and he had marked the dates of their sailing with red ink.

'Tell him,' he would say, his unsteady forefinger on the first of these, 'that I must be fit for travel by this date. Tell him to give me more medicine, — I shall take two pills every half hour. Tell him I cannot wait.'

And again, two or three days later, his finger back on the page, —

'There is no use in trying to catch this boat now. But tell him that the next one goes two weeks later. Surely he can cure me in two weeks; tell him that that's fourteen days.'

The weeks crept by and, one after another, the Japanese steamers sailed without him; but in his mind, which was slowly losing its clearness, a new hope dawned each day. I began to dread the hours beside his bed. It was hard to listen to the plans for his work which, under the stress of mounting fever, often trailed off to incoherent muttering, and to watch the thin profile of his face showing an ever sharper line against the pillow; hard to follow the doctor to his car and hear his passionless, hopeless words; harder still to

go back and face the crazily bright eyes of Babanchik and, in response to his questions, lie cheerfully and so extravagantly that it seemed that only a madman could believe.

Yet he believed. For, one morning, I found him ruling a sheet of paper on a lapboard — he had fumed until the nurse had given him his pen. The vertical lines cut unsteadily across the page, and at the top of the columns he had written, —

'Date.' — 'Car Number.' — 'Destination.' — 'Cargo.'

'You see, my dear,' he explained eagerly, 'there will be a great deal of purely mechanical work, such as this, to be done, and much of it I can do beforehand. For I shall be too busy, in Tiflis, and I cannot expect an assistant at this time.'

On that day I did not go back to his room. The doctor's words had been fewer than usual, and there are times when one does not lie.

But, before bedtime, seeing his light burning, I tiptoed in. He stared dully. 'You have been talking long — I fell asleep waiting. And I wanted you to tell your doctor that I am losing all patience. If he cannot make me well enough to go at once, I shall find some other way to go — without his help. Keeping me in a warm room, the rain shut out, while my boys are lying in trenches! When I could be counting cars —' His breath failed him and he closed his eyes. Only when I looked back at him, with my hand on the door-knob, did he finish the sentence, — 'for Russia.'

When again I saw him he was neither old nor feeble nor ill. By some untold magic he had become the undauntable Babanchik of twenty years ago. Only, his pongee suit had been very carefully pressed, and this, together with his unsmiling mouth, made him look strange — strange and a little forbidding, as if the way for which he had been searching was one with which we could have no concern. And, presently, one of the Japanese steamers was taking him back to Russia.

SOME ORCHESTRAL CONDITIONS

BY HORATIO PARKER

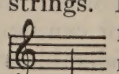
The orchestra for which Haydn and Mozart composed their later works is historically the first in which the element of orchestral color can be found as a factor of any considerable weight. Bits of purposeful coloring, fairly numerous and sometimes important, may be noted and enjoyed in earlier music: for example, that of Bach and Handel. But polyphony preponderates entirely over color as the source of musical interest, and it seems fair to say that intentional orchestral euphony, showing consistent regard for the characteristics and limitations of the different instruments and groups of instruments, — in other words, a standard orchestra, — does not appear until the latter half of the eighteenth century. This orchestra of Haydn and Mozart

may be said to show the purity and the slender immaturity of adolescence. It is thin, delicate, delicious, yet incomplete. The orchestra of Beethoven is by comparison mature, well-nourished without being too convex in the middle, sonorous without being blatant, strong, sane, and, for his purposes, complete. In Wagner, perhaps, rather than in Berlioz, in Germany rather than in France, the rich diet of fat horns, the sonority of toneful string players, the omission or neglect of the soprano and alto trombones in favor of the more succulent tenor instrument, have so nourished the full-grown orchestra of Beethoven, that, while it gives voluptuous pleasure, a suspicion of obesity is suggested rather than of evenly distributed development and strength; at least, there is a suggestion of velvet rather than of silk as a corresponding texture.

Among the French the horns have a thinner, sourer tone. String players are more crystalline; oboes and bassoons are more agile and less sonorous. Alto trombones are commonly used, with the result of a certain transparency, even gracility, in general effect, which is quite as characteristic as the softly rounded massive richness of German orchestral *ensemble*. At best, the French orchestra is very silky.

Discriminating foreigners, like Americans, may choose according as their taste makes them prefer the fat or the lean. In the Boston Symphony Orchestra the horns are German, the woodwind French in character if not always by birth.

The present-day orchestra of Richard Strauss is greater and more complete than Wagner's, but shows in some of its finical habits evidence of a freakish old age following a maturity spent in luxurious rather than strenuous activity. Strings divided many times, and in their highest regions, have become the rule rather than the exception. Yet there is no doubt that all stringed instruments, particularly the violins, still sound their best when played in the first position. The double bass at the upper limit of its compass sounds no longer like a bass but like something else. The viola, in a similar register, is apt to sound like a bad violin gone askew. Large groups of wind instruments are as likely to add muddiness and monotony as richness and variety. Two harps call for less discretion, less skill in their use than one. Constant striving by composers for unexpected color may eventually breed indifference in the listener. Possibly these developments arise from operatic rather than purely orchestral necessities, but we have in Strauss, who marks the confluence of two great streams of color, respectively from Wagner and Berlioz, the normal point of view from which to look out toward the future.

Neither time nor art can go backward, but each may be depended upon to lop off unnecessary excrescences, technical, numerical, or musical. Just what these will prove to be in the orchestral music of to-day, only time and the development of art can show, although we may guess at some of them. Perhaps there will be greater numbers of stringed instruments, and possibly greater agility among their players; although the history of piano music would seem to indicate that this must be at the expense of more desirable qualities. In the matter of compass we seem to have reached the limits of effectiveness until the violin shall have longer strings. It is true that Strauss writes  for the violin, but he does not disclose how it is to be played.

Wind instruments are still improving in compass and agility as well as in evenness of tone. Their numbers are increasing, but their types remain

about the same. Composers want the picturesqueness of the gurgling heckelphone and the beauty of the almost inaudible double-bass clarinet, but it may be questioned whether these will be common features in future orchestras. The need of such instruments as the oboe *da caccia*, and of such subtle variations in tone-color as are known to have existed formerly, is not yet clear.

With increasing refinement original characteristics grow fainter. The greeny delight which flows from our finest modern oboe is no more like the stolid, scarifying squawk of the early Victorian instrument than strong brandy is like maraschino. But the former is a man's drink, and it is not an unmixed blessing that the fuzzy, grunting "loud bassoon" of our forefathers has been supplanted by a pale, acrobatic, highbred orchestral specialist who may be implicitly relied upon not to offend the most delicate of listeners' ears. To me he often seems more aristocratic than companionable, rather dry than juicy, and this in spite of the indisputably greater beauty and delicacy of his tone compared with that of former days. Still the most fascinating of wind instruments and the most full of character, the bassoon has won agility, control, and all other technical advantages, but at the expense of something in the old tone very honest and sympathetic, if a little awkward and helpless. We may regret these old square-toed things, but we cannot recall them any more than we can return to the weighty, pregnant speech of Martin Luther.

Brass instruments can hardly develop more tone or greater agility without essaying things which now seem unsuited to their natural limitations. Possibly there are no such limitations. A cradle-song for trombones sounds preposterous, but it is true that three expensive trombones can play more softly than three horns. There is as yet, I believe, no dynamometer for musical sounds outside the heads of the musicians, so that proof of this statement for the lay mind must be indirect. It may illuminate the point to remember that three lines drawn with a hard pencil can be finer and fainter than those drawn with a soft one.

The field of percussion instruments offers a pleasing invitation to speculators. Shall our children have more of them? Shall they have louder ones, or queerer ones? Will there always be a *céleste?* If so, will they want to hear it once a week? Once a month would seem often enough for a modest taste. Shall they have wind and rain machines, pistols and cannon? Such things tend toward caricature rather than real character, and are used at present in response to pictorial needs. They correspond to spices and condiments. Too many of them are bad for musical well-being. Perhaps they indicate the fundamental artistic weakness which lies in the extra-musical basis of so much of our music. A return to absolute music would bring a thorough corrective for all such fantastic divergences from music itself.

And then the conductors! Are there still to be such in the future? Shall they be visible or hidden? This latter point seems unimportant: both ways work well, except that in hot weather the second has obvious advantages. The hidden orchestra is undoubtedly at a disadvantage. Direct impact of the tone upon the listeners' ears is always more vital and satisfying than anything which comes round a corner. It is not likely that executive responsibility for the musical activity of any important orchestra can be divided, or that conductors can be either multiplied or abolished. A captain is needful, and his approval is one of the strongest incentives to good work for the individual

members of any orchestra. He is a living conduit, flexible and intelligent, through which the many-colored strands of musical texture flow as through a weaver's frame from players to hearers. If he were a living metronome and no more, he could be safely discarded. A great conductor, no longer living, used to speak with scorn of those who could not conduct without 'beating time.' A glance to restrain the over-zealous or to stimulate the slightly lethargic, the lifting or lowering of an eyebrow to correct faulty intonation, were among the most used of his subtler devices. They were unseen by the audience, but he attached far more importance to such refinements than to the gentle, quiet motions of his arms.

It is perhaps conceivable that the conductor's work can all be done in private before performance. This has already been exemplified in classic works by Hans von Bülow, who sat quietly at the piano and played concertos while his orchestra did its share of the work faultlessly. But in modern music it is hardly possible in the near future, although I believe that with enough familiarity any single orchestra of high excellence could learn to play any single work or a fairly large number of works exactly as the conductor desired, yet in his bodily absence. But there is a mutual action and reaction between a leader and his men, each stimulating the other.

It may be still an open question whether or not the public appearance of conductors will always be indispensable; but granting them to be necessary for a long time in the future, what shall they be like? Together with some of our keenest musical enjoyments we can recall many differing qualities: a somewhat languorous efficiency; laborious, baleful earnestness; strenuous, beaming moisture; cool, solemn, semaphoric infallibility; brilliant, dazzling virtuosity; studious, careful moderation. But why prolong the list? Truly there are and must be all kinds; but the memory of one who spent his whole musical life in America, a very human, kindly, peppery sort of uncle to his men, suggests a normal hope. More richly endowed by nature than even by art, he had an insight for human as well as musical tangles, which made him and kept him a true leader. And he had the most astonishing ears. His sense of absolute pitch was nearly as reliable as a siren — I mean the instrument used in physical laboratories, not one of the ladies on the island. That is a power with which future conductors can hardly dispense.

A well-known, and in many ways admirable, critic and writer on music once confessed to me that singing or playing a little out of tune did not distress him. He said he hardly noticed it. I admit receiving a very distinct shock, and hope the confession was good for his soul. To me it had always seemed, and seems still, a *sine qua non* that music should be exactly in tune. This is a belief to which singers do not always cling. Playing or singing just a little out of tune for any considerable time is most difficult if it be done on purpose. Many, however, achieve it unconsciously without effort. I recall a very famous and highly paid man singer who said, when reproved for singing flat, 'The audience wants to hear my beautiful voice. They do not care whether it is flat or not'; and his position was apparently upheld by the box-office.

Still, I doubt if any great departure from my preference will ever become common. On the contrary, musical mankind will surely improve in this respect; and this thought suggests a refinement in orchestral playing which is capable of higher development than it has yet reached. I have heard a great

violinist play a single note divinely out of tune. It was a double-sharped note in the Saint-Saëns B-minor Concerto which he played mathematically too sharp, much too sharp. Whether instinctive or calculated, it was purposeful and most legitimately effective, for it intensified the upward striving nature of the passage with an indescribable poignancy. Likewise, I have heard notes with downward tendency played or sung too flat and colored dark for the same purpose. Bear in mind that I am speaking of single notes.

Of course we can split hairs and ask, what is in tune? Humanly speaking and with the fear of the physicists before us, it is quite impossible that any man-played, non-mechanical instruments, or any voice, should be exactly in tune any longer than the hands of the watch are together. Since music cannot be bottled and taken to the laboratory for tests, the decision on this point must always come from musicians. Singers may sing a dozen notes in a second or a violinist play fifty. How shall they all be tested with scientific accuracy? Is it possible for a scientist to chase a singer up and down the scale with a siren? Even suppose there were a dozen or fifty scientists, each with a siren, one never could find out which note was awry, if there were one, because there would not be time; but any well-trained musician can hear and identify any note out of tune in any passage however rapid. Pilate, the tired lawyer, asked, 'What is truth?' thereby exemplifying a very common judicial attitude. But it must be a very *blasé* musician who is willing to leave to science the decision as to what is in tune. It is a question of art.

Another element in future music-making on a large scale relates to the auditorium or concert-room. The visions of Berlioz concerning the orchestra of the future are a little quantitative, perhaps, although he does not neglect to insist upon high quality. An orchestra of four hundred with a picked chorus of two hundred will occupy space enough for fifteen hundred listeners. Probably the audience must always be provided for, and in a room large enough to accommodate such forces with an appropriate audience single instruments must fail of their proper effect. The grace and elasticity of a single flute, oboe, clarinet, or other such instrument, disappear at once when several of them give out an expressive musical phrase in unison. So there is a size-limit imposed by the capacity of our human ears. Of course scene-painting in a theatrical way is as legitimate as miniature-painting; but the difference is like that between the fish-net and the bit of lace. Normal, frequent artistic enjoyment for large audiences must always lie between the two. Except occasionally, such an orchestra as Berlioz describes must be a dull affair, since it seems to imply conditions in which the element of personality in solo-players must be partly if not wholly ineffective for reasons of space or distance.

Another element in future orchestras is the unionizing of the members. A somewhat similar influence is exerted in Europe by the pension system. It must be acknowledged that these by-products of social progress are wholly inimical to art. The writer recalls a comparatively young German musician who, upon being called to account for quite perceptible slackness, replied, 'I work hard enough — they can pension me if they are dissatisfied.' The New York custom of sending one man for rehearsal and a different one for performance is disappearing, but it was quite interesting as a symptom while it was common. Democracy in art is not far from anarchy; and what will result when the whole world is

unionized, is absorbing if not delightful matter for speculation.

Great new halls now being built for music are always provided with great new organs, for the organ is a frequent factor in orchestral music. There are devoted and excellent musicians who play the organ with fine taste and skill and who are jealous of the artistic importance of their instrument. Its future can safely be left to them, but just at present there are unsettling influences at work. Electric organs permit organists to do things which they ought never to want to do. They stimulate or invite cleverness and an appearance of brilliancy rather than more solid qualities. Who will care to spend the time purifying organ-music to the pellucid clarity demanded by Bach's polyphonic masterpieces, when with ten fingerfuls of treacly chords he can cause thrills up and down the spines of soft-hearted listeners?

There never can be any substitute for clarity. Men will always love the limpid language of Whittier or Maeterlinck; and the further fashion removes us from it, the more desirable does it seem. Richard Strauss's particular fondness is for Mozart.

Whatever future alterations may be, they will move the orchestra constantly forward and upward. New difficulties will be met and overcome; each adding new richness or new delicacy to the palette of the tone-painter. Present-day composers often rely on atmosphere for interest rather than on tonal or musical substantialities. The attendant vagueness so dear to us moderns makes their new beauties seem elusive, though not less real, and requires more sensitive reactions from individual performers. But the demands of classical composers remain constant though not rigid, and are more readily met by more sensitive players, so that the orchestra always increases and widens its range of expressiveness. The time must come when Beethoven will seem to musicians as distant as Bach, perhaps more distant. Changes are inevitable, and each change will be made after it has been conceived in the mind of some composer and has found a fitting response in the minds of listeners. The desire for change, for revolution even, is a constant factor of inestimable value in determining the nature and amount of our human development. This appetite in Beethoven, in Berlioz and Wagner carried the orchestra rapidly over enormous vacant spaces. God forbid that there ever should be any limit to such progress!

The orchestra speaks in a living, growing language. It is by far the most eloquent of the tongues by which composers can express themselves and there seems no reason to doubt that it always will be.

DEMOCRACY AND DIPLOMACY

BY ARTHUR BULLARD

On both sides of every battlefront in Europe all forward-looking men are demanding relief from the dangers of secret diplomacy. The popular party of Germany is outraged at the revelation of the secret power of their Foreign Office. In England, the Liberals are distressed at the realization of the disasters which might have overwhelmed the Empire if the uncontrolled power of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs had been in the hands of a knave or a fool. It is almost the only point of unanimity in the Old World. The democratic control of diplomacy is a burning issue in every nation at war.

Some Americans naïvely believe that secret diplomacy is an evil confined to 'the effete monarchies' of Europe. Such people are generally embarrassed by the question, 'Are our marines still in Nicaragua?' Not one in ten of our voters can answer off-hand. Not one in a thousand can give a coherent account of our diplomatic relations with the Central American republics. Why has our administration, so strongly opposed to intervention in Mexico, intervened in San Domingo? The people of the United States know no more about the international policy of their government than the English or Germans knew of the plans of their Foreign Offices.

This ignorance in regard to the facts of our foreign relations is not due solely to indifference. The veil of secrecy which shields Downing Street and Wilhelmstrasse and the Quai d'Orsay is no denser than that which enshrouds our State Department. Our diplomatic archives are as jealously guarded as any in Europe. The student of American history who wishes, for instance, to understand our rôle in the Conference of Algeciras must go to European sources for help. The State Department has little or no information available.

The diplomacy of our Republic is almost as undemocratic as that of Russia. Once in four years we elect our Chief Executive. But we have no direct voice in his policy in dealing with our neighbors, and only such knowledge of it as he chooses to impart.

Until his recent peace move, Mr. Wilson made no noticeable effort toward the amelioration of this condition. He kept more closely to the tradition of secrecy than some of his predecessors. This was regrettable. For there is no contribution to democratic progress and the peace of the world which we, as a nation, could make, which would be more gloriously American and more heartily welcomed by the Liberals of all the world than the devising and demonstrating of means by which diplomacy could be made democratic.

The advocates of open diplomacy cannot deny that there are certain definite advantages in secrecy. The man who decides to be truthful is certainly handicapped when dealing with less scrupulous rivals. But a reputation for veracity confers certain advantages which the liars lack. To argue in favor

of truthfulness, it is not necessary to deny that falsehoods are sometimes profitable.

The methods of business offer a better analogy. The directors of any company find it easier to bribe legislators or judges, to burn competing plants, to oppress their workers, if they are protected by secrecy. But the commonweal is better served by publicity.

In diplomacy, as in business or private life, 'the wicked love darkness.' The nation which is bent on aggression had best keep it quiet. If we wish to annex Central America, secrecy will be of value. But, just as the growth of democracy in business tends to fight the sinister profits of secrecy with increasing publicity, and just as we are gradually opening the books of insurance companies, railroads, and other great corporations, so the growth of democracy in government will surely abolish '*le secret du roi*.'

The chief opposition to democratic control of foreign affairs comes from the professional diplomats. They defend their special privilege of secrecy with passion. They bitterly oppose democratic interference with their prerogatives. They hate and fear publicity.

But behind the professional diplomats of Europe (and too many of our diplomats accept them as models) are the great masses of common people of all countries, who, like us, are striving for a better democracy. If the President should break through the crust of tradition, tear up the red tape of the protocol, and take the citizens, at home and abroad, into his confidence in regard to the problems of foreign relations, it would doubtless lay him open to the sarcastic jibes of the diplomatic clubs. He would probably be lampooned in *Punch*, as Lincoln was. But he would — as Lincoln did — win the love and gratitude of all democrats the world around.

II

The democratization of diplomacy presents a two-fold problem: the relation of the government to other nations, and its relation to its own citizens.

It is an anomaly, a denial of our own democratic faith, that our Republic should accredit its ambassadors to the kings and not to the peoples of Europe. We have simply followed the fashion, accepted the old monarchical protocol. We should have devised some means whereby we could deal directly with the Reichstag of Germany and not solely with the Kaiser. We have a representative at the 'Court of St. James,' but none with the British Parliament. This is more than a quibble over words, for in this case the words are symbols — these forms of the *ancien régime* are symbols of all that is anti-democratic.

There are obvious mechanical obstacles to the publication of all the day-to-day detailed operations of a great organization like the State Department. The advocates of democratic diplomacy are not asking for any such absurdity as a daily 'White Paper.' There are also occasional negotiations which would be disturbed by current discussion. But the broad principles of foreign policy are susceptible of democratic control. They are no more esoteric than the tariff. They are not nearly so complicated as the currency bill or the adjustments between Capital and Labor.

Our Constitution is unfortunate in this matter. The Executive is practically irremovable for four years, and that is ample time to set all the world at war. In the countries with responsible ministries, which can be reversed at any time, there is much more chance of direct popular control of diplomatic policy.

Even the quadrennial election is a poor guide. Was the issue in November home or foreign politics? The campaign recalled the first candidature of Bryan and the perplexity of low-tariff men who believed in a gold standard. The multiplicity of issues makes voting a distressing choice between a programme of Seven Devils and Seven Seas and a platform of Seven Seas and Seven Devils.

So long as our Constitution remains unchanged, any president who wishes to base his foreign policy on the will of the nation, will have to rely largely on extra-legal expedients. No machinery has been provided by which he can take a referendum in such matters.

No administration can follow the will of the democracy unless the citizens know what they want. So the first requisite in democratic control of diplomacy must be education in the subject. And all experience in the plebiscite shows that the intelligence of any vote is in direct ratio to the clearness with which the issue is posed.

The phrase, much used in the November campaign: 'He kept us out of war,' is a good example of the bad method. What did it mean? Are we to understand that Mr. Wilson has stood and will stand for 'peace at any price'? It is beyond dispute that many who shouted this slogan, many who were influenced by it, disagreed in their understanding of it. It was unintelligible and therefore unintelligent.

If we are to have any serious democratic control of our international relations, we shall need very much more concrete and precise statements of policy than that.

It is widely, if vaguely, known that the establishment of more cordial relations with the Latin-American republics is a matter very close to the President's heart. We have heard rumors of explicit treaties — a 'Peace League' of American republics. But what is the status of these negotiations?

Some real progress in good feeling was certainly made during Mr. Wilson's first term. His reëlection undoubtedly adds greatly to the strength of his influence. But what are the obstacles which have so far prevented the reaching of tangible results? Have the obstructions come from opposing interests at home? From unreasonableness below the Equator? From intrigues in Europe or Asia? What privileges and what pretensions must we surrender? What hostilities must we overcome? What new obligations must we take upon ourselves? In short, what chance is there of success?

We know that the President is working on this problem. But we are absolutely in the dark as to the methods that he is using, the snags that he has encountered.

Isolated individuals who have close connections in the Argentine, Brazil, Chile, or Equador, who follow the South American newspapers, or those who enjoy the personal confidence of the President or his advisers, have more concrete knowledge of the problem. But there is nothing which deserves to be called public opinion on the subject. The democracy has not been trusted with the essential facts.

We, as a nation, can have no intelligent attitude toward the Mexican tangle so long as we are ignorant of these South-American negotiations. The Secretary of the Navy and Congress cannot agree on any sane naval programme so long as this large element in the problem is ignored.

And what policy does our government intend to follow in the Far East? It is idle to talk of democratic control in this matter. We have no means of

knowing whether we approve of the Administration's policy or not. We do not know what that policy is.

But it is necessary for our own peace of mind that we should be told. Is it our policy to maintain the Open Door, even at the cost of war? Completely open, or only ajar? Are we to support the young republican movement in China with financial help? Are we to determine this question for ourselves, or ask consent of the 'Concert' of Great Powers? Or are we going to blow up the Philippines and come home?

Until we have thrashed out all these problems, until the nation is agreed on a policy, all this 'preparedness' talk is empty words. We cannot adequately prepare till we know what to expect.

We ought to define our Asiatic policy out of fairness to our friends in Japan. There are jingoes over there, who are inciting ill feeling toward us. Their strongest argument is the assertion that we have decided on an aggressive policy, that we are determined to deny them 'a place in the sun.' And our friends among the Japanese cannot refute this dangerous propaganda of hate, because they do not know what our policy is. We do not know ourselves.

When we turn our attention from the Far East to the Nearest East, we are rendered breathless, dazed, by the Great Tragedy. How light were the petty gains that the diplomats strove for in secrecy compared to this appalling weight of woe! Was any new colony worth it? Or any railroad to Cathay? The democratic elements of Europe did not want this war. If the common people could have controlled their fates, if they could have reasoned together, it would not have come.

If the misery of war ever falls on us, it will come in the same way — without our willing it; without any foreknowledge of its imminence. As I write, men over whom we have no control may be signing a treaty in our name, drafting an ultimatum which will seal our fate.

III

While the democratic control of our own foreign policy demands first of all an elaborate and continuous campaign to educate the electorate, and then some specific constitutional changes, our dealings with other countries could be rendered more direct and democratic by executive action.

When, in our dealings with the British Empire, we are content to confine our intercourse to the Court of Saint James, we are ignoring the vital, modern elements of the nation. We — a republic — are giving credence to an empty survival of mediævalism, and we are coming in contact with the most reactionary caste of Great Britain.

The British have led the world in democratic forms of legislation. But their diplomatic service is still an appanage of the aristocracy. Mr. Bryce was the happy exception which proved this unhappy rule. Many of the British ambassadors, many of the permanent officials of their Foreign Office, are Tories. As they are fighting desperately against all democratic progress at home, it is not to be expected that they will deal sympathetically with us. If we 'play the game' according to the rules they devise, we must give up hope of direct and cordial communication with the democratic mass of the British people. When we deal with the 'Court of Saint James' we are talking to that small and unrepresentative section of British society which is most outspoken in its hostility to our political theories and in its disdain for our ideals.

The attitude of the British Govern-

ment toward us during the war has been exceedingly complex. The Asquith Cabinet — the famous 23, who have recently fallen to make way for the Lloyd-George directorate — were rarely united on any subject. But the necessity of explaining our neutrality to their own people had brought them into practical unanimity on the simple thesis that the attitude of our government was determined by a mixture of degenerate commercialism and fear of German-American riots.

The people of Britain went into the war on the 'Moral Issue' — their word pledged to Belgium, democracy versus military autocracy. The critics of Britain have called these motives in question, but that is aside from my point. The people accepted them with earnest sincerity and conviction. The stupendous success of voluntary enlistment cannot be explained on any other basis. The popular, democratic support of the war has been based on the conviction that the Moral Issue is obvious.

If it had seemed equally obvious to us in those fatal days of August, 1914, we would have declared war on Germany. But no such moral obligation was apparent to our government. And although every one of us at once took sides individually, — overwhelmingly the Entente side, — public opinion supported the official proclamation of neutrality. Many of our citizens have questioned the political expediency of neutrality, but few have condemned the attitude of the administration on the ground that it has shirked an obvious moral responsibility.

But for the British Government to admit that any fair-minded people can be honestly neutral is to give up the semi-religious doctrine that the Moral Issue is clear. The government dares not allow any doubt to arise as to the justice of their cause or the complete righteousness of their actions. And the supervision of the newspapers by the Press Bureau, the censorship of private correspondence, the Defense of the Realm Act, make the control of public opinion more facile than any one who has not witnessed it can easily credit.

Of course the efforts of the government in this matter have not been completely successful. Certain individuals, a few fearless periodicals, have maintained a critical attitude toward the official theory. But the great mass of public utterances, on the platform and in the press, has been pretty successfully 'controlled.' And the average Englishman has been adroitly taught to believe that we are tugging at the leash to join them in their war against the enemies of civilization; that we are gnashing our teeth in rage at Mr. Wilson for holding us back. Any American who does not fit into this pattern is suspected of German blood or a sinful desire to run contraband. It was generally believed that Mr. Wilson in his heart of hearts saw our plain duty to join in the crusade, but was deterred from righteousness by a crafty desire to win the votes of munition-makers and by fear of personal violence at the hands of the Kaiser's spies.

So far our Administration has confined itself to the traditional technique of diplomacy. Our notes to Britain have been able briefs in International Law. They have hardly reached beyond Downing Street. Some have been published as White Papers. A few have been published *in extenso*, in fine print, on the inside of the newspapers. But they are long and involved, and few read them. Not many citizens of any country are mentally prepared to follow such intricate arguments. Our diplomatic correspondence reaches the British public in the form of newspaper résumés, carefully pressed through the sieve of the Foreign Office.

I chanced to be in London when our

first note in regard to the interference with the mails was delivered. It was a long legal document, discussing all the alleged illegalities of the British action. It certainly was not news to the officials of the Foreign Office. They knew what was happening to the mails. They knew the law in the case.

Reports from Washington said that Wall Street had gambled heavily on the Entente victory and that the Administration would not dare to press the protest. Public opinion in America was so strongly anti-German that there was no danger of our switching to that side. The Foreign Office did not fear our ill-will and did not care for our good-will.

Some official of the Foreign Office made a condensation of the note — a cold-blooded sophistication. It was circulated by the Press Bureau and the next morning the British Democracy read in the headlines: —

DOCTOR WILSON'S NEW NOTE
DRASTIC WORDS AS SOP TO HYPHENATES
OUR RIGHT TO SEARCH MAILS CONCEDED

The leading articles of the day gravely discussed the immorality of the Yankees' desire to trade with the Huns, and whether or no Mr. Wilson's subserviency to German-American voters would gain his reëlection. And all this was reprinted in the newspapers of Paris, Petrograd, and Rome.

The situation in the other countries of the Entente is largely a derivative from that in England. We have no controversies with any of them beyond the fact that, more or less reluctantly, they have consented to the British naval policy. There has been little reason for anything but amiable diplomatic correspondence with them. In the second place, there is the unfortunate fact that few of them maintain regular newspaper correspondents in America. Most of the letters and news they get from us passes through the hands of the British Censor. Almost all the items in their papers dealing with American affairs are translations from the London papers — more often than not from the Northcliffe press, which is definitely hostile to us.

The traditional friendship between the French and ourselves is being seriously threatened, because our State Department has not contrived means to deal directly with the French people.

It would be difficult to overstate the degree to which our attitude is misunderstood. Often intelligent, well-read Englishmen and Frenchmen have said to me, 'You blockaded the Southern States. How can you object to our blockade of Germany?'

There is no word in any of our notes to the Entente which questions the right to blockade or to seize for contraband. Our government wishes to preserve these methods of warfare. Our protests have been against innovations in these matters, which seem to us contrary, not only to the express letter of International Law, but also to the spirit of equity. However, the President's notes have been so long that few have read them. Misunderstandings have been made the more easy.

The result of following the traditional protocol of diplomacy is that, while the people of the United States and Britain and France have every reason to coöperate in the general work of civilization, their governments are snarling at each other.

Lincoln was faced by a somewhat similar problem during the Civil War. Those who were in control of Her Majesty's Foreign Office would have rejoiced to see the failure of our experiment in popular government. But the great mass of the English people — then as now — were inspired by liberal

democratic aspirations. Lincoln went over the heads of the Court of Saint James, directly to the common people he loved and understood and trusted. His letter to the trade-unionists of the cotton industry was a grave breach of diplomatic etiquette. And no doubt the professional diplomats were shocked and offended by Beecher's visit to London. But Lincoln won his point. He succeeded in putting his case before the democracy of Britain.

The point I have illustrated above by reference to our relations with the Powers of the Entente is of course even stronger in regard to our relations with their enemies. There is a greater chasm between the government and people of Germany than in the case of Britain. By adhering to the traditional protocol in our dealings with the German Empire we are voluntarily abandoning the chance of any accord with the democratic forces of that country.

One is tempted to sardonic humor over the situation. During this war America, the youngest of the greater powers, has been more rigidly conservative in her diplomatic traditionalism than the older monarchies of Europe.

Both groups of belligerents have recognized the value of 'Publicity,' and the holiest traditions have not kept them back from accepting this most modern arm. They have all subsidized newspapers in the neutral countries. The British and Germans, having sent so many propagandists to our shores, could hardly object if we returned the compliment. The Entente, dissatisfied with the Court of Athens, has appealed to the Greek public. Several European premiers and foreign secretaries, two or three kings in distress, have harangued us directly by means of newspaper interviews. Our Administration has not been so progressive.

Of course the most distressing element of the situation is the present *mal-entente* with Britain. The great mass of our people want cordial relations with our Anglo-Saxon cousins. And in this matter the democratic will of the nation is in accord with the most astute statesmanship. If we are to abandon our traditional isolation, — a change in policy which is inevitable, — the best hope of the future lies in more happy relations with the American republics to the South and in the development of a cordial working agreement with France and Britain. There is every evidence that the democratic forces of these two countries — struggling in Britain, triumphant in France — desire our coöperation. But so far, our Administration, limiting its action to the traditions of diplomacy, has failed to establish friendly terms with Britain.

IV

In order to democratize our diplomacy some such steps as these are necessary.

First of all, we must consciously work at the education of our public opinion. It is as true of diplomacy as of any other branch of government that an intelligent despot is preferable to an ignorant majority. If we wish to escape despotism we must go in wholeheartedly for education.

Without violating any proper confidences, without wrecking current negotiations, qualified students might be granted much freer access to the archives of the State Department. So long as we forbid professors of American history to study our recent diplomatic history, we are forbidding them to teach it. We are condemning our students to ignorance in this matter.

The Secretary of State could learn valuable lessons from his colleagues of the Departments of the Interior and of Agriculture. They have discovered

how to interest the public in their work. We should be taught to consider our State Department, not as a mystic arcanum, but as an important element in the nation's welfare which it is our duty and our interest to understand.

Private enterprise has established a number of forums and societies for the study of international relations. They should be stimulated by official encouragement. Mr. Wilson's speeches before the League to Enforce Peace, at the lighting of the Statue of Liberty, and, more recently, before the Senate, are the kind of educational work of which we need more.

Our periodical press, daily, weekly, and monthly, is our greatest source of information. Here and there editors have realized the importance of informing their readers on the problems of diplomacy. But they have had very little official encouragement. If the State Department wished, it could multiply the volume and greatly increase the accuracy of the printed discussions of foreign affairs.

At present the Secretary of State issues an annual report which is published as an annex to the President's Message. It is perhaps the dreariest reading of all our official publications, a close second at best to the machine-made Tidal Calendar. As a means of developing an intelligent public opinion in foreign policy it is utterly inadequate. Most of its items are two or three years old. We should have White Papers, as occasion arises, published while interest in the matter is still alive.

The Yellow Books published by the French Government in regard to the frequent crises over the Morocco Affair are infinitely more informing than anything that we have been given about Mexico.

Mexico furnishes an admirable illustration. On no subject is the public mind of America more at sea. Mr. Wilson and his aids have struggled with this problem for four years and have failed to bring peace to that unhappy land. Most of us are ready to admit that it was an exceedingly difficult problem — that the Archangel Gabriel would probably have failed, too. But by shrouding the negotiations in mystery the Administration has not hidden its failure. It has hidden only the causes of failure and so has further bewildered public opinion. On all hands we meet people who pretend to 'know about Mexico.' Each one of them has seen more or less clearly some facet of the problem. Their statements are blatantly contradictory. No one's claim to 'know about Mexico' is worth anything unless he has had access to the State Department archives. Only the Administration has been able to see all sides of the question. But beyond a few sonorous generalities we, the people of the United States, have been given no information.

There are few questions, if any, of greater importance to us and the generation to follow us than this Mexican tangle. We are kept in darkness. But if the President's policy has been as high-minded as those in his confidence believe, he could furnish no better defense against his critics than the bare facts.

The publication of any honest and complete collection of Mexican correspondence, frankly confessing bad guesses as well as good intentions, admitting the inevitable human failures as well as success, intended to inform rather than mislead the electorate, would be of great value, not only in increasing our national understanding of the problem: it would be a resounding stroke for democratic diplomacy the world around.

If Mr. Wilson would dare to authorize a non-partisan committee of qualified scholars — appointed, for instance,

by the American Historical Society — to go over the very voluminous Mexican correspondence and publish a digest of it, it would not only help us to a clearer appreciation of this problem, but would set a new standard in diplomatic usage. It would plant a new milestone in the progress of Democracy.

In order to break through the traditional barriers of diplomacy and to establish more direct contact with the popular forces of other countries, the President might instruct our ambassadors abroad to watch the newspaper discussions regarding the relations between the two countries, and, if the need arose, to take part in them.

A poor translation of an inaccurate, unsympathetic English report of Mr. Wilson's speech before the League to Enforce Peace appeared in the telegraphic columns of the French papers. It was two weeks or more before the mail brought the text of the speech. A deep and painful impression had already been made. The complete text, or an accurate résumé, of every such important speech on foreign affairs should at once be telegraphed to our ambassadors for issuance to the press. It would not be amiss for the State Department to cable regular press bulletins to all our embassies.

When ambassadors are dispatched on foreign missions, it would be well for Congress to give them credentials and messages of good-will to the parliament of the country to which they are accredited. And when ambassadors come to us, the President, in some formal ceremony, might take them to the Capitol and present them to Congress, and in this manner emphasize the fact that their business is with a democracy.

It would be but one step further to grant to all ambassadors the courtesy privilege of addressing messages directly to Congress.

We desire to make it impossible for a few men in secret and uncontrolled conclave to decide the fate of nations. If we find the Foreign Office of any country standing in the way of cordial friendship, we must go over their heads, directly to the people. It is popular friendship more than the good-will of the rulers of the moment which we seek.

And we must freely grant the same privilege to other nations. It would be better for all concerned if the European governments, which are now spending money to influence our public opinion, were offered some more open and direct method of appeal.

If the minister from Liberia is dissatisfied with the treatment he receives at the State Department, it would be much better if he were free to air his grievance before Congress than for him to be reduced to the necessity of 'persuading' some editor to write an indirect attack on the administration.

But, of course, in any such reforms, the spirit of their operation is more important than the form. The two main objects to be sought are: first, the development of an enlightened public opinion at home, and, secondly, more direct methods of communication between the peoples of the different countries.

We, as a nation, are deeply interested in the future peace of the world. We must devise means by which our diplomacy can be made democratic in its control and in its action. Any experiments we make in this direction will be watched with interest by the Liberals of all the world. The solution of the problem would be the greatest contribution which any nation could make toward the welfare of the race.

THE LOST CAUSE

BY JAMES MORRIS MORGAN[1]

[After a cruise as venturesome and picturesque as that of any Elizabethan buccaneer, the little commerce-destroyer Georgia finally gave up her raiding of Federal shipping and landed her crew at Bordeaux. Midshipman Morgan and his fellow officers proceeded at once to England, took passage for America, and successfully ran the blockade of Charleston harbor. Young Morgan was shortly assigned to land duty at Battery Semmes, on the James River near Richmond, where he is stationed when he takes up his narrative again.]

I

At the house of Mr. Trenholm I was always received as one of the family. The beautiful house, which had been built originally by an English gentleman of wealth and artistic tastes, was the centre of a certain amount of gayety, and was frequented, especially on Saturday evenings, by many distinguished people, among them of course many generals, and foreigners who visited Richmond for the excitement of the experience. Mr. Trenholm, as well as being Secretary of the Treasury, was a man of great wealth, and probably the largest owner of blockade-runners; consequently almost every luxury in the way of food was most hospitably placed before his guests.

Where two or three young Southerners were gathered together, there was sure to be singing and dancing. It is true that there were not many handsome toilets to be seen at these receptions, but the young girls were so pretty that no one took the trouble to look at their dresses of a style fashionable before the war. The foreigners of course appeared in the orthodox dress-coats and white ties; but we poor fellows who belonged at the front shamelessly joined the gay throng in our rags and tatters. My uniform, which had once been gray, had turned a green yellowish-brown, owing to its exposure to the elements and the mud in the trenches; besides, I had had the misfortune to have one of my coat-tails burned off while sleeping too close to a camp-fire. One of my trouser-legs had raveled out to halfway up the calf of my leg, and the lower part of the other trouser-leg was very ragged. I wore a boot on one foot and a shoe on the other — the boot on the bare leg. This Falstaffian costume was set off with a sword, and if there is anything that will make a ragged man look more ridiculous than another, it is the wearing of a sword. But the girls in their four-year-old dresses did not mind our appearance, and it would have been a cold day when a man in civilian togs — no matter how well-dressed he was — could have persuaded one of those Southern girls to dance with him when a man from the front wanted a turn.

At Mr. Trenholm's house I met General Robert E. Lee on several occasions. It always amused me to hear the fond mothers tell about the rapture and overflowing affection with which the general treated their little ones when they were brought before him. I happened to be present at one of these demonstrative occasions in the general's

[1] Earlier recollections of the author were printed in the *Atlantic* for January, February, and March. — The Editors.

life, and afterwards heard the mother's account of it. She said that as she entered the room with her little four-year-old daughter, the general opened his arms, into which the little girl rushed; and the great man fairly smothered the child with kisses. What I saw was that, when the little one saw the grave statuesque man with silver hair sitting on a sofa, she drew back in fright; her mother then seized her by the wrist and dragged the shrinking little tot up to that formal embodiment of dignity, and told him that she wanted her child to be able to say in future years that she had shaken hands with him. The general, looking very tired, without a word extended his forefinger. That was all the demonstrativeness I saw.

Mr. Trenholm, as I have said before, was most hospitably inclined, and he was the possessor of some of the finest and oldest madeira wine in the country; naturally his invitations to dinner were rarely declined. I used to meet at his table the most distinguished generals of our army and the members of the cabinet. These gentlemen for the most part were taciturn and serious; but Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, the Secretary of State, and Mr. Trenholm were both gifted conversationalists as well as being very witty, and they always enlivened the banquets with anecdotes. Mr. Pierre Soulé of Louisiana was also a frequent guest, and he was a most interesting talker. It was Mr. Soulé, who, when United States Minister to Spain, after the duel between his son and the Duke of Alva, the brother-in-law of the French Emperor, shot and crippled for life the Marquis de Turgot, the French Ambassador to Spain.

Despite the sad state of affairs, both in the Capital and the country, there were balls and parties and 'marrying and giving in marriage' going on in Richmond. Mr. McFarland, a wealthy banker, was to give a ball, and social Richmond was all agog over the prospect. To attend this ball, it was necessary for me to have a new uniform. With any amount of Confederate money at my disposal, the modern man might ask why I did not go to a tailor and order one; but that was not the way we did things in those days. In the first place, there were no shops; and had there been, there would have been nothing in them for sale. I had to search the town before I found a man who possessed a few yards of gray cloth and was willing to part with it for several hundred dollars in Confederate money. I finally found such a man, and also bought from him a pair of boots made out of thick half-tanned cow-hide, for which I paid three hundred dollars. I looked so nice in my new togs that I was immediately asked by an army surgeon to be one of the groomsmen at his wedding; I also attended the wedding of the beautiful Miss Hetty Cary and General John Pegram which had so sad an ending a few days afterwards, when General Pegram was killed.

We had our gossip, of course, and society was very busy discussing the marked attention Mr. Soulé was paying to Mrs. Stanard, a widow and an acknowledged social leader. Mr. Soulé must have been an ardent wooer, for Mrs. Stanard told her intimates that, when Mr. Soulé was with her, he was so eloquent that she could not say no to him; when he left her, however, she realized what a mistake she would make in marrying a man upwards of sixty, who had no future before him. At Mr. McFarland's ball it was whispered round the room that Mrs. Stanard had taken the occasion publicly to announce her engagement at last, and that congratulations were in order.

Mr. Trenholm came up to me and, taking my arm, said that he wanted to find Mr. Soulé. So we walked to where the latter was standing by the side of

Mrs. Stanard. After congratulating the pair, Mr. Trenholm said, 'Now, Mr. Soulé, my old friend, I want you to tell me: is this something new, or is it an old love-affair?'

Mr. Soulé, rolling his *r's*, replied with his very pronounced French accent, 'Well, Mr. Trenholm, I will tell you. It is not so very new, nor in fact is it so very old. The truth is, my dear sir, it is now some thirty years since I first had the honor of meeting Madame Stanard; but at that time there was Stanard, a splendid fellow, and Madame Soulé, a magnificent woman, both in their prime; and to tell you the truth, my dear sir, we did not see our way clear!'

II

While the young people were laughing, dancing, and being killed, the black clouds of adversity were gathering over our beloved Confederacy. Bitter dissension had resulted from the removal of General Johnston from the command of the Western army — a step which President Davis took in response to popular clamor for a change. This demand did not come from Johnston's soldiers, but from the populace, who cried out that if Johnston continued his strategy, the Western army would soon be in the Gulf of Mexico; they wanted an aggressive man put in command, and Mr. Davis gave them General Hood. He was aggressive enough, Heaven knows! After the bloody victory he won at Franklin, in which some seventeen Southern generals fell, Mr. Davis was heard to observe, 'One more such victory and there would be no Western army left.' After the disastrous defeat at Nashville, the very men who had clamored to have General Johnston superseded clamored against Mr. Davis for having removed him.

The Confederate Congress was at open war with President Davis and missed no opportunity to thwart his policies. They refused point-blank to adopt any of his suggestions for the relief of the pitiable condition of the country, and, in rejecting the financial schemes submitted by Mr. Trenholm, the Senate Finance Committee frankly told that gentleman that under no circumstances could they adopt his suggestions, as it would imply their sanction of a measure emanating from Mr. Davis's administration!

Mr. Trenholm told them that, when they had treated Mr. Memminger, his predecessor in the Treasury Department, in the same way, Mr. Memminger had consulted him as a friend as to the course he should pursue, and that he, Mr. Trenholm, had advised him to resign. Now that he himself was placed in a similar position it was necessary that he should do likewise.

The Senate Committee, however, protested that such a course would not do at all, as they had a financial proposition of their own that they wanted him to father on account of the popular belief in his ability as a financier.

Mr. Trenholm, no less frank than they were, informed them, after glancing over their bill, that he had a reputation among business men to maintain, and that if he put his name to and gave his approval to such a measure, business men would laugh at him. He went to Mr. Davis then and tendered his resignation. Mr. Davis told him that it was his duty to remain in the Cabinet; that he, Mr. Davis, recognized that with a Congress at open war with the administration, nothing could be done to relieve the Treasury. He declared that he needed Mr. Trenholm's clear head and advice, and begged him to stand by him in his hour of need.

As an example of the demoralization of the Confederate government at this time, I remember going into the Senate chamber one day while that august

body was in session. At the front, heavy firing was going on, which could not only be plainly heard inside the building, but the windows rattled and shook when particularly big guns were discharged. With this ominous *obbligato*, the lawmakers were earnestly debating the question how many daily newspapers should be placed on the desk of each senator every morning! While these petty quarrels were going on, the destiny of a whole nation was being ruthlessly decided in blood and suffering. We men in the trenches fought, shivered, and starved outside the city, and danced and made merry whenever we were allowed to come within its limits, little dreaming the end was so near.

The Southern soldier was a very determined fellow, and at the same time reckless and light-hearted; one moment he would be in deep distress over the loss of some dear comrade and the next he would be shouting with laughter over some senseless joke perpetrated by one of his companions. I went one day to a tobacco warehouse, then used as a hospital, to see my friend Captain F. W. Dawson, who was very seriously wounded. The ladies of Richmond were very kind to the wounded, and out of their scanty means they managed to make dainties which they would carry to the hospitals and distribute themselves. The day was hot; I found my friend lying on a cot near the open front door, so weak that he could not speak above a whisper; and after greeting him and speaking some words of cheer, I saw that he was anxious to tell me something. I leaned over him to hear what he had to say, and the poor fellow whispered in my ear, 'Jimmie, for God's sake make them move my cot to the back of the building.'

I assured him that he had been placed in the choicest spot in the hospital, where he could get any little air that might be stirring; but he still insisted that he wanted to be moved, giving as a reason that every lady who entered the place washed his face and fed him with meat-jelly. The result was that his face felt sore and he was stuffed so full of jelly that he was most uncomfortable. As he was so weak, he could not defend himself, and the women would not listen to his protests.

Shaking with laughter, I delivered his request to the head surgeon, who pinned a notice on Dawson's sheet to this effect: 'This man must be washed and fed only by the regular nurses.' Dawson was a gallant soldier and served on the staffs of J. E. B. Stuart, Fitzhugh Lee, and General Longstreet. He recovered from his wounds and in 1873 married my sister Sarah.

III

The spring of 1865 was fast approaching and we expected soon to see great changes. One army or the other would surely attack; they could not stand still indefinitely. One morning things became very lively at Battery Semmes. A rifled gun in my division exploded and an eight-inch smooth bore was dismounted by a well-directed shot from Signal Hill. About noon my commander sent for me and, to my amazement, ordered me to go up to Richmond and report in person to the Secretary of the Navy, adding that I had better take my belongings with me. I at once commenced to think of all my sins of commission and omission. What could a secretary of the navy want to see a passed midshipman for, unless it was to give him a reprimand?

Arriving in Richmond, I made my way to the Navy Department at once, and, to my surprise, I was shown into the Secretary's sanctum without delay. Mr. Mallory was smiling, and if I had not been a midshipman, I should really have thought he was glad to see me. To

my surprise, he told me that I was to accompany Mrs. Jefferson Davis South, and added, with a twinkle in his eyes, that the daughters of the Secretary of the Treasury were to be of the party.

I hurried to Mr. Trenholm's house with the news, but no one there seemed at all surprised. I then went to the President's mansion, only a block away, and had a few words with Mrs. Davis, who seemed to take it as a matter of course that I was to go South with her. There was not the slightest appearance of excitement or preparation.

I dined with Mr. Trenholm's family, and we laughed and talked; but none of us spoke of the coming journey. In fact, we young people were in blissful ignorance concerning the momentous events about to take place. After all, there was nothing strange in Mrs. Davis's going South, for the President had often expressed a desire to have his family go to Charlotte, North Carolina, where they would be out of the turmoil and excitement of their surroundings in Richmond.

It was then the Friday preceding the fall of Richmond, and about eight o'clock in the evening we received the expected word that it was time for us to start to the station. A few minutes after we arrived there, we were joined by Mrs. Davis, her sister, and the children, escorted by Colonel Burton N. Harrison, the President's private secretary. The party arrived at the depot in an overloaded carriage, Mrs. Davis being the fortunate possessor of about the only pair of carriage horses in Richmond. These animals had made some lucky escapes from being requisitioned for the army, as, owing to the necessities of the family, they had once been sold and were bought by two or three gentlemen and presented again to Mrs. Davis, only to be seized shortly afterwards by a provost guard, on the street, while Mrs. Davis was seated in the vehicle. President Davis would not lift a finger to save them, saying that other people's horses had been pressed into service for the army, and he saw no reason why his wife's should not be taken in the same way. But again influential friends persuaded the quartermaster to send them back, and their last service to their mistress was to start her on that memorable and eventful journey.

There were no Pullman coaches in those days, and it was with great difficulty that an old creaky passenger car, long a stranger to paint and varnish, had been secured for the wife of the chief magistrate of a nation of some fifteen or twenty millions of people. We at once entered the car and seated ourselves on the lumpy seats, which were covered with dingy and threadbare brownish-red plush, very suggestive of the vermin with which they afterwards proved to be infested.

The sleepy little children were laid on the seats and made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, but they had hardly closed their eyes before President Davis entered the car. He spoke to us all pleasantly and cheerfully, then took a seat beside his wife and entered into conversation with her. They talked earnestly until the signal for our departure was sounded; but in those days the trains were not run by schedule: you started when the train moved, and you arrived when you got to your destination; and that was all anybody knew about it. Mr. Davis rose from his seat at the sound of the bell, and went from one to the other of his children, kissing them good-bye; then he bade farewell to his sister-in-law, Miss Maggie Howell, and affectionately embraced his wife. Passing the seats where sat the Misses Trenholm and myself, he gave us all a friendly handshake and wished us 'bon voyage.' He then stepped on to the platform, closely followed by Colonel

Harrison. The signal to start was one of many false alarms, and the President and his secretary walked up and down on the platform outside, while engaged in what appeared to us onlookers very serious conversation.

It was ten o'clock before our wheezy and feeble locomotive gave a screech and a jerk which started us on our journey. Colonel Harrison precipitately left his chief and jumped on board the moving train, while the President waved a second farewell to his loved ones. We proceeded at a snail's pace for about twelve miles, when suddenly we came to a standstill. Our ramshackle locomotive had balked; no amount of persuasion on the part of the engineer could induce it to haul us over a slight up-grade, and we remained where we were for the rest of the night. It was the afternoon of the next day when we arrived at Burkesville Junction, where Colonel Harrison received the news of the battle between Generals Pickett and Sheridan and telegraphed the information at once to President Davis.

We did not reach Charlotte until Tuesday; a journey which to-day requires only six or seven hours had taken us four days to accomplish! There was a delay of two or three hours at Charlotte, and, while waiting, Colonel Harrison used the time to go into the city in search of shelter for Mrs. Davis and her helpless family. The inhabitants, however, did not rush forward to offer hospitality to this lady in distress, as they might have done a year or two before misfortune had overtaken her. They seemed to take it for granted that the end of the Confederacy was at hand, although the news of the fall of Richmond did not reach them until two days after our arrival. Mrs. Davis would have been in a sad plight if it had not been for the courage and chivalric courtesy of a Jewish gentleman, a Mr. Weil, who hospitably invited her to stay at his home until she could make other arrangements. May the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob bless him whereever he is!

The news of Mrs. Davis's arrival in Charlotte quickly spread through the city, which by that time was thronged with stragglers and deserters, conscripts and so forth — the very scum of the army; and a mob of these wretches gathered around the car in which she sat. The wretches reviled her in most shocking language. Colonel Harrison, who had returned from his quest for lodgings, closed the open windows of the car so that the ladies could not hear what was being said. We two men were helpless to protect them from the epithets of a crowd of some seventy-five or a hundred blackguards, but we stationed ourselves at the only door which was not locked, determined that they should not enter the car. Colonel Harrison was unarmed and I had only my sword and a regulation revolver in the holster hanging from my belt. Several of the most daring of the brutes climbed up the steps, but when Colonel Harrison firmly told them that he would not permit them to enter that car, the cowards slunk away. When the disturbance had quieted down, Mrs. Davis, her sister, and her children left the train, and with the daughters of Mr. Trenholm I continued on to Abbeville, South Carolina, where the Trenholms had previously engaged a pleasant house. It took us two more days to reach Abbeville, and it was not until our arrival there that we learned that the Confederacy had received the *coup de grâce:* Richmond had fallen.

Mrs. Davis remained for a few days in Charlotte; then it was reported that General Sherman's army was headed that way, and it was necessary for her to seek some haven of safety. She was indeed in a forlorn position, as nobody wished to shelter her for fear that the

Union troops would destroy their homes if they did. Every road was infested by deserters who, if they had wanted anything she possessed, would have given her scant consideration.

The only human being she could look to for protection was Colonel Harrison, and he would have stood small chance of defending her against the bands of undisciplined shirkers who were traversing the country, and who never hesitated to take what they wanted from the weak and helpless. Just as things looked most hopeless to this unhappy lady, the midshipmen from the schoolship Patrick Henry, under the command of Lieutenant William H. Parker, arrived in Charlotte.

When Richmond was ordered to be evacuated, the authorities almost forgot the midshipmen, and it was only at the last moment that Lieutenant Parker received the order to blow up the 'school' and make the best of his way to Charlotte. The midshipmen were landed on the river-bank, and as they trudged toward Richmond they were saluted by the explosions of the magazines, not only of their own ship, but also of the Confederate ironclads and wooden gunboats.

When they arrived at the railway station at Manchester, across the river from Richmond, they found, not only that the soldiers had left, but also that no arrangements had been made for their transportation. Here a piece of good luck came their way. The Treasury officials, with some five hundred thousand dollars in gold and silver coin (all that the Confederacy possessed) packed in kegs, were standing helplessly on the platform alongside a train on which they hoped to get away, while a drunken mob was fast gathering round them. Hundreds of barrels of whiskey had been stove in, their contents filling the gutters in Richmond; and this crowd of swine, after guzzling the fiery liquor out of the ditches, became very brave, and determined to divide the assets of the Confederacy among themselves. The Treasury officials rather doubtfully asked Lieutenant Parker if he could protect the treasure; and when the little midshipmen had formed, the mob commenced to jeer the children. But something happened! and before those ruffians realized it, they had been driven back to a respectful distance, and it began to dawn on them that the guns and bayonets in the hands of those youngsters were going to be used at the word of command. The scoundrels were not so drunk that they did not appreciate the fact that discretion was the better part of valor, and they fled.

The Treasury men were so impressed by the easy way in which the midshipmen had handled the situation that they begged Lieutenant Parker to accompany the specie with his command. The money was loaded on the train, the midshipmen piled in after it, and thus they arrived at Charlotte.

The little command had only a short breathing-spell at Charlotte; the enemy were fast approaching, and there was little time left for them to make good their escape. Lieutenant Parker finally persuaded Mrs. Davis to trust herself to the protection of the midshipmen; so they again started on their sad and painful journey. The railways by this time were completely disorganized and they could proceed in the cars only as far as Chester, South Carolina, where Lieutenant Parker commandeered some wagons in which he placed Mrs. Davis and her family and the kegs of gold. They then started over the rough country roads for Abbeville.

What a distressing spectacle this train of three or four wagons, hauled by broken-down and leg-weary mules, must have presented, and what must have been the apprehensions of that stately, serene woman, the wife of the

President of a great nation, as she sat, surrounded by her helpless children, on one of these primitive vehicles while the half-starved animals slowly dragged her over the weary miles! A platoon of the middies marched in front of the singular procession, acting as an advance-guard; another detachment followed the wagons, serving as rear-guard; and on either side of the train marched the rest of the youngsters. Not far away, on either flank and in their rear, hovered deserters, waiting either for an opportunity or for the necessary courage to pounce upon the untold wealth which they thought that those wagons contained.

When night fell on the first day of their march, they stopped at a country roadside church, which at least afforded shelter from the elements. Mrs. Davis, her sister, and the children slept on the bare floor, and Lieutenant Parker, as commanding officer, rested in the pulpit. The midshipmen who were not on guard-duty lay down under the trees outside, in company with the mules.

IV

While Mrs. Davis and her escort of ragged boys were slowly plodding on their way, things began to happen in the beautiful village of Abbeville, where every residence was surrounded by a garden, and which impressed one as a more fitting setting for a May-Day festival than for the scene of the disruption of a government. First, Senator Wigfall, the man who had received the surrender of Major Anderson's sword at Fort Sumter, arrived. He was the most malignant and unrelenting of all President Davis's political enemies. Before making Texas his home he had been a resident of Abbeville, and he at once went to the house of Mr. Armisted Burt, an old friend, to ask for hospitality. Now it so happened that Mr. Burt had found means to send a message to Mr. Davis, asking him, if he passed through Abbeville, to make his, Mr. Burt's, house his home. In less than forty-eight hours after Mr. Wigfall's arrival, who should appear at the house but Mr. Davis! For a few moments Mr. Burt was in a most embarrassing position; but Mr. Wigfall relieved the tension of the situation by hastily taking his departure out of one door as Mr. Davis entered the other.

The next distinguished persons to arrive were President Davis's Cabinet. These gentlemen drove up in an ambulance, with the exception of the Secretary of War, General Breckinridge, who preferred to ride on horseback. He made a great impression on me, with his superb figure mounted on a large and *fat* charger — a rare sight in those days. The Cabinet camped in and around their ambulance, which had stopped in the suburbs. I visited their camp, and was somewhat surprised to see among these serious and careworn-looking gentlemen the beaming smile on the round face of the rotund Secretary of State, Mr. Judah P. Benjamin. He was the picture of amiability and contentment. Mr. Trenholm, who had been taken seriously ill on the journey from Danville, had been left at a house on the road.

Mr. Trenholm afterwards told me that Mr. Benjamin, up to the time he had left them, had been the life of the party, with his wonderful fund of anecdote, which continuously rippled from his mouth during the daytime; and when the shades of evening fell, and a more serious mood came over him, he would hold his small but distinguished audience spellbound by repeating poetry from the apparently exhaustless storehouse of his memory. Mr. Trenholm also told me that he felt certain that Mr. Benjamin had at the time secreted in his valise (which was a sort

of Aladdin's lamp from which he could instantly produce anything that was needed) a complete disguise in which he intended to make his escape from his pursuers — and such indeed proved to be the fact. Throughout this whole trying journey Mr. Benjamin smoked fragrant Havana cigars, much to the astonishment of his companions, who wondered where he had obtained so unlimited a supply of so rare a luxury.

Then Mrs. Davis arrived with her ragged and mud-stained escort, most of whom by this time were walking on their 'uppers,' or the bare soles of their poor bruised feet. On arriving at Mr. Burt's house, she expressed to her host a fear that his home would be destroyed by the Union troops when they learned that she had been sheltered there. The grand old Southern aristocrat made her a profound bow and replied, 'Madam, I know of no better use my house could be put to than to be burned for such a cause.'

The midshipmen pushed on to Augusta, Georgia, some eighty miles away, seeking a safe place to deposit the treasure; and on their arrival were told to leave the city as quickly as possible, as Sherman's men were expected at any moment. So back they trudged to Abbeville, where the Secretary of the Navy ordered them to be disbanded. These boys, averaging between fourteen and eighteen years of age, were, some of them, nearly a thousand miles from their homes. The railroads had been destroyed, and the country was filled with lawless men; but they were turned loose to shift for themselves. The money was turned over to the care of the soldiers, who took such good care of it that unto this day never a dollar of it has been traced! Later, a lie circulated, involving Mr. Davis with its disappearance; but it was afterwards disproved by the poverty in which he and his wife lived and died.

While Mr. Davis was at Abbeville, a very unpleasant incident took place — an episode which has never been mentioned in other accounts of his flight from Richmond — doubtless because it was not to the credit of some of the Confederate soldiers. In the mountains of North and South Carolina, near the Tennessee line, there were bands of outlaws who called themselves 'guerillas.' A false report reached Mr. Davis to the effect that these brigands, learning that a large amount of gold was being taken through the country, protected only by a few little boys, had made a sudden descent from their mountain fastnesses and were rapidly approaching Abbeville.

On receiving this report, Mr. Davis mounted his horse and rode out to a camp where some of the soldiers were bivouacked. The troops were drawn up to receive him, and he made them a short address — very short. He informed them of the report about the guerillas, and also mentioned that both General Sherman and General Johnston attacked this band wherever they found them, on account of the many atrocities of which they had been guilty against both Union men and Confederates. He wound up his talk by asking the men if they would go out with him to attack these robbers and murderers. As he paused for a reply, a private pushed his horse to the front and said, 'Our lives are just as precious to us as yours is to you. The war is over and we are going home!'

And without the slightest semblance of order, the gang — I can call them nothing else — dispersed, leaving only those few gallant and loyal men who accompanied Mr. Davis until he was captured.

(*The End*)

CHANSON OF THE BELLS OF OSENEY

(THIRTEENTH CENTURY)

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

THE bells of Oseney
(*Hautclère, Doucement, Austyn*)
Chant sweetly every day,
And sadly, for our sin.
The bells of Oseney
(*John, Gabriel, Marie*)
Chant lowly,
Chant slowly,
Chant wistfully and holy
Of Christ, our Paladin.

Hautclère chants to the East
(His tongue is silvery high),
And Austyn like a priest
Sends West a weighty cry;
But Doucement set between
(Like an appeasive nun)
Chants cheerly,
Chants clearly,
As if Christ heard her nearly,
A plea to every sky.

A plea that John takes up
(He is the evangelist)
Till Gabriel's angel cup
Pours sound to sun or mist.
And last of all Marie
(The virgin-voice of God)

Peals purely,
Demurely,
And with a tone so surely
Divine that all must hear.

The bells of Oseney
(*Doucement, Austyn, Hautclère*)
Pour ever day by day
Their peals on the rapt air;
And with their mellow mates
(*John, Gabriel, Marie*)
Tell slowly,
Tell lowly,
Of Christ the High and Holy,
Who makes the whole world fair.

THE FIFTY-CENT KIND

BY KATHARINE BAKER

THERE are times when the very best children develop criminal tendencies. And these were not the very best children. The School Board, indeed, had declared them the worst. Anyway, the time had come.

The mistress of the grammar grades had foreseen this moment occasionally on nervous days, but it was worse than her forecast.

'If I only had complete control of myself, the children might not be so bad,' she reproached herself.

However, that could not be helped either. Her own teachers in the past had not had perfect self-control, nor perhaps theirs before them.

The children were bad. Nobody had any recess in the morning. They all had to stay in. And when they are bad in the morning, the afternoon session looms ominous.

'If the next two classes do not recite better and behave better, we shall have to omit *The Reds of the Midi*,' she announced.

Brief silence fell upon the school. The teacher read stories aloud on fortunate days. One more reading would finish the *Reds*, and Easter holidays would begin to-morrow.

'Aw, please, they'll be good,' remonstrated Samuel.

Samuel was an oaf. The teacher had

never really understood what an oaf might be, until she met Samuel. He had a chronic grievance, and roared with dissatisfaction at everything any one said to him. The principal had frequently offered to suspend Samuel, and only the teacher's weakness for bad boys kept him in the school.

But he liked the *Reds*. When the nuns and butchers danced through the streets of Avignon, Samuel's little eyes snapped with interest. When the hero helped to make guillotines, Samuel's clumsy head craned forward on his heavy shoulders. To any ill-advised child who rustled or coughed, he turned a threatening face.

The teacher rang her bell.

'Sixth geography,' she announced.

As the Sixth rose in their places, obstructing the view, a suppressed shriek was heard.

'Somebody shot water down my collar,' the grocer's boy angrily justified himself.

The grocer's boy was a pale, thin, little soul. He did not legally belong to the grocer, only industrially. All the little boys worked after hours and on holidays. Most of them bought their own clothes with what they earned in this way.

'George, come here,' the schoolmistress said severely to the boy behind, who was telegraph boy out of hours.

But the telegraph boy, with demoniacal astuteness, had passed the water-pistol to his *prochain ami* immediately after his nefarious act, and, thus journeying from hand to hand, it had disappeared. It took several minutes of the teacher's time to bring it to light again.

'I ought to keep you in after school,' said the disgusted teacher.

But she did not want to stay in herself. She felt that without the safety-valve provided by the noon hour, she might explode. So she stood the telegraph boy in a corner, which he did not mind in the least, as she very well knew.

While he wriggled in his corner, and Samuel displayed vast ignorance of the boundaries of Russia, notes were passing to and fro in the back of the room. The teacher weakly pretended to ignore them. Soon the best little girls were whispering. This could not be ignored.

'Martha,' warned the school-mistress.

Martha was not one of the best, but she was incontestably one of the loudest. She stopped and bent her enchanting eye-brows at the tyrant.

'. . . on the south by Denmark,' concluded Samuel hopefully, and sat down.

Martha resumed her whispering.

'Dismissed.'

The geography class thundered to their seats. Classes were decidedly too short. There were ten or fifteen minute periods for lessons, and by night the teacher's head usually spun. Very likely the children's heads spun too; but there was so little in theirs, it could not mix things much.

'Martha, come here, please.'

Martha, a black cloud overshadowing her arch little face with its impeccable coloring, moved slowly forward and stood by the chair of state.

'I spoil you, don't I, Marfa?' said the teacher fondly. 'And so you won't do what I tell you.'

Martha squirmed.

'I always want to do what you tell me to,' she admitted; 'but often I get so mad I can't.'

'I sometimes have an inclination to eat you, Marfa,' divulged the teacher, 'beginning at your tan hair and stopping only at your missing shoe-buttons. But not to-day. You are not good enough to eat to-day.'

Martha grinned appreciatively.

'Do you think you could be quiet until noon?' inquired the teacher.

And Martha promised.

'Probably I'm too easy,' reflected the school-mistress with misgivings. After all, she did not really care a cent for discipline, and the children were well aware of it.

She wanted them to be clean, she wanted to improve their manners and awaken their minds, and sometimes she had hopes of these things; but just now she remembered the warning of the cynical old school-director when she entered this experiment in psychology.

'They're young devils,' said the director. 'You've got to rule them with a rod of iron. No one's ever been able to manage them.'

Probably he knew, too.

Anna Mixner, the professional tattletale, raised a signal. Her malicious black eyes snapped.

'Teacher, Jim Cole is reading a detecatif story.'

Privately the teacher would have been very glad to let sleeping dogs lie. She did not mind detective stories much, and she knew well how fortunate was Jim's preoccupation on such a day as this. But officially she had to take notice.

'James, please put away the story and study your lessons,' she suggested.

Jim burst into sudden fury.

'I would n't be a sneak like Anna Mixner,' he said in stentorian tones. 'I ain't reading any more than Sam Seaman. But Sam there, anything he does is all right.'

This was horrid and unprincipled in Jim, because he himself was the teacher's pet, and knew it.

'Some one's always pickin' on me,' began Sam in the manner of a complaining hippopotamus.

But the teacher interrupted him. She was flaming indignation at her inopportune favorite.

'You two boys will stay after school,' was all she said.

But James and Samuel subsided.

When the children had gone, Sam brought his 'detecatif' story and laid it before her.

'I don't mind stories in their place, Samuel,' she began; then glanced down at the colored frontispiece, and hesitated.

A fainting woman in white reclined upon a sofa. 'As the gigantic black flourished his knife above her, Henry rushed in, revolver in hand. "Stop!" he commanded.'

'The principal disapproves of these five-cent tales. He thinks they are — unsettling. He tells me to take them from you.'

''T is n't mine,' grumbled Samuel. 'It belongs to pop. You take it, and he'll get after me to pay for it.'

'Then, Samuel, please return it to your father at once.'

Samuel promised and departed. She turned to James.

James, his round, fresh face sulking above his childish blouse, stamped heavily up the aisle and stood beside the desk.

'How *could* you act so abominably when you know how I depend on you?' inquired the teacher in the sanctimonious voice of authority.

Her gaze fell on his hand extended over her white blotter.

'Goodness, James! Look at your hand!' she exclaimed, dropping her grief-stricken tone.

She laid her hand suggestively beside his on the blotter.

He studied his huge, purple, dirt-encrusted fist. His face grew as red as his hand.

'But you don't have to look after no horse,' he murmured defensively.

'No,' she admitted, feeling that into such a chaos of negatives she might safely cast another. 'I do have to manage a hateful mule sometimes though, now don't I?'

His gloom lightened at her brilliant witticism.

'Jimmy,' she added ingratiatingly, with her clean hand on his solid little shoulder, 'I'm awfully hungry, and I can't keep you in without keeping myself in too. Let's both go home now, and try to behave like human beings this afternoon.'

But make what haste she might, she was a bit late returning. The principal stopped her as she hurried by his door. He was smiling broadly.

'Mrs. Seaman was here this morning,' he said. 'She wants Samuel to study French next term. She told me she spoke of it to Samuel, and asked him if you could teach it. And Samuel laughed her to scorn. He said you knew everything.'

Well, that was gratifying. But how noisy the children were in that upper hall.

'If she'd come in this morning, she'd have thought she was in the Zoo,' confessed the teacher frankly. 'They behaved like hyenas.'

She flew up the stairs, snatching off her gloves.

'Hurry in, children,' she urged.

They were whispering, giggling, jumping about. They followed her through the door.

On her desk stood a tall gilt basket. It had an immense satin bow tied upon its handle. It was filled with candy, and in the middle reposed a huge chocolate egg, on whose surface a white china dove punctuated the teacher's name.

Eager, joyous little faces crowded around her.

'That's why we were so bad,' explained Martha. She was hopping on and off the rung of the teacher's chair, shouting in the teacher's ear. 'My mamma put the bow on.'

'We were whispering about it,' said Samuel, with the only smile she had ever seen on his injured countenance.

'Why, you darling children!' said the teacher inarticulately.

All those shabby little suits surging around her, bought by their industrious little wearers; all those hard-earned pennies contributed with love to buy this for her — the teacher felt herself choking.

'It's perfectly beautiful,' she assured them.

But they needed no assurance. They knew it.

'You're the best children in the world,' asserted the teacher recklessly, 'and it's the most beautiful basket. Let's simply *rush* through our lessons, and then we'll have time to finish *The Reds of the Midi*.'

'Did you notice the dove?' inquired the emaciated grocer-boy with crafty nonchalance.

'Of course I did. The very first thing.'

'I said to the woman, "Are n't you forgetting the dove?" I reminded her. I said, "Look here, there belongs a dove on that kind of an egg." '

He paused and fingered the dove, then added in an off-hand manner, 'They only come on the fifty-cent kind.'

WITH ARMY ANTS 'SOMEWHERE' IN THE JUNGLE

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

Pit number five had become a shambles. Number five was one of a series of holes dug along the Convict Trail to entrap unwary walkers of the night — walkers or hoppers, for frogs and toads of strange tropical sorts were the most frequent victims. It was dug wide and deep on the slope of an ancient dune of pure white sand, a dune deep hidden in the Guiana jungle, which had not heard the rush and slither of breaking waves for centuries untold. All around this quiet glade was an almost pure culture of young *cecropia* trees. Day after day the pit had entrapped big beetles, rarely a mouse of some unknown species, more frequently a frog.

Now I stood on the brim, shocked at an unexpected sight. A horde of those Huns of the jungle, army ants, had made their drive directly across the glade, and scores of fleeing insects and other creatures had fallen headlong into this deep pit. From my man's height it was a dreadful encounter, but squatting near the edge it became even more terrible; and when I flattened myself on the sand and began to distinguish individuals and perceive the details from an ant's point of view, I realized the full horror and irresistibility of an assault by these ants.

One is not strongly affected by the dying struggles of a single grasshopper captured by a cuckoo or flycatcher. An individual roach being torn to pieces moves one but slightly. A batrachian, however, has more claim on our emotions, and my sympathy went out to a small, sandy-white frog who was making a brave fight for his life. The pit was alive with a host of the army ants, and wherever the little frog hopped, some soldier or heavy-jawed worker soon found him and sank jaws into his soft skin. With frantic scratching the frog would brush it off and leap again, only to be again attacked. The most horrible thing about these ants is their leaping ability. The hop of a bird or the jump of a toad when going about their usual business of life, if we think of it at all, is only amusing. But the sudden leap of a bulldog or tarantula, and the corresponding vicious attack of these ants, is particularly appalling. I saw a soldier leap a full inch and a half toward the landing thud of the frog and bite and sting at the instant of contact. I did not dare go into the pit. No warm-blooded creature could have stood the torture for more than a few seconds. So I opened my umbrella and reaching down, scooped up the sand-colored frog. A half-dozen ants came up in the same instrument, but I evaded them and tied up the tormented batrachian in my handkerchief.

My next glance into the pit showed a large toad, squatted on a small shelf of sand, close to the edge of a crowded column of ants. He was a rough old chap, covered with warts and corrugations, and pigmented in dark gray, with mottlings of chocolate and dull red and occasional glints of gold. He was crouched flat, with all his fingers and toes tucked in beneath him. His head

was drawn in, his eyes closed, and all his exposed surface was sticky with his acid perspiration — the sweat of fear. He knew his danger, — of that there was no doubt, — and he was apparently aware of the fact that he could not escape. Resignedly he had settled on the very line of traffic of the deadly foe, after intrenching himself and summoning to his aid all the defenses with which nature had endowed him. And he was winning out — the first vertebrate I have ever known to withstand the army ants. For a few minutes he would be ignored and his sides would vibrate as he breathed with feverish rapidity. Then two or three ants would run toward him, play upon him with their antennæ, and examine him suspiciously. During this time he was immovable. Even when a soldier sank his mandibles deep into the roughened skin and wrenched viciously, the toad never moved. He might have been a parti-colored pebble embedded in its matrix of sand. Once, when three bit him simultaneously, he winced, and the whitish, acrid juice oozed from his pores. Usually the ants were content with merely examining him. I left him when I saw that he was in no immediate danger.

One other creature was quiescent in the pit and yet lived: a big, brown, hard-backed millipede. Like the frog, he fully realized his danger and had sunk his bulk partly into the sand, bending down head and tail and presenting only mailed segments. A mob of ants were trying vainly to bite their way into this organic citadel.

For the dozens of grasshoppers, crickets, roaches, beetles, spiders, ants, and harvest men, there was no escape. One daddy-long-legs did a pitiful dance of death. Supported on his eight long legs, he stood high out of reach of his assailants. He was balanced so exactly that the instant a feeling antenna touched a leg, he would lift it out of reach. Even when two or three were simultaneously threatened, he raised them, and at one time stood perfectly balanced on four legs, other four waving in air. But his *kismet* came with a concerted rush of half a dozen ants, which overbore him, and in a fraction of time his body, with two long legs trailing behind, was straddled by a small worker and borne rapidly away.

I now flattened myself on an antless area at the edge of the pit and studied the field of battle. In another half-hour the massacre was almost over. Five double, or often quadruple, columns were formed up the sandy cliffs, and the terrific labor of carrying out the dead victims began. The pit was five feet deep, with perfectly straight sides, which at the rim had been gutted by the rain, so that they actually overhung. Yet the ants which had half-climbed, half-tumbled and rolled their way to the bottom in the wake of their victims, now set themselves to solving the problem of surmounting these cliffs of loose, crumbling grains, dragging loads which, in most cases, were much heavier than themselves. Imagine a gang of men set to carrying bundles of one to two hundred pounds up perpendicular cliffs twelve hundred feet in height, and the task of the army ants is made more vivid. So swiftly did they work and so constantly shift their formations and methods of meeting and surmounting difficulties, that I felt as I used when looking at a three-ring circus. I could perceive and record only a small part of the ingenious devices and the mutual assistance and sharing of the complicated conditions which arose at every step.

Among the frightened victims, even for those endowed with excellent eyesight and powerful flight, there was only hopeless confusion and blind terror. Instead of directing their flight

upward, they drove from side to side. Those whose leaps should have carried them out, simply kicked out blindly and brought up against the sandy walls. If leaf-cutting ants had been at work here, there would have been a certain amount of coöperation. Certain ones would have cut leaves, other individuals would have picked them up and transported them. But with the army ants this mutual assistance was sublimated, developed to a quintessence of excellence. If I, seated on the rim, overlooking the whole, had been an all-powerful spirit, gifted with the ability to guide by thought simultaneously all the ants within sight, such guidance could not have bettered the cunning coöperation, the unexpectedly clever anticipation of trouble, the marvelous singleness of purpose and manifold effectiveness exhibited by these astounding creatures.

First, as to the personnel of the army ants. Roughly I divided them into two categories, white-heads and black-heads. The latter were by far the more numerous and, as a rule, were smaller, with less powerful jaws. But this did not mean that the white-heads were all soldiers. Most of them indeed were the hardest workers. Between the great extremes of size in each of these two types, there seemed to exist only a difference of degree. The smallest black-head laborers, only a little more than one-fifth of an inch long, did their bit, flew like bull pups at any prey which showed signs of life, and staggered bravely along with any piece of loot which their short legs could straddle.

The white-heads, twice as large, were the strong men of the community, putting all their activity into the labor, shouldering, pushing, dragging, lifting, singly or in unison. These persons had powerful jaws, but jaws which were stout and scissor-edged. The largest of the white-heads were armed with reaping-hooks, long inwardly-pronged jaws, curved like the tushes of ancient mammoths, too specialized for carrying loads, but well adapted for defense of the most powerful character. Yet, as we shall see, even these were not too proud to work, when occasion demanded it. But their jaws were so enormous that they had to carry themselves very erect, and they could not make quite as good time as the other castes.

All had reddish brown abdomens, with darker thoraxes and white or black heads. These heads bulged on each side like the domes of observatories. Exactly in the centre of each dome, looking like the jet black head of a tiny pin, was the single remaining facet of the eye, the degenerate residue of the hundreds which were present in their ancestors, and which the perfect males and females still possess and look through. Even this single eye is a sham, for its optic nerve dies out before the brain ganglion is reached; so we come to the astounding realization that these ants are totally blind, and carry on all their activities through the sense or senses residing in those marvelous quivering antennæ. Here are beings spending all their lives in ceaseless changing activities, meeting and coping with constantly new conditions, yet wholly blind. Their sense of smell dominates their judgment of substance, and the moment an army ant reached my moccasin he sank jaws and sting deep into the fabric as instinctively and instantly as when he executed the same manœuvres more effectively on my hand.

II

Keeping this handicap in mind, the achievements of these little creatures assumed a still greater significance, and with renewed interest and appreciation I again surveyed the scene in the amphitheatre before me. When the majority of the pit victims had been slain,

the process of carrying them up to the surface began. The hordes of ravening ants resolved themselves, as I have said, into five distinct columns of traffic which, inch by inch, fought for a footing up three of the four sides.

Half of the bottom of the pit was a sort of flat table-land several inches higher than the rest, and the first thing the ants did was to carry all their booty to this steppe, in pieces or bodily, some of the unfortunate creatures still protesting weakly as they were dragged along. In fifteen minutes the lowest part of the pit bottom was deserted, and after much hesitation I vaulted down and found a footing reasonably safe from attack.

Two traffic columns had already reached the summit, and the others were forging rapidly ahead. All used a similar method of advance. A group of mixed castes led the way, acting as scouts, sappers, and miners. They searched out every slope, every helpful step or shelf of sand. They took advantage of every hurdle of white grass-roots as a welcome grip which would bind the shifting sand grains. Now and then they had to cross a bare, barren slope with no natural advantages. Behind them pressed a motley throng, some still obsessed with the sapper instinct, widening the trail, tumbling down loose, dangerous grains. Some bore the first-fruits of victory, small ants and roaches which had been the first to succumb. These were carried by one, or at most by two ants, usually with the prey held in the jaws close beneath the body, the legs or hinder-part trailing behind. In this straddling fashion the burden was borne rapidly along, an opposite method from the overhead waving banners of the leaf-cutters.

With these came a crowd of workers, both white- and black-headed, and soldiers, all empty-jawed, active, but taking no part in the actual preparation of the trail. This second cohort or brigade had, it seemed to me, the most remarkable functions of any of the ants which I saw during my whole period of observation. They were the living implements of trail-making, and their ultimate functions and distribution were so astounding, so correlated, so synchronized with the activities of all the others that it was difficult not to postulate an all-pervading intelligence, to think of these hundreds and thousands of organisms as other than corpuscles in a dynamic stream of life controlled by some single, outside mind.

Here, then, were scores of ants scrambling up the steep uneven sides, over ground which they had never explored, with unknown obstacles confronting them at every step. To the eye they were ants of assorted sizes, but as they advanced, numbers fell out here and there and remained behind. This mob consisted of potential corduroy, rope-bridges, props, hand-rails, lattices, screens, fillers, stiles, ladders, and other unnamable adjuncts to the successful scaling of these apparently impregnable cliffs. If a stratum of hard sand appeared, on which no impression could be made, a line of ants strung themselves out, each elaborately fixing himself fast by means of jaws and feet. From that moment his feverish activity left him: he became a fixture, a single unit of a swaying bridge over a chasm; a beam, an organic plank, over which his fellows tramped by hundreds, some empty, some heavily laden. If a sudden ascent had to be made, one ant joined himself to others to form a hanging ladder, up which the columns climbed, partly braced against the sandy wall.

At uncertain, unguarded turns a huge soldier would take up his station, with as many functions and duties as a member of the Broadway traffic squad. Stray, wandering ants would be set right

by a single twiddle of antennæ; an overburdened brother would be given a helping jaw and assisted for some distance to the end of his beat. I was especially interested in seeing, again and again, this willingness to help bear the burdens. It showed the remains of an instinct, inhibited by over-development, by ultra-specialization of fighting paraphernalia, still active when opportunity gave it play. At the first hint, by sound or smell, of danger, the big soldier whirled outward and, rearing high on his legs, brandished his mighty blades in mid-air. Here was an ideal pacifist, who could turn his sword into a ploughshare at will, and yet keep the former unsheathed for instant use.

When I watched more closely, I detected more delicate gradations of mutual aid. At the same level in two columns of ascent, the same stratum of hard sand was encountered. To one column the sand presented a rough surface which gave good foothold. Here the single line of ants which was ranged along the lower edge of the trail, in lieu of hand-rail, all faced downward, so that the ants passing above them walked partly on the abdomens and partly on the hind legs of their fellows. In the second column, the surface of the sand was smooth, and here the burdened ants found great difficulty in obtaining a foothold. In this instance the supporting gang of ants faced upward, keeping their place solely by their six sturdy legs. This left head and jaws free, and in almost every case they helped the passage of the booty by a system of passing from jaw to jaw, like a line of people handing buckets at a fire. The rightful carriers gave up their loads temporarily and devoted their attention to their own precarious footing.

I learned as much from the failures of this particular formation as from its successes. Once a great segment of a wood-roach was too much for the gallant line clinging to the sides of the pit, and the whole load broke loose and rolled to the bottom. Of the hand-rail squad only two ants remained. Yet in four minutes another line was formed of fresh ants, — ants who had never been to the spot before, — and again the traffic was uninterrupted. I saw one ant deliberately drop his burden, letting it bounce and roll far down to the bottom of the pit, and instantly take his place in the line of living guard-rails. The former constituents of the line had clung to the roach segment through all its wild descent, and until it came to rest at the bottom. Without a moment's pause, they all attacked it as if they thought it had come to life, then seized it and began tugging it upward. In a fraction of time, without signal or suggestion or order, the hand-rails had become porters. The huge piece of provender had rolled close to an ascending column on the opposite side of the pit, and up this new trail the bearers started, pulling and pushing in unison, as if they had been droghers and nothing else throughout the whole of their ant-existence.

One climax of mutual assistance occurred near the rim of the pit on a level with my eyes, where one column passed over a surface which had been undermined by heavy rain, and which actually overhung. I watched the overcoming of this obstacle. All the ants which attempted to make their way up at this point lost their footing and rolled headlong to the bottom. By superformicine exertions a single small worker at last won a path to the rim at the top. Around the edge of the pit innumerable ants were constantly running, trying, on their part, to find a way down. The single ant communicated at once with all which came past, and without hesitation a mass of the insects formed at this spot and began to work downward. This could be done

only by clinging one to the other; but more and more clambered down this living ladder, until it swayed far out over the vastness of the pit, three inches in length. I had never lost sight of the small worker, who had turned on his tracks and was now near the bottom of the ladder, reaching wildly out for some support — ant, grass, or sand. I was astonished to see that, as the length and consequent weight of the dangling chain increased, the base support was correspondingly strengthened. Ant after ant settled itself firmly on the sand at the top, until a mat of insects had been formed, spread out like animate guy-ropes.

At last the ultimate ant in the rope touched the upraised jaws of a soldier far below. The contact acted like an electric shock. The farthest ant in the guy-rope gang quivered with emotion, a crowd of ants climbed down and another up, and bits of insect and spider prey began to appear from the depths of the pit, over the living carpet suspended from the brim. For an inch the droghers climbed over the bodies braced against the cliff. Then, where the surface became smooth, the dangling chain came into use. Before the rim of the pit was reached, the chain had become a veritable hollow tube of ants, all with heads inward, and through this organic shaft passed the host from the ascending column. But it was far more than any mechanically built tube. When an extra large piece of loot came up, the tube voluntarily enlarged, the swelling passing along until the booty and its bearers emerged at the top.

Within five minutes after this last column was completed, there passed over it, out of the pit, a daddy-long-legs with legs trailing, perhaps the same one which I had seen in the tragic little dance of death. There followed two silvery-gray ants, a wood-roach in two installments, part of a small frog, three roaches, and two beetles. These latter gave a great deal of trouble and tumbled down the cliff again and again.

III

When all the columns were established and the provision trains in full movement, I leaped out and scouted round for the rest of the army. I found that the pit was only an incident. In all directions lines of ants poured past, carrying booty of all sizes and descriptions. Here and there the huge soldiers walked slowly along the outskirts, directing stragglers, looking for danger, snapping at any roach or strange ant which rushed frantically by, and holding it until it was carried off by nearby workers.

I followed a column over logs and leaves to where it ascended a cecropia tree. A harvest of small arboreal insects was being gleaned high overhead. As I watched, there came a heavy downpour of rain, a typical shower of the tropics, with a scattering of heavy drops out of the full sunshine and then a sudden clouding and a straight deluge for a few minutes. The reaction of the ants was interesting. They did not like the water, and it was comical to see them tumble over one another to get under shelter. Like the doorways of city shops in a shower, every curled-up leaf was packed, and from every crevice of bark projected sundry abdomens and hind legs for which there was no room inside. When the bearer of a large bag of booty found a convenient corner, he backed into it and left his meat sticking out in the rain.

After the shower all came forth at full speed, but for some minutes there was considerable confusion. The sluice of water had evidently washed away much of the scent which stood for guide-posts, directing signs, and pointing hands along the trail. Only after

many false starts were the old pathways discovered and again traversed. In one place the ants climbed a huge log and marched along the top for six or seven yards. I timed them carefully and found that on this straight-away track their average speed was two and a half feet in ten seconds. So they covered a mile in three hours and a half, and in all the army ants I have ever watched this rate of speed never slackens; in fact, it frequently greatly increases. When hot on the scent of prey they double their usual gait.

There are as many ludicrous sights to be seen in the ranks of army ants as there are among the banner-decked processions of the leaf-cutters. Along the tree-trunk track came three big white-heads straddling an inch-worm — in this case an inch-and-a-half worm. They leaned forward and downward, the heads of those behind overlapping the abdomens in front, and they looked for all the world like the riders of an old-fashioned three-seated bicycle, spurting along the trail. Another simile, even more vivid, evoked the vision of some weirdly constructed, elongated myriopod with four-and-twenty legs. After a hard fight, in the course of which I was stung twice, I unseated the trio and took the measuring worm away from them. As I lifted it from where it had fallen, at least fifty ants hurled themselves at the spot, jaws snapping, trembling with violent rage. I walked ten feet away and dropped the worm in the midst of another column, and within an equal number of seconds three new white-heads had mounted it and were hustling it along — the replicas in appearance and method of the first team.

Many species of stranger ants were killed and carried off as food, but now and then I noted a most significant exception. In three different parts of the glade I saw good-sized, pale, flesh-colored ants which walked unharmed in the very ranks of the terrible host. Unharmed they were, but not wholly above suspicion, and their progress was not an easy one. For every unburdened ant which passed leaped at the pale one, antennaed it fiercely for a moment and reluctantly released it. One could read their indecision as they slowly loosened their hold, turning again and again and waving their antennæ as if to make sure that it was not better to act on their suspicion and slay at once. Finally, they always passed on. The pale ones had some strange inaudible password, some sensory parole which protected them. And their total lack of fear showed their knowledge of their immunity. Even with the added sense of sight which they possessed, they chose voluntarily to accept this dubious, reluctantly accorded friendship. But it was probable that, even if they lived in the very community or nest of the army ants, theirs was the hard-earned dependence of neutrals who were liable to be knocked down at a moment's notice, and searched for any strange, inimical scent which would spell instant death.

In one place the army column made a slight détour round a hillock of sand-grains upon which a host of tiny brown ants were laboring. I thought it remarkable that such immunity should be accorded these dwarfs, and I sought the reason. It was forthcoming at once when I gingerly lifted a big soldier with the forceps and dropped him on the ant-hill. What occurred was a replica of the usual army-ant scene, but enacted as if viewed through the large end of an opera-glass. Scores of the minute brown chaps rushed forth and for a moment fairly overbore the white-headed giant. Indeed, before he could recover he was dragged partly down a sandy hole. His jaws brandished and champed, but his assailants were so

small that they slipped through them unharmed. Many actually seized the jaws themselves and were hurled through the air as these snapped together. Regaining his feet, the great army ant staggered off and, fortunately for him, rolled down a slope into another column of his own kind. Here he freed himself little by little, scraping off the minute fighting browns with the help of two very small workers, whose jaws, being much less in size, were better able to grip the diminutive furies. Their assistance was half-hearted, and the odor of the dead and dying pygmies was distinctly disliked by them. They were apparently well aware of the capabilities of these small cousins, and held them in high respect.

This outburst of successful defense on the part of the small ants was unexpected. I glanced back at their hill and saw them unconcernedly piling up grains as if nothing had occurred to disturb them. I wondered if, with senses perfectly attuned, with an enlarging-glass ability of observation, one might not find still lesser communities which would in their turn consider the little brown ants as giants, and on the space of a pin's head attack them and fly at their throats.

A species of silvery-gray ant which was abundant in the glade was an object of special enmity, and even after one of these was killed and being carried along, passing army ants would rush up and give it a vicious, unnecessary nip. One such ant made its escape from the hold of a small worker; but before it had taken ten steps it was actually buried under a rolling mass of army ants. The flying leap with which these athletes make their tackle would delight the heart of any football coach, although their succeeding activities belong rather to savage warfare. Termites, or so-called white ants, are, curiously enough, immune from attack. Yet these slow-moving, fat-bodied creatures would seem first-rate food, and the fight they could put up would not stand an instant before a concerted rush of battling army ants. The saving character is doubtless odor or taste. I dropped a tunnelful of these insects in the path of the army ants and they were quite ignored, although the black- and white-headed fellows were terribly angry and excited.

I coveted a small beetle of peculiar pattern which the ants were hurrying along, and in taking it from them I accidentally cut an army ant in two. His abdomen rolled down a small slope and caused considerable panic among his fellows. They formed a ring round it and waved their antennæ in mid-air, the scent of the blood of their own kind causing them to forget hurry and burdens and their normal activities. The front part of the ant seemed but little inconvenienced and endeavored to seize and carry the load it had dropped. Little by little it began to realize that all was not right, and after one or two attempts to turn and investigate, it ran rapidly down the trail. I made a dab at it to put it out of what seems better called inconvenience than misery, but succeeded only in bisecting the thorax, so that there remained the head and front pair of legs. These lost nothing in activity, and by means of the single pair of legs the head rowed itself rapidly along, its antennæ twiddling vigorously those of every ant it met. This was uncanny, a little too much, and I ground the fraction of ant to powder. No wonder the army ant is such a virile creature, endowed with the most extreme emotions, when, with such a small section of its anatomy remaining, it can continue to show such astounding activity.

One could study for hours the interactions among the army ants themselves. More than once I saw a good-

sized ant transporting one of its fellows, exactly as it would carry a bit of booty. I tried to examine this ant, and to my surprise, both attacked me ferociously. The one which was carried was neither dead, ill, nor disabled, but very much alive. I cannot even suggest an explanation of this phenomenon, as it did not seem an attempt to aid a comrade in distress.

As dusk began to settle down, I found a column of ants which must have discovered and sacked the city of some stranger ants. They were laden with ant-booty: eggs, larvæ, and dead ants by the hundred. This was comprehensible, but what I did not at first understand was a dense line of ants moving solidly in one direction, all laden with large eggs and immature ants, which they were carrying with great care. A large number of the huge soldiers patrolled the outer flanks of the column, more than I had seen with all the other traffic lines together. I realized at last that I was looking at an actual moving of a portion of the army-ant household itself. It was guarded and transported with all the care of which these insects were capable. The infant ants rested safely in the great jaws, the same jaws which all day had been busy slashing and biting and tearing, and carrying food for these same infants.

And now the tropical night began to close down and I made my way back to the sand-pit. The last of the columns were making their way out, systematically from the bottom up, each ant following in turn. The moment the last bit of prey passed up the column, by some wonderfully delicate and subtle sense, every ant knew of it, and the corduroy rose, the hand-rails unjointed themselves, the ropes unspliced, the embankments dislodged of their own volition, and stepping-stones took to themselves legs. After hours of total inactivity, these sentient paraphernalia of the *via formica* became, once more, beings surcharged with ceaseless movement, alert and ready to become a useful cog in the next movement of this myriad-minded machine. I jumped down into the pit. The great gold-spotted toad stretched and scratched himself, looked at me, and trembled his throat. I was not an army ant! The millipede cautiously reared its head from the sand and felt timidly about.

I looked out and saw the last of the mighty army disappearing into the undergrowth. I listened and heard no chirp of cricket, nor voice of any insect in the glade. Silence brooded, significant of wholesale death. Only at my feet two ants still moved, a small worker and a great white-headed soldier. Both had been badly disabled in the struggles in the pit, and now vainly sought to surmount even the first step of the lofty cliff. They had been ruthlessly deserted. The rearing of new hosts was too easy a matter for nature to have evolved anything like stretchers or a Red Cross service among these social beings. The impotence of these two, struggling in the dusk, only emphasized the terrible vitality of their distant fellows. As the last twilight of day dimmed, I saw the twain still bravely striving, and now the toad was watching them intently. A poor-me-one called mournfully from a distance, and I walked slowly toward home.

A HOUSE IN ATHENS

BY ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

I PICK up the morning paper and read that my friend's house in Athens is besieged by the royalists because her brother is a Venizelist: he has escaped and taken refuge with the American Legation. The house — as many besides myself will remember — stands opposite Hadrian's Gate, within the 'city of Theseus,' that portion of Athens which even to the Roman Emperor seemed venerable and adorable. The street on which the hospitable door opens points the way to the Acropolis. Within the door is a little courtyard on which, in almost ancient fashion, the various rooms open. When I first visited my friend, a quarter of a century ago, quivering with youth and enthusiasms, I used to come out from my bedroom at night to stand on the balcony above the courtyard and look up, in the moonlit solitude, to the southern, broken columns of the Parthenon.

The thought that now this house is in danger from the supporters of a foreign king, who, at the behest of a Hohenzollern, has betrayed the Greek democracy, fills me with emotion. I am frightened and grieved by the peril besetting my friends, angered and depressed by the catastrophe which threatens the soul of their country.

> 'Discord, Macedon, and Rome
> And lastly thou!'

But the Turk was not the last, if the Prussian is to dictate the overthrow of Venizelos and turn into 'ashes, wrecks, oblivion' the slowly maturing fruits of that liberty for which Shelley sang and Byron died.

The morning mail brings me a letter from an American who is still patiently excavating in Greece. The peasant in whose house he is living had just explained to him the present apparent confusion. 'The King and Venizelos' — the phrasing is the archæologist's — 'have made a pact, one to support the Allies, the other to please Germany; they will continue to be at daggers drawn until it is perfectly clear to both in agreement which side is to win the war, whereupon one of them will go over to the other's camp and together they will give the *coup de grâce* to the defeated armies and win a great place for Greece in the world.'

I find myself smiling at the landlord's notion of the shrewdness of his own people and the blindness of foreigners, and touched, in spite of myself, by his success in keeping an unspoiled faith in a king who only a few years ago led the Greek army to victory and a statesman who has led Greek minds to the noble vision of a regenerated democracy.

My rage, seemingly so ungovernable, begins to seek bounds. I have been feeling that I never wish to set foot again in a self-betrayed Athens. But now there flash upon my inward eye the places which my friend and I often visited together, walking out from her house into the Attic plain. Except when you walk southward, straight toward the sea, — the bright green, or blackish purple, the turquoise or foamy blue gulf of the Ægean, — you face in any direction some one of the

mountains of Attica. Here is Pentelicon, its deep purple cut into by the white quarries and by vivid patches of red, upturned soil; here, the slopes of Parnes, so lately devastated by fire, so rich when I last saw them in pines and plane trees, poplars and oaks and cypresses; and here, in a long line stretching north and south, lies Hymettus. When the sky is dull, its whole substance, with the stark rocks revealed, looks gray and cold and hard, and yet superbly modeled. When the sun is shining and the air is clear, dark purple shadows cover the mountain, marking out its folds and slightest ravines. And when there is a haze, a delicate veil of blue hides all the rocks and depressions, and modeling gives way to color. Sometimes wet clouds cling to the summit and creep down over the side in thin gray fog. There are dark days in Athens, when in embattled array clouds hang low over Hymettus, Pentelicon, and Parnes. Then it is not possible to discern beyond the Attic borders the god-haunted ridges of Cithæron and Helicon.

The plain, where one is walking, is almost as barren as the Spartans left it in the Peloponnesian War. My friend tells me, with frank contempt, of Sophia's desire to cover it with fruit trees in German abundance and orderliness. At present only pink and white almond blossoms in the spring mingle with the gray-green olives, the black-green cypresses and yellow-green pines. In the winter the plane and beech trees carry pale gold leaves. When the winter passes wild flowers begin to appear. A rare green field is turned into shadowy blue by speedwell. Up on the Acropolis poppies and mallows, daisies and pale lilac dandelions creep out among the ruins. Anemones grow everywhere, sometimes close to clumps of asphodel. And on the sides of Parnes, among the rocks and rough shrubs, we used to pick cowslips and crocuses and cyclamens. Only at well-watered Cephissia can nature become properly efficient, producing the vegetables and garden flowers which are sold in Athens.

Near the sophisticated Parisian city, in any direction, shepherds and their flocks abound. Often a woman, dressed in dull blue, leans against a tree and spins while she keeps an eye on her goats. One afternoon, accompanied by a friend, we followed a gray-haired old peasant as he was taking his donkey home from a day's marketing in Athens. He courteously accepted a cigarette from our man, and the two smoked and talked together along the highway. In his little village we found the streets peppered with children, and with women who gossiped at the corners as they plied the distaff or held the latest baby. The men were housing the sheep which had been pastured on Hymettus, and feeding the donkeys which had busily carried burdens all day long. One of the patient little beasts was rolling over and over, in an ecstasy of freedom, on a heap of straw in front of his master's hut. Every one wished us a 'beautiful evening,' and every one in doing it wore a happy air, except one old, old woman whose face was too set in sorrow to change, as she bowed gravely and spoke the words with exquisite courtesy. From the outer corners of the village streets we could look toward the Gulf of Ægina; from the inner corners we could see the near foot-hills of Hymettus. We loitered in the primitive one-roomed tavern for the excellent Turkish coffee obtainable anywhere in Greece, and as we came out, just as we opened the door, we saw, across the plain, the Acropolis, silvery gray in the late gray afternoon, aloof and still, rapt from all commerce with our kind.

My last walk with my friend led us out from the southern side of the Acropolis. The clouds were gathering and

sinking upon Hymettus, a fresh wind blew from the sea. We made our way across the plain to a hillock which is the private burying-place of friends of my friend. The graves lie about a tiny chapel erected for prayers. We sat in its open porch and looked out beyond Piræus to the noble hills of Salamis. The gulf was very green. In our talk we drifted from Salamis to Shelley, from the war of independence to the modern political situation. Venizelos, the man from Crete, had just been elected prime minister. King George, respected and shrewd, was holding on to his throne, although his sons had been removed from the army. Constantine, the Crown Prince, in civilian clothes, and Sophia, unpanoplied, if unchastened, were appearing at lectures in the German archæological school and climbing the Acropolis with the rest of us to hear the great Dörpfeld expound the architecture of the Propylæa. How little we foresaw the events close upon us — the Balkan War, the recall of the royal princes to military commands, the assassination of George and the enthronement of Constantine as king and popular hero in one!

The wind grew cold and we rose and walked around to the side of the chapel from which we could see the Acropolis. I reminded my friend of the night of our youth, twenty years before, when we had sat in the moonlight on the steps of the Parthenon and she, the Athenian-born, had shocked me, the passionate pilgrim, by wishing she were in Florence.

'That was *Wanderlust*,' she answered, — we did not in those days avoid German phrases, — 'not unlike your own which brought you here.' We talked of my imminent departure, and she wondered if I would ever return, as I had already twice before. 'But, of course!' I protested. 'It is a home of the spirit. How can I not come back?'

We turned homeward, walking toward that citadel which, as a Turkish commander told his Sultan in 1826, 'the nations of unbelievers regard as their own house.' After skirting the Dionysiac theatre, we turned into the broad street which runs by Hadrian's Gate, and came to my friend's door, passing in to charm and cheer.

Now this house — like our common House on the rock above — is in danger from forces set in motion by one nation of unbelievers which denies immortal Athens and seeks to resurrect dead Sparta. As the Spartans laid waste the Attic plain, are these Germans laying waste the Athenian spirit? Are they making void the liberty and humanity handed down by the ancient democracy to a people which wrestled with the Turk and demanded constitutional rights from its first king?

In the beauty of the Attic plain there is an extraordinary spiritual power. Those who dwell with it often wonder whether this unique quality comes from the pervading restraint in color and form, from the strength of the hills, or from the presence, from street-corners and fields and mountain-tops, of the height which bears the temple of Wisdom. The first time I climbed up the Acropolis it was in the company of a German. I regretted my ignorance of much that lay around me and he said to me, 'Do not be troubled because you do not yet know about these things. Love them first. The rest will follow.' He died long ago, but there must be many left in his country who will not forever submit to Sparta. St. Paul, with a superb disregard for nationalism, talked of a spiritual commonwealth. Its citizens — we must assure ourselves — will yet join in what Paul's Athenian forerunner described as a '*recall* of the noblest in the soul to a vision of the most excellent in the ideal.'

It is incredible that some day, in the

spring, when new-born flowers are creeping out among the ruins, I should not return to Greece. My bitter anger gives way to the passionate hope that I may then be willing again to ascend the steeps of the Acropolis with a German. As I look down from there upon Mars' Hill, where the Christian declared the Unknown God, — Him who is not far from every one of us and who hath made of one blood all nations of men, — I am emboldened to hope that my friend herself may receive us together in her house in Athens.

AT THE ENEMY'S MERCY

BY LIEUTENANT F. S., OF THE FRENCH ARMY

I

JANUARY 7, 1915, will remain a memorable date for me. It was the day when I was unfortunate enough to be captured by the Germans. A short description will show how it happened.

The company of which I was in command had to defend a front of about a thousand feet in the very heart of the Argonne, that is, eighteen odd miles west-northwest of Verdun. Trench warfare had set in over two months before, and deep trenches had been dug in the first line, while a second line was in course of completion about four hundred feet behind the first. They were connected by communication trenches which wound round the short stumps of oaks decapitated by shells. My company front was pretty secure, for my first line, manned by one half of my soldiers, was running along the northern brow of a small plateau which dipped clean down under our very parapets to make way for a small forest brook running parallel to my trench eighty feet below. The ground rose again as steeply on the other bank, the German position lying exactly opposite ours, and on about the same level. There was no more idea of our making a frontal attack on the Germans than there was danger that they would disturb us seriously. But conditions were quite different on the right and left continuation of my trench, respectively held by the 7th and the 1st companies of my regiment. For there the slope toward the Germans was gentle and slow, and the 'debatable land' between the Germans and the first company amounted to a strip hardly 30 feet in depth, sometimes less. So that I was running the risk of having the Germans in the same trench with me on either of my flanks if they attacked the neighboring companies of the 46th, as was bound to happen sooner or later.

For there was no quiet in the Argonne throughout the winter of 1914–1915. There were no big-scale attacks, but plenty of trenches stormed and restormed: the German Crown Prince, who was in command of the army facing us, evidently tried to drive us gradually back till he got nearer to Verdun from the northwest. These attacks were to culminate in the well-known German partial offensive of July 13

and 14, 1915, which had some success at the beginning, but meant no serious advance; so that the lines in early 1917 are nearly the same as in early 1915.

On the 7th of January, 1915, about 8 A.M., we heard quite an unusual number of German shells gliding with a railway-like rumbling high above our heads (this is a pet metaphor of many *poilus* who have no idea what a metaphor is), and crashing a couple of hundred yards behind us. Did that mean that the Germans were up to something? It probably did, for after half an hour, as I was washing up out of a pail of water held for me by my orderly, a deafening report rose on my left, apparently very close. The pail drops on my feet and all the trench shakes and shivers as in a formidable earthquake. A most uncomfortable feeling. The Germans had presumably sprung a mine and were attacking on my left. All at once the sniping developed into regular gusts of musketry-fire. In a few seconds I had pulled my revolver, which I never abandoned, out of its case, and was rushing to the extreme left of my company front, which I well knew was for the moment the only endangered part, taking on my way a few men with me as a reinforcement.

Yells to the left! The Germans have jumped into the trench of the 1st Company, I hear from a few soldiers of that company, who are drawing back my way. I establish myself immediately, with my sergeant-major, behind a traverse,—*pare-éclats* (protection against splinters) as we call them,—and stand waiting there, revolver in hand, ready to fire on the first German whom I see. Suddenly, one yard off, the muzzle of a rifle faces me, and a *feldgrau* breast behind it. I fire from my concealed angle, something heavy splashes in the mud. Not five seconds have elapsed, as far as I can make out, when I feel a whirl and a hubbub in my head, and I myself am lying wounded in the mud, looking in vain for my revolver.

The retribution had been quick. Two Germans rush at me, wildly excited, yelling like mad, and shouting in bad French, '*Rendez-fous!*' One of them takes a bad aim at me and pulls the trigger of his Mauser. The bullet hits the parapet, but not me, and I answer in the best German that I can muster, in a voice of command, '*Nicht schiessen! Ich bin ein verwundeter Oberleutnant! Lassen Sie mal einen Sanitäter herkommen.*'—'*Zu Befehl! Herr Oberleutnant.*' And the same man who tried to kill me half a minute before pulls me gently back to the now German side of the traverse and watches me good-humoredly, while his chum goes for a Red Cross orderly. I cannot move; I do not know where my limbs are, but my head is now a little clearer and I ask myself what has happened.

This is what has happened: the Germans had hand-bombs while we had not a single one, and they had very skillfully hurled one at me, over the traverse. It burst so near me on my left, that my left tympanum was broken under the pressure of air, while I got a rich allotment of splinters in my head above my left ear, in my left hand, in my breast, in my left thigh, and in my left and right calves. Képi and revolver had been flung away by the force of the explosion and were lying somewhere in the mud or over the parapet. And now I am lying on my back in thick Argonne mire, tinged red by my blood, and I look at the clouds scudding madly overhead, and it seems so funny to see all that reversed landscape, all those reversed trees which I used to know so well, every single one of them, but do not quite recognize now because I am gazing at them from a lying instead of a standing position. I felt just weak, so weak that I could not raise my head from the pillow of stone kindly

provided by my would-be murderer. I had no notion of time, did not feel unhappy, did not quite know whether I was going to die or not, did not much care; I took it as a matter of course to see the Germans firing at the French on both sides of me, and now and again casting a side glance at me. I think I did not even fully realize that I was a prisoner — did not resent it anyhow, as I was to do later. In short, I suffered neither physically nor morally, stripped as I apparently was of the very faculty of feeling.

How long I waited under the rain, on my soft bed of earth, watching all the time with keen interest a streamlet of clayey water playing along my breast and thigh, till it grew light pink, then crimson, and finally doubled the cape of my extended left boot, I cannot say. All I know is that some time in the course of the day, a *Sanitäter* came, dressed my wounds for pure form (they had already been anointed with French liquid mould), took me pickaback, tiny man though he was, and worked his way heavily, bent nearly double, over knapsacks ripped open, and rifles with their butt-ends smashed, over the tumbled corpses of French and German soldiers, till he landed me in the very crater of the mine sprung by the Germans in the morning. Quite a respectable hole, I must say, serving now as a waiting-room for a dozen wounded soldiers till they could be conveyed to the nearest ambulance. When my turn came, I was again loaded on sturdy Württemberger shoulders and taken to the dressing-station, a pretty comfortable dug-out. The young *Unterarzt* on duty there dressed my wounds as thoroughly as was compatible with the circumstances. He told me that I was badly wounded and had more than one bone broken, but added that no vital organ had been touched.

A heap of stretchers lay near the opening of the first-aid station; I was laid on one, and four soldiers carried me in the dark, with infinite labor and precaution, at a measured step which gave a not unpleasant swing to the stretcher. We finally reached a road, at a point where ambulance carriages were to fetch a batch of wounded Germans. I was to be taken to a field-hospital with them. Again I must say I met nothing but kindness at the hands of these privates; one of them, who was slightly wounded in the arm, even insisted on wrapping me in his great coat, for I had none, and he was afraid I might be cold, with my trousers ripped open lengthwise by the bomb.

I had not waited long on the roadside when a horse-carriage halted near our rather lamentable group, and I was hoisted up inside, stretcher, great coat and all, together with three more patients. One of the poor chaps must have felt very bad, for the moment the carriage started he began to howl and must have suffered frightfully from the ceaseless jolting. We were indeed relentlessly shaken from one side to the other, as this road, leading from Le Four de Paris to Varennes, was constantly under French artillery fire, so much so that the driver could not light his lamps for fear of being fired at. The big red cross painted on all sides would have been of little avail to us on such a pitch-dark night.

So we made slow and jerky headway, from one hastily-stopped shellhole to the next, till we pulled up before three lamp-lit windows. We were in a village of the Meuse, which I later heard was named Ecclise-Fontaine. I was in my turn hoisted down from the car, taken inside the house, and laid on an operating table. My wounds were disgracefully dirty and the German doctor cleansed them as well as he could; but nothing short of a bath could remove all the caked mud; as there was

no bathroom, I had to wait another fortnight or more.

When the doctor had finished his work, I was carried to the next room where some straw lay spread over the floor, and I was deposited near other human rags that were in no better plight than my own. Some moaned deeply; I myself began to suffer very much from the many splinters scattered all over my body. I lay on my handful of straw all through the eighth of January, in a kind of doze, indifferent to all that was going on around me or inside me.

II

It was late in the evening, when I was again loaded on a stretcher and carried into an ambulance motor-car *en route* for Montmédy, on the other side of the Meuse, and very near the frontier of Luxembourg. The journey was a little more uncomfortable than the preceding one, because my physical sensibility had reawakened and the car was driving fast over a road apparently inaccessible to French shells, but made very uneven by heavy wheeled traffic. It was a relief when we pulled up before an old convent-like building and a bevy of old and young Red-Cross orderlies hastened to pull us out of our car and land us in the big passage, behind the bulky folding-door opened to let us in. A fat sergeant looked at the printed cardboard forms which had been previously filled up by the *Unterarzt* of the first-aid station and fastened on one of our uniform-buttons. He delivered orders for us to be carried up to such and such a ward, according to rank, I suppose, or to the nature of the wounds.

So I was borne up a narrow staircase to a third-floor ward, which used to be, so I was told later, the lumber-room of the convent school in peace time. My stretcher was laid on the floor half-way down the central passage, before an empty bed. A young nurse and an elderly nun helped me doff my mud- and blood-stained rags — or, rather, doffed them for me, for I was not up to much. My boots cost them no end of trouble, for they were soaked with water and glued fast to my icy feet by coagulated blood. I found myself finally lying on a bed — not precisely a clean one, for my only bedcloth was, I remember, of doubtful color, much to my disappointment. I had been longing for spotlessly white bedding, raving about it in my half-delirious state; and here I was, with a dirty bedcloth under me, and a blanket soiled by ghastly dried-up drops of yellow suppuration over me.

I must say that this first impression of uncleanliness did not last long. The nuns and doctors were otherwise, I found later, extremely particular, and observed all the principles of hygiene in their tending of the wounded. They were no doubt short of bedclothes and bedding, and that is why I had to be content with another man's.

The nuns were very nice to me. One particularly, a sweet old nun with marked Silesian accent, always tried to get me into conversation with her. I did not understand all she meant, for I was half deaf and in her conversation she was not always loyal to High German. She used to insist good-naturedly on my eating some of the fare that was provided for us — soups so thick that the spoon could stand erect in the plate, potatoes half mashed by too much boiling, sauerkraut with sausage, and, at eight in the morning, a horrid mixture passing by the name of coffee and milk. I simply could not absorb any of that stuff, much to the disappointment of the sister, who used to shrug her awkward shoulders affectionately, sigh deeply, insist again, and finally go to the kitchen, and bring back a pint of milk instead of the food which I could not eat.

I had a few Germans next to me, mostly privates who were only slightly wounded and could go about the room during the day-time; they played cards noisily for hours together, and started smoking big cheap cigars in the ward a quarter of an hour after waking in the morning. It made me sick, but I had to put up with it: I was a prisoner.

Opposite me there was a poor Frenchman belonging to a regiment of the Verdun garrison, who often cried and called for his wife. The poor chap had received a bullet in his leg, and both his legs had frozen, as a consequence of lying forty hours in a shell-hole near Malancourt before he was picked up by some compassionate German. One morning he was carried from the ward to the operating-room. He had no legs left when he was brought back; both had been amputated just below the knees. I wonder where the poor man now is. Does he live to this day somewhere in a French village, after getting exchanged through Switzerland? Or does he lie in Montmédy churchyard? There is something truly dramatic about this my ignorance regarding the fate of a companion who had roused my deepest sympathy, wrung tears out of my eyes, and who now is nothing more to me than a phantom memory.

It was not very long before the doctor thought I could be transferred to some better *Lazarett* in Germany, without immediate danger to my life. New batches of wounded were arriving every day, and all hospitals in Montmédy were full. So, one snowy morning, — January 19, 1915, — I was again placed on a stretcher, again hoisted up into an ambulance motor-car; but this time I was to be conveyed only as far as the railway-station, where a hospital train was waiting to take several hundred Germans and a dozen Frenchmen to Trier and Coblenz.

On this train, I remember, we were kindly reminded how well we were treated, how very unworthy we were of all the comfort bestowed on us, by a heinous old hag of a volunteer hospital nurse who superintended the distribution of warm meals to the wounded. She ended by asking me point-blank, fists on hips, in a shrill, explosive, triumphant voice, '*Nun, sind wir Barbaren?*'

I quote this as eminently representative of the Germans' attitude toward their prisoners. Whenever a German officer or doctor thinks he is behaving at all courteously toward the prisoners who have been put under his charge, — as a matter of fact, courtesy is becoming more and more the rule in the Germans' treatment of their captives, — whenever he can offer them decent quarters, say new barracks, and the use of up-to-date shower-baths, he never fails to ask,' *Nun, sind wir Barbaren?*' Or if he does fail to ask the question, he *looks* it and invariably answers it to his satisfaction with a grin or a wink or some other outward sign of self-complacency. There is no denying it: the Germans have intensely resented the accusation of barbarity hurled at them from the very first by the Entente press, and a good many of the improvements introduced into the prisoners' camps are traceable to this very simple piece of reasoning: 'Wait a minute. I am going to show you that I am not a barbarian, and I am going to be photographed in the act of not being a barbarian, and I will print thousands of these photos, collect them into albums, and send them to the neutrals, so that they shall see — and believe.'

Whether it would not have been better policy for the Germans to ignore that supreme reproach, forego all spirit of propaganda, and give their prisoners bathing accommodation, tennis-courts, reading-rooms, as a matter of course, *en grand seigneur*, without a

word of explanation or self-commendation, I am no qualified judge to decide; but one thing I know: the German culture, whether deep or shallow, would have seemed deeper to me if the second way of proceeding had been unanimously adopted — if the German right hand had ignored what the left gave us, instead of frantically pointing to it.

III

My arrival in Coblenz was welcomed by me as the temporary end of all the hardships incidental to traveling in my state. Thirty-six hours of jolting had harassed me more than I can say, and I was yearning for a bed which would stand still. I found it in an asylum for old people built by the Brothers of Mercy (*Barmherzige Brüder*), and usually known in Coblenz as the Brotherhouse (*Brüderhaus*). It had been requisitioned by the military authority and converted into a military hospital. A few old pensioners, those who paid for board and residence, had been allowed to stay in one of the side wings. The brothers continued to be active in various capacities.

The building struck me as large and new, clean and hospitable. I was taken into the lift and up to the operating room, where a nice-looking young doctor in white overalls — I heard later that he was Unterarzt Zeisler — removed all my soiled bandages and dressed all my wounds — that is, almost my whole body from head to ankles. I was then taken to the bed assigned to me in the officers' ward. That ward was a room of middling size, spacious and light, in which I found three French officers who were having supper and who hastened to make me welcome in my new quarters. They seemed to be as glad to receive a new companion as I was to be again thrown with fellow officers.

One of them, Captain Pouget, belonged to the second regiment of colonial infantry. He had lost one arm. Then there was First Lieutenant Dunois, a chasseur, who had lost a leg at the battle of the Yser. Second Lieutenant Gérard, who belonged to a Norman infantry regiment, had been less severely wounded, though his broken shin was yet far from being healed. He had been captured somewhere in Belgium on August 22, 1914.

They all assailed me with questions, which was but natural, for two of them had been prisoners five months, the third two months and a half, and neither had any idea of what trench-warfare was. So I had to tell them in a rush that, when I had left the front, a fortnight before, the morale of the French soldiers was unbroken. This seemed to surprise and delight them, for the Germans had told them time after time that the French were fighting more and more slackly, that they were sustaining enormous losses and that their exhaustion was complete. I told them how a trench was dug, and what a hand-grenade looked like. They were greatly amused at hearing that the German grenades, those in use in January, 1915, looked exactly like tins of bully-beef, and they teased me ever after for having allowed myself to be downed by a harmless hand-thrown tin. They held that bullets were far smarter, far cleaner.

Needless to say, we got on splendidly together, although we sometimes disagreed as to whether the windows were to be shut or open. I was for the windows wide-open, could never have enough air, while Captain Pouget, who had served for years in Tonkin and Madagascar, preferred heat and stuffiness to a breath of fresh air. The other two officers did not much care, and remained neutral. I mention this trifling fact because it is so characteristic of the

average elderly Frenchman, whether he has served in the colonies or not: he has a prejudice against air. A draught will drive him mad. As to keeping his windows open at night, rather *la mort sans phrase* — death without a word. This is of course true of the older officers only; the younger generation, with its practice of sports and hygiene, is far more progressive.

As I spent five monotonous months in the Brüderhaus and had daily intercourse with the German brothers and doctors all the time, I had a large field for my observations. My knowledge of the German language helped me a good deal, as I was appealed to whenever a French or English wounded soldier and a German doctor did not understand each other.

The doctors were very good and able. The *Chefarzt*, Doctor Wehrli, a young mobilized surgeon of Aix-la-Chapelle, was a very bold advocate of the new methods in surgery, and saved a great many French lives through his skill and his coolness. Of course he was all for interesting cases, and slightly disregarded patients who could only boast of a broken leg or a *Fleischwunde*. (This last word he pronounced in a tone of unmitigated disdain.) Such wounds, even if purulent, which they almost all were, he left to themselves. They were hardly ever disinfected, peroxide being considered far too costly a drug. Light cases were dressed every few days by a brother or a *Sanitäter*, and many a time I have seen one of those extemporized medical assistants pick a sterilized gauze out of the covered glass case with unwashed hands, drop it accidentally on the floor, pick it up again, and spread it over a rankling wound.

Brother Albertinus, an ex-Uhlan of herculean build, who had left his spear for a rosary, nobody ever knew why, was particularly bad in this regard; but he was pardoned his unsound hygiene for the sake of his inexhaustible good-humor. His hearty jokes and hail-fellow-well-met trick of patting your shoulder to cheer you up made you forget his roughness and his over-martial manners. He was of course frightfully sorry that he could not ride with his brother Uhlans in the marshes of Mazuria and aim his lance at some Siberian Cossack with Wotan-like battle-joy.

The medical staff proper consisted of two more doctors with the rank of *Unterarzt*, one of whom, the blond Doctor Dönhoff, was a very pleasant man and a gentleman born. I was not surprised to hear that he had served as an *Einjähriger Freiwillige* in a regiment of the Guard at Potsdam. The Guard regiments are the real élite of the German army. They are officered by men of tact and breeding, as was confirmed to me later by my brother-in-law, a cavalry officer in the Austrian army: he did not like the Germans before the war, nor does he like them much more after fighting and billeting with German officers for months, but he owned to me that he made an exception for the Guard officers, whom he considered quite decent fellows. Doctor Dönhoff was fond of a chat, and used to discuss the news of the day with us in the afternoon without too much bias. Once he even did an unprecedented thing: when the Arras offensive of May, 1915, started, he was the first to announce to us that the French had taken Carency and captured several thousand prisoners. He did not try to belittle that success of the French arms. He seemed almost glad he could give us good news after the bad reports we had received from the Eastern war-theatre ever since the Germans and Austrians had broken the Russian front in Western Galicia. Let credit be given to humaneness wherever it may exist; Doctor Dönhoff was humane in the full meaning of the word.

IV

There was even more than humaneness, there was deep sympathy, almost motherly pity, in the two old German Red-Cross orderlies who waited on us — Friedrich and Otto. Friedrich was tall and stringy (we had nicknamed him Fil-de-Fer); Otto was short, fat, and awkward, but so good, so generous in his feelings, so tender in his way of looking at us, so prone to tears in spite of his white hair and his fifty-five years, that even we Frenchmen, who are supposed to have a knack of detecting the ridiculous and to detest sentimentality, especially in a German, never made fun of him. We simply could not. Every one of his tears was an offering of the heart. I do not remember having ever seen a man to whose sincerity and family virtues I would have sworn so willingly as to Otto's. His round face, his way of toddling about in his pale-gray apron, his awkward way of sweeping under the beds — all carried absolute conviction.

The poor man had seen better days before the war. He had been a jeweler in Mannheim (Baden). As his shop was a branch of a Parisian firm, he had had to close down very early in the war, without other chance of earning a competency for his wife and five children than by offering his services to the state as a volunteer Red-Cross orderly. He was paid at the low rate of one mark and a few odd pfennigs a day, with board and lodging free. His wife got a ridiculously small allowance from the state for her husband, who was considered as a mobilized soldier, and an even smaller one (nine marks a month), for each of her children under sixteen. All that put together was utterly insufficient to feed the whole family. So the elder daughter, a seventeen-year-old girl, whose photograph Otto showed us several times, chose of her own accord to eke out the family income and reduce by one the number of mouths to be fed, by going into service as a maid. She was engaged by a Homburg pork-butcher's wife, who told her she would have to look after her small children. As a matter of fact, as she had no training and no experience, she was made to wash the shop and do all kind of gross work the livelong day, in return for bad food, a garret-bed, five marks a month, and plenty of abusive words for her slackness in work. The brave girl never complained to her father, who accidentally heard of this maltreatment through a third person. He took immediate steps to get his daughter out of this hell.

Nor were these his only tribulations. He had a very weak heart and could not do much scrubbing in the wards and passages without taking a rest of a few minutes every now and then. Now, this was not at all to the taste of the brother in charge of the ward, Brother Primus, as antipathetic a type of monk as I have ever seen. I rather think he embodied most of the vices which Rabelais and all satirists before and after him deemed inherent in monachism. Hypocrisy led the cortège in him; spitefulness followed hand in hand with hardness of heart. Stupidity lay stamped on his whole face, particularly on his chin, which reminded us so strongly of a rabbit's muzzle that we had nicknamed him 'the ecclesiastical rabbit.'

Otto was his pet aversion. Otto could never please him, whatever he did. Granted that Otto knew how to set a diamond or tell a genuine from a false pearl, whereas a broomstick in his hand, plates to be washed, a floor to be painted with encaustic converted him into a helpless, clumsy creature; still, would it not have been better to teach him how to do things, instead of bullying him because he had happened to

break a piece of crockery worth five sous? I was often revolted at the cruelty with which Brother Primus used to humiliate him and affected to treat him like a born scullion, precisely because he knew that Otto was much above his present position. How many times I had to comfort the white-haired wretch! How many times did I try and persuade him that this war was only a passing crisis, that he would see better times again, that peace would close the family ring around him for good and all! Seldom have I seen a man more thankful than he was for the interest we took in his family circumstances.

I think he would have done everything for us. He used stealthily to bring me a cup of warm milk, because he had noticed that I did not care for the indifferent coffee we were given morning and afternoon. It goes without saying that I never asked for that milk. On the contrary, I scolded him; I showed him that I could very well do without milk; but he remained deaf to all my remonstrances. He literally seemed to revel in his exultation at having overreached '*den Primus*,' as he used to call the brother, with an inimitable expression of rancor.

As he had two afternoons off every week, he used to ask us whether he could not bring us something back from town, and looked never more pleased than when we gave him a long list of things we needed: tobacco, toothpaste, slippers, letter-paper and other articles of that description. After a while Brother Primus got wind of what was going on and forbade Otto to bring anything back to us from the city shops. The only effect of this prohibition was to make Otto conceal in his deep great-coat pockets what he had hitherto carried half openly under his arm; and to procure him once more the ineffable delight of having taken in '*den Primus*.' Primus, however, could not have been quite blind to these goings-on, for it was not long before Otto was transferred from our 'station' on the second floor to a station of German wounded one floor higher. Otto could not check his tears when he broke the news to us, but he offered to come down occasionally and see us, although, or because, he was not allowed to. The kindly creature was as good as his word, usually choosing the time when the brothers were attending the afternoon office in the chapel of the Brüderhaus.

But his visits grew necessarily fewer, for he was afraid of being spied upon and reported to the Brother Superior, whom Brother Primus had circumvented and to whom he had represented Otto as a lazy servant who was getting on indecently well with the French officers and soldiers. So I did not see much of him after the beginning of May. All we could do was to nod to each other when I was carried up to the operating-room through a passage swept by Otto. I remember how he once grasped his broomstick with one hand at each end, without saying a word, and acted as if he were going to break it against his uplifted knee. He seemed to be quite beside himself with indignation at some new affront which he could not tell me. He deeply resented being assigned only rough work, although he had successfully gone through his first-aid examination and knew how to dress a wound properly. His certificate availed him nothing and the brothers never allowed him to look after a single invalid—out of sheer maliciousness, he said. He laid his many misfortunes to the fact that he was a Protestant.

The dénouement of that duel was not long in coming. Otto and Friedrich were ordered to pack and make ready for the first of June. They were hardly left time enough to come to our room and say farewell. They told us they had been detailed to serve in the Ambu-

lance service on the Russian front. That is all they knew as to the term of their journey. I have never heard of them since.

We were all greatly affected by their departure. I think the fatherland has been unfair to these two — to Otto in particular, whose white hair and heart-disease deserved to be taken into consideration, if anything did. Otto was manifestly unable to resist the strain of service in a field-hospital; even less was he able to act as a stretcher-bearer on the battle-field. I am afraid that the broken-down old jeweler of Mannheim is now having a longer rest than that which Brother Primus grudged him, somewhere out in Poland, in one of the extemporized graveyards annexed to every military hospital, large or small.

(*To be continued*)

A CINEMA OF THE C.R.B.

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

THE CITY OF THE CARDINAL

UNQUESTIONABLY, the one Belgian whom above all others the Germans would rid themselves of if they could is Cardinal Mercier. He is the strong Prince of the Church, but in the hour of decision he stepped swiftly down and, with a ringing call to courage, took his place with the people. Ever since that day he has helped them to stand united, defiant, waiting the day of liberation. Others have been silenced by imprisonment or death, but the highest power has not dared to lay hands on the Cardinal. He is the voice, not only of the Church, but of Belgium heartening her children.

Malines has her cantines and soup-kitchens and *ouvroirs* — all the branches of relief work necessary to a city that was one of the centres of the German attack; but these are not the most interesting things about Malines. It is, above all, as the city of the Cardinal that she stands forth in this war. Her task has been to give moral and spiritual support, not only to her own people, but to those of every part of Belgium.

Since under the 'Occupation' the press has naturally been 'controlled,' this support has been rendered chiefly through the famous letters of the Cardinal — messages to the priests to be re-read to their people. After the war there will be pilgrimages to the little room where the first one was printed. It is much as it was left after soldiers ransacked the place: books are still disarranged on their shelves, papers and pamphlets heaped in confusion on the tables. The red seals with which the Germans closed the keyholes have naturally been broken, but their edges still remain. Standing in the midst of this disarray, remembering that the owner had already been six months in a German prison, and looking out on the shattered façade of the building at

the end of the garden, I realized, at least partly, another moment of the war.

The Cardinal's message of courage, then, is distributed chiefly by letter, but continually by his presence and speech in Malines itself, and occasionally in other parts of the country. On the 21st of July, 1916, the anniversary of the independence of Belgium, all Brussels knew that the Cardinal was coming to celebrate high mass in the cathedral of Sainte Gudule. The mass was to begin at 11 o'clock, but at 9.30 practically every foot of standing-room in the vast church was occupied. In the dimness a great sea of people waited patiently, silently, the arrival of their leader. Occasionally a whispered question or rumor flashed along the nave. 'He has come!' — 'He has been prevented!' There was a tacit understanding that there should be no demonstration. The Cardinal himself had ordered it. Everyone was trying to control himself, and yet, as the air grew thicker and others fought their way into the already packed transepts, one felt that anything might happen! Almost every person had a bit of green ribbon, — color of hope, — or an ivy leaf, — symbol of endurance, — pinned to his coat. The wearing of the national colors was strictly forbidden, but the national spirit found another way. Green swiftly replaced the orange, black, and red.

We all knew that this meant trouble for Brussels, and the fact that the shops (which had all been ordered to keep open on this holiday) were carrying on a continuous comedy at the expense of the Germans, did not help matters, Their doors were open, to be sure, but in many the passage was blocked by the five or six employees, who sat in stiff rows with bows of green ribbon in their button-holes and indescribable expressions on their faces. In the biggest chocolate shop, the window display was an old pail of dirty water with a slimsy rag thrown near it. There was no person inside but the owner, who stood beside the cash-register in dramatic and defiant attitude, smoking a pipe. There were crowds in front of the window, which displayed large photographs of the King and Queen draped with the American flag. Another shop had only an enormous green bow in the window. Almost every one took some part in the play. Not a Belgian entered a shop, and if a German was brave enough to do so, he was usually made the victim of his courage. The clerks were delighted to serve him, but unfortunately peaches had advanced to ten francs each, or something of the sort!

In the meantime, the packed thousands were waiting patiently in the cathedral. After an interminable delay a priest appeared in the pulpit and made an announcement which from our distance we misunderstood. We thought that he said that the mass would be celebrated, but unfortunately not by Monseigneur, who had been detained. Bitterly disappointed, a few of us worked our way inch by inch to the transept door and out into the street. There I found an excited group of Belgians running around the rear of the cathedral to the baptistry door. I joined them, and learned that the Cardinal had just passed through.

For no particular reason I waited there. Before long the door was partly opened by an acolyte, who was apparently expecting some one. He saw me and agreed that I might enter if I wished; so I slipped in and found room to stand just behind the altar-screen, where, all through the celebration, I could watch the face of the Cardinal, a face at once keen and tender — strong, fearless, and devout; one could read it all there. He was tall, thin, dominating — a heroic figure in his gorgeous

scarlet vestments, officiating at the altar of this beautiful Gothic cathedral.

The congregation remained silent. Three or four fainting women were carried out; that was all. Then the Cardinal mounted the pulpit at the farther end of the nave, to deliver his message — the same message that he had been preaching for two years. His people must hold themselves courageous, unconquered, with steadfast faith in God and in their final liberation. Tears were in the eyes of many, but there was no crying out.

From the pulpit he came back to the catafalque erected in the middle of the nave for the Belgian soldiers who died in battle, a great towering coffin, simply and beautifully draped with Belgian flags, veiled in crêpe. Tall flaming candles surrounded it. As the Cardinal approached, the dignitaries of the city, who had been occupying seats of honor below the altar, marched solemnly down and formed a circle about the catafalque. Then the Cardinal read the service for the dead. The dim light of the cathedral; the sea of silent people; the great cenotaph with its flags, its stately, flickering candles; the circle of dignitaries chosen to represent the city; the sad-faced Cardinal saying the prayers for those who had died in defense of the standard that now covered them — was it strange that as his voice ceased and he moved slowly toward the sacristy door by which he was to depart, the overwhelming tide of emotion swept aside all barriers, and the ancient cathedral echoed with cries of 'Vive le Roi!' — 'Vive Monseigneur!' We held our breath. Men were pressing by me, whispering, 'What shall we do? We need to cry out — after two years, we *must* cry out!'

The Cardinal went straight forward, looking neither to the right nor to the left, the tears streaming down his cheeks.

Outside, to pass from the rear of the cathedral to the Archbishop's palace, he was obliged to cross the road. As I turned up this road to go back to the main portal, the crowd came surging down, arms out-thrust, running, waving handkerchiefs and canes, pushing aside the few helpless Belgian police, quite beyond control, and shouting wildly now, 'Vive le Roi!' and 'Vive Monseigneur!' I was able to struggle free only after the gate had closed on the Cardinal.

This was the day when in times of peace all the populace brought wreaths to the foot of the statue erected in honor of the soldiers who had died for the independence of Belgium. The Germans had placed guards in the square and forbidden any one to go near it. And so all day long throngs of people, a constant, steady procession, marched along the street above, each man lifting his hat as soon as he came in view of the statue. All these things, I say, did not help Brussels in the matter of the demonstration at the cathedral. And a few days later a posted notice informed her that she had been fined one million marks!

But the people had seen their Cardinal — they had received their spiritual *secours*. He had brought heavenly comfort to their hearts, put new iron in their blood. They had dared to cry out just once their loyalty to him and to their King, and they laughed at the million marks!

THE SKATING RINK AT LIÉGE

To all the world Liége is the symbol of Belgium's courage. For eleven days her forts held back an overwhelming force in a heroic attempt to save the national integrity of Belgium. And well Belgium knew to what point she could count on the brave Liégeois; through all her troubled history, they

have been the most ardent champions of her freedom.

This city, as the populous centre of a great industrial region, was one of the first to realize the distress that followed the occupation and isolation of Belgium. One by one her famous fire-arm factories, glass-works, textile-mills closed their doors and poured their thousands of workmen into the streets. And this was happening all through the province, so that by 1915 it counted 90,000 idle workmen (*chômeurs*), and in the capital alone fully 18,000. Ordinarily among her 180,000 inhabitants Liége lists 43,000 skilled workmen; so for her the proportion of unemployed was almost one half; with their families they represented but little less than one quarter of the entire population. The four thousand workers in the coal mines, which fortunately were able to keep open, were the one saving factor in the situation.

The question of *chômage* — or unemployment — is the most serious one that the relief organization has had to face. It has been most acute in the two Flanders; but in Antwerp, with its 25,000 thousand idle dock-hands, in the highly industrial Hainault, in Namur and in Brabant, as well as in Liége, there have been special circumstances giving rise to particular difficulties. Over 665,000 workmen without work would present a sufficiently critical problem to a country not at war. One can imagine what it means to a country every square foot of which is controlled by an enemy so hated that the conquered would risk all the evils of continued non-employment rather than have any of its people serve in any way the ends of the invader.

None of the leaders I have talked with are satisfied with the system evolved, but no one has yet been able to suggest a better. A scheduled money allowance for the *chômeur* was quickly adopted, but, as a friend from Tournai said, this enabled a man simply to escape complete starvation, but not to live. Three francs a week for the workman, one franc and a half for his wife, fifty centimes for each of his children, or one dollar and ten cents a week for a family of four — just about the war price of one pound of butter or meat! Obviously the *chômeur* and his family must draw on the soup-kitchens and cantines, and this they do. They make up a considerable part of the one and a quarter millions who throng the soup-lines every day.

Every province has tried to reduce its number of unemployed by providing a certain amount of work on roads and public utilities. Luxembourg has been conspicuous in this attempt, reclaiming swamps, rebuilding sewer systems and roadways, employing about 10,000 men. In fact, Luxembourg has so far almost avoided a *chômeur* class.

Throughout the country, too, the clothing and lace committees are furnishing at least partial employment to some women. In a lesser way various local relief committees are most ingenious in inventing opportunities to give work. In the face of the whole big problem these efforts often seem insignificant, but every community is heartened by even the smallest attempt to restore industry. I have seen fifty men given the chance to buy their own food by means of a 'soles work.' All the needy of the village were invited to bring their worn shoes to have a new kind of wooden sole put on for the winter. In one city the owner of a closed fire-arms factory had opened a toy works where 100 men and 30 women were kept busy carving little steel boxes and other toys. If these articles could be exported, such establishments would quickly multiply; but every enterprise must halt at the grim barrier.

In Liége I came upon a most pictur-

esque attempt at an individual solution. I had been much interested, in Antwerp and Charleroi and other cities, in the *diner économique* or *diner bourgeois*, conducted by philanthropic women. These are big popular restaurants, where, thanks to a subsidy from the relief committee and the untiring efforts of volunteer workers, a meal can be served for less than it costs. For a few centimes, — about ten cents, — one may usually have a good soup, a plate with meat and vegetables, and sometimes a dessert. Beer may be added for five centimes extra.

In Liége the work is consolidated. I found the once-popular skating-rink turned into a mighty restaurant, gay with American bunting. The skating floor was crowded with tables, the surrounding spectators' space made convenient cloak-rooms, the casual buffet of bygone days was a kitchen in deadly earnest, supplying dinners to about four thousand daily. When I arrived, there was already a line outside. Each person is supposed to present a card proving him a citizen of Liége. If he has the card, he pays seventy-five centimes (fifteen cents) for his dinner. Or, if he is provided with a special card from the Relief Committee, he may obtain it for sixty, or even thirty centimes — a little more than five cents.

Inside, the tables were crowded. Sixty-five women were hurrying back and forth between the diners and the directors, who stood at a long counter in front of the kitchen serving the thousands of portions of soup, sausage, and a kind of stew of rice and vegetables. In the kitchen, in the meat- and vegetable-rooms, there was the constant clamor of sifting, cutting, stirring; of the opening and shutting of ovens. While the sausages of the day were being hurried from the pans, the soup of the morrow was being mixed in the great caldrons; two hundred and fifty men were hard at work. Somehow they did not look as if they had been peeling carrots and stirring soup all their lives — there was a certain dash in all their movements.

The superintendent laughed. 'Yes,' he said, 'they are chiefly railroad engineers, conductors, various workmen of the Liége Railroad Company! I myself was an attorney for the road, and I am really more interested in this *œuvre* from the point of view of these volunteers than because of the general public it helps. Here are two hundred and fifty men who are giving their best service to their country. The sixty-five women serving the four thousand were once in the telephone service. They also offered to devote themselves to their fellow-sufferers, and they are so proud, so happy to be able to stand shoulder to shoulder with other women in this black hour.'

I asked if each worker was given his dinner free.

'Ah! there is a problem,' he said. 'The meals which we furnish at from thirty to seventy-five centimes cost us on an average about sixty-three centimes.'

To supply this to more than three hundred assistants was quite beyond the subsidy allowed the committee. Yet the workers certainly must be fed. Finally he admitted that he and a group of friends were contributing the money necessary to supply these meals. He added that in the beginning the men were hardly able to give more than two hours of hard work a day, but that after a few months of proper nourishment their energy was inexhaustible.

The day of my visit there were no potatoes, so the number of meals served dropped fully one thousand: 743 at seventy-five centimes, 820 at sixty centimes, 1473 at thirty centimes. If there are no potatoes to be had elsewhere in the city, and they are known

to be on the cards of the restaurant, there is not standing-room. Hundreds have to be turned away. Bread, potatoes, and lard are the all-essentials!

This kind of double *œuvre* is quite the most interesting of all the varied attempts to meet the staggering problem Belgium has daily to face.

THE 'ASSISTANCE DISCRÈTE

In Brussels, no less than five thousand *pauvres honteux* — or 'ashamed poor,' — are being helped through the seven sections of the *Assistance Discrète*, each of which carries the same beautiful motto, 'Donne, et tais-toi' (Give, and be silent). At the very beginning of the war a greathearted woman saw where the chief danger of misery lay. Those who were accustomed to accept charity would make the earliest demands. But what about those whose business was slowly being ruined, whose reserves were small? What about schoolteachers, artists, and other members of the professional classes? And widows living on securities invested abroad, or children of gentle upbringing whose fathers had gone to the front expecting to return in three or four months? She saw many of them starving rather than go on the soup-lines.

She had a vision of true mutual aid. Each person who had, should become the sister of her who had not. There should be a sharing of individual with individual. She did not think of green boxes or sections, but of person linked with person in the spirit of fraternity. But the number of the desperate grew too rapidly; her first idea of direct individual help had to be abandoned; and, one after another, distribution centres were organized. An investigator was put in charge of each, who reported personally on all the cases that were brought in either directly or indirectly to the committee. The Comité National granted a subsidy of ten thousand francs a month, which, however, does not nearly cover the need. So day after day the directors of each section canvass their districts for money and food, and by dint of an untiring devotion raise the monthly ten thousand to about twenty-eight thousand francs. But unfortunately every day of war means more wretched ones forced to the wall, and this sum is always far from meeting the distress. We have only to divide the thirty thousand francs by the five thousand on the lists to see what, at best, each family may receive.

I went with an investigator to visit one of these families. A charming old gentleman received us. I should say he was about seventy-three. He had been ill, and was most cheerful over what he called his 'recovery,' though to us he still looked far from well. The drawing-room was comfortable, spotlessly clean; there was no fire. We talked of his children, both of whom were married. One son was in Italy, another in Russia; the war had cut off all word or help from both. He himself had been a successful engineer in his day; he had not saved much, however, and his illness and two years of war had eaten up everything. He was deeply interested in Mexico and in the Panama Canal, and we chatted on until mademoiselle felt that we must go. As we were shaking hands she opened her black velvet bag and took out an egg, which she laughingly left on the table as her visiting card. She did it perfectly, and the old gentleman laughed back cheerily, 'After the war, my dear, I shall certainly find the hen that will lay you golden eggs!'

The woman we visited next did not have a comfortable home, but a single room. She had been for many years a governess in a family in Eastern Bel-

gium, but just before the war both she and the family had invested their money in a savings concern which had gone to pieces, and from that day she had been making the fight to keep her head above water. She had come to Brussels and was succeeding fairly well, when a horrible disease attacked her leg. She had had an operation, but after months there was still an open wound, and she could drag herself about only with great difficulty. I found that mademoiselle takes her to the hospital for treatment — a matter of hours — three times a week, and besides that, visits her in her room. As we were talking, a niece, also unfortunately penniless, came in to polish the stove and dust a bit. Mademoiselle reported that she was pretty sure of being able to bring some stockings to knit on her next visit. These would bring five cents a pair. And as we left she gave another egg, and this time a tiny package of cocoa, too. I discovered that every morsel this governess has to eat comes to her from mademoiselle. And yet I have never been in a room where there was greater courage and cheerfulness.

Of course, every city has its hundreds of unfortunates. There must be everywhere some form of *assistance discrète*, but most of those on the lists of this war-time organization would in peace-time be the ones to give rather than receive, and their number is increasing pitifully as the winter of 1916–1917 approaches.

Every one permitted to be in Belgium for any length of time marvels at the incredible, unbreakable spirit of its people. They meet every new military order with a laugh; when they have to give up their motor-cars, they ride on bicycles; when all bicycle tires are requisitioned, they cheerfully walk; if the city is fined one million marks, the laconic comment is, 'It was worth it.' All the news is censored, so they manufacture and circulate cheerful news. Nothing ever breaks through their smiling, defiant solidarity. One thing only in secret I have heard them admit — the anguish of their complete separation from their loved ones at the front. Mothers and wives of every other nation may have messages; they, never, except by 'underground.'

One of the chief things that has bound them thus together and buoyed them up is just this enveloping, interpenetrating atmosphere of mutual aid, so beautifully expressed every day through the work of the *Assistance Discrète*. It was the vision of Fraternity in its widest sense that gave it birth, and every day the women of Belgium are making that vision a blessed reality.

THE LITTLE BEES

Madame G—— has charge of a cantine for *enfants débiles* (children below normal health) in one of the most crowded quarters of Brussels. These cantines are dining-rooms where little ones come from the schools at eleven each morning for a nourishing meal. They form the chief department of the work of the 'Little Bees,' a society which is taking care of practically all the children in Brussels, large and small, who are in one way or another victims of the war; and in July, 1916, these numbered about 25,000.

I visited one crowded cantine, where every day the women had to carry up and down a narrow ladder stairway all the plates and food for over 400 children. Each cantine has its own pantry or shop with its precious stores of rice, beans, sugar, macaroni, bacon, and other foodstuffs brought in by the Commission for Relief in Belgium, and in addition the fresh vegetables, potatoes, eggs, and meat that it solicits, or

buys with the money gathered from door to door.

The weekly menus are a triumph of ingenuity; they prove what variety can be had in apparent uniformity. Naturally, they are all based on scientific analysis of food-values, and strictly follow physicians' instructions. One day there are more grammes of potatoes, another more grammes of macaroni, in the stew; one noon there is rice for dessert, the next phosphatine. This phosphatine (a mixture of rice, wheat, maize-flour, phosphate of lime, and cocoa) was originated by the 'Little Bees.' They have a factory for making it, and up to August, 1916, had turned out 638,000 kilos.

It was raining as I entered the large modern tenement building, which Madame G—— had been fortunate enough to secure. I found on one side a group of mothers waiting for food to take home to their babies; on the other side the little office through which every child had to pass to have his ticket stamped before he could go upstairs to his dinner. This examining and stamping of cards by the thousand, day after day, is in itself an arduous piece of work, but women accomplish it cheerfully.

On the second floor, between two large connecting rooms, I found Madame G——, in white, superintending the day's preparation of the tables for 1662. Eight young women, with bees embroidered in the Belgian colors on their white caps, were bustling to and from the kitchen to the long counters in the hall-way piled high with plates, where they deposited their hundreds of slices of bread, and saucers for dessert. Some were hurrying along the tables with the soup-plates and the 1662 white bowls, while others poured milk or went on with the bread-cutting. Several more women were hard at work in the kitchens and vegetable-rooms. The potato-peeling machine, the last proud acquisition, which was saving untold labor, had turned out the day's allotment of potatoes, which were already cooked, with meat, carrots, and green vegetables, into a thick, savory stew. The big fifty-quart cans were being filled to be carried to the dining-room; the rice dessert was getting its final stirring. Madame was darting about, watching every detail, assisting in every department.

It was raining outside, but all was white and clean and inviting within. Suddenly there was a rush of feet in the courtyard. I looked out of the window: in the rain 1662 children, between three and twelve years, mothers often leading the smaller ones, — not an umbrella or rubber-shoe among them, — were lining up with their cards, eager to be passed by the sergeants. These long-suffering sergeants kept them in place as they noisily climbed the long stairway, shouting, pushing. One little girl stepped out of line to put fresh flowers before the bust of the Queen. Boys and girls under six crowded into the first of the large, airy rooms, older girls into the second, while the bigger boys climbed to the floor above. With much chattering and shuffling of sabots they slid along the low benches to their places at the long narrow tables. The women hurried between the wriggling rows, ladling out hot, thick soup. The air was filled with cries of, 'Beaucoup, mademoiselle, beaucoup!' A few even said, 'Only a little, mademoiselle.' Everybody said something. One tiny golden-haired thing pleaded, 'You know I like the little pieces of meat best.' In no time they discovered that I was a newcomer, and tried slyly to induce me to give them extra slices of bread, or bowls of milk.

Madame seemed to be everywhere at once, lifting one after another in her

arms to get a better look at eyes or glands. Her husband, a physician of international reputation, was in the little clinic at the end of the hall, weighing and examining those whose turn it was to go to him that day. Later, he came out and passed up and down the rows, to get an impression of the general condition of this extraordinary family. When for a moment husband and wife stood together in the middle of the vast room, they seemed, with infinite solicitude, to be gathering all the sixteen hundred in their arms. Their own boy is at the front. And all the time the sixteen hundred were rapidly devouring their bread and soup.

Then began the cries of, 'Dessert, mademoiselle, dessert!' Tired arms carried the 1662 soup-plates to the kitchen, ladled out 1662 portions of rice, and set them before eager rows. Such a final scraping of spoons, such fascinating play of voice and gesture! When the last crumb was eaten, the hundreds were ready to go back to their schools. They crowded up to offer sticky hands with, 'Merci, mademoiselle!' and 'Au revoir!' The big American physician who had helped ladle the soup tried to limber up his weary arm. I looked with wonder at the women who had been doing this work practically every day for seven hundred days. Madame was apparently not thinking of resting — only of the next day's rations. I discovered later that at four o'clock that afternoon she had charge of a cantine for four hundred mothers and their new babies, and that after that she visited the family of a little boy who was absent — so his sister told us — because his shirt was being washed.

All attempts to express admiration of this beautiful devotion are interrupted by the cry, 'Oh, but it is you, it is America that is doing the astonishing thing — we *must* give ourselves, but you need not. Your gift to us is the finest expression of sympathy the world has known.'

The second time, I visited Madame G——'s cantine with Mrs. Brand Whitlock, and I found out what it meant to be the wife of the United States Minister in Belgium. From the corner above to the entrance of the court the street was lined with people. At the gateway we were met by a committee headed by the wife of the Bourgmestre. Within the court were the hundreds of children, — with many more mothers this time, — all waiting expectantly, all specially scrubbed, though no amount of scrubbing could conceal their sad lack of shoes. There were smiles and greetings and little hands stretched out all along the line as we passed.

Inside there was no more than the usual cleanliness — for the cantines are scrupulously kept. Madame and her assistants had tiny American flags pinned to their white uniforms. In the corridor the American and Belgian flags hung together. The tables were laid, the lines began moving. As the little girls filed in, one of them came forward, and with a pretty courtesy offered Mrs. Whitlock a large bouquet of red roses. The boys followed, and their representative, struggling with shyness, recited a poem as he gave his flowers. All the children were very much impressed with this simple ceremony — and as the quavering little voice gave thanks to 'those who were bringing them their good bread,' there were tears in the eyes of the grown-ups standing beneath the intertwined flags.

American flags of one kind or another hang in all the cantines alongside the pictures of President Wilson. Mottoes expressing thanks to America, floursacks elaborately embroidered — on all sides are attempts to express gratitude and affection. That morning,

as the Legation car turned a corner, a little old Flemish lady in a white cap stepped forward and clapped her hands as the American flag floated by. Men lift their hats to it, children salute it. In the shop-windows one often sees it draping the pictures of the King and Queen.

These children of the cantine, as I have said, are all in need of special nourishment. One of the most striking effects of the war has been the rapid increase of tuberculosis. Many of the thousands in the cantines are the victims of 'glands,' or some other dread form of this disease. To combat this menace, 125 physicians are contributing their services to the 'Little Bees' in Brussels alone, where, during the first six months of 1916, infant mortality had decreased 19 per cent. It would be difficult to estimate the time given by physicians throughout the whole country, but probably half of the forty-seven hundred are making a very serious contribution, and almost all are doing something. It is a common sight in the late afternoon to see a physician who has had a full, hard day, rushing to a cantine to examine hundreds of children. Excluding the zone of military preparation, 26,500 children from three to seventeen, and over 53,000 babies under three months, are on their lists, besides a large number of adults.

Outside Brussels, the cantines are conducted in much the same way as those of the "Little Bees." Committees of women everywhere are devoting themselves to the children. One day, on a tour of inspection, several of us went to a town of 17,000 in the northeast, in the province of Limbourg. Mademoiselle took us to houses where we saw the misery of mothers left with seven, nine, eleven children, in one or two little rooms. There was no wage-earner — he was at the front; or there was no work. One woman was crying as we went in. She explained that her son, a bad lot, had just been trying to take his father's boots. She pulled out from behind the basket where the twins were sleeping under the day's washing, a battered pair of coarse high boots. There were holes in the hobnailed soles; there was practically no heel left. The heavy tops still testified to an original stout leather, but never could one see a more miserable, run-down-at-the-heel, leaky, and useless pair of boots. Yet to that woman they represented a fortune. There is practically no leather left in the country, and if there were, how could her man, when he came back, have the money to buy another pair, and how could he work in the fields without his boots? And she wept bitterly because the son had tried to take his father's boots, as she hid them behind the twins' basket. I had heard of the sword as the symbol of honor and power of the house; in bitter reality it is the father's one pair of boots.

Chiefly I was impressed by the enormous quantities of food they are handling. The whole city seems turned into a kitchen — and there follows the inevitable question, 'Where does it all come from?' The women who are doing the work connect directly with the Belgian organization, and one almost forgets, in going about, their relation to the Relief Commission — the C.R.B., as every one calls it. But these three magic letters spell the answer to the inevitable question.

At the great C.R.B. bureau, I had seen the charts lining the corridors. They seemed alive, changing every day, marking the ships on the oceans, the number of tons of rice, wheat, maize, or sugar expected; and how these tons count up! In the two years that have passed, one million tons each year, meaning practically one ship every week-day in the month; 90,000 tons always on the Atlantic!

Other charts show the transit of goods already unloaded at Rotterdam. Over two hundred lighters are in constant movement on their way down the canals to the various C.R.B. warehouses, which means about 50,000 tons afloat all the time. I had seen, too, the reports of the enormous quantities of clothing brought in — four million dollars' worth, almost all of it the free gift of the United States.

In the director's room were other maps showing the territory in charge of each American. Back of every cantine and its power to work stands this American, the living guaranty to England that the Germans are not getting the food, the guaranty to Germany of neutrality, and to the Belgians themselves, that the gifts of the world to her will be brought in through the steel ring that girdles her. Thus, the food dispensed by the women is part of the great stream of supplies that pours steadily in — but between its purchase or its receipt as gift by the C.R.B. and its appearance as soup for adults or pudding for children is the whole intricate structure of the relief organization to which 40,000 Belgian men are giving their constant service.

Everybody who can pay for his food must do so. It is sold at a fair profit, and it is this profit, gained from those who still have money, that is given to the women in charge of the cantines for the provision of supplies for the destitute. They often supplement this subsidy by a house-to-house appeal to the people. For instance, in Brussels the 'Little Bees' are untiring in their canvass. Basket on arm, continually they solicit an egg here, a bunch of carrots there, a bit of meat, or a money gift. They have been able to count on about five thousand eggs and about twenty-five hundred francs a week, besides various other things. Naturally, the people in the poorer sections can contribute only small amounts, but it is here that one finds the most touching examples of generosity — the old story of those who have suffered and understood. One woman who earns just a franc a day, and on it has to support herself and her family, carefully wraps up her weekly two-centime piece (one fifth of a cent), and has it ready when one of the 'Little Bees' calls for it.

I was going down the road toward Verviers. The summer had been wet and gray, but September was doing her best to make up for it. Suddenly I heard the soft *whirr-whirr* of a Zeppelin. A farmer who had been making prune-syrup left his caldron to join me in the road. We watched the great, strange thing gliding through the sunshine. It was flying so low that we could easily distinguish the fins, the gondolas, the propellers. It looked more like a gigantic, unearthly model for the little stuffed silk Japanese fish I had often seen in the toy-shops than anything else. Its blunt nose seemed shining white, the rest a soft gray. The effect of the soothing whirring and the slow gliding through the clear air was indescribable; it seemed incredible that this silvery ghost-ship could be aught but a gentle messenger of peace.

'Ah, madame,' said my companion, 'four years ago I saw *my* first Zeppelin. It seemed a beautiful vision from another world, something new in my religion. We all stood breathless, praying for the safety of this wonderful new being, praying that the brave men who guided it might be spared to the world. And to-day, madame, may it be blown to atoms, — if necessary, may its men be cut to bits, may they be burned to ashes, — anything, anything! With an undying hate I swear it *shall* be destroyed! Madame, that is what war does to a man.'

THE SINGING SOLDIER

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

I

THERE was something just a bit ominous in the brooding warmth of the soft air that was stirring at the base of the towering cliffs of the Marmolada, where I took the *teleferica;* and the tossing aigrettes of wind-driven snow at the lip of the pass where the cable-line ended in the lee of a rock just under the Italian first-line trenches signaled the reason why. The vanguard of one of those irresponsible mavericks of mountain storms that so delight to bustle about and take advantage of the fine weather to make surprise attacks on the Alpine sky-line outposts was sneaking over from the Austrian side; and somewhere up there where the tenuous wire of the teleferica fined down and merged into the amorphous mass of the cliff behind, my little car was going to run into it.

'A good ten minutes to snug down in, anyhow,' I said to myself. And after the fashion of the South Sea skipper who shortens sail and battens down the hatches with his weather eye on the squall roaring down from windward, I tucked in the loose ends of the rugs about my feet, rolled up the high fur collar of my *Alpini* coat, and buttoned the tab across my nose.

But things were developing faster than I had calculated. As the little wire basket glided out of the cut in the forty-foot drift that had encroached on its aerial right-of-way where the supporting cables cleared a jutting crag, I saw that it was not only an open-and-above-board frontal attack that I had to reckon with, but also a craftily planned flank movement quite in keeping with the fact that the whole affair, lock, stock and barrel, was a 'Made in Austria' product. Swift-driven little shafts of blown snow, that tried hard to keep their plumes from tossing above the sheltering rock-pinnacles, were wriggling over between the little peaks on both sides of the pass and slipping down to launch themselves in flank attack along the narrowing valley traversed by the teleferica and the zigzagging trail up to the Italian positions. Even as I watched, one of them came into position to strike, and straight out over the ice-cap covering the brow of a cliff shot a clean-lined wedge of palpable, solid whiteness.

One instant my face was laved in the moist air-current drawing up from the wooded lower valley, where the warm fingers of the thaw were pressing close on the hair-poised triggers of the ready-cocked avalanches; the next I was gasping in a blast of Arctic frigidity as the points of the blown ice-needles tingled in my protesting lungs with the sting of hastily gulped champagne. Through frost-rimmed eyelashes I had just time to see a score of similar shafts leap out and go charging down into the bottom of the valley, before the main front of the storm came roaring along, and heights and hollows were masked by swishing veils of translucent white. In the space of a few seconds an amphitheatre of soaring mountain peaks roofed with a vault of deep purple sky

had resolved itself into a gusty gulf of spinning snow blasts.

My little wire basket swung giddily to one side as the first gust dove into it, promptly to swing back again, after the manner of a pendulum, when the air-buffer was undermined by a counter-gust and fell away; but the deeply grooved wheel was never near to jumping off the supporting cable, and the even throb of the distant engine coming down the pulling wire felt like a kindly hand-pat of reassurance.

'Good old teleferica!' I said half aloud, raising myself on one elbow and looking over the side: 'you're as comfy and safe as a passenger lift and as thrilling as an aeroplane. But' — as the picture of a line of ant-like figures I had noted toiling up the snowy slope a few moments before flashed to my mind — 'what happens to a man on his feet — a man not being yanked along out of trouble by an engine on the end of a nice strong cable — when he's caught in a maelstrom like that? What must be happening to those poor Alpini? Whatever can they be doing?'

And even before the clinging insistence of the warm breeze from the lower valley had checked the impetuosity of the invader, and diverted him, a cringing captive, to baiting avalanches with what was left of his strength, I had my answer; for it was while the ghostly draperies of the snow-charged wind-gusts still masked the icy slope below that, through one of those weird tricks of acoustics so common among high mountain peaks, the flute-like notes of a man singing in a clear tenor floated up to the ears I was just unmuffling from a furry collar: —

'Fratelli d'Italia, l'Italia, s'è desta;
Dell' elmo di Scipio s'è cinta la testa!'

It was the 'Inno di Mameli,' the Song of 1848 — the Marseillaise of the Italians. I recognized it instantly, because, an hour previously, my hosts at luncheon in the officers' mess below had been playing it on the gramophone. Clear and silvery, like freshly minted coins made vocal, the stirring words winged up through the pulsing air till the 'sound chute' by which they had found their way was broken up by the milling currents of the dying storm. But I knew that the Alpini were still singing, — that they had been singing all the time, indeed, — and when the last of the snow-flurries was finally lapped up by the warm wind, there they were, just as I expected to find them, pressing onwards and upwards under their burdens of soup cans, wine bottles, stove-wood, blankets, munitions, and the thousand and one other things that must pass up the life-line of a body of soldiers holding a mountain pass in midwinter.

II

This befell, as it chanced, during one of my early days on the Alpine front, and the incident of men singing in a blizzard almost strong enough to sweep them from their feet made no small impression on me at the moment. It was my first experience of the kind. A week later I should have considered it just as astonishing to have encountered, under any conditions, an Alpino who was *not* singing; for to him — to all Italian soldiers, indeed — song furnishes the principal channel of outward expression of the spirit within him. And what a spirit it is! He sings as he works, he sings as he plays, he sings as he fights, and — many a tale is told of how this or that comrade has been seen to go down with a song on his lips — he sings as he dies. He soothes himself with song, he beguiles himself with song, he steadies himself with song, he exalts himself with song.

It is not song as the German knows it, not the ponderous marching chorus that the Prussian Guard thunders to order in the same way that it thumps through its goose-step; but rather a simple burst of song that is as natural and spontaneous as the soaring lark's greeting to the rising sun.

Discipline of any kind is more or less irksome to the high-spirited Alpino, but he manages to struggle along under it with tolerable goodwill so long as it is plain to him that the military exigencies really demand it. But the one thing that he really chafes under is the prohibition to sing. This is, of course, quite imperative when he is on scouting or patrol-work, or engaged in one of the incessant surprise attacks which form so important a feature of Alpine warfare. He was wont to sing as he climbed in those distant days when he scaled mountains for the love of it; and, somehow, a sort of reflex action seems to have been established between the legs and the vocal chords that makes it extremely awkward to work the one without the other. If the truth could be told, indeed, probably not a few half-consummated *coups de main* would be found to have been nearly marred by a joyous burst of 'unpremeditated melody' on the part of some spirited Alpino who succumbed to the force of habit.

I was witness of a rather amusing incident illustrative of the difficulty that even the officer of Alpini experiences in denying himself vocal expression, not only when it is strictly against regulations, but even on occasions when, both by instinct and experience, he knows that 'breaking into song' is really dangerous. It had to do with passing a certain exposed point in the Cadore at a time when there was every reason to fear the incidence of heavy avalanches. Your real Alpino has tremendous respect for the snow-slide, but no fear. He has — especially since the war — faced death in too many really disagreeable forms to have any dread of what must seem to him the grandest and most inspiring finish of the lot — the one end which he could be depended upon to pick if ever the question of alternatives were in the balance. In the matter of the avalanche, as in most other things, he is quite fatalistic. If a certain *valanga* is meant for him, what use trying to avoid it? if it is not meant for him, what use taking precautions? All the precautions will be vain against *your* avalanche; all of them will be superfluous as regards the ones *not* for you.

It chances, however, that this comforting Oriental philosophy entered not into the reckoning of the Italian General Staff when it laid its plans for minimizing unnecessary casualties; and so, among other precautionary admonitions, the order went out that soldiers passing certain exposed sections, designated by boards bearing the warning *Pericoloso di Valanga*, should not raise the voice above a speaking tone, and, especially, that no singing should be indulged in. This is, of course, no more than sensible, for a shout, or a high-pitched note of song, may set going just the vibrations of air needed to start a movement on the upper slopes of a mountain side which will culminate in launching a million tons of snow all the way across the lower valley. The Alpino has observed the rule as best he could, — probably saving not a few of his numbers thereby, — but the effort is one that at times tries his stout spirit almost to the breaking point.

On the occasion I have in mind it was necessary for us, in order to reach a position I especially desired to visit, to climb diagonally across something like three quarters of a mile of the swath of one of the largest and most

treacherous slides on the whole Alpine front. There had been a great avalanche here every year from time out of mind, usually preceded by a smaller one early in the winter. The preliminary slide had already occurred at the time of my visit, and, as the early winter storms had been the heaviest in years, the accumulated snows made the major avalanche almost inevitable on the first day of a warm wind. Such a day, unluckily, chanced to be the only one available for my visit to the position in question. Although it was in the first week in January, the eaves of the houses in the little Alpine village where the colonel quartered had been dripping all night, and even in the early morning the hard-packed snow of the trail was turning soft and slushy when we left our sledge on the main road and set out on foot.

We passed two or three sections marked off by the 'Pericoloso' signs, without taking any special precautions; and, even when we came to the big slide, the young major responsible for seeing the venture through merely directed that we were to proceed by twos (there were four of us), with a 300-metre interval between, walking as rapidly as possible and not doing any unnecessary talking. That was all. There were no dramatics about it — only the few simple directions that were calculated to minimize the chances of 'total loss' in case the slide did become restive. How little this young officer had to learn about the ways of avalanches I did not learn till that evening, when his colonel told me that he had been buried, with a company or two of his Alpini, not long previously, and escaped the fate of most of the men only through having been dug out by his dog.

The major, with the captain from the Comando Supremo who had been taking me about the front, went on ahead, leaving me to follow, after five minutes had gone by, with a young lieutenant, a boy so full of bubbling mountain spirits that he had been dancing all along the way and warbling 'Rigoletto' to the tree-tops. Even as we waited he would burst into quick snatches of song, each of which was ended with a gulp as it flashed across his mind that the time had come to clamp on the safety-valve.

When his wrist-watch told us that it was time to follow on, the lad clapped his eagle-feather hat firmly on his head, set his jaw, fixed his eyes grimly on the trail in front of him, and strode off into the narrow passage that had been cut through the towering bulk of the slide. From the do-or-die expression on his handsome young face one might well have imagined that it was the menace of that engulfing mass of poised snow which was weighing him down, and such, I am sure, would have been my own impression had this been my first day among the Alpini. But by now I had seen enough of Italy's mountain soldiers to know that this one was as disdainful of the valanga as the valanga was of him; and that the crushing burden on his mind at that moment was only the problem how to negotiate that next kilometre of beautiful snow-walled trail without telling the world in one glad burst of song after another how wonderful it was to be alive and young, and climbing up nearer at every step to those glistening snow-peaks whence his comrades had driven the enemy headlong but a few months before, and whence, perchance, they would soon move again to take the next valley and the peaks beyond it in their turn. If he had been alone, slide or no slide, orders or no orders, he would have shouted his gladness to the high heavens, come what might; but as it was, with a more or less helpless foreigner on his hands, and within hearing of his

superior officer, it was quite another matter.

It was really very interesting going through that awakening valanga, — so my escorting captain told me when we rejoined him and the major under a sheltering cliff at the farther side, — especially in the opportunity that the cutting through of the trail gave to study a cross-section of the forest that had been folded down by the sliding snow. Indeed, they had told me in advance of this strange sight, and I had really had it in mind to look out for these up-ended and crumpled pine trees. Moreover, it is quite probable that I did let the corner of an eye rove over them in a perfunctory sort of way; but the fact remains that the one outstanding recollection I have of that thousand-yard-wide pile of hair-poised snow is of the hunched shoulders and comically set face of my young guide as revealed to me when he doubled the zigzags of the tortuous trail that penetrated it.

Time and again, as his eyes would wander to where the yellow light-motes shuttled down through the tree-tops to the snow-cap on the brow of the cliff toward which we toiled, I would hear the quick catch of his breath as, involuntarily, he sucked it in, to release it in a ringing whoop of gladness, only — recollecting in time — to expel it again with a wheezy snort of disgust. For the last two or three hundred yards, by humming a plaintive little love lilt through his nose, he hit upon a fairly innocuous compromise which seemed to serve the desired purpose of releasing the accumulating pressure slowly without blowing off the safety-valve. When we finally came out on the unthreatened expanse of the glacial moraine above, he unleashed his pent-up gladness in a wild peal of exultation that must have sent its bounding echoes caroming up to the solitary pinnacle of the *massif* still in the hands of the slipping Austrians.

That afternoon, as it chanced, the teleferica to the summit, after passing the captain and myself up safely, went on a strike while the basket containing the young lieutenant was still only at the first stage of its long crawl, and he had full opportunity to make up, vocally, for lost time. It was an hour before the cable was running smoothly again, and by then it was time, and more than time, for us to descend if we were to reach the lower valley before nightfall. I found my young friend warbling blithely on the teleferica terrace when I crawled out at the lower end, apparently no whit upset by the way his excursion had been curtailed.

'What did you do while you were stuck up there in the basket?' I hastened to ask him; for being stalled midway on a teleferica cable at any time in the winter is an experience that may well develop into something serious. I had already heard recitals — in the quiet matter-of-fact Alpini way — of the astonishing feats of aerial acrobatics that had been performed in effecting rescues in such instances, and, once or twice, grim allusions to the tragic consequences when the attempted rescues had failed.

'Oh, I just sang for a while,' was the laughing reply in Italian; 'and then, when it began to get cold up there, I dropped over on to the snow and slid down here to get warm.'

I have not yet been able to learn just how far it was that he had to drop before he struck the snow; but, whatever the distance, I am perfectly certain that he kept right on singing all the way.

III

As regards the spirits of the Alpini, song is a barometer; as regards their health, a thermometer. An experienced

officer will judge the mental or physical condition of one of his men by noting the way he is singing, or refraining from singing, just as a man determines his dog's condition by feeling its nose to see if it is hot or cold. I remember standing for a half hour on the wind-swept summit of a lofty Trentino pass, with a distinguished major-general who had taken me out that afternoon in his little mountain-climbing motor to give me an idea of how the winter road was kept clear in a blizzard. The wind was driving through the notch of the pass at fifty miles an hour; the air was stiff with falling and drifting snow; and it was through the narrowed holes in our *capuchos* that we watched a battalion filing by on its way from the front-line trenches to the plains for a spell of rest in billets. Packs and cloaks were crusted an inch thick with frozen snow, eyebrows were frosted, beards and moustaches icicled; but, man after man (though sometimes, as a wind-blast swallowed the sound, one could only guess it by the rhythmically moving lips), they marched singing. Now and then, as the drifts permitted, they marched in lusty choruses of twos and threes; but for the most part each man was warbling on his own, many of them probably simply humming improvisations, giving vocal expression to their thoughts.

Suddenly the general stepped forward and, tapping sharply with his Alpenstock on the ice-stiff skirt of one of the marchers, brought him to a halt. The frost-rimmed haloes fringing the puckered apertures in the two hoods came close together and there was a quick interchange of question and answer between wind-muffled mouths. Then, with a clumsy pat of admonition, the general shoved the man back into the passing line.

'That boy was n't singing,' he roared into my ear in response to my look of interrogation as he stepped back into the drift beside me. 'Knew something was wrong, so stopped him and asked what. Said he got thirsty — ate raw snow — made throat sore. Told him it served him quite right — an Arab from Tripoli would know better 'n to eat snow.'

Three or four times more in the quarter hour that elapsed before the heightening storm drove us to the shelter of a *rifugio* the general stopped men whose face or bearing implied that there was no song on their lips or in their hearts, and in each instance it transpired that something was wrong. One man confessed to having discarded his flannel abdominal bandage a couple of days before, and was developing a severe case of dysentery as a perfectly natural consequence of the chill which followed; another had just been kicked by a passing mule; and a third had received word that morning that his newly born child was dead and its mother dangerously ill. The two former were shoved none too gently back into line with what appeared to be the regulation prescription in such cases: 'Serves you right for your carelessness'; but I thought I saw a note slipped into the third man's hand as the general pressed it in sympathy and promised to see that leave should be arranged for at once.

I was no less struck by the efficacy of this novel system of diagnosis than by the illuminative example its workings presented of the paternal attitude of even the highest of the Alpini officers toward the least of the men under them.

But it is not only the buoyant Alpini who pour out their souls in song. The Italian soldier, no matter from what part of the country he comes or on what sector of the front he is stationed, can no more work or fight without singing than he can without eating.

Indeed, a popular song that is heard all along the front relates how, for some reason or other, an order went out to the army that there was to be no more singing in the trenches, and how a soldier, protesting to his officer, exclaimed, 'But, captain, if I cannot sing I shall die of sadness; and surely it is better that I should die fighting the enemy than that I should expire of a broken heart!'

On many a drizzly winter morning, motoring past the painted Sicilian carts which form so important a feature of the Italian transport on the broken hills of the Isonzo front, I noted with sheer astonishment that the drivers were far and away likelier to be singing than swearing at the mules. To one who has driven mules, or even lived in a country where mules are driven, I shall not need to advance any further evidence of the Sicilian soldier's love of song.

And on that stony trench-torn plateau of the Carso, where men live in caverns under the earth and where the casualties are multiplied two- or three-fold by the fragments of explosive-shattered rock; even there, on this deadliest and most repulsive of all the battle-fronts of Armageddon, the lilting melodies of sunny southern Italy — punctuated, but never for long interrupted, by the shriek and detonation of Austrian shells — are heard on every hand.

There was a trio of blithe rock-breakers that furnished me with one of the most grimly amusing impressions of my visit. It was toward the end of December, and Captain G——, the indefatigable young officer who had me in charge, arranged a special treat in the form of a visit to a magnificent observation-post on the brink of a hill which the Italians had wrested from the Austrians in one of their late advances. We picked our way across some miles of this shell-churned and still uncleared battlefield, and ate our lunch of sandwiches on the parapet of a trench from which one could follow, with only a few breaks, the course of the Austrian lines in the hills beyond Gorizia, to where they melted into the marshes fringing the sea.

'There's only one objection to this vantage-point,' remarked the captain, directing his glass along the lower fringe of the clouds that hung low on the opposite hills. 'Unless the weather is fairly thick one is under the direct observation of the Austrians over there for close to an hour, both going and coming. It would hardly be pleasant to come up here if the visibility were really good.'

And at that psychological moment the clouds began to lift, the sun came out, and, taking advantage of the first good gunnery weather that had offered for a long time, the artillery of both sides opened up for as lively a bit of practice as any really sober-minded individual could care to be mixed up with. I have seen quieter intervals on the Somme, even during a period when the attack was being sharply pushed. A hulking '305,' which swooped down and obliterated a spiny pinnacle of the ridge a few hundred yards farther along, also swept much of the zest out of the sharpening panorama, and signaled, 'Time to go!' A large-calibre high-explosive shell is a far more fearsome thing when rending a crater in the rock of the Carso than when tossing the soft mud of France.

Work was still going on in the half-sheltered 'sink-holes' that pock-marked the grisly plateau; but on the remains of a cart-road which we followed, and which appeared to be the special object of the Austrians' diversion, none seemed to be in sight save a few scattered individuals actively engaged in getting out

of sight. It was an illuminating example of the way most of the 'natives' appeared to feel about the situation, and we did not saunter any the more leisurely for having had the benefit of it.

We stepped around the riven body of a horse that still steamed from the dying warmth of the inert flesh, and, a little farther on, there was a red puddle in the middle of the road, a black, lazily smoking shell-hole close beside it, with a crisply fresh mound of sod and rock fragments just beyond. A hammer and a dented trench helmet indicated that the man had been cracking up stone for the road when *his* had come.

'One would imagine that they had enough broken stone around here already,' observed Captain G—— dryly, glancing back over his shoulder to where a fresh covey of bursting shell was making the sky-line of the stone wall behind us look like a hedge of pampas plumes in a high wind. 'Hope the rest of these poor fellows have taken to their holes. A little dose like we're getting here is only a good appetizer; to stick it out as a steady diet is quite another matter.'

Half a minute later we rounded a bend in the stone wall we had been hugging, to come full upon what I have always since thought of as the Anvil Chorus — three men cracking rock to metal the surface of a recently filled shell-hole in the road and singing a lusty song to which they kept time with the rhythmic strokes of their hammers. Dumped off in a heap at one side of the road was what may have been the hastily jettisoned cargo of a half-dozen motor-lorries, which had pussy-footed up there under cover of darkness — several hundred trench-bombs, containing among them enough explosive to have lifted the whole mountain-side off into the valley had a shell chanced to nose-dive into their midst. Two of these stubby little 'winged victories' a couple of the singers had appropriated as work-stools. The third of them sat on the remains of a 'dud 305,' from a broad crack in which a tiny stream of rain-dissolved high explosive trickled out to form a gay saffron pool about his feet. This one was bareheaded, his trench helmet, full of nuts and dried figs, — evidently from a Christmas package, — lying on the ground within reach of all three men.

The sharp roar of the quickening Italian artillery, the deeper booms of the exploding Austrian shells, and the siren-like crescendo of the flying projectiles so filled the air, that it was not until one was almost opposite the merry trio that one could catch the fascinating swing of the iterated refrain.

'A fine song to dance to, that!' remarked Captain G——, stopping and swinging his shoulders to the time of the air. 'You can almost *feel* the beat of it.'

'It strikes me as being still better as a song to march to,' I rejoined meaningly, settling down my helmet over the back of my neck and suiting the action to the word. 'It's undoubtedly a fine song, but it does n't seem to me quite right to tempt a kind Providence by lingering near this young mountain of trench-bombs any longer than is strictly necessary. If that Austrian battery "lifts" another notch, something else is going to lift here, and I'd much rather go down to the valley on my feet than riding on a trench-bomb.'

The roar of the artillery battle flared up and died down by spells, but the steady throb of the Anvil Chorus followed us down the wind for some minutes after another bend in the stone wall cut off our view of the singers. How often I have wondered which ones of that careless trio survived that day, or the next, or the one after that; which,

if any, of them is still beating time on the red-brown rocks of the Carso to the air of that haunting refrain!

I was told that the wounded are sometimes located on the battlefield by their singing; that they not infrequently sing while being borne in on stretchers or transported in ambulances. I had no chance to observe personally instances of this kind, but I did hear, time and time again, men singing in the hospitals, and they were not all convalescents or lightly wounded, either. One brave little fellow in that fine British hospital on the Isonzo front, conducted with such conspicuous success by George Trevelyan and his co-workers, I shall never forget.

An explosive bullet had carried away all four fingers of his right hand, leaving behind it an infection which had run into gaseous gangrene. The stump swelled to a hideous mass, about the shape and size of a ten-pound ham, but the doctors were fighting amputation in the hope of saving the wrist and thumb, to have something to which artificial members might be attached. The crisis was over at the time I visited the hospital, but the whole arm was still so inflamed that the plucky lad had to close his eyes and set his teeth to keep from crying out with agony as the matron lifted the stump to show me the 'beautiful healthy red color' where healing had begun.

The matron had some 'splendid' trench-foot cases to show me farther along, and these, with some interesting experiments in disinfection by irrigation, were engrossing my attention, when a sort of a crooning hum caused me to turn and look at the patient in the bed behind me. It was the 'gaseous gangrene' boy again. We had worked down the next row till we were opposite him once more, and in the quarter hour which had elapsed his nurse had set a basin of disinfectant on his bed in which to bathe his wound. Into this she had lifted the hideously swollen stump and hurried on to her next patient. And there he lay, swaying the repulsive mass of mortified flesh that was still a part of him back and forth in the healing liquid, the while he crooned a little song to it as a mother rocks her child to sleep as she sings a lullaby.

'He always does that,' said the nurse, stopping for a moment with her hands full of bandages. 'He says it helps him to forget the pain. And there are five or six others: the worse they feel, the more likely they are to try to sing as a sort of diversion. That big chap over there with the beard, — he's a fisherman from somewhere in the South, — he says that when the shooting pains begin in his frozen feet he has to sing to keep from cursing. Says he does n't want to curse before the *forestiere* if it can possibly be helped.'

On one of my last days on the Italian front I climbed to a shell-splintered peak of the Trentino under the guidance of the son of a famous general, a Mercury-footed flame of a lad who was aide-de-camp to the division commander of that sector. Mounting by an interminable teleferica from just above one of the half-ruined towns left behind by the retreating Austrians after their drive of last spring, we threaded a couple of miles of steep zigzagging trail, climbed a hundred feet of ladder and about the same distance of rocky toe-holds, — the latter by means of a knotted rope and occasional friendly iron spikes, — finally to come out on the summit, with nothing between us and an almost precisely similar Austrian position opposite but a half mile of thin air and the overturned, shrapnel-pitted statue of a saint — doubtless erected in happier

days by the pious inhabitants of —— as an emblem of peace and goodwill. An Italian youth who had returned from New York to fight for his country — he had charge of some kind of mechanical installation in a rock-gallery a few hundred feet beneath our feet — climbed up with us to act as interpreter.

To one peering through the crook in the lead-sheathed elbow of the fallen statue, the roughly squared openings of the rock galleries which sheltered an enemy battery seemed well within fair revolver shot; and, indeed, an Alpino sharpshooter had made a careless Austrian gunner pay the inevitable penalty of carelessness only an hour or two before. One could make one's voice carry across without half an effort.

Just before we started to descend, my young guide made a megaphone of his hands, threw his head back, his chest out, and, directing his voice across the seemingly bottomless gulf that separated us from the enemy, sang a few bars of what I took to be a stirring battle-song.

'What is the song the captain sings?' I asked of the New-York-bred youth, whose head was just disappearing over the edge of the cliff as he began to lower himself down the rope. 'Something from *William Tell*, is n't it?'

Young 'Mulberry Street' dug hard for a toe-hold, found it, slipped his right hand up till it closed on a comfortable knot above his head, and then, with left leg and left arm swinging free over a 200-foot drop to the terraces below, shouted back, —

'Not on yer life, mista. De capitan he not singa no song. He just tella de Ostrichun datta Italia, she ready fer him. Datta all.'

I looked down to the valley where line after line of trenches, fronted with a furry brown fringe that I knew to be rusting barbed wire, stretched out of sight over the divides on either hand, and where, for every gray-black geyser of smoke that marked the bursting of an Austrian shell, a half-dozen vivid flame-spurts, flashing out from unguessed caverns on the mountainside, told that the compliment was being returned with heavy interest.

'Yes, Italy is ready for them,' I thought; and whether she has to hold here and there — as she may — in defense, or whether she goes forward all along the line in triumphant offense — whichever it is, the Italian soldier will go out to the battle with a song on his lips, a song that no bullet which leaves the blood pulsing through his veins and breath in his lungs will have power to stop.

A CRITICISM OF THE ALLIED STRATEGY

BY H. SIDEBOTHAM

I

In an article which appeared in these pages last November the writer argued that the German defeats at Verdun last summer and the dismissal of von Falkenhayn that followed the entry of Roumania into the war marked the definite downfall and disgrace of the old German General Staff. Had the Germans from the beginning concentrated on the East and remained on the defensive on the West, they might have halved their task; by invading Belgium and France they doubled it, and by making England's intervention certain put out-and-out victory beyond their grasp. The succession of Hindenburg to Falkenhayn's place with even greater powers meant that thenceforth German strategy would follow the natural orientation of German political ambitions Eastward; it confirmed the triumph of the Chancellor over Tirpitz, who had been the chief of the western expansionists. On the one side Tirpitz and Falkenhayn, and on the other side the Chancellor and Hindenburg, stood for two opposing schools alike of strategy and of politics, to which, as Clausewitz taught, strategy should hold up the mirror. Up to the late summer of 1916 strategy and politics had been at odds; but then began a new harmony between politics and strategy of which the remarkable victories in Roumania were the first expression, all the more striking because it coincided with a dangerous Allied offensive on the Somme.

It is early yet to say what bearing the policy which has forced the rupture with the United States has upon the view then expressed. The blockade is a repetition of the crime and blunder of the invasion of Belgium, only in a more extreme form. The soil of Belgium, which Germany violated in her supposed military interest, is the property of one neutral nation only. But the seas whose rights Germany has violated are the common property of all. Of the two similar crimes the second was the grosser. Can we reconcile this second crime with the view of the Chancellor's policy expressed here last November? Has he gone over to the extremists who made England's intervention certain, and who, as Mr. Gerard broadly hinted at the Chamber of Commerce banquet in Berlin, would make the intervention of the United States highly probable if their views prevailed? Or is there some method in this seeming madness, some calculation which leaves the Chancellor's views about German policy and strategy still intact? That remains to be seen.

It does not, however, necessarily follow that Germany's desperate measures at sea will mean a change in her policy on land. Before Christmas it seemed highly probable that the offensive against Roumania would be followed by an offensive against Russia. There is now a considerable element of doubt. The Allied preparations in the West may have impressed the Germans as too alarming, and an offensive against Northern Italy may take the

place of the offensive against Russia, which, if it were to produce decisive results, would have to be carried so far, and would make such heavy demands for troops, that it might leave the Germans an insufficient reserve to deal with a possible break-through on the West. A campaign against Northern Italy, which is so much nearer to France, and, moreover, would not require so many troops, would be free from some of the dangers of an offensive campaign against Russia. However that may be, we may confidently expect the German strategy in the coming campaigns to reflect, as the old strategy did not, the views of the Chancellor about the peace. A strategical defensive in the West (which is not incompatible with a tactical offensive at some points) will have for its political counterpart a peace policy which is prepared to throw over all ideas of territorial gain in the West. On the other hand, a strategical offensive against Russia will have as its obverse a policy that is concerned to deny to Russia Poland and Constantinople, and expects the rare and refreshing fruits of victory to fall in the East.

So much for the mistakes of German strategy in the earlier passages of the war — mistakes so colossal as to make those of the Allies appear trifling by comparison. There has been far too much laudation of German ability in this war. When one considers the vast amount of forethought given by the Germans to the war, and the mobilization for a period of forty years of the best brains of the country toward the one end of military success, and then surveys the results achieved, one is not tempted to envy the Germans for their cleverness, but rather to think how much better the French, the Americans, or the English would have done the job if they had given their mind to it. The Germans in international politics remind us of the dull schoolboy who, having worked out with immense industry an enormous sum in multiplication and division quite correctly to thirty places of decimals, manages at the end to produce a wildly incorrect result by pointing his decimals two or three places out.

The purpose of this paper, however, is to discuss the mistakes of the Allied strategy, or, at any rate, to present an unfamiliar and unorthodox view of what it might have been. The Allied strategy, too, like that of the Germans, has oscillated between East and West. Russia began the war with an attack on Germany in East Prussia, and in spite of the crushing defeat in the Masurian Lakes she might have continued to put her main offensive strength there. But she did nothing of the kind; instead, she turned against Austria. For Russia the war was primarily a Balkan war, a war of the Turkish Succession. She went on the plan of attacking the weaker member of the hostile coalition — a plan which Germany's prime sin and blunder in invading Belgium and concentrating on the West made very much easier. Not so her Western Allies. Their efforts were directed, not against the weaker members of the hostile coalition, but against its head and front, Germany; their object, unlike Russia's, seemed to be to find where the enemy was strongest and attack there; not to cast about for the decisive point which happened also to be weak.

The first principle of war is to concentrate overwhelming force at a point of such great importance that success or failure there will affect the result of the war; and the weaker the enemy is at this point, the easier it will be to establish indisputable superiority in force. The whole strategical problem was: which was the decisive point? and, if there were more decisive points than

one, at which would the employment of a given amount of effort yield the greatest military return?

Russia answered this question in one way, the Western Allies in another. Russia said Galicia and the Carpathians; the Western Allies said France and Belgium. To one wing of the Allies the war was on its political side a war for priority in the Balkans; to the other wing it was a war against the political philosophy and practice which had made the invasion of Belgium possible. In this view the opposition between policy and strategy which ruined Germany's chances of victory and even destroyed her character in the eyes of the world reappears, although under different forms, in the strategy of the Allies; and though it has not ruined their chances of victory, it has at any rate delayed its arrival.

It will at once be objected that the Allies had no alternative to acting as they did. At the beginning of the war France was attacked by five sixths of the whole military strength of Germany, and five sixths of this five sixths attacked her by way of the neutral territory of Belgium and Luxemburg. What else could the Western Allies do but put their main strength against so formidable a peril? There are those who would go further than this and say that the principal error in the Allied strategy was that they allowed any part of their strength to be diverted to other fields. Turkey, they say, might have been left alone; her offensive power was not very great. Bulgaria, too, must stand or fall with Germany, and every man used against her was an ineffective subtraction from the strength that ought to have been employed against the arch-enemy Germany. Some have gone further even than this, and argued that Russia would have been well-advised to leave Austria alone, to content herself with parrying her attacks, and even after the terrible defeat in the Masurian Lakes, to return to the attack on East Prussia with new concentrations of men.

This last argument has been put with a good deal of force by Count de Souza in the last of the studies of the campaign which he is writing under the general title of *Germany in Defeat;* and the military correspondent of the London *Times*, Colonel Repington, has consistently pleaded for concentration of our military efforts against Germany, although he has not carried his argument so far as to deprecate the concentration of Russia's offensive effort against Austria. Colonel Repington is believed to express the views of the British General Staff, and the body of opinion in England which agrees with him may still be said to be dominant. The reaction in Germany from the western to the eastern school of strategy and politics has had its counterpart in England; but whereas in Germany the reaction triumphed (except on the sea), in England the official bias is still strongly to the western area.

The first question to be settled, then, is whether the British and French armies had any alternative to distributing their forces in the way that they did; and the answer depends to a very great extent on the view that we take of the battle of the Marne. If we regard it as the greatest strategical victory of the war, we can hardly maintain that the strategy of the Allies was still fettered after it had been won, still condemned to conform to the dispositions of the enemy. The test of a strategic victory is precisely this, that it confers on the victor freedom to make his dispositions as he pleases and not in conformity with the plans of the enemy. The use which the Allies in fact made of the victory of the Marne was to follow up the enemy and to attack him in his new

positions; and as it turned out, this was not a very fruitful use. At the time of the Marne the Allies had possession of Antwerp and Belgian Flanders; both were lost after the Marne. The Allies certainly advanced their line from the Marne to the Aisne and recovered ground in French Flanders; but in the main the territorial gains, even in France, were small; and from the end of 1914 to the present time it is disputable whether the advantage in such small changes as there have been has rested with the Allies or with Germany. When the losses in Belgium are taken into account, the balance of territorial gain since the Marne has certainly been on the side of the enemy. It can hardly be maintained that this is a satisfactory sequel to a battle which was hailed at the time, and with justice, as one of the great victories of history. There must have been an alternative, or the battle of the Marne was not the great victory that the best military opinion has pronounced it to be.

The error of the Allies at this time was the failure to perceive the difference in the standard of strength that is required for a successful offensive and a successful defensive. Because the Allies were strong and clever enough to win the Marne it did not in the least follow that they were capable of doing to the Germans what the Germans had failed so signally to do to them. A cold, calm review of the situation after the Marne would have convinced the Allies that they had no chance of a successful offensive against the Germans in France until they had made preparations which, on the most favorable view, and begun at the earliest possible moment, could not be complete for another eighteen months at least. Those eighteen months need not have been wasted by the Allies. They might have been employed in a defensive campaign in Belgium which would have kept Antwerp and the sea-coast in our possession. Any surplus of energy that remained might have been employed in the East. The offensives of the Allies in France in 1915 were premature and accomplished no useful end. The theory of 'attrition,' which was invoked by popular writers to justify them, was unscientific, like the practice of unskilled draught-players who, unable to use an advantage they have gained, win the game by giving 'one for one.'

Sir John French undoubtedly has military gifts of a very high order. It was at his request that the sphere of operations of the British army was transferred from the Aisne to Flanders, and it is perhaps not unreasonable to suppose that this was not an idea that suddenly occurred to him, but a reversion to plans of campaign that he may have conceived before he left England. The services of the British Expeditionary Force to the French army during the retreat from the Belgian frontier to the Marne were invaluable; and though they were nothing like so great on the Marne as popular pride supposed them to be, they were not inconsiderable even there. Looking back, however, on the later history of the war in the West, we may doubt whether the most effective place in which our assistance might have been given to the French would not have been in Belgium on the flank of the German advance. Had there been an active British army in Belgium when the battle of the Marne was fought, or even (if we take the permissible view that the battle of the Marne would not have been won without British aid) within a fortnight after that battle, the position of the Germans in Belgium would have been perilous in the extreme.

The popular legend about the Russians in England at this time had its ridiculous side, but showed real insight into the strategy of the situation. Half

a million Russians would no doubt have been better, but 150,000 British would have sufficed to make serious inroads on the German flank and to save the coast of Belgium to the Allies. The victory of Ypres would then have been won in front of Antwerp. With a strong Anglo-Belgian army on the German flank there is every reason to think that the progress of the advance in France in the autumn of 1914 would have been not less but greater than it actually was. We could then have fallen back on the defensive until such time as we had equipped ourselves with the resources necessary for a successful offensive; and the position of the Germans, with an army between them and the Belgian coast, would have been one of such peril that they would have been compelled to keep up their numbers. In such a position the strategic initiative would have passed into our hands. It is one of the proofs of Mr. Churchill's strategic insight that he did realize very early the tremendous advantage of some such position as this. Half a million from beginning to end should have sufficed to keep these advantages in our hands, though not, of course, to press them to decisive victory.

Having thus established ourselves in a defensive position full of the most alarming possibilities for the enemy, we should then have been free, while developing our resources, to look round for a field in which we might take the initiative more easily and at less cost than in France. There were three such areas: two in Turkey and the other in the Balkans.

II

If the danger caused by the entry of Turkey into the war were to be regarded through British spectacles, the area indicated was clearly Syria, with or without Mesopotamia. When Turkey became an enemy the foundations of our whole Eastern policy suddenly gave way. For more than a century we had supported her, because an independent and friendly Turkey was supposed to be necessary to the safety of our Indian Empire. Turkey was the buffer state between that Empire and Russia, and the first and main effect of her hostility, so far as England was concerned, was that the communications through Egypt were endangered. The surest way of defending Egypt and the communications with India was by attacking the communications of Turkey with the East. Turkey has only two routes to the East that matter — one along the northern shores of Asia Minor leading to Armenia, which was clearly the concern of Russia; the other through the Cilician Gates into Syria, and this was clearly our concern. A quite small military effort, made as soon as Turkey declared against us, would have given us Alexandretta and prevented Turkey from using the Bagdad railway and from reinforcing Syria with troops or munitions. Under these circumstances a serious attack on Egypt would have been quite out of the question. There might have been two supplements to this plan. If Akabah had been seized, we should not only have secured this flank of Egypt against attack but we should have cut Turkey's communications with Arabia by the Hedjaz railway. It might also have been convenient to seize the head of the Persian Gulf up to the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates; but this campaign had no urgency. Can it be doubted that the cutting of Turkey's railway communications with the East would have been infinitely more useful, not only to ourselves, but to the cause of the Allies as a whole, than, say, the dubious victory of Neuve Chapelle?

A second alternative would have been the forcing of the Dardanelles and

the capture of Constantinople. If the first of the plans that are now being outlined would have insured the safety of Egypt and of the communications with India, and the defeat of Germany's Bagdad railway schemes, the success of this second plan, by opening communications into Russia and breaking the blockade under which Russia was suffering, might perhaps have saved her from the heavy defeats of 1915, and would in any case have dealt a fatal blow at Germany's ambitions in Turkey — a blow that would have been a dramatically just retribution for the criminal folly of the General Staff in invading Belgium. Begun early and without the distraction of a premature offensive in the West, this enterprise would not have been impossible of accomplishment; and success would also have saved Serbia by preventing Bulgaria from taking the side of Germany.

A third alternative — though much more difficult of accomplishment — would have been so to strengthen Serbia that she not only could have resisted invasion, but might have developed an offensive against Hungary. This plan would have fitted in with the Russian strategy of concentration against Austria; it would have been invaluable if Roumania had come in early; and if our positions had been well established, it would have saved Roumania when she did come in. But the practical difficulties might very well have been insuperable, and this alternative cannot compare in attractiveness with the first and second.

The paradox of the whole business is that, while any one of these alternatives would have served and accomplished results far greater than any which were obtained on the West, and at far less cost, we should have tried all three in succession and each in a way that could not succeed. The first alternative we adopted in the form of a campaign in Mesopotamia which did not protect Egypt, and, so long as Turkey was free to reinforce her local troops by the Bagdad railway, was most unlikely to reach any decisive results. The Dardanelles campaign, again, was ruined partly by bad management, but mainly by a strange lack of appreciation of the great prize for which we were working. Mr. Churchill was one of the very few Englishmen who realized that the logical sequence of the Marne victory was, first, the defense of Belgian Flanders, and after that a vigorous offensive, not against the strongest part of the enemy's defenses but against the weakest point at which victory would have given decisive results. This was, undoubtedly, Constantinople. Such a prize, once we had entered for it, was worth every man that we could spare after the defense of our lines in the West had been made secure.

Finally, after the failure of the second alternative, the third was tried under circumstances that insured failure from the very outset. It would have been at least an intelligible though not a wise policy to refuse at the outset to have anything to do with an Eastern campaign of offense and to confine all our offensive efforts to the West. It would have been equally intelligible, and productive under wise direction of immensely important, perhaps decisive, results, to confine ourselves on the West to a strict policy of defense, and to throw ourselves with all the vigor of which we were capable on the weak easterly wing of the hostile coalition. But the policy actually adopted, of attempting simultaneous offensives on both East and West fronts, was doomed to failure from the outset. Either West or East, — East rather than West, because not only was the offensive less difficult there, but success would bring us nearer to decisive results, — but not

both East and West at the same time.

It is interesting to speculate as to what would have happened if England had waged this war on the lines of Chatham's strategy, which was to avoid taking part in the main clash of European armies, except to supply money and munitions; to use the power of the fleet to the utmost; and to use the army only as an adjunct to the fleet in colonial operations or in such military enterprises on the Continent as were peninsular in character and could be waged on a system of strictly limited military liability. Some modification of this system would clearly have been necessary in view of pledges given by England in the military conversations with France that continued for years before the war; and as things were we had no alternative until after the battle of the Marne. But when that battle had been won, there were no valid objections to a reversion to Chatham's principles of strategy.

These principles would probably have dictated a defensive campaign for Antwerp and the Belgian coast, because our naval problems were greatly complicated by their loss. They would certainly have dictated a war against Germany in Turkey, like Chatham's wars against France in India and Canada. It is not impossible that, had this policy been adopted, the year 1915, or at least 1916, would have been as great in English history as 1757, the year of Plassey, or 1759, which saw the fall of Quebec. The element of doubt is whether France, if she had not had the British reinforcements that went to her in 1915 and 1916, would have been able to hold her defensive lines. The strong probability is that she would, though under such circumstances there could be no question of her attempting the offensive. But did she in fact gain anything by the premature offensives of 1915 and 1916? Were these not in fact an extravagant use of her manpower? There were many Frenchmen who thought so. On August 13 M. Painlevé addressed to the President a memorandum embodying the unanimous resolutions of the three principal committees of the French Chamber, the Committees for War, for the Navy, and for Foreign Affairs. He gave an account of this memorandum in a speech to the Chamber shortly after the resignation of M. Delcassé, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. The following were its concluding words: —

'Seeing that all delays and all setbacks increase the danger and that the issue of the war is bound up with the taking of Constantinople, we ask the Government to take the urgent measures that the circumstances demand and to organize an expedition that will ensure the fall of Constantinople.

'These considerations and conclusion represent the attention and deliberation of two months.'

If the most responsible and informed members of the French Chamber could take this view, — men who would certainly feel to their innermost fibre the passionate desire to see the hated enemy ejected from the soil of France, — Englishmen can hardly plead that it was the necessity of France which prevented them from making their offensive effort in the East rather than in the West. On the contrary, the premature offensives in the West, though they were inspired by a very deep and sincere regard for France, were a very dubious service to her. The true direction of our best service to France may well have been along the lines of the traditional British strategy as laid down by Chatham. It is even possible that in this way the war might have been brought to a successful close without any breach with that other British tradition of voluntary service.

Lost opportunities in war never re-

turn, and it must not be supposed that what was sound strategy in 1915 and 1916, is, therefore, sound in 1917. The submarine campaign and the shortage of shipping tonnage have made it impossible to revive the idea of an Eastern campaign, at any rate in the form which might in former years have led to decisive results. England has deliberately chosen the West as her field of main military activity and there is now no departing from that decision. What happened in 1915 and 1916 will presently pass to receive the judgment of history. This judgment will turn on the rivalry between the Eastern and Western schools, which with us, as with Germany, has been pivotal. It is an interesting question for the United States, which, if the war lasts, may wish to make the most effective use of their military power; and it is worth remembering that there are no submarines in the Pacific and Indian Oceans.

But how, if we take the view that the East would have been the more profitable field of England's military effort, are we to explain the obstinate attachment of the British General Staff to the Western theatre? In the case of Germany the cause was the existence of a government within the government, a General Staff under the influence of the Crown Prince and his clique, which was disloyal to the official foreign policy and allowed political prejudice and the force of dull unimaginative conservatism to interfere with its natural expression in war strategy. No such causes were at work in England. But there were other causes, all honorable and natural, which distorted the nation's judgment. There is no such thing in history as a pure military problem, except perhaps in the narrower field of tactics. War is applied politics, and therefore, if we wish to understand the causes of success or failure in war, we must usually expect to find it in political conditions.

Three sets of causes may be distinguished for the preference given to the Western field alike in the minds of the people and in the official policy of the country — the popular causes, the professional, and the political.

Chief among what we have called the popular causes was misjudgment of the part played by the British army in the defense of France. It was very distinguished, but the vulgar idea that the main work of defending France from her enemies was performed by the handful of men who formed the first Expeditionary Force was, of course, ridiculously wide of the mark. Further, popular opinion, full of an exaggerated idea of the part that the British army had played in resisting the first invasion, failed to distinguish between the standard necessary for defense and the much greater standard required for a successful offense. The two ideas of defending France from invasion and of ejecting the invaders were in reality sharply contrasted; a wholly different set of considerations applied to the two cases. But the popular mind glided insensibly from the one to the other, unconscious of the depth of the gulf that lay between them. Finally, the mismanagement of the Eastern campaigns prejudiced the popular mind against them. They failed to distinguish between the grandeur of the idea of the Dardanelles expedition and the paltriness of the support that was given to it, and the not infrequent inefficiency of its execution. They judged by results, and by results, which were lamentable enough, the Eastern school stood condemned. Among English politicians Mr. Churchill was distinguished by the soundness, and even the brilliancy, of his views of strategy. Yet in the course of his advocacy of the Eastern school of strategy he became involved in the

failures of the Dardanelles expedition, and most unjustly lost his political influence in consequence.

The professional causes can be stated quite summarily. Every soldier who is worth anything thinks the campaign in which he happens to be engaged to be far more important than any other. The campaign in France, even at the end of the first three months, was much the most serious that the British army had ever been engaged in. It was natural, therefore, that the professional interest and 'pull' (if that word is not misunderstood) of the Western campaign were vastly greater than those of any of its rivals.

And lastly, there were the political causes. Opinion in England was very slow to understand the real political causes that made the war; and no wonder, for Germany had done her best to obscure them by invading Belgium and concentrating on the West. Nine men out of ten interpreted Germany's strategy as proof of a deep design on this country. It is very arguable that the turn of England might have come next; but it is none the less true that Germany did not begin the invasion of Belgium and France in order to strike at England. If we can disentangle the political causes of the war from the moral and personal causes, they are to be found almost exclusively in the East. Germany wanted to have the reversion of Turkey. That was why Serbia, the bridge-head between the Central Allies and the East, mattered so much. British opinion, official as well as popular, was slow to understand that, or to realize that Germany's ambition to possess a great empire in the East threatened to alter the moorings of British foreign policy for the past hundred years.

So far from opposing these German ambitions, — at any rate in the form in which they had been revealed before the war, — England had been on the whole rather sympathetic. She had placed no obstacle in the way of the Bagdad railway scheme; on the contrary an agreement with regard to it between England and Germany had been initialed, though not signed, a few months before the war broke out. Further, English opinion was slower still to understand that there might be opposition between the Chancellor's politics and the strategy of the General Staff. With regard to Balkan politics England's part had been that of a mediator. She had certainly not been anti-German in the conferences that followed the Balkan wars, and for this among other reasons she had declined, in the earlier stages of the dispute, while it was still an issue between Russia and Germany, and before France and Belgium had become involved, to declare herself in regard to the Balkans.

To official England the determining cause of England's participation in the war was France and Belgium; to unofficial England it was Belgium alone. The entry of Turkey into the war later, struck English people rather as an eccentricity of politics than as a fact that might have been foreseen from the first. Similarly, official England fought desperately against the idea that Bulgaria would come in against us. With British attention fixed so firmly on the West it was not surprising that at the first a persistently false view of the real causes of the war was taken in England, and that not only by popular judgment. It took Englishmen a long time before they could be induced to turn their heads away from France and Belgium; and when they did turn round in good earnest, the time had almost gone by when they could take decisive action elsewhere.

WAITING

THE war has brought America great prosperity. Some hundreds of our citizens have gained great fortunes, some thousands have two dollars to spend where once one sufficed. A hundred millions of us, it is true, have to pay half as much again for the necessities of life. But the sense of money is everywhere. The papers teem with the printed billions of the stock market, and editors flatter their readers with the massive figures of our export trade. This prosperity is neither our fault nor our merit. It arises from circumstances which give us, as a people, acute unhappiness. Not unnaturally, the contrast between the misery of Europe and the overflowing garners of America wins for us foreign envy and dislike. Not unnaturally, it rouses repugnance in the breasts of many onlookers at home. It is not nice to batten on suffering surpassing all the horror which the civilized world has known. It is not nice, and, though the situation is not of our own making, it is not comfortable.

But comfortable or not, the situation has been a test of character. England was driven to make her great decision within three days, while we for almost as many years have been left to find ourselves, swayed by fresh argument, now forward, now back. We have been confronted by a question as difficult to solve morally as intellectually. The steep and thorny way no longer seems to lead straight to certain right, nor the smooth and easy path to wrong. The needle points no longer to the pole. We have hesitated, perplexed. Our critics — and the bitterest of all our critics are Americans like the rest of us — say we are complacent. They go further. They say that money is our single goal. Some of them go further still. They say, God help them! that we are content to have the war go on so long as we are paid for it!

It is idle to refute such slander. These are times which heat the blood, and words say more than they mean. But the bitter things Americans have said of America have done more to hurt the understanding of this country by Europe than any single cause. I do not refer to the expression of opinion as to our duty. That is the right of every citizen. I do not refer to any argument of policy or of honor; but I do contemn the constant and virulent indictment of a nation by its own citizens on charges of cowardice and covetousness.

They do not know America. Slow to think, in spite of business training, half-educated in spite of public school, taught for a hundred years to look on Europe as another world, drawing our blood from a score of neutralizing strains, with a passion for peace half sentimental, deeply religious, we were dumbfounded at the first shock of arms. Germany we only vaguely understood. Intellectually, we distrusted her, because in the long warfare between religion and science she had become the stark exemplar of the ultimate and uncompromising faith in material power. Politically, we knew that she was the proximate cause of the war, but we knew that back of that cause were a hundred others; and that centuries of ambition, intrigue, and pillage had left no nation in Europe with a clean inheritance. But when the rape of Belgium came, our sympathies were fixed. The Lusitania massacre, the

butcheries of Armenia, and organized piracy on the high seas made our judgment certain. It was not the cause but the method of the war which made our assurance sure. To Americans, a Teuton victory could only mean in Europe the subversion of everlasting right.

And, as the nation felt, so felt the leader. Trained in English thought, with British blood flowing through him, his mind and spirit disciplined by Burke and Wordsworth, every consideration of birth and education urged him to sympathize with the Allies. But Mr. Wilson was President of the greatest neutral nation. He shared to the full the common American belief that the world can no longer progress except through peace. And the United States, a world in miniature where the nations have joined together as a single people in a supreme experiment in the art of living together, can alone provide a common clearing-house for the discussion of a world-wide pact. As spokesman for America, the President kept the peace and offered, in all sincerity, his offices to the belligerents.

The war dragged its intolerable length along. The President realized, though the public did not, that Germany would not keep permanently the pledges that she had made in regard to neutral lives. Private reports from Germany assured him that submarines were building in the yards of Hamburg and Kiel on a scale which dwarfed all precedent, while the declining morale of the German armies on the western front, and the increasing intensity of suffering among the civilian populations of the Central Powers alike indicated that her submarine campaign would in time be stripped of the last vestige of restriction. The President made an announcement which seemed to wake us from a century of sleep. 'This is the last war,' he said in effect, 'in which the United States can remain neutral.' Scarcely had the reverberation of that celebrated speech died down when we began to perceive, even the traditionalists among us, that the time when the United States must cease to be neutral was not in the next war, but *now*.

The realization came slowly. It was helped by the interchange of peace terms which the President secured from the belligerents — Berlin's windy words, and the set terms of the Allies. It gathered momentum as the flood of public opinion flowed silently between those who would fight from hate of Germany, and those who would not fight to save the future of the world. The Militarists reviled the Pacifists, and the Pacifists vilified the Militarists, while all the time the country was making up its mind aloof from both.

In a simpler world it once took two to make a quarrel, but at this juncture it cannot seriously be maintained that Germany desires to fight the United States. She has tried to hoodwink neutral nations with the panacea of peace in a world German-shaped and German-led, and she has failed. Her people are suffering acutely and losing confidence in the war. In times of crisis, an autocracy must be dramatic; and now that victories on land are no longer ripe for the harvest, Germany is obliged to continue her undersea warfare, or accept temporary stalemate and the inevitable end.

This compulsion the President appreciated. Sooner or later, the resumption of the unrestricted warfare upon commerce was bound to come, and with it the end of American neutrality. But, whether she fought or whether she kept the peace, America could have but one object — the world must be made and kept a decent place to live in. She could not join the Allies in the unrestricted sense. After one hundred and forty years of blessed isolation, she

could not scrap the Great Experiment and snare herself in the web no nation of Europe has ever torn herself free from. It was the President's duty to interpret America to Americans, and to the world, and to make plain on what terms the nation would cast aside the remnants of its own security for the world's sake. Such was the message that the President brought to the Senate, outlining the League of Nations and stating succinctly and dramatically the things for which America was willing to fight. It was a peace message, for Germany had not yet committed herself irrevocably to the policy of destroying and destruction. But the President knew that the crisis was upon us, and only wished this nation and all the nations of the earth to realize that his speech was no expression of personal opinion, but that the deliberate conscience of the United States had spoken through his lips.

The time will come when that speech will be familiar in the mouths of boys, and when, on the last day of school, it will be volleyed through the serried ranks of parents, while the smiling superintendent waits for the wide-collared orator to shout with upraised hand the final phrase: 'These are American principles, American policies. We could stand for no others, and yet they are the principles and policies of forward-looking men and women everywhere, of every modern nation, of every enlightened community. They are the principles of mankind and must prevail.'

The bare idea that the time is approaching when the United States must play her full part in the world, broke startlingly upon the great mass of Americans. Two years had brought the nation far on its journey, but till now the goal had not been in plain sight. The President's speech had the great advantage that it still, in the public mind, was a discussion of theory. No act seemed contemplated, and the debate was unprejudiced by the responsibility of immediate decision. The country pondered, and began to understand.

Informed observers expected that the German onslaught would come in the spring; but it was on the first day of February that the Imperial government finally threw down the gage. America's part was already taken: the German ambassador was dismissed, and the final preparations begun.

Very, very slowly it has all come to pass. The breach in public opinion which, two years ago, cut to the heart of the nation, has narrowed steadily, till the chasm has become a crack. Even on the surface there is less of discord and more of purpose, for in the midst of noisy confusion of thought and speech, certain truths stand distinctly out. In the forefront is the conviction which comes to candid minds that nothing has been left undone to keep an honorable peace. For the first time a great nation has not allowed itself to consider insult a cause for war. The phrase which is a commonplace of democratic civilization, 'There are times when a nation is too proud to fight,' has been lent pith and meaning by resolute refusal to permit the impudence of an ambassador or the crass insolence of the government which accredited him, to make one hundred and seventy million people suffer the consequences of their brutal manners. And worse, infinitely, than any speech, was borne with only solemn warning. Long and harshly has Germany abused our patience, but that sufferance has not been lost. As we confront this conflict, every American knows that what could be borne has been borne, and patience (the spirit of history called by another name) has taken for us, as a people, a new significance. We feel its influence in the

righteousness of a cause which it has guided, and in the power of a nation which it has unified.

And another thing which stands forth in relief is this. In a war involving the nations of five continents, the United States alone fights without expectation, without desire for reward other than the common security of the seven seas. For herself alone she demands absolutely nothing. She enters the struggle purely for a world idea. France, most heroic of nations, fights for her life; Russia for power; Italy and Roumania for territory; unhappy Serbia and Belgium because their rights as nations are destroyed; England because her empire, even her existence, is at stake; the Central Powers, from a coarse mingling of fear and greed; but if we fight, we fight because a world ordered like this one is intolerable to all, remote and near. In such a world, security, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are forever impossible. Thus the isolation which has kept physical guard over us for a century still protects us morally on the threshold of war. Though the last barriers of space are broken down, our minds are insulated from the passion wrought by fear. Among us as a people there is no hatred of Germany, because there is no terror of Germany. With all our indignation at the monstrous crimes of the war, we are curiously dispassionate, ready in the extremest cases to make some allowance, still feeling, in Lincoln's phrase, charity for all.

What, then, is our plain duty? Militarily, on joining the Allies, we must join them wholeheartedly, completely. Our navy must be their navy, and our vast edifice of cash and credit must double their resources at a single stroke. This does not mean that we must sign their treaties, intrench ourselves within their new tariff walls, further their ambitions, and for a full generation beyond all lives now living, live at enmity with the nations of middle Europe. Yet it might well mean a league between the great and sympathetic democracies of the modern world, Great Britain, France, and the United States — a league open in future to any nation which should subscribe to the covenant of peace and assume the responsibility of enforcing it. To such a treaty of universal promise the United States might indeed be party. By singular paradox, it seems given to us to fight Germany that her people may be saved; to help the Allies, not to Berlin and Vienna, but to peace and security. We Americans shall remember that a majority of Social Democrats in the Reichstag is worth more to civilization than a dozen victories on the Somme front. We shall not forget that it is the practical expression of American sympathy and the support of American conviction which will hearten the democratic masses of Britain to stand firm for a peace of moderation, whereby no nation shall be deprived of the essentials of national self-government and self-respect. We have not suffered the long agony of Europe; we are spared the fury born of hopelessness of heart. By every consideration of blessed fortune, of creed, of understanding of the past, of hope for the future, we must be wise, moderate, never ceasing to seek, at the opportune time, for a negotiated peace that will lead to Peace.

As these lines are written, the word is not yet spoken, the deed is not yet done. But the long, slow waiting, the wrestling of the spirit within us, has for many of us made the sense of physical ease, of immunity from the world's torture, almost intolerable. For such a war as this, there can be no ' moral equivalent.' In a dull and blunted sense, we feel that longing the disciples felt when they beheld the Master on the tree, and longed to hang there by his side. Our hearts and minds are sick with fever

which only the letting of our blood may heal. Please God, we shall, in this fight, forget ourselves, keep free from the wild hates of the moment, remembering only the long years ahead and the generations which must be reared in a world not weighted and balanced by opposing forces, but wrought into the common fabric of a civilization without fissure and without strain.

E.S.

March 1, 1917.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

TO BORE OR NOT TO BORE

'TAKE me away,' said Thomas Carlyle, when silence settled for a moment over a dinner-table where one diner had been monologuing to the limit of boredom, 'for God's sake take me away, and put me in a room by myself and give me a pipe of tobacco!'

Little as we may otherwise resemble Carlyle, many of us have felt this emotion; and some realize (although the painful suspicion comes from a mind too analytical for its own comfort) that we may have occasioned it. Carlyle defined the feeling when he said, 'To sit still and be pumped into is never an exhilarating process.' But pumping is different. How often have I myself, my adieus seemingly done, my hat in my hand and my feet on the threshold, taken a fresh grip, hat or no hat, on the pump-handle, and set good-natured, Christian folk distressedly wondering if I would never stop! And how often have I afterward recalled something strained and morbidly intent in their expressions, a glassiness of the staring eye and a starchiness in the smiling lip, that has made me suffer under my bedcover and swear that next time I would depart like a sky-rocket!

Truly it seems surprising, in a fortunate century when the correspondence school offers so many inexpensive educational advantages for deficient adults, that one never sees an advertisement —

STOP BEING A BORE!

If you *bore people* you can't be loved. *Don't you want to be loved?* Don't YOU? Then sign and mail this coupon *at once*. Let Dynamo Doit teach you through his famous mail course, *How not to be a Bore.*

The explanation, I fancy, must be that people who sign and mail coupons *at once* do not know when they are bored; that the word 'boredom,' so hopelessly heavy with sad significance to many of us, is nevertheless but caviar to the general and no bait at all for an enterprising correspondence school.

A swift survey of literature, from the Old Testament down, yields some striking discoveries. To take an example, Job does not appear to have regarded Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar as bores. And there is Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*, out of which one can familiarly quote nothing about boredom earlier than Lord Byron. The subject has apparently never been studied, and the broad division into Bores Positive and Bores Negative is so recent that I have but this minute made it myself.

The Bore Positive pumps; the Bore Negative compels pumping. Unlike

Carlyle, he regards being pumped into as an exhilarating process; and so, like the Old Man of the Sea on Sindbad's tired shoulders, he sits tight and says nothing; the difference being that, whereas the Old Man kept Sindbad walking, the Bore Negative keeps his victim talking. Charlie Wax (who lives down town in the shop-window and is always so well-dressed) would be a fine Bore Negative if one were left alone with him under compulsion to keep up a conversation.

Boredom, in fact, is an acquired distaste — a by-product of the printing-press and steam-engine, which between them have made and kept mankind busier than Solomon in all his wisdom could have imagined. Our arboreal ancestor could neither bore nor be bored. We see him, with the mind's eye, up there in his tree, poor stupid, his think-tank (if the reader will forgive me a word which he or she may not have *quite* accepted) practically empty; nothing but a few primal, inarticulate thinks at the bottom. It will be a million years or so yet before his progeny will say a long farewell to the old home in the tree; and even then they will lack words with which to do the occasion justice. Language, in short, must be invented before anybody can be bored with it. And I do not believe, although I find it stated in a ten-volume Science-History of the Universe, that 'language is an internal necessity, begotten of a lustful longing to express, through the plastic vocal energy, man's secret sense of his ability to interpret Nature.' An internal necessity, yes — except in the case of the Bore Negative, who prefers to listen; but quite as likely begotten of man's anything but secret sense of his ability to interpret himself.

Speech grew slowly; and mankind, now a speaking animal, had centuries — nay, epochs — in which to become habituated to the longwindedness that Job accepted as a matter of course in Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar. So that even to-day many, like Job, Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar, bore and are bored without really knowing it.

In the last analysis a bore bores because he keeps us from something more interesting than himself. He becomes a menace to happiness in proportion as the span of life is shortened by an increasing number of things to do and places to go between crib and coffin. Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, full of an unusual personal experience that the leisurely reader finds most horridly entertaining, bored the Wedding Guest because at that moment the Wedding Guest wanted to get to the wedding, and was probably restrained from violence only by the subconscious thought that it is not good form to appear at such functions with a missing button. But the Mariner was too engrossed in his own tale to notice this lack of interest; and so invariably is the Bore Positive: everything escapes him except his listener.

But no matter how well we know when we are bored, none of us can be certain that he does not sometimes bore — not even Tammas. The one certainty is that *I may bore*, and that on the very occasion when I have felt myself as entertaining as a three-ring circus, I may in effect have been as gay and chatty as a like number of tombstones. There are persons, for that matter, who are bored by circuses and delighted by tombstones. My mistake may have been to put all my conversational eggs in one basket — which, indeed, is a very good way to bore people. Dynamo Doit, teaching his class of industrious correspondents, would probably write them, with a picture of himself shaking his fist to emphasize his point, 'Do not try to exhaust your subject. You will only exhaust your audience. Never talk for more than three

minutes on any topic. Wear a wrist-watch *and keep your eye on it.* If at the end of *three minutes* you cannot change the subject, tell one of the following anecdotes.' And I am quite sure also that Professor Doit would write to his class, 'Whatever topic you discuss, *discuss it originally.* Be apt. Be bright. Be pertinent. Be *yourself.* Remember always that it is not so much what you say as the *way you say it* that will charm your listener. Think clearly. Illustrate and drive home your meaning with illuminating figures — the sort of thing that your hearer will remember and pass on to others as "another of So-and-so's *bon-mots.*" Here you will find that reading the "Wit and Humor" column in newspapers and magazines is a great help. And speak plainly. Remember that unless you are *heard* you cannot expect to *interest.* On this point, dear student, I can do no better than repeat Lord Chesterfield's advice to his son: "Read what Cicero and Quintilian say of enunciation." '

But perhaps, after all, enunciation is no more important than renunciation; and the first virtue that we who do not wish to be bores must practice is abstemiousness of self. I know it is hard, but I do not mean total abstinence. A man who tried to converse without his *I's* would make but a blind stagger at it. This short and handsome word (as Colonel Roosevelt might say) is not to be utterly discarded without danger of such a silence as would transform the experimenter into a Bore Negative of the most negative description. Practically deprived of speech, he would become like a Charlie Wax endowed with locomotion and provided with letters of introduction. But one can at least curb the pronoun, and, with shrewd covert glances at his wrist-watch, confine the personally conducted tour into and about Myself within reasonable limits. Let him say bravely in the beginning, 'I will not talk about Myself for more than thirty minutes by my wrist-watch'; then reduce it to twenty-five; then to twenty — and so on to the irreducible minimum, and he will be surprised to feel how his popularity increases with leaps and bounds at each reduction — provided, of course that he finds anything else to talk about.

Your Complete Bore, however, is incapable of this treatment, for he does not know that he is a bore. It is only the Occasional Bore, a sensitive, well-meaning fellow who would not harm anybody, whose head lies sleepless on a pillow hot with his blushes while he goes over and over so apt and tripping a dialogue that it would withhold Gabriel from blowing his trumpet. So it seems to him in his bed; but alas, these dialogues are never of any practical use. They comfort, but they do not cure. For no person ever talks to us as we talk to ourselves. The better way is to decide firmly (1) to get a wrist-watch, and (2) to get to sleep.

There is, however, one infallible rule for not being a bore, or at any rate for not being much of a bore, and that is, never to make a call, or talk to one person, or to several at once, for more than fifteen minutes. Fifteen minutes is not really a very long time, although it may seem so. But to apply this rule successfully one must become adept in the Fine Art of Going Away. Resting your left hand negligently on your right knee, so that the wrist protrudes with an effect of careless grace from the cuff, you have glanced at your watch and observed that the fifteen minutes are up. You get up yourself. Others get up — or, if there is but one other, she. So far, so good. But now that everybody is up, new subjects of conversation, as if catching this rising infection, come up also. You are in a position in which, except by rather too oratorical or dramatic a gesture, you

cannot look at your watch; more than that, if you bore a person sitting down and wondering when you are going to get up, you bore far worse a person standing up and wondering when you will go away. That you have in effect started to go away — and not gone away — and yet must go away some time — and may go away at any minute: this consciousness, to a person standing first on one tired foot and then on the other, rapidly becomes almost, but never quite unendurable. Reason totters, but remains on the throne. One can almost lay down a law: *Two persons who do not part with kisses should part with haste.*

The way to do is to go like the skyrocket — up and out.

But the fifteen-minute call followed by the flying exit is at best only a niggling and unsatisfactory solution; it is next door to always staying at home. Then certainly you would never be a bore (except to the family); but neither by any possibility could you ever be that most desirable factor in life, the Not-Bore. The Hermit is a slacker. Better far to come out of your cave, mingle, bore as little as may be — and thank Heaven that here and there you meet one whom you somehow feel reasonably certain that you do not bore.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION AGAIN

THE jottings which follow are intended as a footnote to one of the happiest remarks of one of the most genial and witty philosophers of our time and country. I have not the text for citation verbatim, but even a garbled version cannot wholly spoil such felicity.

When a young man arrives at college, says Mr. Dooley in one of his delightful chronicles of manners, — I trust it has not yet attained to the cheapness of the over-familiar, — he is ushered into the luxurious office of the Prisidint, who shoves a Roosian cigarette into his face and says, 'And now, me b'y, what branch iv larnin' would ye loike to have pursooed fer ye be our expayrienced and competint perfessers?'

Myself, having spent half of what the *Harvard Lampoon* used to call 'the epidemic year' pursuing the history of English literature from 1700 to 1900 for a class of sophomores, in one of our oldest and deservedly most respected New England universities, I have lately made my semi-annual descent into that abyss of desolation, the examination period. And, after the official waste of three hours in the examination room as 'proctor,' I have spent one hour with the written rewards of my vigilance. It has brought me to that pass where the spirit balks. I cannot do another thing until I have vented myself somehow. *Hinc illa scripta.*

Perhaps the most disconcerting effects of examinations are those which result from conservative attempts to echo the preceptorial vocabulary, and to hand back information in the verbal envelope of the original. 'Wordsworth,' I read, 'exalted in the beauties of nature.' Addision and Steele, I find myself corroborated, taught their age manners — 'and this was done not in a preaching way but in homeletic fashion.' 'Helenism' — Greek is a very dead language nowadays — 'Helenism is immoral beauty.' Can this be the wander echo of my attempt to analyze that temper which fondly imagines itself 'unmoral'?

But I prefer originality — such originality as that of the youth who assures me that Franklin was the first great American man of letters because 'he invented the postal system.' A wilder originality as to the fact occurs here: 'De Quincey was always very dreamy. His *Dream Children* is a good example of him.' The quite reasonable

request for illustration of the heroic couplet was rewarded thus: —

The lowing herd trods slowly o'er the lee.

And Wordsworth's worship of nature is illustrated best in the ballad beginning, —

The world is too good for us.

Students are usually more alive to fiction in prose than to poem or essay. Yet to the question, 'What was Defoe's most important contribution to the novel as a form of imaginative literature?' a majority answered '*Robinson Crusoe*,' and one youth returned for all answer: 'Defoe's most important contribution to the form of the novel was in the form of imaginative literature.' We ask: 'What was Swift besides a man of letters?' The answer: 'Swift, besides a man of letters, was a lunatic.' And in a tabular arrangement of the chief novelists from 1700 to 1800 appear Alexander Pope, Thomas Grey, Collins, Macpherson, Bosworth, Tobias Stern, Laurence Smollet, Chatterton, Lamb, George Elliott, George Dickens, Thackery, McCauly, and Jane Eyrie.

Nor let it be thought that the style of these disgorgements is necessarily less piquant than the matter. Here is metaphor, here is simile: 'Byron was a Roosevelt, with poetic teath that loved to grind and grind on the reputation of man or upon the life of the man himself. Shelly was quiet and docile compared with Byron. Shelly was perhapps like Brian and his "dove of peace." *That conseption is too insipient however.*' (When I read this to my wife, she said: 'Yes — its fontanel never closed.') To this flight, the printed question, 'Compare Byron and Shelley as poets of revolt,' is a tame, tepid, and (dare I say?) toothless thing.

One more passage I include, as reflecting another youth's taste in the difficult matter of style — the more faithfully reflecting because, tinctured as it is with the selective memory of one hardly knows what, it frankly abandons the youth's own native wood-notes wild. 'Upon the barren panorama of Scotch letters in the closing years of the 18th Century Robert Burns through a ray of sunlight, that has never faded away. As a boy Burns had a grammar school education, augmented by diligent reading of Swift, Pope Addison and Arbuthnot. He was, in early youth, a lover of nature. It was not until however, that Burns fell into that passion which is at once both the glory and the sorrow of mankind, love, that we discover the latent power which nestled in the heart of this Scotchman.'

Thus one hour of mingled emotions. I have at least six more hours of the same to face. And I owe this hour, and shall presently be owing the other six, to college sophomores — American young men of nineteen and twenty, graduates of the best secondary schools, sons of good families and best families, by selection and survival arrived at those opportunities which are usually accounted the best. Were they doing their best to carry out the printed injunction at the head of the examination paper — 'Write carefully. Your answers will be judged on their form as well as on their substance'?

I am not asking just now what these fairly representative jottings prove. They may prove that I have done my teaching badly, or that the American college is a bluff, or that the modern young man has only contempt for the cultivation of the mind, or that the English classics ought to be considered as dead to all but pedants, or that real education is an impossibility in a social order founded on and dedicated to commerce, or that the preparatory schools do not know what they are

about, or that the undergraduate will take his academic instruction from only one man, the athletic coach — *the man who teaches him to play*. I promise myself a terrible day of reckoning up these issues and the relation of my own conscience to them.

But for the moment I only ask, What can be done about it? What on earth can be done about it?

CONCERNING UNHEARD MELODIES

'SUPPOSE, children, nobody had ears, suppose no living *thing* had ears,' Teacher said, looking hard out of her brown eyes at the row of attentive faces before her, 'would there be any sound in the world?'

Silence — into which presently a bumblebee, fresh from the sweets of the scraggly lilac bush outside the schoolhouse window, boomed his sturdy disapproval of speculative niceties. The third boy from the door dragged a copper-toed shoe across the bare floor, and nodded doubtfully. Then there was a chorus of nods — practical unanimity.

'Sure there would be,' quoth freckled John Smith, emboldened by the nods. What courage of conviction is ever so recklessly cocksure as that inspired by conscious cohesion with the uninspired majority? ' 'T would n't make no difference. The *noise*'d be there just the same, whether anybody heard it or not. 'Course it would — why would n't it?'

Another boy, minus forty-odd years of enlightening experience, seconded John Smith. 'S'posen, now, a gun was set some way, so's it'd go off in — in the middle of the Desert of Sahary. Would n't it bang, same as it does here?'

Teacher smiled oddly, and the controversialist was seized with geographical searchings of heart.

'Well, s'posen a thunder shower was to come up in the middle of the night, and nobody waked up — nobody 't all *anywhere* — then it'd be just heat-lightnin', would it? Huh! And could n't the deafest man ever was see a dog's mouth go, and *know* the bark was comin'? Well, I rather guess he could!'

But Teacher convicted us of scientific heresy from a torn volume of *Webster's Unabridged*, though our uninstructed common-sense still stood stubbornly on the defensive. Sound was a sensation, produced through the medium of the ear, she explained; hence, if there were no ears, there could be no sound — no sound of any sort.

Freckled John Smith drew a long breath, making an incredulous wheeze through his nose.

'But there'd be the *stuff* to make it of,' he contested; and Teacher conceded that much, with cautions about the materialistic suggestions of 'stuff.'

This reminiscence of my boyhood was recalled by Mr. and Mrs. Follett's essay on Henry James in the June, 1916, *Atlantic*, especially by that line, aptly quoted to such a theme, concerning 'unheard melodies,' which — granting we trust the poetic intuition — are sweeter far than any which filter through the tympanum, and get themselves duly recognized as melodious in the positive degree. I confess that that line, and its suggestions, have always troubled me a good deal. For if a melody is unheard, how does anybody know that it *is* a melody, and not a discord? Does an exceptionally keen ear catch a glinting note now and again, and boldly vouch for the quality of what ears in general are oblivious to? And, even then, is n't 'just plain sweet,' with the popular vote in its favor, vastly preferable to the superlatively saccharine, with its severely select audience, or no audience at all? Again I seem to see Teacher's brown eyes look-

ing at me over the dog-eared pages of *Webster's Unabridged*, as she patiently explains that 'if there were no ears, there could be no sound, no sound of any sort.'

It is Browning who has given the strongest color of reality to the myth of the 'unheard melody,' because, in listening to his song, new, rich notes repeatedly vocalize out of the silence. I never take up my Browning without an awed sense of treading on brinks of unsuspected discovery, which goes to prove the contention of Mr. Chesterton that things undreamed of, or, better still, vaguely surmised, whether these be in heaven or earth, or in *Sordello*, have a 'certain poetic value.' This value depreciates notably, however, when the 'unheard melody,' long listened for, unravels itself out of the brooding silence only to prove a familiar street ballad in a Browningese setting — not particularly apt, but only incoherent. And this, alas, happens oftener than one might wish!

Furthermore, despite Browning societies numberless, and a perfect Midrash of illuminating or distracting commentary, there are lines in Browning which still whet the daring of the adventurous. What is under there, we ask — Kohinoor or brook-smoothed pebble? And sometimes we add, with a dash of petulance, Why should so much be left underground, anyhow? Is this which baffles the fairly intelligent reader, after a third reading, or even a fourth, the ecstatic utterance of a soul which has drunk so deep of the Pierian spring that the common tongue of the street and the drawing-room fails in its struggle for self-expression; or is it merely the blundering obscurity of a 'great demagogue, with an impediment in his speech'?

Mr. Browning is credited with the belief that it would be rather difficult to express some of the thoughts in *Sordello* in a perfectly lucid manner. Well, be it so, but is not literary artistry admittedly difficult, and is it not the chief glory of the poet's craft to fit apt and understandable phrases to unknown or dimly comprehended truths? The true poet is burdened with his seer's vision, but is he not burdened also with the interpretation thereof? If Browning be 'clearly one of that class of poets who are also prophets,' shall it not, then, be frankly counted a defect that his message will never be delivered in its entirety, and that only a few stray lines of cheerful optimism will ever reach the common ear? After *Sordello*, 'the most involved, bewildering, and altogether incomprehensible poem ever written by Browning,' there was ample time left to cultivate the 'winning graces of simplicity,' had such a course seemed desirable. Was it desirable? Was it possible? Or is genius of a high order always erratic, and more or less bewildering?

It is the fashion of critics to mention Meredith after Browning, and the later Henry James after Meredith. For writers of prose, these two last certainly sported to the verge of peril with the 'unheard melody,' so far, at least, as a popular hearing is concerned. It is said that Meredith wrapped his toga wrathfully about him, and shook the dust of the arena from his sandals, when his second book, *Evan Harrington*, failed to win the plaudits of the giddy populace. Whether the deserted public afterwards shed bitter penitential tears over the distressing complexities of *Diana of the Crossways*, bewailing too late what was now lost forever, or simply 'threw up its hands in despair' and went its light-hearted, care-free way to the literary music-hall on the next corner, is a question for those better versed in Meredithiana to decide.

And when all is said, was Meredith's style influenced in the least by a public

frigid to his fires, or by what flippant critics thought of him, or does genius of his peculiar type have a natural trend, which it cannot but follow? Can we conceive a Meredith praised and petted into a Meredithian Thomas Hardy? Or if the worst must be told, did the three of them — Browning, Meredith, and Henry James — count 'the common sort, the crowd' a negligible quantity, and thus allow a good many truths, neither hopelessly profound, nor especially intricate in themselves, to 'suffer stifle in the mist,' from which a modicum of trouble might have extricated them? In short, was the reproach of 'perverse obscurity' easier to be borne than the odium of 'playing to the pit'?

And, most important of all, are we dealing here with a literary tendency likely to persist? Shall we have presently a cult of the 'unheard melody' and of the 'story that cannot be told'? As Romanticism was a revolt against time-honored classic models, do we see here a revolt against the conventional audience — the audience of Dickens and Scott? That would be a sad pity, just at this time, too, when the alluring 'best seller' is still in the land, with a vast deal of doubtful ethics stored away under red cloth and white lettering. A writer with a gracious message ought to be heard, not only by open wood fires, and in dim-lighted libraries, but in cottages and on street-corners as well.

THE GENIUS OF THE RACE

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be,
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defense,
How oft in spirit have I turned to Thee,
Amidst the soundless solitudes immense,
O only source of all our light and life!
Lean close to me, for now the sinking sun,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
Hath made us worshipers; O claim thine own!
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
Grant us Thy peace and purity of mind;
And rivet faster round Thyself the chain,
The heart, which love of Thee alone can bind.
So shall I live like one not born to die,
Holding so fast by Thine Infinity!

[Lest the newer poets be too harsh in their criticism of this sonnet, the *Atlantic* hastens to break the anonymity of the Club and award the credit where it belongs, to the following poetasters: — Keats, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Thomson, Clough, Rossetti, Byron, Keble, Shelley, Rogers, Southey, Byron again, Coleridge, and E. Brontë. — THE EDITORS.]

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FOUR DAYS

BY HETTY HEMENWAY

I

WITH savage pity Marjorie regarded a sobbing girl whose face was distorted, and whose palsied hands were trying to straighten her veil and push back stray wisps of hair. Marjorie thought: 'What a fool she is to cry like that! Her nose is red; she's a sight. I can control myself. I can control myself.'

An elderly man with an austere face, standing beside Marjorie, started to light a cigarette. His hands trembled violently and the match flickered and went out.

Marjorie's heart was beating so fast that it made her feel sick.

A locomotive shrieked, adding its voice to the roar of traffic at Victoria Station. There came the pounding hiss of escaping steam. The crowd pressed close to the rails and peered down the foggy platform. A train had stopped, and the engine was panting close to the gate-rail. A few men in khaki were alighting from compartments. In a moment there was a stamping of many feet, and above the roar and confusion in the station rose the eager voices of multitudes of boys talking, shouting, calling to each other.

Marjorie saw Leonard before he saw her. He was walking with three men —joking, laughing absent-mindedly, while his eyes searched for a face in the crowd. She waited a moment, hidden, suffocated with anticipation, her heart turning over and over, until he said a nonchalant good-bye to his companions, who were pounced upon by eager relatives. Then she crept up behind and put both her hands about his wrist.

'Hello, Len.'

Joy leaped to his eyes.

'Marjie!'

Impossible to say another word. For seconds they became one of the speechless couples, standing dumbly in the great dingy station, unnoticed and unnoticing.

'Where's the carriage?' said Leonard, looking blindly about him.

'Outside, of course, Len.'

A crooked man in black livery, with a cockade in his hat, who had been standing reverently in the background, waddled forward, touching his hat.

'Well, Burns, how are you? Glad to see you.'

'Very well, sir, and thank you, sir. 'Appy, most 'appy to see you back, sir. Pardon, sir, this way.' His old face twitched and his eyes devoured the young lieutenant.

A footman was standing at the horses' heads, but the big bays, champing their bits, and scattering foam, crouched away from the tall young soldier

when he put out a careless, intimate hand and patted their snorting noses. He swaggered a little, for all of a sudden he longed to put his head on their arching necks and cry.

'You've got the old pair out; I thought they had gone to grass,' he said in his most matter-of-fact tone to the pink-faced footman, who was hardly more than a child.

'Well, sir, the others were taken by the Government. Madam gave them all away except Starlight and Ginger Girl. There is only me and Burns and another boy under military age in the stables now, sir.'

Inside the carriage Leonard and Marjorie were suddenly overawed by a strange, delicious shyness. They looked at each other gravely, like two children at a party, dumb, exquisitely thrilled. It was ten months ago that they had said a half-tearful, half-laughing good-bye to each other on the windy, sunny pier at Hoboken. They had been in love two months, and engaged two weeks. Leonard was sailing for England to keep a rowing engagement, but he was to return to America in a month. They were to have an early autumn wedding. Marjorie chose her wedding-dress and was busy with her trousseau. She had invited her bridesmaids. It was to be a brilliant, conventional affair — flowers, music, countless young people dancing under festoons and colored lights. In August the war broke out. Leonard had been in training and at the front from the first. Marjorie crossed the precarious ocean, to be in England for his first leave. It was now May: they were to be married at last.

'Marjie.'

'Len.'

'I have just four days, you know, darling. That's all I could get. We've been transferred to the Dardanelles; else I would n't have got off at all.'

'Four days,' murmured Marjorie. She looked up, and met his eyes, and stared, and could not look away. 'It's a long, long time, four days,' she said, without knowing what she was saying. All at once she put her hands over her eyes, and, pressing her head fiercely against Leonard's arm, she began to cry and to laugh, continuing to repeat, senselessly, 'It's a long, long time.'

And Leonard, trembling all over, kissed her on the back of her head, which was all he could reach.

They drew near to Richmond, the familiar avenues and the cool, trim lawn, and the great trees. Marjorie's tongue all at once loosened; she chattered whimsically, like an excited child.

'It's home, home, home, and they're all waiting for us — mater and your father and all the family. He's been in a perfect state all day, poor old dear, though he has n't an idea any one 's noticed it. Little Herbert 's the only one that's behaved a bit natural — and old Nannie. I've been rushing about your room, sitting in all the chairs, and saying, "To-night he'll be sitting in this chair; to-night he may be standing in this very spot before the fire; to-night he may be looking out of this window." O, Len, we're to be married at half-past eight, and we're going in motors so as not to waste any time. I have n't even read over the marriage service. I have n't the vaguest idea what to do or say. But what difference does that make! Do you see, Len? Do you see?' She stopped and squeezed Leonard's hand, for she saw that he was suddenly speechless. 'There they are,' lifting the blind, 'mother and little Herbert; and see the servants peeking from the wing.'

They swept grandly around the bend in the avenue. The windows of the great house blazed a welcome. All the sky was mother-of-pearl and tender. In the air was the tang of spring. In the white light Marjorie saw Leonard's lips

quiver and he frowned. She had a sudden twinge of jealousy, swallowed up by an immense tenderness.

'There's mother,' he said.

'Hello, Len, old boy.'

His father was on the steps. Leonard greeted him with the restraint and the jocose matter-of-factness that exist between men who love each other. He kissed his mother a little hungrily, just as he had when he was a small boy back from his first homesick term at Eton, and fluttered the heart of that frail, austere lady, who had borne this big, strapping boy — a feat of which she was sedately but passionately proud.

Little Herbert, all clumsiness and fat legs and arms, did a good deal of hugging and squealing, and Miss Shake, Leonard's old governess, wept discreetly and worshipfully in the background.

'Look at 'im! Ain't he grand? Glory be to God — bless 'im, my baby!' cried Irish Nannie, who had suckled this soldier of England; and loudly she wept, her pride and her joy unrebuked and unashamed.

At the risk of annoying Leonard, they must follow him about, waiting upon him at tea-time, touching him wistfully, wonderingly, for was it not himself, their own Leonard, who had come back to them for a few days? And instead of himself, it might have been just a name, — Leonard Leeds, — one among a list of hundreds of others; and written opposite each name one of the three words, *Wounded*, *Missing*, *Dead*.

Jealously his own family drew aside and let Marjorie go upstairs with him alone. She had the first right; she was his bride. Mr. Leeds plucked little Herbert back by his sailor collar and put his arm through his wife's. Together they watched the two slender figures ascending the broad staircase. Each parent was thinking, 'He's hers now, and they're young. We must n't be selfish, they have such a short time to be happy in, poor dears.'

'Looks fit, does n't he?' said the father, cheerfully, patting his wife's arm. Inwardly he was thinking, 'How fortunate no woman can appreciate all that boy has been through!'

'Do you think so? I thought he looked terribly thin,' she answered, absently. To herself she was saying, 'No one — not even his father — will ever know what that boy has seen and suffered.'

Little Herbert, watching with big eyes, suddenly wriggled his hand from his father's grasp.

'Wait, Leonard, wait for me! I am coming!'

Upstairs old Nannie was officiating. She was struggling with Leonard's kit, which resembled, she thought, more the rummage box of a gypsy pedler than the luggage of a gentleman.

The young officer had taken off his great-coat and was standing with his back to the hearth. He loomed up very big in the demure room, a slender, boyish figure, still too slim for his shoulder-width and height, clad in a ragged uniform, a pistol bulging from one hip at his belt. He looked about him at the bright hangings, with a wandering gaze that reverted to a spot of sunlight on Marjorie's hair and rested there.

'I'm all spinning round,' he said with a puzzled smile, 'like a dream.'

He continued to stare with dazed, smiling eyes on the sunbeam. His hair was cropped close like a convict's, which accentuated the leanness of his face and the taut, rigid lines about his mouth. Under his discolored uniform, the body was spare almost to the point of emaciation. Through a rent in his coat, a ragged shirt revealed the bare skin. He looked at it ruefully, still smiling. 'I'm rather a mess, I expect,' he said. 'Tried to fix up in the cars, but I was too far gone in dirt to succeed much.'

Marjorie, with the instinct of a kitten that comforts its master, went up to him and rubbed her head against the torn arm.

'Don't,' he said, hoarsely; 'I'm too dirty.' He put out a hand, and softly touched her dress. 'Is it pink?' he asked, 'or does it only look so in this light? It feels awfully downy and nice.'

She noticed that two of his nails were crushed and discolored, and the half of one was torn away. She bent down and kissed it, to hide the tears which were choking her. She felt his eyes on her, and she knew that look which made her whole being ache with tenderness — that numb, dazed look. She had seen it before in the eyes of very young soldiers home on their first leave — mute young eyes that contained the unutterable secrets of the battlefield, but revealed none. She had seen them since she came to England, sitting with their elders, gray-haired fathers who talked war, war, war, while the young tongues — once so easily braggart — remained speechless.

What had they seen, these silent youngsters — sensitive, joyous children, whom the present day had nurtured so cleanly and so tenderly? Their bringing-up had been the complex result of so much enlightened effort. War, pestilence, famine, slaughter, were only names in a history book to them. They thought hardship was sport. A blithe summer month had plunged them into the most terrible war of the scarred old earth. The battlefields where they had mustered, stunned, but tingling with vigor and eagerness, were becoming the vast cemeteries of their generation. The field where lay the young dead was their place in the sun. The still hospital where lay the maimed was their part in a civilization whose sincerity they had trusted as little children trust in the perfection of their parents.

Beside the army of maimed and fallen boys was another shadowy army of girls in their teens and sweet early twenties — the unclaimed contemporaries of a buried generation.

There was a fumbling at the door-handle, and a small, muffled voice came from the corridor: —

'I say, Len; I say, Marjorie, can I come in?' And in he walked, spotless and engaging, in a white sailor suit with baggy long trousers, his hair still wet from being tortured into corkscrew curls. 'I'm all dressed for the party,' he announced; 'I'm not going to bed at all to-night.'

Marjorie tried to draw him into her lap, but he eluded her with a resentful wiggle, and walking up to Leonard, whacked him on the thigh and looked up with a sly, beseeching glance which said, 'Whack me back. You play with me. You notice me. I love you.'

His eyes were on a level with Leonard's pistol; he put his little pink face close to it lovingly, but drew back again, puckering up his small nose.

'Oh, Leonard, you smell just like a poor man!' he exclaimed.

Leonard grinned. 'You never got as near as this to any poor man who is half as dirty as I am, old dear.'

'You've got just half an hour to dress for dinner, and we're due in the church at eight,' said Marjorie.

She paused in the doorway, a slim figure in a crumpled white dress.

Leonard stared at her blankly, and then put out a bony arm and drew her to his side.

'It's awfully tough on you, honey, to have it this way; no new clothes or anything fixed up, and,' he added, smiling and closing his eyes, 'coming away across the ocean full of dirty little submarines to a bridegroom smelling like a poor man! Jove! I want a bath!'

'Just as I was about to take the liberty of remarking myself,' old Nannie said. She was standing in the doorway,

her arms akimbo and her sleeves rolled up. 'Captain Leeds, it's all ready.'

Leonard's arms were still about Marjorie. 'Captain Leeds, otherwise known as Lieutenant Leeds,' he said, 'once known as Leonard, presents his compliments to Mrs. Bridget O'Garrity, née Flannagan, and wishes her to request Mr. Jakes, in the culinary regions, to draw his bath and lay out his things and generally make himself a nuisance. He will not permit Mrs. O'Garrity to dress him.'

'Oh, now, Captain Leeds — well then, Leonard dearie, you bad boy,' wailed the old woman reproachfully. 'Mr. Jakes has gone to the war, as has likewise all the men in the house, and a good riddance it is, too. There was a time when you were n't too grand to let your poor old Nannie wait on you. Why, Miss Marjorie, I remember the time when he could n't —'

'No reminiscences!' broke in Leonard, eyeing Nannie suspiciously. 'You have had so much experience with men you ought to know how they hate it. Why, Marjorie, do you realize that Nannie has had five husbands?'

'Oh, Master Leonard, indade, it is only three!' cried Nannie, horrified.

'Seven,' Leonard insisted; 'it's a compliment. It only shows how fascinating you are with the polygamous sex. It was seven, only two never showed up after the wedding. I was to be the eighth, Marjie, only you came in between us.'

'Master Leonard, I could smack you for talking like that! Don't listen to 'im, Miss Marjorie.'

'Cheer up, old Nannie,' continued Leonard; 'there's still Kitchener. He's a bachelor and a woman-hater, but then, he's never met you, and he's even a greater hero than I am.'

Nannie, aghast but delighted, advanced toward Leonard, shaking her gray curls. 'H'm, h'm. Woman-haters, you say. I never met one, indade.' Then, very coaxingly, 'Did n't you bring your old Nannie a souvenir from the war?'

'Rather,' said Leonard, indicating with his chin the rent on his shoulder. 'How about this?'

'How about that?' said Nannie, her old eyes in their deep furrows gleaming with malice.

From behind her broad back she drew forth a round metal object that flashed in the firelight.

'It's a German helmet!' cried Marjorie.

'I want it!' shouted Herbert, stretching up his arms for the flashing plaything.

'It's mine,' coaxed Marjorie, trying to wrest it from Nannie.

Leonard put out a swift hand, and held it aloft by the spike.

'Let me try it on,' wheedled Marjorie, coaxing down his arm.

'You look like a baby Valkyrie,' said Leonard, placing the helmet on her head; but he frowned.

Marjorie regarded herself in the mirror.

'This belonged to an officer of the Prussian guard,' she said.

'It did. How did you know?'

Marjorie continued to stare at herself in the mirror as if she saw something there behind her own reflection. 'The very first man who was ever in love with me wore a helmet like this,' she said, suddenly, lifting enigmatic and mischievous eyes to Leonard.

'How many have there been since?' Leonard smiled, lazily.

'I can remember only the first and the last,' said Marjorie.

Leonard laughed, but he could not see Marjorie's face. She was standing looking down at the gold eagle-crest, holding the helmet in both hands, carefully, timidly, as if it were a loaded weapon that might go off.

'Where did you get it, Len?' she asked, gravely.

'There's a crop of them coming up in France this summer,' said Leonard.

'But seriously, Len?'

'Seriously, Marjorie.' He took the helmet by the spike and put it on the mantel. 'Lord knows, I'm not presenting that as a token of valor to any one. It belonged to a poor chap who died on the field the night I was wounded. My orderly packed it in my kit.'

Marjorie drew a deep breath. 'Oh, Len,' she whispered, staring at the helmet. 'How does it feel to kill a man?'

Leonard, smiling, shifted his position and answered, 'No different from killing your first rabbit, if you don't sit down on the bank and watch it kick, and write poetry. Besides, you always have the pleasure of thinking it's a German rabbit.'

'Oh, Len!'

'You're just one in a great big machine called England. It is n't your job to think,' Leonard said. 'For God's sake, lamb, don't cherish any fool Yankee pacifist notions. We are going to beat the Germans till every man Fritz of them is either dead or can't crawl off the field.' His black fingers closed over Marjorie's. 'Remember, after to-night you're an Englishwoman. You can't be a little American mongrel any more; not until I'm dead, anyway. Now I've got you, I'll never let you go!' He showed his teeth in a fierce, defiant smile, in which there was pathos. He knew what a life in the Dardanelles was worth. He put his cropped head close to Marjorie's. 'Do you hate me for that, Marjie?'

Marjorie, pressing against him, felt the strength of his gaunt shoulder through his coat. A sense of delicious fear stole over her, and the savage which lies close to the surface in every woman leaped within her.

'I love you for it!' she cried.

'Don't rub your head against my coat,' murmured Leonard; 'there's bugs in it.'

They both laughed excitedly.

II

Two hours later the wedding took place in the church where Leonard had been baptized and confirmed. Little Herbert thought he had never been to such a strange party. He did n't care if he never went to one again. No one was dressed up but himself. The church was dark, and it seemed to Herbert so vast and strange at this late hour. Candles gleamed on the altar, at the end of a long, shadowy aisle. Their footsteps made no sound on the velvet carpet as they walked under the dim arches to the front seat. His aunts and his uncles and his brother's big friends from the training camp seemed suddenly to appear out of the shadows and silently fill the front rows. In the queer light he kept recognizing familiar faces that smiled and nodded at him in the dimness. Nannie was dressed in her 'day-off' clothes. She was crying. Herbert looked about him wonderingly: yes, Miss Shake was crying, too — and that lady in the black veil over there: oh, how she was crying! No; he did n't like this party.

Through a little space between his father's arm and a stone pillar he could see Leonard's back. Leonard was standing on the white stone steps, very straight. Then he kneeled down, and Herbert heard his sword click on the stone floor. The minister, dressed in a white and purple robe, with one arm outstretched, was talking to him in a sing-song voice. Herbert could n't see Marjorie, the pillar was in the way; but he felt that she was there. Leonard's voice sounded frightened and muffled, not a bit like himself, but he heard Marjorie's voice just as plain as anything —

'Till death us do part.'

Presently the choir began to sing, and his mother found the place in the hymn-book. Herbert could n't read, but he knew the hymn. Each verse ended, —

'Rejoice, rejoice,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing.'

Herbert looked on the hymn-book and pretended he was reading. The book trembled. Leonard and Marjorie were passing close to the pew. They looked, oh, so pleased! Leonard smiled at his mother, and she smiled back. She lifted Herbert up on the seat and he watched them pass down the dark aisle together and out through the shadowy doorway at the very end. The little boy felt a vague sensation of distress. He looked up at his mother and the distress grew. She was still singing, but her mouth kept getting queerer and queerer as she came to the line, —

'— give thanks, and sing.'

He had never seen his mother cry before. He did n't suppose she could cry. She was grown up. You don't expect grown-up people, like your mother, to cry — except, of course, Nannie and Miss Shake.

'Rejoice, rejoice,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing.'

He sang it for her. The voices of the choir seemed suddenly to have traveled a long way off and the tones of the organ were hushed. He heard his own voice echoing in the silent church. The words seemed to come out all wrong. He felt a terrible sense of oppression in the region of his stomach, and he wondered if he were going to be ill. It was a relief to hear himself crying at the top of his lungs, and to have Nannie scolding him lovingly, and leading him out of the church. He drove home, sniffing but comforted, in his father's lap.

'He felt it,' old Nannie said to Burns, as she lifted him out of the carriage. 'The child understood, bless him!'

III

Ever, when it comes May, and the soft, chill breezes blow from the ocean across the sun-soaked sands, and the clouds run dazzling races with the sea gulls, Marjorie will feel herself running too, catching up breathless a few paces behind Leonard, as on that second afternoon on a wind-swept beach of the Kentish coast. Like mad things, their heads thrown back, hair flying, mouths open, the spray smiting their open eyes, with all the ecstasy of their new-found energy, they clambered over the slippery seaweed and leaped from rock to rock, swept along with the winds, daring the waves, shouting down the surf.

Marjorie, when those spring days come round again, will remember a little cove, sheltered from the wind, warmed by the fitful spring sunlight, where, panting, they threw themselves down on the sand, bodies glowing, faces to the sun.

'Hello, sun!' cried Marjorie.

'Hello, clouds!' cried Leonard.

'Hello, old sea gulls!' cried Marjorie, beginning to sneeze.

'God, but I feel fit; I feel glorious! Don't you, Marjie?'

'Don't I, though! I feel glorious. O God!' cried Marjorie, who did not know whether that was swearing or praying, and did not care.

Leonard ran his hands through the chill, warm sand, and watched a huge black spider promenading with bustling importance up his arm.

'The female spider eats the male as soon as he fertilizes the eggs, but he has to just the same,' said Leonard, dreamily.

'Let's kill her,' said Marjorie.

'No.'

'Yes.'

'Why?'

'She's a cannibal,' said Marjorie.

'No, it's her instinct,' said Leonard.

He opened an alleyway for the spider in the sand, and, with his head down close, watched it hustling away. 'It's the same with us; we know we have every chance of being killed in this war, and we have to go, and we're glad to. It's not courage or sacrifice; it's instinct.'

'You think so, Leonard?'

'It's not nice to lie alongside of a man you've killed and watch him die,' said Leonard, inconsistently, eyes looking down into the sand, head pillowed on his arm.

'Did you have to, Len?'

'I did n't exactly mean to kill him. He was wounded,' murmured Leonard, raising little white pools in the sand with his nostrils. 'We had a rotten day and had taken a small position which did n't amount to anything when we got it. *Was n't* I in a nasty sulk! Some of my green men had funked just at the crucial moment, and I had all but shot one. The ground was covered with wounded. Could n't tell theirs from ours. Awful mess. I was coming back across the field over dead bodies, and cursing every one I stumbled across. I suppose I felt pretty sick. I saw a helmet gleaming in some burnt shrubbery. It was a nice shiny one, with an eagle crest. It occurred to me you'd written me to send you one, "because all the girls had them" — remember?'

Leonard rolled over close beside her and his head went down into the sand again.

'I went to pick it up, but it seems I got something else with it. A great blonde fellow in gray, all powdered with dust and bleeding, — Jove! how he was bleeding! — came up with it. It surprised me and he managed to knife me, and over I went, on top of him. I had my pistol cocked, and I let him have it right in the chest. I must have fainted, because when I came to I was on my back and the moon was shining in my eyes. The man in gray was there alongside of me, supporting himself on one arm and looking at me.

' "I am dying," he said in German.

'That did n't seem very interesting to me. So is everybody else, I thought; and I did n't answer. Presently he said it again, in English: "I'm dying."

' "Really?" said I.

' "Yes," he answered.

'There was something impersonal in his tone, and he looked eery there in the moonlight, I can tell you, leaning on one arm and bleeding. Awfully good-looking chap. Built like a giant. He reminded me of a statue called the Dying Gaul, or something.'

'Oh, yes; I know that statue!'

'Well, he looked like that — with all the fight going out of him. Suddenly he smiled at me.

' "Did you think you were playing your football when you came down on top of me that way, eh?"

'I say, I was a bit surprised. Football does n't seem a very congenial subject for a dying man; but do you know, we sat there and talked for an hour at least about all kinds of sports and athletics. You should have seen the way he kept tossing the hair out of his eyes and saying, "Fine, fine!" And then he'd boast, and tell me all about the things he'd done. I never saw a fellow built as he was. It seems that he was a champion in most everything. But after a while he seemed to get on to the fact that he was losing an awful lot of blood, and then he said again, "Schade." That was all. After two or three foolish tries I got up on my feet. The last I saw of him he was supporting himself on his arm, and looking for all the world like that statue.

'They'd cleared off all the wounded, and only the dead were left. It was terribly still, and I could hear him choking, a long way off, as I came back across the lines. The next day I happened to stumble across him. It was bright sunshine, and he was like marble, and the ground all about was sticky. He was staring up in the sun with his head thrown back and his eyes open, and the strangest look! Well, anyway, it made me think of a chap I saw once make a rippingly clever catch at ball, with the sun shining straight in his eyes, while the crowds went wild, and he did n't know what had happened for a minute. — His helmet was still there beside him, keeping guard, sort of like a dog, and I took it back with me. I don't know why.'

Leonard paused; then he said, suddenly, averting his eyes like a child caught in a wrong act, 'That talk we had was so queer — I mean it was as if — don't you know? — as if we were — well, sort of the same at heart. I mean, of course, if he had n't been German. War is queer,' he continued, lamely, raising his cropped head and looking off at the horizon, 'awfully queer.'

Presently he spoke again.

'So many men have been killed — Englishmen I mean; almost all the men I went to school with.' He started to count as if by rote: 'Don and Robert, and Fred Sands, and Steve, and Philip and Sandy.' His voice was muffled in the sand. 'Benjamin Robb and Cyril and Eustis, Rupert and Ted and Fat — good old Fat!'

Lying close to Marjorie on the sand, his mighty young body still hot from the joyous contact of the noonday sun, his eyes, full of an uncomplaining and uncomprehending agony, sought hers; and Marjorie looked dumbly back with a feeling of desolation growing within her as vast and dreary as the gray expanse lapping beside them, for it seemed to her that Leonard was groping, pleading — oh, so silently — for an explanation, an inspiration deeper than anything he had known before — a something immense that would make it all right, this gigantic twentieth-century work of killing; square it with the ideals and ideas that this most enlightened century had given him.

Marjorie strangled a fierce tide of feeling that welled up within her, and her eyes, bent on Leonard, were fierce because she loved him most and she had nothing, nothing to give him. For he had to go back, oh, he had to go back to-morrow, and he hated it so — they all hated it — the best of them! How clearly she saw through the superb, pitiful bluff, that it was all sport, 'wonderful'! Wonderful? She knew, but she would never dare let Leonard see that she knew.

And still Leonard counted, his head in his arms: 'Arnold and Allen, and Rothwood, and Jim Douglas, and Jack and — Oh, Christ! I can't count them all!'

IV

They came up to London in a second-class compartment. Any one could have told they were on their honeymoon, for they wore perfectly new clothes, and on their knees between them they balanced a perfectly new tea-basket. They were making tea and sandwiches, and although it was all rather messy, it gave them the illusion of housekeeping. It was the afternoon of the fourth day. An old lady and gentleman, their only traveling companions, went tactfully to sleep. Leonard glanced warily at them, and turned his back on the flying landscape.

'Marjorie,' he said, carefully peeling a hard-boiled egg; 'Marjie.'

'Yes, Len.'

'Were you ever in love before this?'

Marjorie laughed. She was in the

mood for laughter. She must be happy and light-hearted. Time enough later on to be serious.

'Sure,' she replied gravely, mocking eyes on Leonard. 'Were n't you?'

Leonard shook his head. 'Just with actresses and things, when I was a kid. Never, really.'

'I suppose,' said Marjorie, pensively, 'I ought to care if you've been bad or not, but I don't.'

'But Marjie, darling,' — Leonard brought her back and went straight to his point, — 'were you ever really in love with that German chap you spoke of when I gave you the helmet?'

'He was my first love,' said Marjorie, with wicked demureness. 'I was fifteen and he was eighteen.'

'You were just a flapper,' said Leonard; 'you could n't be in love.'

'A woman is never too young to adore some man,' said Marjorie, sagely. 'I was a miserable homesick wretch, spending the winter in a German boarding-school.'

'A German school! What for?' said Leonard, frowning.

'In order to learn German — and culture.'

Leonard gave a grunt.

'Yes, Len, dear, it was dreadful. You never could have stood it, you're so particular,' Marjorie said, settling her head against Leonard's arm. 'The girls only bathed once a year!'

'Dirty beasts!' muttered Leonard. 'But what 's that got to do with the point?'

'I'm preparing you for that by degrees. Len, dear, it was dreadful. No one spoke a word of English, and I could n't speak a word of German, and it was such a long winter, and all the flowers and grass were dead in the garden, and at night a huge walnut tree used to rattle against my window and scare me; and they don't open their windows at night, and I nearly died of suffocation! They think in Germany that the night air is poisonous.'

'They don't use it instead of gas. How about the man? Hurry up!'

He looked at his watch, but Marjorie chose to ignore him.

'We've got eleven hours,' she said, with tragic contentment; 'I'm coming to the man. The girls used to sit about indoors and embroider — oh, everlastingly! Hideous things. I was, oh, so restless! You know how you are at that age.'

'I was playing football,' said Leonard; 'so ought the man to have been, instead of casting sheep's eyes at you.'

'He had nice eyes,' said Marjorie, pensively, 'and lived next door, and,' she added, as Leonard puffed stolidly at his pipe, 'he was terribly good-looking.'

'He was?' said Leonard, raising his eyebrows.

'So tall for his age, and his head always looked as if he were racing against the wind. He was always rumpling his hair as if in a sort of frenzy of energy, and he was awkward and graceful at the same time, like a big puppy who is going to be awfully strong. He was like a big, very young dog. So energetic, it was almost as if he were hungry.'

'He's hungry along with the rest of 'em now, I hope,' murmured Leonard.

'His name was Carl von Ehnheim. He lived in a very grand house next door,' continued Marjorie, 'and he used to come over and make formal calls on the pension Müller. He never looked at me, and whenever I spoke he looked down or out of the window, and that's how I knew he liked me.'

'Most abominable case of puppy love,' said Leonard.

'Oh, it was *so* puppy!' cried Marjorie; 'but of course it made the winter pass less drearily.'

'How so — "of course"?'

'Because he would always happen to come down his steps when I came down

mine. Or when I was in the garden walking on the frozen walk with huge German overshoes on, he would draw aside the curtain of his house and stand there pretending not to see me until I bowed, and then he would smile and pretend he had just noticed me. And then, when Christmas came, all the girls went home, and Frau Müller and I were asked over to his house to spend the day. Did you ever spend a Christmas in Germany, Len, dear?'

'No, but I hope to some day.'

'It's so nice, it's like Christmas in a book. He used to come into the garden after that, and we'd play together. And we read German lesson-books in the summer-house. And then, sometimes, for no reason at all, we would run around the summer-house until we were all out of breath, and had messed up all the paths. One day he had to go away. It was time for him to go into the army to be made an officer, and I did n't see him for so long, and I forgot all about him, nearly. I would have if I had n't been so lonely.'

'Humph!' said Leonard; and Marjorie squeezed his fingers.

'Are n't you just a little bit jealous?' she pleaded.

'Jealous of a Hun?' answered Leonard, knocking the ashes from his pipe. 'No.' But he squeezed her hand somewhat viciously in return. 'Not a bit. Stop wriggling! Not a bit. When did you see him again?'

'Not for a long time. One day I came home and on the hall table was a gold sword and a gold helmet with an eagle crest. Maybe I heard his voice in the parlor, maybe I did n't. Anyway, I put the helmet on my head and took the sword out of the scabbard. Oh, was n't it shiny! I was admiring myself in the mirror when he came out. — Stop whistling, Leonard, or I won't go on.

'He was dressed all in blue and gold, and he wore a gray cape lined with red, and oh, he looked like a picture in a fairy book, I can tell you, and he just stood there and stared at me. And he said, in a very low voice, "I did n't dare to kiss you under the mistletoe." And I wanted to say something, but could n't think of anything because he would n't take his eyes away; and then Frau Müller came out and said "Good-bye" to him with great formality. And afterward she said it was very *unziemlich* to talk to a young officer alone in the hall, and, oh, I don't know — a whole lot of things I did n't listen to.'

'And of course that only fanned your ardor and you continued to meet?' prompted Leonard.

He lighted a pipe and stuck it in the corner of his mouth, and never took his smiling eyes off Marjorie's thin little face, all animated in the dusk.

'Of course we met, but only on the avenue, when we girls were walking in a long line, dressed alike, two by two, guarded by dragons of teachers. But I'd lie awake every night and think of all kinds of things — his look, and the way his sword clanked against his boots. And twice I saw him at the opera, looking at me from one of the boxes filled with officers. You can't think how big I felt having him notice me — and you can't think how beautiful I thought he was. Little thrills ran up and down my spine every time I looked at him. Is that the way you felt when you looked at your silly actresses?'

'Maybe,' said Leonard, grinning with the corner of his mouth unoccupied by the pipe, and staring out into the shadowy darkness. 'Was that all?'

They were drawing near to London.

'Mostly,' answered Marjorie, fingering the buttons on Leonard's sleeve. 'Last time I saw him it was in the garden on the same bench in the sun. He came over the fence, and he told me that his regiment had been ordered to Berlin the next day.'

'You knew more German then?' asked Leonard.

'Yes, I suppose so; but I did n't need to understand. It was all in the sun, and the air was all warm from the cut clovers, and his eyes were, oh, so blue! And — I don't know. He took off his helmet and put it on my head, and he took his sword out of the scabbard and he put it in my hand, and he said, oh, all kinds of things in German that I could n't understand very well.'

'He was probably asking you how much your dowry was.'

'Maybe, but his eyes did n't ask me that. And that was all. I never saw him again, and I don't ever expect to.'

'Should rather think not.'

'Would you mind?'

'Certainly,' said Leonard.

'They're horrible tyrants, English husbands,' said Marjie, kissing his arm.

'Not so bad as German ones,' he replied, putting his head down to hers.

The casements rattled. Into the little dark square of the compartment window peered a confusion of lights, the myriad eyes of a great city.

'Why, it's London!' cried Marjorie. 'I'd lost all track of time. Had n't you, Leonard?'

'No,' he answered laconically, slamming down the lid of the tea-basket.

But Marjorie squeezed up against him and gave a little laugh. 'Supposing it could be the same man, Leonard,' she said.

'What man?' asked Leonard, snapping the lock.

'Why, the man of the Helmet — the Dying Gaul — and my man I've been telling you about.'

Leonard looked at her, and for some reason his eyes flinched. 'What difference would that make? He was German,' was all he said.

It was a sultry evening. Flowers were being sold in profusion on street-corners. Hurdy-gurdies played war tunes in the gutter. The streets were filled with soldiers in khaki, and florid civilians in their summer clothes. Suddenly she remembered a passage in the Bible that always seemed beautiful to her, but now it seemed to have been specially written for her: —

'Where thou goest, I will go, And where thou lodgest, I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, And thy God, my God.'

She walked as close to Leonard as she dared: 'Thy people shall be my people, And thy God, my God.'

The passers-by smiled at her and turned and stared after. 'Awfully hard on a girl,' they thought, touched by the rapt look on the young face.

'Oh, Len,' she whispered, pulling at his arm, 'I love all these people; I love England.'

He smiled indulgently.

'They're all right,' he assented; 'I don't mind strangers, but I hate the thought of all the relatives we've got to face when we get back. There'll be Aunt Hortense and Uncle Charles. Mater'll have all the uncles and the cousins and the aunts in to bid me a tender farewell. Think of spending my last evening with you answering questions about how deep the mud is in the trenches, and what we get to eat, and what the names of all the officers in my mess are.'

'And then they'll spend the rest of our precious time connecting them up to people of the same name in England,' said Marjorie.

'Exactly,' agreed Leonard. 'Are n't grown-up relations beastly?'

'Horrible,' said Marjorie, 'but they 've been awfully decent about letting me have you all of these four days.'

To put off the evil moment of arrival they stopped at every shop-window and stared in, their faces pressed close to the glass. Finally, deliciously weary, and full of the languor of the summer

night, they retraced their steps and took the two-penny tube.

They arrived home late. The family were at dinner.

'We've missed two courses,' said Leonard gleefully; 'the aunts must be raging.'

'Shall I dress up?' said Marjorie.

'Good God!' answered Leonard, 'I go to-morrow at five. Don't wear anything that will make them think we're going to sit round and converse with Aunt Hortense all the evening. I'm going up to say good-bye to the boy.'

Marjorie found him there, stretched out on Herbert's little cot, completely covering the little mound under the pink coverlet.

'Don't you come near, Marjorie; I've got Leonard all to myself,' cried Herbert, who, like all the others, was jealous of Marjorie, but did not scruple to show it.

'Ha-ha! Who's jealous now?' said Leonard, putting his head down on Herbert's. Marjorie lay down on the quilt at the foot of the bed. Her restless eyes watched a light from the driveway scurry across the bed and zig-zag over the faces of the two brothers. Like a sudden flame struck from a match it lit a metal object on the shelf over the bed. Ah, it looked grim and incongruous in that peaceful English nursery! Once it had been one among a golden sea of helmets, sweeping across a great plain like a river. The sun smote upon gleaming bayonets, passing with the eternal regularity of waves. Last autumn the world had shaken under the tread of the feet marching toward Paris.

The light clung to the glittering object, and then scudded away. Marjorie's eyes kept closing. Suddenly, and oh, so vividly, there came the memory of another garden; the cold, brooding stillness of the winter air, and the sun sifting through the diamond windows of the summer-house, and shining on the dancing letters of the lesson-book and on his yellow hair. Then she heard Leonard's laughter and was back again in the present. How could he laugh like that! It was because he was so young. They were all so young!

'Good night, old man,' said Leonard, pulling himself up from Herbert's bed; 'don't forget me.'

Three times Herbert called him back, and when Leonard returned and stood beside him, the little boy wriggled apologetically.

'Play with me,' he said, plaintively.

'Play with you! I'll stand you on your head instead,' said Leonard, and put his arm around Marjorie.

But Herbert continued to call to the emptiness.

Leonard and Marjorie paused on the landing, and he reached up and spread his hand over the face of the clock.

'Stop moving!' he said.

'You're just about three years old to-night,' said Marjorie.

'I know — I know,' he said. Suddenly, with an impulse and gesture of childlike and terrible longing, he put both his arms about Marjorie. His face wore an expression that she could never forget. Looking up at him with wide, tearless eyes, she felt in that one uncontrolled moment that she knew him better than she ever would again. She felt wonderfully old, immeasurably older than Leonard, older than the whole world. With a love almost impersonal in its unconscious motherliness, she yearned with the mighty power of her woman's body and soul to protect this immature and inarticulate being who was faring forth to the peninsula of the 'Dead English' to make his silent sacrifice. The great house seemed to be listening, hushed, to the sober ticking of the clock on the landing. Suddenly, with a preliminary shudder, its melodious voice rang out nine times. The two stole downstairs to the dining-room.

'Nine o'clock. We've missed three courses,' whispered Leonard to Marjorie.

All through dinner he sulked. He could not forgive his Aunt Hortense for her very considerable bulk, which was situated between him and Marjorie. He squeezed his mother's hand under the table, till her rings cut into her flesh, and she had to smile; but toward all the flattering advances of his aunt, and her effort to ascertain his opinion on every aspect of the war, he remained dumb with the maddening imperturbability of a sulky boy, who refuses to be 'pumped.'

After dinner he was claimed by his father and remained in the smoking-room, detained by a certain wistfulness in his father's manner.

'We've missed you these four days, old boy,' his father said. 'But I hardly expect you missed us. Can't we have a talk now?'

'Yes, sir; of course,' Leonard answered. He felt suddenly contrite. He noticed for the first time in his life that his father looked old and little, almost wizened, and there was something deferential in his manner toward his big son that smote Leonard. It was as if he were saying, apologetically, 'You're the bone and sinew of this country now. I admire you inordinately, my son. See, I defer to you; but do not treat me too much like a back number.' It was apparent even in the way he handed Leonard the cigars.

Desperately conscious of the hands on the clock's face, which kept moving forward, Leonard sat and conversed on the recent drive in France, the Dardanelles campaign, home politics, held simply by the pathos of his father's new manner. At every pause in the conversation he listened for Marjorie's voice in the drawing-room.

And Marjorie, in the drawing-room, was wondering desperately if he knew how the time was flying as he sat there quietly smoking and holding forth endlessly about transports and supplies and appropriations, and all the things which meant nothing to her. More wily than Leonard, she had escaped from Aunt Hortense, who, in true English fashion, had not appeared to be aware of her presence until well on toward the middle of the evening, after the men had left; then she turned to Marjorie suddenly, raising her lorgnette.

'Leonard's letters must have been very interesting to your friends in America.'

'Oh, yes,' stammered Marjorie; 'but he never said very much about the war.' She blushed.

'Ah,' said the older woman; 'I observed he was very silent on that subject. It's a code or custom among his set in the army, you may be sure of that. So many young officers' letters have been published,' she continued, turning to Mrs. Leeds. 'Lady Alice Fryzel was telling me the other day that she was putting all her son's letters into book form.'

Marjorie had an inward vision of Leonard's letters published in book form! She knew them by heart, written from the trenches in pencil on lined paper—'servant paper,' Leonard called it. They came in open envelopes unstamped, except with the grim password 'war zone.' Long, tired letters; short, tired letters, corrected by the censor's red ink, and full of only 'our own business,' as Leonard said. Sometimes at the end there would be a postscript hastily inserted: 'I was in my first real battle to-day. Can't say I enjoyed it.' Or, 'Ronald Lambert, who was my chum at Eton, never turned up to-night. I feel pretty sick about it.' She remembered the postscript of his first letter from the front; not a word about the thunder of the distant cannonading or the long line of returning ambulances

that greeted the incoming soldier. It gave the first realistic smack of the filthy business of war. 'I've had my head shaved,' Leonard wrote. 'P.P.S. Caught One.' Marjorie wondered how that would look to Aunt Hortense, published in book form.

'Are n't the men a long while?' said Mrs. Leeds, for the fifth time; and Marjorie could endure it no longer. She could not bear to sit there and look at Mrs. Leeds's face. The fierce resignation of the mother's eyes seemed dumbly to accuse Marjorie, whose whole youth and passionate being protested: 'I won't let her have Leonard this evening — I won't — I can't — it's his last! Why don't old people, like Aunt Hortense, fight wars, if they're so crazy about it?'

She crept unnoticed to the dark alcove, and slipped through the curtains of the French window. But the older woman's shrewd glance followed her; and all the while she was listening with apparent composure and concern to Hortense, she was saying to herself, with bitter impatience, —

'Fool! Why did she have to come this evening!' And then, 'O Leonard, is it possible that little young thing can love you as I do!' And, 'O Leonard — O Leonard!'

Marjorie, in the garden, skirted the shrubs and stole between the flowerbeds to the library window. Vividly she could see Leonard, stretched out in a chair, his cigarette in one hand, gesticulating, talking.

'He's happy; he's forgotten all about me,' she thought; and swept by an absurd emotion of self-pity, she kissed her own arms in the darkness to comfort herself, till her eyes, which never left his face, saw him turn warily and desperately to the clock.

'Leonard,' she whispered, pressing close to the glass.

Suddenly he saw her revealed in the pale halo of light cast by the window into the darkness. He looked at her for moments without moving. Then she saw him get up and say good-night to his father, putting his hand awkwardly and self-consciously on his sleeve. Minutes passed, and she knew he had gone to say good-night to his mother, and then she saw the light of his cigarette coming toward her across the lawn. She waited without moving for him to touch her. So many times she would feel him coming toward her in the moonlight, the outline of his dear form lost in the dusk, and when he put out his hand it would be only empty shadows.

'Marjorie, where are you?'

'Here, Len.'

Some one came to the front door and called out, —

'Are you there, Leonard and Marjorie? Lock the door when you come in, Leonard.'

From the darkness they saw his mother's form silhouetted against the light inside. She started as if to come toward them, and then suddenly shut the door and left them alone together in the white night.

V

A thick yellow fog lay over London; at five o'clock in the Victoria Station the dawn had not penetrated, and the great globes of electricity in the murky ceiling shed an uncertain light. Through the usual sombre and preoccupied din of the early morning traffic, came the steady, rhythmic tread of marching feet. Lost in the smoke and fog, a band was playing 'Rule Britannia.'

Marjorie and Leonard were standing in the very centre of the vast dingy shed. Heavy-eyed, they looked about them with an unseeing, bewildered gaze, that kept reverting to each other. Marjorie had both her hands about one of Leonard's, and was holding it con-

vulsively in the pocket of his great-coat. Many times she had pictured this last scene to herself, anticipating every detail. Even in these nightmares, she had always seen herself, with a sick heart, bearing up bravely for Leonard's sake, making it easier for him.

A hunchback, dodging under the elbows of the crowd, stared at her, and smiled queerly and whispered to himself. Marjie shivered, then forgot him as a spasmodic gasp ran through the crowd; a sound suddenly seemed to envelope her like a wave, breaking, gathering itself, then breaking again — just two words: — 'Good-bye — Good-bye — Good-bye.'

She looked into Leonard's face, and saw that the moment had arrived; he was going. She was gripped with a sense of suffocation and panic. It was the same feeling that she had experienced as a child when she had gone in wading and had slipped into the water over her head. She clung to Leonard now just as she had clung to her rescuer then.

'Don't go! Don't go! I can't bear it! O Leonard!'

His hand, disengaging itself from her fingers, increased her panic. He put his arm about her.

'Marjie,' he said, in a steady voice, which yet sounded unreal, not like his own, 'I'm going. Good-bye. I love you with my whole soul; I always will. I shan't be able to hear from you, but I'll write you as often as I can. Don't worry if there are long intervals between letters. And, Marjie, don't believe too easily that I'm dead. If you hear I'm missing, there is still a good chance; even if I'm on the lists, keep on hoping. I'm coming back. Good-bye.' He kissed her, then paused, and put his dark head close to hers. 'Marjie, if we should have one, — if it's a boy, — I want it brought up in England; and in case we should — promise me to take the best care of yourself — promise! That's right. Now stop trembling.'

Marjorie nodded, with white lips, but continued to tremble. Leonard's face became equally white. He set his quivering mouth and turned away, but Marjorie clutched wildly at his sleeve.

'I'm coming with you as far as the boat, Leonard, just as far as the boat. See, those women are going. Oh, let me, Leonard!'

He hesitated, and in that empty moment a voice behind them said, 'The average life of an officer in the Dardanelles is eleven days.'

Leonard frowned; then glared at the hunchback, who was still peering at them.

'O Leonard, please, *please!*'

'You could n't come back with them,' he said painfully, averting his eyes from hers.

'Eleven days!' repeated an incredulous voice.

'I *will* come — I *will* come!' gasped Marjorie, trying to squeeze past Leonard through the gates.

He pushed her back peremptorily. His boyish face was pitiful in its determination.

'You go back,' he said. He beckoned to a young officer who was standing in the crowd. 'Stuart,' he said, 'will you see my wife to her carriage? She does n't feel well. I'm going.'

The soldier advanced. Marjorie glared at him with the eyes of an animal who sees her young taken away from her, and he drew back, his face full of pity. She threw one last despairing look at Leonard as he turned down the platform, and in that last glimpse of his strangely numb face she saw how he was suffering. She had a revulsion of feeling; a sense of desolate shame swept over her which, for a moment, surmounted her terror.

She had failed him! Behaved like a coward. Made it terrible for him at the

very last. Oh, if he would only look at her again! The whole force of her despair went into that wish — and Leonard turned. A few yards farther down the platform he swung suddenly about, and finding her face among the crowd, he tilted his chin and flashed his white smile at her while his eyes lighted and his lips framed the word 'Smile.'

The band, which had been gathering impetus for the last moment, pealed forth 'Rule Britannia.' Marjorie smiled, smiled as she never had before, and kissed her hand. He waved his cap. It was among a forest of caps. The whistle shrieked. The guards slammed the doors. Through the fog the train was moving.

'Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never shall be slaves!'

The crowds cheered. There came an acrid rush of smoke, which swallowed up the moving train with its cargo of khaki-clad boys. Above the cheering the hunchback, still dodging under the elbows of the crowd, was calling loudly,

'I came that they might have Life — Life — Life!'

The people stared down at the little sardonic face.

'Crazy?' they muttered.

The cripple shouted with laughter.

'Life — Life — Life!' he said.

When the smoke had cleared again, the tracks were empty, stretching away into blackness.

THE LILIES

BY G. E. WOODBERRY

Ever the garden has a spiritual word:
In the slow lapses of unnoticed time
It drops from heaven, or upward learns to climb,
Breathing an earthly sweetness, as a bird
Is in the porches of the morning heard;
So, in the garden, flower to flower will chime,
And with the music thought and feeling rhyme,
And the hushed soul is with new glory stirred.

Beauty is silent, — through the summer day
Sleeps in her gold, — O wondrous sunlit gold,
Frosting the lilies' virginal array!
Green, full-leaved walls the fragrant sculpture hold,
Warm, orient blooms! — how motionless are they —
Speechless — the eternal loveliness untold!

JUVENTUS CHRISTI

BY ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

'THE spring has gone out of the year,' said Pericles, in speaking of young men who had died in battle for Athens. Always it is the death of the young which brings the greatest gloom. As the war goes on, we think with stark horror of the sacrifice of youth, the frustration of promise and of hope. The war-god, indeed, is not the only Moloch which devours the spring of the year, the flower of the nations. Disease, whether born of our ignorance or imposed upon us by Nature, the arch-vivisectionist, never stays its hand as the generations come and go. Young men and women in their bloom, boys and girls in their first burgeoning, and tender little children die on every day through the relentless centuries. But, except when our own are taken, we are apt to obliterate the consciousness of a tragedy enacted in silence. Now our minds are shocked into attention by the roar of guns. The war has made eternal topics current. We feel impelled to try to answer the questions which are raised by this perennial catastrophe, the death of youth.

'Yours is a wholesome sorrow, of God's own laying-on.' This was written to one whose mother had just died, full of years and beauty and honor. Only the ignorant or the stupid feel any bitterness when old age exchanges life for death. The old who have lived rightly go willingly, and those who have loved them rightly feel only a grief which brings understanding to the mind and health to the soul. But when the young die, a drop of poison embitters the cup of sorrow. We ask, 'Why?' Through rebellion the soul sickens. Not God but the Devil lays his hand upon us. In trying to throw off this evil weight, let us understand clearly wherein our bitterness consists.

Impulsive rebellion, when youth dies, is tripartite. We deem it cruel that the young should lose life; that their fathers and mothers, or their young brides and lovers, should be frustrated of hopes; and, finally, that by their death we all lose the poems, the music, or the pictures which they might have created, the inventions which they might have devised, the discoveries by which they might have illuminated our darkness. But if we slowly think the matter out, only the first element in our anger abides to torture us. For if it should prove not to be a bitter thing that the young must surrender years of living, then those who love them rightly will in time forget their own frustration and find the waters of sorrow sweetened. And if we cease to think of individuals and survey the course of history, we perceive that our poetry and music and science will not die with these lips and ears and hands. Their poems, their violins, their machines — ah, others will take their place. 'Though we are all killed, there will be songs again,' the Irish poet, departing for the front, has bidden us remember.

> Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,

humanity arises and builds it again. And so we are brought back to the in-

justice done to the young themselves as the origin of our anguished and rebellious, 'Why?'

The frequency of this question is a proof of the deep-seated optimism of the race. In poetry and philosophy, from time to time, we play with the idea of life as the City of Dreadful Night and death as the Great Deliverer; but when our young die we feel that they have been betrayed. A man who had been convinced both of the evil of this world and of the goodness of a world beyond the grave, when his children died within one year, exclaimed, 'They have been cheated out of happiness, to which they had a right.' This cry is probably echoed by almost every father and mother who loses children. Pessimism rolls from us. We know that if our children are deprived of life they are deprived of something good.

There is, indeed, a beautiful and familiar story which seems to congratulate youth on an escape from life. It is told by Herodotus, that prince of story-tellers, whose golden magic resolves psychological abstractions into vivid personalities. Crœsus and Solon are discussing happiness, and the millionaire is hoping that the sage will at least allot him the second place among happy mortals. But no, that belongs to two quite ordinary Argives, Cleobis and Biton, who died young.

'There was a great festival in honor of the goddess Hera at Argos, to which their mother must needs be taken in a car. Now, the oxen did not come home from the field in time; so the youths, fearful of being too late, put the yoke on their own necks, and themselves drew the car in which their mother rode. Five-and-forty furlongs did they draw her, and stopped before the temple. This deed of theirs was witnessed by the whole assembly of worshipers, and then their life closed in the best possible way. Herein, too, God showed forth most evidently, how much better a thing for man death is than life. For the Argive men stood thick around the car and extolled the vast strength of the youths; and the Argive women extolled the mother who was blessed with such a pair of sons; and the mother herself, overjoyed at the deed and at the praises it had won, standing straight before the image, besought the goddess to bestow on Cleobis and Biton, the sons who had so mightily honored her, the highest blessing to which mortals can attain. Her prayer ended, they offered sacrifice, and partook of the holy banquet, after which the two youths fell asleep in the temple. They never woke more, but so passed from the earth.' [1]

The story is so exquisite that we yield to its persuasion. We say that even in the bright optimism of the Greeks experience wove a strand of 'divinest melancholy'; that they, too, after all, questioned the joy of life and perceived the kindliness of death. 'Whom the gods love die young' became a proverb among a people profoundly convinced of this world's glory and profoundly uncertain of another world's charm. Statues of Cleobis and Biton were set up by the Argives at Delphi. There, preserved in a museum, we may see them yet, perhaps on a spring day when poppies and mallows are to be found among the ruins of Apollo's holy city, and new green leaves cover the trees in the valley below Parnassus. In them the spring is eternalized.

Fancies such as this spring from our æsthetic sense. They are a part of our response to beauty in any form. We see the palpable loveliness of youth unmarred by age, of promise undisturbed by satiety. Death is an artist, like the maker of a Grecian urn, immortalizing his subject at the moment of perfection.

[1] Translation by Rawlinson.

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And happy melodist, unwearièd,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting and for ever young.

But in the critical hours of sorrow — hours now so constant with us — any such æsthetic evaluation of life and death seems to vanish. A subconscious belief in life's goodness rises and immerses us. We want our young to have their three-score years. With all the labor and sorrow? Yes, even so.

If we turn back to the Greeks, we notice that the lovely story of the Argive boys was only an illustration of a happiness which surpasses the happiness derived from wealth and despotic power. Cleobis and Biton were, indeed, happier than Crœsus, but they held only the second place in a general rating of happy mortals. A certain Tellus of Athens was deemed by Solon to be the most happy. 'First, because his country was flourishing in his days, and he himself had sons both beautiful and good, and he lived to see children born to each of them, and these children all grew up.' Life piled on life was best of all. To live long and to beget goodly life in a flourishing state, this was in reality the highest blessing.

But the Athenian sage's verdict is incomplete without his second reason for giving the palm to Tellus. Life cannot be judged except by adding death to it. A man's achievement includes with the manner of his living the manner of his dying. Now, the end of Tellus was 'surpassingly glorious. In a battle between the Athenians and their neighbors near Eleusis, he came to the assistance of his countrymen, routed the foe and died upon the field most gallantly.'

After the Platonic manner, let us for a time follow the argument whithersoever it leads. If the end is so important, constituting in itself one half of human happiness, then, it would seem, there must be comfort among those in Europe whose sons are dying gallantly for their countries upon the field. Such a death must be drawing the poison from sorrow, eradicating rebellion from bereaved hearts. It is a stupendous fact that until very late in history this logic would have remained unquestioned. Herodotus in his story of Tellus appealed to a universal popular belief. Æschylus, a spiritual prophet, when as an old man he wrote his own epitaph, omitted all mention of his poetry — his life-work — and commemorated the fact that forty years before he had risked his life at Marathon. Horace, a man of the world, used his incomparable language to perpetuate through centuries the sweetness and the ethical rightness of dying for one's country: —

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

In journeying from paganism to Christianity the western world merely carried this sentiment with it as a *vade mecum*. With the Roman have agreed saints and sinners, idealists and materialists, serfs and citizens. And even today only a certain few would dispute him. With him still agree millions of men and women, of sons and parents, who are united in a willing sacrifice. 'When your children die in battle, at least you do not have to ask why' — this is taken from a recent letter of a German mother who had lost her eldest and was sending forth her last son. Unsympathetic as the major part of our world is with the Prussian theory of the state, here is ground for a common, human understanding. Mothers in England and France and Russia, in Belgium and Serbia, are comforted by the same acquiescence. American mothers have been so comforted in the past, and would be again, were they brought to the test. All over Europe millions are undisturbed by the 'ethics'

of war, as distinguished from other forms of patriotic service, and gladly make the sacrifice of life for their countries, on demand. For those who are left behind grief is unpoisoned by rebellion. Age-old comfort brings peace to their hearts.

Now, the duty to go to war at the country's call does not rest only upon a Spartan or a Roman or a Prussian basis. Its potential quixotic individualism might have found expression (had the subject been debatable in those days) in the theory of the state held by Socrates, a citizen of a pure democracy. He made this theory clear when he was facing another kind of sacrifice. Imprisoned and condemned to an unjust death, he was urged by his friends to escape. It is quite possible that the Athenian democracy would have connived at such a miscarriage of its hasty verdict. But to the idealist his life seemed of no importance in comparison with preserving those laws which are the breath of life to the state. Under the protection of laws he had been decently born, and educated, and initiated into every pleasure and privilege of his life. In an open trial he had had his chance to convince the laws that he ought to live. Since he had failed, it was his duty to die. What if, in his case, the verdict was wrong? Better than his life was obedience to the courts, the instruments of justice. 'This, dear Crito,' he said to his pleading friend, there in the stone prison in the early dawn, 'this is the voice which I seem to hear murmuring in my ears, like the sound of the flute in the ears of the mystic; that voice, I say, is humming in my ears and prevents me from hearing any other. . . . Leave me, then, Crito, to fulfill the will of God and to follow whither he leads.'

Without doubt, if Socrates had been brought into contact with pacifists for conscience' sake (a breed unknown in the pagan world), he would have used these same arguments of reasoned and voluntary obedience to laws which are merely asking a return for their fostering care. 'Either persuade your country that she is wrong or obey her call to battle,' he would say to a resistant of conscription. When the Quaker answered, 'But I must, rather, obey God who forbids war'; and the modern Philosopher answered, 'I must obey Reason which forbids war,' what would have been the riposte of the Athenian who worshiped God as reverently and lived by Reason as consistently as any man in the world's history?

Ah! between his imaginable answer and ours there lie the centuries in which, through storm and blight, there yet has fructified a theory of the state in relation to humanity calculated to obliterate war altogether. Whether they admit it or not, rationalists as well as defenders of a faith are subject to an idea of world-brotherhood which was promulgated, for the first time with consistency and passion, by the earliest Christians. We must acknowledge that they were men with no national life of their own. Jews and Greeks of that period had reason to give their deepest love to the New Jerusalem coming down from God, or to a city-state of the spirit, a commonwealth in heaven. Only when Romans — the masters of the world — became Christians, did patriotism take on the guise of a Christian virtue, a Christian emotion. But the vision of the conquered has outlived the power of the conquerors. Even among powerful modern nations have been found certain men and women who have looked beyond their countries to humanity, and whose first allegiance has been given to laws beyond those of the state.

Among these the most conspicuous and consistent have been the Quakers. Philosophers who have suffered for

Reason what Quakers have suffered for God are too sporadic to concern us here. Or, rather, they may, for the purposes of the argument, be included with the band of Christians whose convictions and practice are written in history. In our own country Quakers sacrificed to God the political power which they possessed before the Revolution. In England to-day, as in the past, they will, at any moment, suffer obloquy and imprisonment rather than take part in war. They love their country and would thankfully convince her, but, since they fail, they must be true to God, rather than to her. Under no conditions whatsoever will they admit the ethical fitness of men killing each other. A patriotism or a justice which seems to demand this is illusory. They do not hold their own lives dear, but they believe that a man's life ought never to be taken by a fellow man. This is a sin against the Holy Spirit. Rather than kill another man in battle, a Quaker will allow himself to be killed as a traitor. Like Socrates, he says that it is better to suffer injustice than to do injustice, and like Socrates he has proved to us that he means what he says.

This nobility of Quakerism is the completest antithesis to the noble patriotism of the millions who willingly march away from home to fight for mother-country or fatherland. Yet the two antipodal ideas involve equally a clear assurance of duty. In this they both lack a specifically modern quality of thought. The patriotic soldier has forebears from the dawn of history. The Quaker is as lucid and sure as a fifth-century Greek. A certain group of moderns, however, are not sure what their convictions are. Characteristic of our own day is an agonizing confusion of thought. Action, therefore, entails a peculiar torture of soul. Deep in the hearts of many burns a love of country, while bright in their souls glows a heavenly star. Reason expounds to some of them, Love pleads with others, that violence is wrong. And yet both Reason and Love seek to rid the world of evil. Is war a flail of God or a scourge of the devil? Does it beget righteousness or spawn fresh sin?

Men of this kind do not stay away from war. Conviction must be crystal-clear and granite-strong to overcome the primitive call to join,

> when the order moves the line
> And the lean, locked ranks go roaring down to die.

Yes, these men go to the front themselves or send their sons — but with an ever-deepening consciousness that the need is only apparent, the ethical rightness an illusion, the responsibility their own. They cannot believe with Lord Dunsany that 'war is no accident that man's care could have averted, but is as natural though not as regular as the tides.' Rather, even in the act of offering up their sons, they say to one another, 'It is you and I who must stop these wars, these massacres of boys.'

These words will be recognized as Mr. Britling's when, late at night, after his boy's death, he was trying to write to the German father whose son also had been killed, a son who had lived in the Britling household, sat at the table, and clinked glasses with Hugh. Mr. Wells has immortalized for us the small group who to-day do ask, 'Why?' when their sons die in battle. Over against the other millions men like Mr. Britling are few in number. But their articulateness makes them significant. Their torn consciences affect ourselves, so that we both reverence the men who fight and curse the civilization which allows them to fight.

To this point has the argument brought us. Our riddle is still unsolved. Even when the young die 'upon the field most gallantly,' our first thought is not with Simonides, that glorious is

their doom and beautiful their lot. 'Can one write anything,' asks a sensitive young American, himself a poet, 'which could bring comfort to the friends of Rupert Brooke?' In no other age would the soldier's death of Brooke, at twenty-eight, have seemed even more tragic than the consumptive's death of Keats, at twenty-six. From these two shining youths let the argument again lead us on.

The genius of the one has already been established by Time, the Inspector-General of men's work; while the genius of the other has only to-day been brought home to us by his death. But each, in his swift passage here, had Beauty for his bride, and each now lies in a

> corner of a foreign field
> That is for ever England.

In Rome, near the ancient wall and pyramid, under the tall Italian cypresses, the grave of Keats is one of our holy places, giving the lie to the shallow inscription on his tombstone, 'Here lies one whose name was writ in water.' And Rupert Brooke lies buried, as befits a youth who in his person had the 'bloom and charm' of the Greeks, in a grave in Scyros, in the Ægean, 'amid the white and pinkish marble of the isle, the wild thyme and the poppies, near the green and blue waters.' Our thoughts of the two graves together bring us back from the war — a temporary episode for all its cataclysmic enormity — to the perennial, diurnal death of the young. War, as a cause, used to furnish an answer to the question, 'Why?' To-day it only intensifies the bitterness of a certain group of men and women. But in numbers this group is matched by those of us who assume the same grim responsibility for disease. Because we are either ignorant or dilatory, because our defenses are false or because we do not make enough haste with them, Charon drives the youths before him and 'bears the tender little ones in a line at his saddle-bow.'

But this way madness lies. It is sane and right for us to work, as a generation, in great organized movements, toward both peace and health. But for an individual to blame himself for the destruction that lays waste the world savors of megalomania, of a delusion of omnipotence. Vast forces are at work, beyond our will, beyond our ken. They take from us 'the inheritors of unfulfilled renown' whom Shelley joined with Keats, and in whose ranks he, too, soon came to be numbered. War, disease, cruel accident, the mistakes or the hideous injustice of men — multiform tentacles of evil, they reach out and grasp the young of all ages. Eagerly we project our imagination toward a day when these powers and we shall be reconciled, when 'there shall be no more curse.' The strength of our desire for it, as an impulse to action, will hasten the coming of this dayspring. Chief among its glories, we feel, will be the freedom of all to sow and to garner the joys of living, to pass from youth to age and on to a tranquil and a timely death. Then there will be no violent slaying of the immature. But here and now falls the night of our sorrow.

Here and now, therefore, need we be rebellious? Is the death of the young poisonous to our faith in Life? We are not seeking for courage. The bitterest may display unconquerable souls within the pit that covers them. Nor are we seeking for mere acceptance, whether that of the 'believer' who abides by the Lord's will, or that of the philosopher who identifies his will with the Universal. In our desolation we are in search of a warm, sweet intimacy with truth, a companionship with its realities, a comrade's understanding.

We start out on our quest again, freed from some of our confusions. And

here at our threshold, amazing in its simplicity, is revealed our own conviction of the valuelessness of calendar months and years. We cease talking around an assigned theme, and suddenly realize that we do not value the quantity of life as we supposed we did. All of us, learned and simple, rich and poor, militants and pacifists, agnostics and pietists, face to face with the question, would choose to have our children die good rather than live wicked. We may wish them to have the labor and sorrow of life, but never its sin.

To state the case is to prove it. 'Without controversy,' said Paul to the young Timothy, 'great is the mystery of godliness.' The incontrovertible mystery of our own preference for godliness over length of years is of searching import in our discussion. The prison statistics of America show that among the thousands who are incarcerated yearly the enormous majority are under thirty years of age. If we took time to look at the charts whose black fingers stretch accusingly up toward our boys of eighteen and twenty, our horror would transcend our despair over the 'shambles of Europe.' We are sleepless for thinking of unknown parents who await in dread news of a death at the front. We pay little attention to the fathers and mothers who are dreading to see a new manifestation of sin or weakness. And yet Mr. Britling (for all his perplexity about war) is happier when Hugh dies than is the father of a rake who wallows in the trough of life. 'It was the right spirit,' he said to his boy, who had enlisted a year and three good months before his country would have asked him to leave his father. The death of sons and daughters is not the worst calamity that can befall their parents. Perhaps in the crowd at Golgotha the mother of Judas envied Mary as she stood below her crucified son.

In a blinding flash, as if we ourselves stood at this place of a skull, the revelation comes. Through a glass darkly we have been peering at the meaning of the *quality* of human life. Now, as the man on the cross bows his head and gives up the ghost, we know that in his quality we are shown God. 'Our sons who have shown us God' — so the father's vigil of questioning sorrow ends. Quantity, months and years, is of men, temporal, measurable, coming to an end. Quality is eternal, unchangeable, without end and without death. Jesus himself was still young; not a boy, indeed, but far short of his meridian. As far as his work went, he had been busy for only three years. He seemed not even to have made a beginning when he was taken and slain. His mother had to give him up, not to war or to disease, but to the hatred of a few men in authority. His vigor, his charm, his pleasure in the friendly intimacies and common things of life, his loving-kindness which made him so beautiful to live with and was beginning to draw men to him, all the blossom and flower of his early manhood seemed, to her, lost. And yet from the day of his death are dated backward and forward the calendar years of history. This is because he and no other, in wholeness, revealed the divinity in humanity, the timelessness of the spirit's life. The son whom Mary watched upon his cross incarnated the Christ of the soul, who was before Abraham, and who shall be even if the Christianity of men is consumed like the grass of the field.

Jesus endeavored to show to men that the quality of the soul is like a well of water springing up into everlasting life. 'He that believeth on me *hath* eternal life' — so a disciple who understood him quotes one of his sayings. In all language there is no such godlike present tense, heedless of the illusion we call time, oblivious of the incident

of the flesh, the episode of the grave. Now, as Jesus moved about among men and women he found this manifestation of the spirit most often among the tenderly young. Once, when his grown followers were discussing points of the moral law, he asked them to make way for some children who were being brought to him. They were so little that he could take them up in his arms, and he pointed to them and said, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.' What greater glory could life have brought to those little boys and girls? All the wonderful or joyful things they might do hereafter would be non-essentials, quantitative elements in a temporal span. Already they were chalices of the Spirit. The young master who believed this of them had himself, when he was a boy of twelve, been about his Father's business, and was soon to die while youth was still his. Yet 'in him was life; and the life was the light of men.'

From him there falls a radiance, in human story, upon all the young who, whether they have known Christ by name or not, have had within them a well of water springing up into everlasting life. In the child it may be a spring of purity and love, in the youth a spring of courage and self-conquest — diversities of gifts, but the same God. What if such youth shall die? 'It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing.' With these deathless words in our ears, we awake from our vision. The crowds at Golgotha are gone. Mary and her son are seen no longer. We walk back into our own brief day of sorrow.

And coming back purified, we understand, at last, amid our immediate and terrible experience of war, what our own young are saying to us. The few who have the gift of tongues say it in word as well as act; the inarticulate millions say it in brave deeds, from the unquestioning patriot to the Quaker who on errands of mercy exposes his body to the shot and shell of foe and friend alike. The war may be unjustifiable, unforgivable, but within its reality we must listen to-day for the current form of eternal topics. Indeed, in the matter of words, under no other conditions can youth so clearly show us its own heart lifted 'above its mortal lair.' Outside of war the brave young do not voluntarily surrender their lives, except in unforeseen heroic hours, allowing for no previous written meditation. Through this special way, therefore, of offering up their flesh, they tell us most distinctly what they believe about the spirit. Look at them! How gallantly, how brightly, they outride our stormy grief!

Juventus mundi, destroyed by death, forgotten in the grave, how bitter a thing is its transitoriness!

Juventus Christi — O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

A LITTLE LOOK AT THE PEOPLE

BY IDA M. TARBELL

I

BEING endowed with a light-hearted propensity to do whatever is suggested by a friend, I have at various times in my life found myself with undertakings on hand for which I had no preparation; and when I came to examine my reasons for consenting, I could find none that were valid.

It was this propensity which led me a few months ago to accept an invitation, several times extended to me, to go on what they call a 'Chautauqua circuit.' Having 'signed up,' I began to consider what it meant, with my usual experience of finding that I did not know what I was going into, and that I had very little reason to think that I could do acceptably the work for which I was to be paid.

The more I thought of it, the more doubtful it seemed. Why should I, who had spent most of my life putting words down on big sheets of yellow paper, suppose that I could stand on my feet for an hour or more for forty-nine consecutive days in forty-nine successive places and talk so that people would listen to me? Why should I, who had always slept quietly month in and month out in the same bed, suppose that I could, in comfort, sleep for forty-nine successive days in forty-nine different beds?

It was the forty-nine beds that caused me the most unrest, and perhaps it is quite logical that, now that the circuit has been made and I come to tell its story, these beds should loom astonishingly large in my mind. It is a fact (which I verified) that three months after I finished the circuit I could draw a diagram of every one of the forty-nine successive rooms in which I slept, giving the exact location of doors, windows, and bed.

I leave it to the person who knows the secrets of the human memory to tell me why this should be. It was quite by chance that I discovered that I had collected any such package of information, and I found it amusing to get it down in black and white. The first time that I attempted to verify my recollections, I found that there was one town without a room, and, of course, without a bed. I could not visualize myself there at all, and yet my schedule told me that I had spoken there. When I came to look over my notes I found that as a matter of fact I had not slept in the place, but for a particular reason had gone back to the town where I had been the night before.

On such a junket as I undertook one who flatters himself that he is rather superior to mere surroundings is sure to come to a realization sooner or later of what an enormous part they play in his physical well-being, and, in consequence, his freedom of mind. I have always jeered rather at people who rush hurriedly through Europe and come back to tell you with great particularity of the hotels in which they have been; but I shall never do it again. In spite of yourself, you soon fall into the habit of asking first of all about the town to

which you are headed, 'Has it a good hotel?' When you step down on the station platform, the first thought is, not for those who come to greet you, but for the hotel bus — and what it promises. You are uneasy to find out whether there are baths, and, if so, whether you can get one; you are uneasy until you get to the table and find out what the ideas of cooking and service are. At night, when it is time to turn in, you are uneasy about various things — the noises, the draughts, and other possible and unmentionable worries. Never again shall I take indifferently and lightly the matter of the room in which I am to sleep.

On the whole, this experience which made so deep an impression upon me gave me a very hearty respect for innkeeping in the part of the world in which I traveled — Western Pennsylvania, Ohio at large, and Southern Michigan. I do not by any means pretend to say that all the forty-nine towns through which we passed had good or even tolerable hotels. In even the best of them there was a disregard of certain simple conveniences which was very irritating to one whose minutes were numbered, and who could get on in comfort only by the strictest of attention to the order of her belongings. Nowhere except in a few of the modern hotels were there enough hooks! I have occupied beautiful big rooms, with good beds, electric lights, up-to-date baths, without a closet or even a rack of hooks. If you complained, you were pointed to a coat-pole. The idea seemed to be that it was all that a normal woman ought to ask for. If I were inclined to go on a campaign of hotel reforming I should begin with hooks — and proceed to bath-mats. There is a chain of splendidly equipped hotels in the region where we traveled which refuse to furnish an extra bath-mat. They tell you that there is a rug on the bath-room floor. What more could a bather ask?

The great majority of our forty-nine hotel quarters were distinctly tolerable; some of them were most interesting, and a few of them thoroughly delightful. There were parts of Pennsylvania and of Central Ohio in which the inns had a flavor not unlike that of old European provincial towns, and the innkeepers were personalities who not only were interested in you, but who entertained you with bits of information and comment of rare and delightful flavor. To at least a dozen of these forty-nine hostelries I could gladly return. If among the number there was the worst hotel that I have ever been in, it stands out rather as a horrible example of the influence that liquor interests may be able to exert in a town of ten thousand people.

This town is in many respects a lovely old place, with people of real cultivation; but it is dominated by a brewery and its owners. The hotel property belongs to them. The things which liquor naturally encourages, to which it must cater in order to keep up and extend its sales, are written large all over this hotel and over much of the town. Prostitution, recklessness, vulgarity walked up and down the halls. To a handful of people of normal, healthy, decent tastes, such as I flatter myself our little group was made up of, the night and day we spent in this house were a revelation, such as I never have had before, of what the liquor interests naturally must fatten on.

As a matter of fact, one of the things this trip did for me was to make me understand the value of prohibition as I never understood it before. We came to know almost as soon as we reached a new place whether the town was 'dry' or not. A town that had been 'dry' over a period of a dozen years had a trimness about the streets and build-

ings, a look of freshness and energy about young people and old, which stood out in almost incredible contrast to what we found in the 'wet' town of the same size. We went to one town in Ohio, which had been dry for thirty-one years, so the hotel-keeper told me. He claimed to be a much-traveled person, and said that in all the many towns which he had known intimately, he had never found one in which there was such a fine lot of young people as here. In health, in vigor, in initiative, he believed that the young men and women, particularly of the working classes, were tremendously ahead of the same group in the towns where liquor was freely displayed.

II

In starting the Chautauqua work I was not conscious that there was a large percentage of condescension in my attitude toward the undertaking. I was going out after long solicitation. I was conscious that I had none of the qualifications of the speaker and no experience. Unconsciously I had come to feel that if they wanted me — a greenhorn — it could not be much of a task.

My first audience revealed my own mind to me with painful definiteness, and humbled me beyond expression. It was all so unlike anything that I had had in my mind. I was to speak in the evening, and arrived at my destination late and after a rather hard day. It was a steel town — one which I had known long years before. The picturesqueness of the thing struck me with amazement. Planted on an open space in the straggling, dimly lighted town, where the heavy panting of the blast-furnaces could be clearly heard, was as gay a little camping outfit as one could wish to see. Khaki tents bound in red, with a great khaki fence about, pennants floating up and down the streets, and within, order, cleanliness, and the smartest kind of little platform and side dressing-rooms.

From the room to which I was taken in a private house on the square, the little hotel having no place for me, I could see the tent ablaze with electric lights, for, if you please, we carried our own electric equipment. From all directions men, women, and children were flocking — white shirt-waists in profusion, few coats and still fewer hats. And there were so many of them! I began to feel a queer sensation of alarm. What had I got into? My orders had been to appear at eight o'clock; that I was to 'go on' at eight-fifteen; and at eight o'clock I made my way past the trim little ticket-stand and round an audience of nearly two thousand people, who at that moment were listening to what I realized was some very good singing by fresh and well-trained young voices.

It was the audience that brought me to my knees. I don't know what I had expected — certainly nothing so serious as that which I found. Here in the high-banked tiers, particularly at the sides and in the rear, were scores upon scores of serious faces of hard-working men. I had come to talk about certain hopeful and optimistic things that I had seen working out in the industrial life of the country; but face to face with these men, — within sound of the heavy panting of great furnaces, within sight of the unpainted, undrained rows of company houses which I had noticed as I came in on the train, — the memory of many a long and bitter labor struggle that I had known of in that valley came to life, and all my pretty tales seemed now terribly flimsy. They were so serious, they listened so intently to get something, and the tragedy was that I had not more to give them. This was my first audience.

With one exception, I never had another that made so deep an impression upon me; but it probably was a healthy thing that I was so humbled at the start.

As a matter of fact, any such poignant impression as this of my first night was hardly compatible with the conditions under which I found myself living. I had the machine, the life, to get used to, and the novelty of it was highly entertaining. I found myself quite absorbed in seeing how our organization was managed. It all went so well, like a well-oiled machine, that I at once realized that it must be run by some very good brains.

The circuit to which I had committed myself was under the Coit-Alber Chautauqua Company, and was what is known in the business as a seven-day circuit. By this is meant that it remains for seven consecutive days in the particular town in which it is placed. We had forty-nine towns on our list. Each one of these forty-nine received seven-days' entertainment — two sessions a day. The programmes were made up of music, recitation, lectures, and impersonators, and, to my amazement, ended on the last day with real grand opera, given by a well-known company, the San Carlo. Of course the programme for each of the seven days was the same in each of the forty-nine places. My day was the sixth.

When I realized that I was to be for the whole six weeks in the company of the same people, I had naturally no little curiosity to know who my traveling companions would be. Scoffing Eastern friends, whose only idea of the Chautauqua is that it is made up of Mr. Bryan and a company of vaudeville artists, told me that I should always be traveling with bell-ringers and Tyrolese jodelers. One facetious friend, who claimed to have had some experience, said that if it were not bell-ringers, it would be trained dogs. This did not appal me in the least, as I am devoted to both; but although, as a matter of fact, I had neither, I could hardly have fallen in with pleasanter company.

A quintette of young people whose business it was to sing for three quarters of an hour before my afternoon lecture and for a like period before the evening entertainment, proved to be the gayest, kindest, healthiest of companions. They were hard workers, seriously interested in pleasing their audiences. They knew not only how to work, but how to live on the kind of a junket that I had undertaken. In other words, here was a group of five young people who were doing what to me was very unusual, in a thoroughly professional way. The seventh member of our party, the evening entertainer, Mr. Sydney Landon, had had long experience on the circuit. He was doing his work exactly as a good writer or a good lawyer would do his. In fact, I saw at once that what I had joined was a new profession. It was not, as I had hastily imagined, a haphazard semi-business, semi-philanthropic, happy-go-lucky new kind of barn-storming. It was serious work.

The physical side of the thing was managed in a most shipshape way. The equipment which had looked so picturesque to me as I caught my first glimpse of it at night proved to be hardly less interesting by daylight. Everything about it was new. Everything was well kept up. It was managed with strictest care as to cleanliness, hours, manners. The force having the organization in charge was made up of a superintendent, a man of more or less education, with experience in handling audiences and familiar with executive work; a young woman, nearly always a college girl who had had some practice in social work, whose business it was to organize the young

people into junior bands; and three or four young college men, known as the 'crew.' They pitched the tent, cared for the grounds, kept things in order, took the tickets, and so forth. There were on our circuit nine members of the crew. They passed seven days in each particular place, and then were allowed two days for breaking camp and planting themselves in the next town.

As one became acquainted with the superintendent and crew it became one of the pleasant social features of our life to meet them again every ninth day. These personal relations made tolerable what may be called the tyranny of the schedule. It is your task-master and driver, this schedule. I should advise the managers of any Chautauqua circuit never to show it to a 'talent' (that is what you are technically called when you join a circuit), if that 'talent' is new to the business. I certainly never should have put my name to the contract if I had seen that schedule beforehand. To see that for forty-nine consecutive days you are never to get up at the same time; that one morning it may be four, and the next eight, or nine, at your discretion; that another morning it is five, and the next six, and the next seven, and the next possibly three; that you are traveling daily, sometimes two hours, oftener four, and occasionally eight or ten! In one case we were twenty-four hours on the road. Right away you become defiant of the tyranny, and you propose to beat it if you can. As a rule, trying to beat a Chautauqua schedule results only in disaster. The utmost skill has been used in working it out, and no amateur can do better, unless, indeed, money is no consideration, and you can hire motor-cars as you will. Even then the motor often seems to be in league with the schedule, and you find yourself arriving later than you would have done if you had stuck to orders.

III

My usual audience on the circuit was what is technically known as the 'shirt-waist audience,' that is, it was overwhelmingly feminine. The women of the towns practically filled the tents in the afternoon. They came in clean shirt-waists, no hats, sometimes with their knitting in their hands, though more frequently carrying a baby, or leading a child. It was an audience which never took its business of listening over-seriously. It had no settled strong convictions about confusion and noise. If a baby cried, there was considerably more sympathy for the mother than there was for the speaker. It was quite obvious that the mothers encouraged the boys and girls to stay. For one reason, they could have their eyes on them; then there seemed to be a vague notion that they might get some good.

The music in the prologue always held the children, and I was surprised to notice that they seemed to have a certain curiosity about the lecturer, which would keep them in their seats for five or ten minutes. Occasionally there would be a youngster who would sit throughout the lecture with his eyes riveted on you — serious, attentive, apparently thoughtful. It was always puzzling to me to know whether he really was hearing what I said, or whether he might not be taking this opportunity for wonderful day-dreams. He was probably off with Captain Kidd or Buffalo Bill, sailing the seas, searching for treasure, hunting big game. I hope it was that.

More often than not, the little groups of children who remained would fall to whispering and giggling, and sometimes to frisking, which would end in an occasional rough-and-tumble fight. When things reached this point, they were generally shooed out, but here

again without any apparent consideration for the speaker. It interested me to see how gradually I came to be on the side of the audience in this informal procedure. They were there, partly at least, for entertainment. This was not a school. This was a place to go with the children; and if you could not keep them quiet by force of what you had to offer, it was up to you to endure what you got.

This caused you to do queer things with your material. I think the place where it hit me hardest was in my figures. I informed the audience once that we were a nation of one hundred thousand people, and a gentleman on the front seat promptly took me to task. I did not tell him that the reason I had made the slip was that directly in front of me was a little mother trying to keep quiet an obstreperous child of two and a half or three years by raising and lowering as rapidly as she could a big blue cotton umbrella. Somehow that umbrella upset my statistics. My misstatement could be explained more easily, however, than another one I discovered that I had made two or three times when the babies cried or the boys fell to batting one another over the head. I was talking of the earnings of a certain prosperous company which has an admirable system of profit-sharing. These earnings came to something like $4,000,000 a year; and whenever there was confusion at that point in my lecture I always put them at $40,000,000. It was some time before I discovered what I was doing.

You had to get used to the babies — to get, so to speak, their point of view; and you had to get used to the dogs. They wandered across almost every lecture, looking for the one boy, I suppose; and occasionally they seemed to have a real interest in you. I shall always keep as an amusing recollection a little black dog that came down the centre aisle one afternoon, wagging his tail and looking me straight in the face as if my remarks were being addressed to him and he wanted to show his friendly appreciation of what I was saying. He came directly down in front of me, stopped, eyed me for a time, and then trailed off.

At the start I began to be curious about the women, and why they came so regularly; and gradually I got from one and another the chief reasons why they are so faithful in these towns to the Chautauqua movement. One day on the train out from a town where I had spoken, a woman came and sat beside me. She told me that she had heard me the day before, and asked me many questions about the people with whom I was traveling, and those who had preceded me. It was the third year, she said, for the Chautauqua in that particular community. 'It is a great thing for us, particularly for us younger women with growing children. There are none of us in this town very rich. Most of us have to do all our work. We have little amusement, and almost never get away from home. The Chautauqua brings us an entire change. We plan for weeks before it. There is hardly a woman I know in town who has not her work so arranged, her pantry so full of food, that she can get to the meetings at half-past two in the afternoon, and easily stay until five. She gets her work done up for Chautauqua week.'

I found that this was a habit in a great many of the places where we went. The household régime was readjusted so as to make a place for the afternoon and evening sessions. Almost everywhere the men complained because they could not get away from their business as the women could. It was to me an interesting demonstration of something I have always claimed — namely, that the women's home business had much more

flexibility and opportunity for change in it than the man's, providing, of course, that it is intelligently managed.

While the relief from the monotony of village existence was probably with most of the women the strongest reason for the Chautauqua support, they almost all seemed sincere in their claim that it acted as a good tonic to the community. 'It brings us new things to think about, to talk about'; and it was true. Bird of passage though I was, I regularly heard the echoes of my predecessors. In fact, I came to know a good deal about what certain of the speakers were saying, simply by listening to the Chautauqua followers.

In many places the Chautauqua was taken by the women, not merely as an entertainment and a tonic, but as an antidote to certain influences in the community which they felt were harmful. On the whole, they felt that it was lessening the power of the saloon. Not that there was any direct criticism; but the whole tone was antagonistic. In several of the towns the women work hard to make the show a success, and were promising their coöperation for the coming year that they might have an antidote to the traveling carnival, an institution of which I personally know nothing, but which in place after place I was told had done serious harm. They claimed that it had encouraged boys in evil ways and unsettled their girls; and in some cases there were tragic tales of young girls enticed away from town, or of boys bitten by the desire to go with the show.

Gradually it comes over one who studies the daily audience that this whole Chautauqua week and each one of its 'talents' are simply food for these people's opinions. One gets an impression of being 'sized up,' quite commonly and quite naturally. They are people who have something to do, responsibilities that they regard as grave, work that they know is necessary. I was a little suspicious sometimes that they might be saying to themselves, 'How in the world can it happen that a woman should be rambling about in this sort of way? Has she nothing to do, that she does not stay at home?'

They have something to do; they believe in it, not only for themselves, but for everybody; they are making communities, forming and building up families. They think about what you say, but you may or may not influence the opinions which they hold. You are simply one of several sources to which they look for the stuff on which they will form their judgments. Sometimes you know that you have won them, or that they believe with you — occasionally that they believe quite enthusiastically with you; and sometimes you know that they are silently protesting with might and main against what you say. I have seen men get up and leave my audience whose very backs declared as they went out, 'She don't know what she is talking about.' It sinks into you deeper and deeper that these are the people who make the country, not the excited chattering kind who peddle opinions.

Proofs that they think about things, that they are well informed about what is going on in the country, multiply. One of the most convincing proofs that I received came from things I overheard at night. We ended our circuit with a siege of terrific heat — the kind of heat that made sleep impossible. The best room you could get was generally on the second-floor front. You pulled your bed to the window, and lay with your head practically out; but if you could not sleep you would certainly be entertained, for on the sidewalks there would gather, around 9.30 or 10, a little group of citizens who had come down to town after supper 'to see a man.' The common expression in the hotels

for these groups would be that 'they were out there chewing the rag.' Their main theme, as I listened to them, was the war. Those who suppose that this country is not thinking about the war and thinking hard are wrong. These shop-keepers, laborers, traveling men, lawyers, and occasional preachers and hotel-keepers would sit out talking war, preparedness, neutrality, Wilson, Hughes, for half the night; and some of the shrewdest observations I have heard since this awful trouble began I heard from groups sitting on the curb or on the sidewalk under my window along about 11 or 12 o'clock of certain hot nights last July.

They were making up their minds; and to a larger extent, I believe, than has ever been true before in this country — in the localities where I traveled at least — those minds were open. I had interesting confirmation of this from a candidate for the nomination to Congress with whom I talked one night in an Ohio hotel. We had gone out to sit on the sidewalk, and as far as we could see all up and down the village street there were little groups on the curbs, on doorsteps, talking, talking, talking.

'Look at them,' he said. 'Four years ago I could have told how practically every one of the men in this town would vote in November. I can't do it to-day. Nobody can. They are freed from partisanship, as I could never have believed. They are out there now thrashing over Wilson and Hughes, and not twenty-five per cent of them know which it will be when election day comes.'

One thing which I consider of tremendous value I carried away from my unusual experience, and that was a deepened respect and confidence in the average people of the country. I had a new view of them — their sufficiency to the situation, their stability, their reliability. They stick by the thing in hand; and this is the vital quality of a great people. They work. Life is a stiff thing for most of them, but few of them shirk it. It comes to them as a slow-moving drama. The looker-on is inclined to think it is a commonplace drama, but when he knows a little more of it he sees how it is marked by sombre and real tragedies: not melodrama, not hysterical revolts, but events which have all the quality of nature's tragedies, and everywhere a ripple of comedy plays through the drama. Sometimes, to be sure, it bursts out in something like horse-play, but as a rule it is a continuous current of humorous appreciation of the life around.

More and more I came to feel that you could count on these people for any effort or sacrifice that they believed necessary. One of the most revealing things about a country is the way it takes the threat of war. Just after we started came the call for troops for Mexico. It seemed as if war were inevitable. There was no undue excitement where we traveled, but boys in khaki seemed to spring out of the ground. The call came on a Saturday, if I remember, and the next morning our cars were sprinkled with soldiers.

I shall never forget one scene, which was being duplicated in many places in that region. We were in an old mountain town in Pennsylvania. Our hotel was on the public square, a small plot encircled by a row of dignified, old-fashioned buildings. In the centre stood a band-stand and beside it a foolish little stone soldier mounted on an over-high pedestal — a Civil War monument. We were told that on the square at half-past nine in the evening a town meeting would be called to say good-bye to the boys who were 'off to Mexico on the ten-thirty.' 'How many of them?' I asked. 'One hundred and thirty-five,' was the answer; and this

was a town of not over twenty-eight hundred people.

That night we made ourselves comfortable in the windows of the hotel overlooking the square. As the hour approached the whole town gathered. It came quietly, as if for some natural weekly meeting; but they packed every foot of space. A little before ten o'clock we heard the drum and fife; and down the street came a procession that set my heart thumping. Close beside the City Fathers and speakers came a dozen old soldiers, some of them in faded blue, two or three on crutches, and behind them the boys, one hundred and thirty-five of them — sober, consciously erect, their eyes straight ahead, their step so full of youth.

The procession formed before the little soldier, who somehow suddenly became anything but foolish; he took on dignity and power as had the boys in rank — boys whom, if I had seen them the day before, I might have called unthinking, shiftless, unreliable. The mayor, the ministers, a former Congressman, all talked. We simply watched the serious, steady young faces. There was a prayer, the crowd in solemn tones sang 'My Country 't is of Thee.' There was a curt order; the procession reformed; the old soldiers led the way, and the town followed the boys to the 'ten-thirty.'

Nothing could have equaled the impression made by the quietness and the naturalness of the proceedings. And yet it took but little imagination to understand how the going of this hundred and thirty-five dislocated a town of twenty-eight hundred. I heard of one shop closed — the proprietor left behind a wife and two children. 'We look after them,' the people told us. There was one young doctor who gave up a profession just finely established. To everybody it was a matter of course that he should do it. Besides the continuous vaudeville, the agitations and hysteria to which the East has treated us in the last two and a half years, this dignity, this immediate action, this willingness to see it through, gave one a solemn sense of the power and trustworthiness of this people. It was a realization that one would be willing to pay almost any price to come to. Certainly it more than paid me for my forty-nine days in forty-nine different beds.

He who undertakes a Chautauqua circuit may be able to contribute little to the education of his audiences, but let him be assured that if he is open-minded, they will do much toward his own education.

AN ENGINEER AT SALONIKA[1]

BY WILLIAM McFEE

I

SALONIKA makes her own beer, but it is not of uniform quality. Sometimes the litre will be very palatable. Often the best thing to do is to leave it. Dutch beer is drunk, and is very good. I am afraid saccharine takes the place of malt in the local product. At the worst, one can get passable coffee and good brandy. Seated among the uniforms at the little tables, you may regard Salonika in a characteristic mood.

The sun shines strongly now through immense piled-up masses of white clouds, and there is sufficient wind to sail a boat across the Gulf. The Greek standard waves gently from the top of the White Tower. The White Tower, let it be said, is a perfectly round cylinder of whitewashed stone, surmounted by a smaller turret and a flag-staff. There is one small door over which is an inscription in Turkish, very beautiful to look at, utterly incomprehensible unless you know Turkish. One or two small windows and a small ledge halfway up are the only breaks in the vast smooth surface. The Turks used it for some purpose, I suppose, or they would not have built it. The legend has it that it was called at one time The Bloody Tower, but that may have been only a manner of speaking. I have been shipmates with a Turk only once or twice in my life, and so far as I know them they are competent, orderly, well-bred people. I very much regret that fate has made us enemies in this War.

As I was saying, the blue-and-white Greek Standard floats from the battlements of the White Tower. All around you float officers of the Greek army in blue-and-silver full uniforms. They look slightly theatrical, because all the other armies are in service clothes. The ends of their silver-plated scabbards are muddy. So are their spurs. Many of them are handsome in a fashion-plate way: dead-white skin, dead-black moustaches, long legs, thin noses, dark eyes, empty foreheads. One in particular attracts one's attention. He is wearing blue and white cocks' feathers in his hat, white kid gloves on his hands, and immense Hessian boots with silver spurs on his feet. His sword is across his knees and he is explaining something with great energy to his companions.

A French air-man, who has skinned his nose (possibly in a sudden descent) and who wears the Military Cross, sits behind a glass of vermouth. Several Russian lieutenants, in their beautiful green tunics and soft-leather boots, are conversing with a French major. An Italian captain is reading a book. An English captain is talking to a lady. Some Serbian officers appear to be talking to themselves. Not one of them seems to have anything to do. Perhaps they think the same of me. Let us take the car back. The tall and handsome Greek officers cram into one poor little Ford runabout and rattle off up the road. Let us take the car. A Salonika tram-car is interesting, believe me.

[1] An earlier paper by Mr. McFee appeared in the April *Atlantic*. — THE EDITORS.

They nearly always haul a second-class trailer behind them. We go second class. It is a very small car, and it is very full. The fare is a penny. A Greek penny is a nickel coin with a hole in the centre, so that it looks like an aluminum washer. The occupants of the car are of all ages. Boys and girls and priests are in the majority. The children are going to school, as may be seen by the books in their hands. The priests are going — wherever priests go in the morning. If they were going to the barber's it would do them no harm. I admit that their flowing black gowns and extraordinary top hats are picturesque; but why should the picturesque persist in being insanitary?

I like the children better. They are clean and wholesome. Most of them, I observe, have ticket-books, from which the conductor removes a coupon. This arrangement, I suspect, is favored by the parents, because the children might save the fare and go to the pictures instead. The car passes the doors of several cinema theatres, and the youngsters babble excitedly as they discuss the vivid posters that are stuck up outside.

One lad of twelve is deep in a penny dreadful. I look over his shoulder and wish I could decipher the story. He wears a low-necked suit with sailor collar and French tie, blue corduroy shorts, patent-leather button-boots, and silk socks. His brown legs are bare. The whole look of him is Byronic, save that instead of a slouch hat he wears a peaked naval cap on one side of a dark head. Byronic, too, are the illustrations to his dreadful. A girl is tied to a railway line and two desperadoes struggle with daggers. I peep farther over his shoulder. He is so absorbed in the story that he notices nothing. I muse upon his future. What will he be, when he grows up? Is his father a Venizelist? Of what race is he? How does this Grecian sprig, who reads penny-dreadfuls in an electric tram-car, regard us Britishers who have come over the sea, like the Romans and Normans and Franks of old, to leave our bones on the Balkan ranges? Out in the Gulf ride his country's warships with a foreign flag on their gaffs. Does he care? I doubt it. He turns over the page without looking up.

But of a sudden there is a blare of martial music. The car has stopped. We are in the midst of a procession. Let us get out. We reach the sidewalk with a run and find that the procession is wheeling round the corner, just beyond, into the *Place*, and up Venizelos Street. It is the new Greek Nationalist Army — new uniforms, new rifles, new mountain-batteries, new officers — all very new. They march in fifties, and cries of 'Venizelos!' 'Viva!' and other less articulate noises mingle with much clapping of hands and clinking of scabbards. Our glorious friend with the cocks' feathers and white kid gloves is in all his glory now, directing the procession. He salutes continually. After the soldiers come motor-cars with generals and admirals. Some of the generals are, in the words of the penny novelette, a blaze of decorations. No mortal man could live long enough or have valor enough to earn all the medals these gentlemen wear in tiers on their padded bosoms. However, everybody claps, so I clap, too. They are all going to the front to-morrow, they say, so let us bury criticism. So they pass. I stand near a large-sized sergeant-major of the R.F.A. and I observe a peculiar expression of astonishment on his bronzed face as he salutes. If I read it aright he is thinking, 'Well, I'm blowed! What a circus!'

After the uniforms come the civilian members of the new Greek government. There is a good deal of the theatrical star about their appearance,

due, I suppose, to the silk hats and opera-cloaks and lavender gloves they affect. They wear their hair rather longer than our politicians, too. My sergeant-major salutes, but I catch his eye. He throws up his chin and grins, as though to say, 'I'm doin' this by orders, so don't blame me.'

Presently the motor-cars change to pair-horse carriages. Some are clapped, some are hissed by the crowd on sidewalk and balcony. The pair-horse carriages change to one-horse and the sergeant-major ceases to salute. Several political gentlemen in one-horse vehicles lift their silk hats. As no one claps they put them on again, and sit back with expressions of rigid ill temper on their faces.

One does not believe in this sort of thing for a moment. It is all too unreal. The superficial reason for this doubt in a spectator's mind is that the public never knows what is actually going on. One of the great advantages of war, they tell us, is that it clears the air. We learn who are our real enemies and who are our real friends. War is that something, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness. War abolishes sham and pretense.

But there is another reason. You cannot impose liberty upon a people any more than you can make them good by legislation. Rousseau, whose prescience in this matter is almost uncanny, asserts this. 'Every people,' he says, 'to which its situation gives no choice save that between commerce and war, is weak in itself: it depends on its neighbors, and on circumstances; its existence can never be more than short and uncertain.' And he quotes with approval this maxim: 'Liberty may be gained, but it can never be recovered.'

Well, they are gone, and General Sarrail, who has been standing on Venizelos Steps with Colonel Christodoulos, shakes hands with that gentleman and hurries back to his office. I remark as he passes that he carries no sword and wears no decorations whatever.

It is now eleven o'clock and I decide on a walk up Venizelos Street before going aboard.

Venizelos Street is the Bond Street of Salonika. All the great stores of the city are here. I don't suppose an American or a Londoner would call them great stores. They are no counterparts of Wanamaker's or Harrods', of Greenhut Cooper's or Whiteley's. But they are great in comparison with the aboriginal hole in the wall which the oriental calls a shop. Here in Venizelos Street, you can buy everything you want and many hundreds of things you don't. There is a good bookshop, if you read French. Dutch and American goods predominate at present. There is a bank with formidable sentries marching to and fro, possibly to intimidate withdrawals. There is a tailor who will undertake every conceivable uniform.

We pass all these and come to smaller establishments — the inevitable postcard and cigarette shops, shops with figs hung in festoons and vegetable marrows blocking the tiny entrance. At length we cross Jean Tsimiski Street, which is the Fleet Street of Salonika. Here are forged the thunderbolts of the press. Here, high up in a yellow barrack, is conceived and executed the daily issue of the *Balkan News*, the only paper of its kind. If you are a poet, go upstairs and see the editor. So long as you do not mention Mount Olympus or the Red Light District, the editor will be glad to publish your works in daily installments.

I am no poet, so Jean Tsimiski Street is passed and we enter the covered bazaar. Here we are in the Orient. Here are no fixed prices, but a battle royal

over every deal. Here the merchant stands outside and uses all the eloquence of which he is capable to lure you into his tiny fastness. If he happens to be inside and he sees your eye flicker ever so slightly toward his wares, he is out in a flash and implores you to inspect his stock. Sooner or later you will fall. You see some gimcrack or other which takes your fancy. You are dragged within. You ask the price. Having appraised your position in life, he names a figure, about two hundred per cent above what he expects. You laugh in his face and walk out. He pursues you, abating a hundred per cent. You walk on, and he offers it on your own terms. You return and agree to take it. Then, instead of concluding the deal, this exasperating person will probably show you something else and offer to throw it in for another ten francs!

And it is all rubbish. Turkish slippers and fezes made in Austria, daggers made in Germany, Japanese silks and fans, black amber ornaments advertised as from Erzerum, but probably from Germany, ancient coins and vases, ikons and charms — all the junk of the foolish traveler, is here. I observe smart British nurses buying souvenirs for friends in Balham and Birmingham, smart subalterns purchasing cigarette-cases and walking-stick handles, daggers and silly old Turkish pistols. But, after all, they are young, and quite probably they do not know the East. I recall my first trip to the Orient in a tramp steamer, when I too bought

> Walkin' sticks o' carved bamboo, an' blow-fish stuffed an' dried;
> Fillin' my bunk wi' rubbishry the Chief put over-side.

After all, this is the time of their lives, these foolish young people with their curios and their wrist-watches and the stars on their shoulders and in their eyes.

So, walking through the bazaar, one sees another phase of the only thing worth looking at — humanity. One sees the little Turkish boy being fitted with a suit in an outfitter's, or the little Turkish maiden buying a comb. One meets the Jewishy tout, who speaks all languages — 'Oh, yes. Engleesh, all right, Johnny'; the fatuous humbug! One sees French soldiers buying buttons and needles and thread, the canny creatures! One sees solemn bearded Israelites, in flowing gabardines, stalking to and fro, conversing, strangely enough, in Spanish. One sees these things or one does not, according to one's temperament and training. Personally, I would like to see more of them. I feel there is something in this Babel for me, if I could but stay and catch the subtle cosmopolitan spirit of it. But that may not be. It is time to return. I go on at two!

II

To depict a monotony is a difficult and precarious art, and needs for its justification a grand ulterior aim. Such an aim would be out of place in these simple papers. I merely wish to make the reader see, as well as I can, how the glory of war throws a certain sombre shadow over the lives of some obscure seafarers — a shadow in which little save the unrewarded virtues of patience and vigilance can grow.

But even in such conditions there are gleams in the dark. Even to phlegmatic Britishers the astonishing phantasmagoria of Balkan life presents occasional phases of comedy and interest. As for example.

Before going aboard I decide to have another drink. At first I think of going into Floca's. Floca's is the Ritz-Carlton of Salonika; but it is not Salonika.

It is merely a small replica of Walker's at Alexandria, the Eastern Exchange at Port Said, the Verdi at Genoa, or Florian's at Venice. The British officer has popularized Floca's, and so has made Floca, if such a person exist, rich. The uniforms of five nations mingle at the marble-topped tables. It is the only place where you can get tea in a city which never drinks tea. Here the nurses and the subalterns can eat chocolate éclairs and Sally Lunns under the very noses of brigadiers. Floca's reeks of wealth and Occidental refinement. I stand in the Place de la Liberté and contemplate the glittering throng within the great doors. And I turn away. I decide against Floca's. I know a less reputable place, where it will be quiet, and where the beer is a penny a litre cheaper. *Allons donc.*

It is round the corner, on the sea front, between the market for fish and an unfortunate alley where mendicants eat fish with their fingers and quarrel over stray *lepta*. It is what is known as a *café-chantant*, a large lofty barn of a room, with a plush balcony for customers, a small stage, and a piano. There are but one or two customers, for this sort of establishment does its profitable business at night, when I am in bed. Nevertheless, I imagine that it can never be more amusing than when I see it, its harsh decrepitude revealed in the clear dancing sunlight reflected from the sea, and the gloom of its corners alive with bizarre forms.

I order my beer from a Greek gentleman who reluctantly leaves a political conversation to attend to me. Although I am almost the only customer, there are quite a dozen people engaged round the piano and in front of a camera. For this is rehearsal-time for the artists who grace the stage in the evening. A weary pianist in Greek khaki strums the air of a song, and a rouged and jeweled lady leans over him, singing and beating time with her hands and feet. Another young lady sits near me, *her* feet on the table in front of her, showing much stocking, humming a song, and pretending to study the sheet of music she holds before her. Her hat is on one side. So, for that matter, is her nose. Suddenly she rises and begins to walk aimlessly among the tables, still humming her song. I don't think it is a very good song, to judge by the hum. Suddenly she emits a squall, which is answered by another squall behind the curtains of the little stage, and a bony female, in green silk and spangles, thrusts her frizzed head and stringy neck through the opening. They talk, and when each has elicited from the other a wild gust of laughter, the spangled one vanishes, only to appear immediately at the side.

My attention is now attracted to a dark corner where strangely garbed forms are writhing in an apparently interminable embrace. The photographer, an itinerant of the streets, fusses methodically with his prehistoric camera. Several Jewesses, their eyes flashing on either side of large powdered noses, sit round, drinking vermouth and gin, and watching the dim performance with tolerant smiles. At length, by moving several tables nearer, I can make out a couple of acrobats engaged in tying themselves into a sort of human clove-hitch. They seem to me to be attempting the impossible. Perhaps they are. Perhaps they are idealists, like the brothers in the Goncourts' novel, *Les Frères Zemganno*. I am, in this matter, *par excellence* a detached spectator. One is short and thick, the other slim and athletic. I see the face of the latter peering up from between the legs of his colleague — a thin distorted face, with strained, unseeing, yet strangely watchful-looking eyes, the cheeks smeared with rivulets of perspiration, the brow damp and pallid.

Suddenly they collapse and fall apart. Another failure. They hold their wrists, regarding each other with expressions of pain and malevolence. The photographer continues to potter about, ignoring their futile antics until he is given the word.

They elect to take a breathing spell, and the spangled lady assumes her position on the carpet, keeping up all the while a torrent of conversation with the student of song, who is now seated on a table near by. Another figure emerges from the wings of the stage, a dreadful travesty of a hero, a hero with bandy legs, yellow whiskers, and a false nose of heroic dimensions. He is dressed in yellow and red. He and the spangled lady strike a love-attitude, he registering dignity, she hopeless passion. The photographer bestirs himself, dives under his black cloth, and waves a mesmerizing hand back and forth, to lend emphasis to his own muffled commands. With an abrupt gesture he snatches the cap from the lens, beats time in the air slowly, — one, two, three, — claps it on again, and the group smile foolishly at each other.

It is amusing, yet I see a good deal of pathos in these poor strolling players. They are doing their best. No doubt, in the evening, when the tables are thronged, and the music strives with the babel of voices and the clink of glass, they have their reward.

I confess, however, to a sporting interest in the acrobats who are unable to attain the position in which they desire to be photographed. I order a fresh beer. Several shoe-blacks, paper-boys, peanut-venders, and itinerant chocolate-merchants have come in, and regard me with chastened expectancy. I am *persona non grata* to these infernal pests of the Levant. By instinct, when I turn to look at them, they recognize my antipathy. Each in his turn examines my expression with shrewd skill, and fades away into the dazzling clangor of the street. At length our protagonists, emerging from a thicket of stacked chairs where they have been secluded during the last scene, take their stand once more upon the dingy carpet and look round with a *morituri te salutamus* expression. They grasp hands. The tall one pulls sharply. The short one makes a miraculous ascent into the air. For an instant his curved body and bent limbs are poised in unstable equilibrium, and one might imagine him but that moment descended from above. For me he is foreshortened. I see him as one sees the angel who is hurling the thunderbolt in Tintoretto's never-to-be-forgotten masterpiece. The piano is hushed. Now he is poised on the other's hands, on one hand. *Enfin!* In tense silence the photographer removes his lens-cap; there is a quiver of the out-flung hand and the tall athlete flutters his eyelids as he looks up with awful anxiety — *pouf!* It is finished, and we all breathe again as the short athlete comes down with a jump. I feel very glad indeed that they have succeeded. I like to see human beings succeed.

Over at the piano, however, I can detect nothing that resembles success. The peripatetic student of song and the musical reservist are not having a very happy time. She has not even a vaudeville voice. From the manner in which the accompanist slaps the music and snarls over his shoulder at her, I gather that she has not yet mastered the notes. Every minute or so she turns her back on him and feigns a passionate withdrawal. He, poor wight, with a Balkan winter in the trenches in front of him, pays not the slightest attention to her tantrums. Then, after a perfectly furious altercation, they find a basis of agreement. She is to go on the stage and sing the song without words. *Bon!* She skips up, shows a great deal of

stocking as she adjusts her garters and pulls down her cheap little jacket. But it appears that she cannot sing the song, even without words. She begins, —

'La-la, la-la la-la-h-lah!
La-la . . .'

and stops, looking at me, of all people, with profound suspicion, as though I had stolen the rest of her *lahs*.

A Jewess interjects a sentence, and both the accompanist and the young lady, to my astonishment, shriek with laughter. I laugh, too. It is infectious if bewildering. I realize how hopeless it would be for me to try to comprehend their intricate pscyhology. I am a mere spectator from an alien planet, watching for a brief instant the antics of inexplicable shadows on a screen. I drink my beer and drift out into the noise and dazzle. I must go aboard.

I skip across the road, dodging a trolley-car, an ambulance wagon, a donkey with silver-plated harness and a raw red chasm on his rump, a mad boy on a pink bicycle, and a cart drawn by two enormous oxen, their heads bowed beneath a massive yoke. I gain the sea-wall and follow it until I reach the kiosks that flank the dirty marble steps of the Venizelos landing. A boy in a boat immediately waves his arms and beckons to me as if I were the one person in Salonika who could rescue him from life-long indigence. A *lustros*, the cynical name given to the home-grown shoe-shine boy, flings himself at my feet and endeavors gently to lift one of them to his box.

I resist this infamous proposal. I ignore the demented youth in the boat. I walk out on the marble jetty and look calmly about for our own dinghy. It occasionally happens that I am in time to join the captain as he returns. I do not think that he likes the idea very much, but he makes no audible protest when an engineer sits beside him. However, there is no sign of either skipper or dinghy, so I turn again to the youth in the boat. He rows hastily to the steps, and motions me to get in and recline on his scarlet cushions. But I am not to be cozened. I demand a tariff. According to the guide-book he may charge me one drachma (about twenty cents) for a trip, without luggage, to the outer harbor. I am prepared to give two, since it is war-time and bread is dear. We begin to haggle. It is a phase of human folly very distasteful to an Englishman, this stupid enthronement of cunning and knavish bluff in the forefront of all levantine transactions. The Anglo-Saxon is torn with the conflict of disparate desires. He wishes to show his unutterable scorn for the whole performance by flinging a triple fare in the huckster's face, and he has also a profound moral conviction that he ought 'on principle' to pay the exact legal demand. I have done both. There is a certain amount of pleasure in each. I weigh their merits as I stand on Venizelos steps and haggle with the boatman. Thus: —

Boatman. — Boat! Boat! You want boat? All right.

Fare. — How much to beef-ship?

Boatman. — T'ree shillin,' yes. You want boat!

Fare. — Yes, I want a boat, but only for hire to go to the beef-ship. How much?

Boatman. — T'ree shillin'.

Fare. — Too much.

(*He turns away and fills his pipe with great care, and, sitting on the marble parapet, contemplates the harbor. This is very disconcerting to the Boatman. He ties up and steps ashore, to follow the matter up. He approaches the Fare, who smokes stolidly.*)

Boatman. — You want boat?

Fare. — Ah! How much to the beef-ship?

Boatman. — How mooch? T'ree shillin'.

Fare. — No. Two francs.

Boatman. — Come on. T'ree francs, eh? Yaas.

Fare (*stolidly*). — I will give you two francs.

Boatman. — Yaas. All raight. 'Alf-a-crown eh?

Fare. — Half-a-crown is three francs. I will give you *two*.

Boatman. — Two shillin'?

Fare (*patiently*). — No. You see, it's this way: if you take me to the beef-ship, I will give you two francs. Do you get that right? Two! One and one. Two.

Boatman. — All raight. Come on.

(*He goes down the steps.*)

Fare. — You understand then: two francs. No more.

Boatman (*blankly*). — No more?

Fare (*blandly*). — No more. What did you think?

Boatman. — T'ree shillin'.

Fare (*getting into the boat and taking the tiller lines*). — I should n't be surprised if some Englishman killed you for saying 'three shillings,' my friend.

If he were not so dirty he would be a nice-looking lad of the 1917 class. He is dressed in the usual composite rags of the Greek proletariat, part khaki, part European, part Turkish. He does not look as if he belonged to a conquering race. Neither, I suppose, do I; but the cases are not similar. My young boatman does not regard Janina as I regard the capture of Quebec, for example. Goodness only knows what he does regard, or how. He may be one of the conquered race. I ask him, with large gestures to illustrate my meaning, if he is going to enlist, soldier — fight — gun — bang! — beat Bulgar — eh? He is puzzled, and perseveres with his oars. I reflect that he may be an anti-Venizelist. Presently, as we clear the inside shipping, he asks, as every Greek boatman asks, —

'When your ship go away, eh?'

And I tell him a deliberate, cold-blooded lie! We do not inform Greek boatmen when our ships are going away.

About this time my attention is held by the appearance of the sky. It is a sky I have learned to regard with a certain amount of interest. As my young boatman steps his mast and hoists his sail, I observe, high above the rolling banks and islets of cumulous vapor in the bowl of the Gulf, a film of transparent dapple-gray clouds assembling. The whole of the upper air is mottled with their confusing texture. A delightful sky in peace-times, a sky veiling the sun and making high noon agreeable. A sky to watch through the open window in spring-time. A sky to paint, with a foreground of yellow crocuses and green grass and brown girls. A sky to look up at, from where one lies on the heather, and dream a boy's strange and delicate dreams.

One of the advantages of war is the deeper and more intense interpretation one learns to give to the common phenomena. This gay romantic sky used to be nothing more than gay and romantic. Now I watch it with an experienced apprehension. And as I pass a man-of-war, I observe that the anti-aircraft crew are at drill. There is something curiously affectionate in the aspect of an anti-aircraft crew at work. The gunner is seated and his assistants are all grouped about him, heads together, as though whispering to each other the most delightful secrets. Perhaps they are.

We come leisurely alongside. Standing on the grating at the foot of the accommodation ladder, I pay my young friend his two francs with a bonus of twopence. For a single moment he stands, from life-long habit, in an atti-

tude eloquent of despair. I go up the ladder, smiling blandly at his outflung hands and upraised indignant eyes. Then he recovers himself, makes a gesture consigning the whole race of Englishmen to perdition, pockets the money, and rows away. Once more I am on board, and it is nearly two o'clock.

III

It should never be forgotten, in a review of the seafaring life, that these casual and irrelevant encounters with the offscourings of hybrid races, though priceless to the philosopher and the artist, are of no human value to the sailor at all. The jaded landsman imagines that we seamen 'see the world' and view 'mankind from China to Peru.' He romantically conceives us extracting the fine essences from the crude masses of humanity with whom we are thrown in contact in the seething ports of the Orient. He figures us ecstatically savoring the 'unchanging East' and beholding 'strange lands from under the arched white sails of ships.' It must be confessed that popular fiction confirms these illusions. We who work in ships are supposed to be prototypes of Mr. Kipling's 'Tramp Royal' — a flattering but untrue assumption.

But while an intelligent person can see readily that, to the unimaginative seafarer, this continual procession of detached images will have no positive significance, very few observers realize how such an environment tends also to indurate the soul. Yet so it is. In our rough, homely way, we are fatigued with distinctions, and reduce the Unknown to common denominators. We call Hindoos 'coolies,' Chinamen 'Chinks,' Americans 'Yanks,' Spaniards 'Dagoes,' Italians 'Spaghettis,' and we let it go at that. We are majestically incurious about them all. There is no British type so narrow, so dogmatic, so ignorant, so impervious to criticism, so parochial in its outlook, as the seafaring man or officer. You would imagine, from our ideas, that we had remained all our days in our home towns. Indeed most of us have. Our real life beats in the little houses in Penarth, Swansea, Seaforth, White Inch, or South Shields. We have very little passion for the bizarre. We become callous to the impact of the stray alien, and feed our narrow hearts with wistful visions of an idealized suburban existence.

Going on at two is quite a different thing from the ghastly affair of the small hours. Each period of the day has its own subtle quality, which no arbitrary rearrangement of our own hours of work and rest can destroy. And two o'clock in the afternoon is a time of disillusion, a time when a man has neither great faith nor profound convictions. The morning is gone, the evening too far away. Even tea-time seems at an immense and tragic distance. It is the slack-water period of the day. And it is the period when a man may perhaps experience, in the space of a flash, a peculiar sensation of being an impostor! It is, I suppose, in such moments that generals, commanders, chief engineers, and the like jump overboard. It is a sensation extraordinarily vivid and brief. No external evidence is of any avail to neutralize its dire and dreadful omniscience. No personal written record, no esteem of lifelong friends, no permanent and visible accomplishment can shield the sensitive human soul, thus suddenly stripped bare by some devilish cantrip of its own mechanism. One feels a hollow sham.

And the ship, at this hour, is strangely deserted. Those who have work are gone to it, those who are off duty are resting after a hot lunch. The day's ra-

tion of meat is gone; the soldiers are on an upper deck, out of sight. Thomas, stretched to an incredible length on the deck steam-guard, snoozes in gross comfort. Ibrahim-el-Din, an Arab coal-passer, is smoking a meditative cigarette by the after-rail. The faded Irishman is perambulating in his stiff way round the machine, and I take charge for another six hours. A Greek sailor, no doubt a Venizelist, is painting a bulkhead in an amateur fashion. As I look through one of the after window-scuttlers I observe our agnostic Second Officer drift past. He is probably going to resume his erotic novel, a species of fiction for which he has a strange passion.

For an hour or so I look out of my machine-room window upon an untidy after-deck, and reflect upon the vicissitudes of War. Visible through the crystalline atmosphere, Salonika, floored with a jade-green sea and domed with dappled azure, resembles the painted curtain of some titanic theatre. It is in fact one of those monstrous 'theatres of war' which are now giving a continuous performance to the whole world. But for us on transports that painted curtain is never lifted. We see nothing of the performance. We are mere stage-carpenters, or caterers, or perhaps only stray freight-wagons which bring some homely necessary material to the grand display.

Such are my thoughts, more or less, when I catch sight suddenly of my friend Tubby, the fat marine, standing on the gun-platform and excitedly waving his arms toward the Vardar Marshes. I run out on deck. Tubby comes hurrying along, shouting in the hoarse voice that goes with immense girth and a short neck, —

'See 'im, sir? A Tawb! A Tawb!'

And so it is a Taube. After a momentary search of the upper reaches of the air, I spot him, a far-distant dot. And as we gather in a tense little knot on the after-deck, straining our eyes, clawing tentatively for a peep through the binoculars, the enemy monoplane sails serenely toward us, and the guns begin to go. From the men-of-war near by, from invisible batteries concealed ashore, the sharp cracks echo, and we watch the oncoming dot ten thousand feet above the sea. Tubby says ten thousand feet, and although I don't believe he knows anything about it, he has been in the Navy and possesses the prestige of the Senior Service. He certainly knows more about it than we do.

And observe how greedily we make the most of this little bit of war which has come to us. Now he is right over us, sailing across a broad shield of speckless blue, and we see the small white plumes of shrapnel suddenly appear, above, below, and around him. He sails on. He must be doing seventy miles an hour. Somebody doubts this. We ignore him, and push the speed up to eighty miles. Say eighty miles an hour. Golly! That was a close one. A white plume appears right in front of him. He sails on. Evidently he has no bombs. Tubby says, 'Tawbs don't carry no bombs.' What a mine of information he is! Again a hit, a palpable hit. But he sails on. There is something sublime about this. Of course he is a German and therefore damnable. But — but — well, he is damnably adventurous. I wonder what he is doing. Has he a sweetheart, a German *Mädchen?* I am supposed to believe she would not have the wit to love him for this dare-devil eagle-swoop over Salonika. I don't think, however, that patriotism compels me to hate that air-man up there. Crack-crack! go the guns. He sails on. He is, so far, supreme. A dim sporting instinct, which used to have free rein at school, shoots through my mind and I discover in myself no

passionate desire to see him hit. He himself seems to have no anxieties whatever.

> He rides upon the platform of the wind,
> And laughs to hear the fireballs roar behind.

Now he is over Ben Lomond and is turning toward Monastir, whence we suppose he has come. Other batteries behind the town welcome him and the navy resigns itself, for once, to frustration. Crack after crack, plume after plume. Now he is behind a cloud, and our attention is taken up for a moment by the sight of our own machines manœuvring for position in the offing. And the next time we see him he is coming down. Tubby says so. Personally, I imagined him to be going up; but I never contradict a navy man. Somebody else says he is hit. Our lieutenant, on the upper deck with the commander, looking through his prismatic glasses, says it looks like it. I glance at our group, all eyes raised to the sky, mouths open, emblems of receptive vacuity.

Reluctantly we abandon our precious 'Tawb' to the inland ranges and return to the mundane life once more. Tubby walks to and fro, a short man of enormous size, discoursing of 'Tawbs.' I call him my mythological monster, for he has served in the ' 'Ercles,' the ' 'Ecuba,' the 'You roper,' the 'Endymion' and the 'Amfi-trite.' When we go to sea, Tubby stands or sits by his gun and keeps a lookout for submarines. He is one of Hardy's Wessex yokels. When the war came, he was malting at Malmesbury, and doing a small delivery-wagon business for a local hardware store. He looks it. He could pose for John Bull, a beef-eating, ale-drinking, Saxon John Bull. Now he is also an expert on 'Tawbs.' What tales he will tell by the malt-house fires in the winters to come! Tales, perhaps, of 'Tawbs!'

And so, in idle talk and modest vigilance, the day wears on, until the sun is setting in turbulent reds and purples beyond the Vardar, and the peak of Olympus, showing for a brief moment above the billows of vapor, is flushed an exquisite pale-rose color. Lights begin to twinkle on the shore. Those on day work begin to appear after their wash, loafing about until dinner, smoking cigarettes, arguing after the foolish dogmatic way of sailors, getting heated over nothing, condemning a nation in a thoughtless phrase. Some are writing home, for a mail goes soon. Some come into the machine-room for a drink of water, or for a chat.

The Fourth Engineer, who had viewed the aeroplane dressed in blue serge trousers and an unbuttoned pajama-jacket, now appears in his uniform, still a little drowsy after his day's sleep, but smiling in his pleasant boyish way. Our conversation is not intellectual. We really have not much to say. It would not bear writing down. Nor would a comic paper take our jokes. Nevertheless, we talk and laugh and pass the time. For myself, I talk to everybody: I talk to the nigger firemen and the Chinese cook, to the dog and the cat, to the canary in my room and the parrot who blasphemes so bitterly on the fore-deck.

So I keep in practice. For some day we shall have Peace, and we shall go home, over the well-remembered road to Malta and Gib, and over the mountainous western-ocean swell that is forever charging across the bay. Some day this will happen, and we shall speak the Tuskar once again, tie up in the old dock, and step ashore. And we shall take our way, some of us, through the quiet countryside, where friends await us, friends who will bid us tarry a while and tell them our tales of foreign parts, as mariners have done and always will do, while ships come home from sea.

NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE AND INTERNATIONALISM

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

In the relations between states, as in the relations of groups within a single state, what is to be desired is independence for each as regards internal affairs, and law rather than private force as regards external affairs. But as to groups within a state, it is internal independence that must be emphasized, since that is what is lacking; subjection to law has been secured, on the whole, since the end of the Middle Ages. In the relations between states, on the contrary, it is law and a central government that are lacking, since independence exists for external as for internal affairs. The stage we have reached in the affairs of Europe corresponds to the stage reached in our internal affairs during the Wars of the Roses, when turbulent barons frustrated the attempt to make them keep the King's peace. Thus, although the goal is the same in the two cases, the steps to be taken in order to achieve it are quite different.

There can be no good international system until the boundaries of states coincide as nearly as possible with the boundaries of nations. But it is not easy to say what we mean by a nation. Are the Irish a nation? Home Rulers say yes; Unionists say no. Are the Ulstermen a nation? Unionists say yes; Home Rulers say no. In all such cases, it is a party question whether we are to call a group a nation or not. A German will tell you that the Russian Poles are a nation; but as for the Prussian Poles, they, of course, are part of Prussia. Professors can always be hired to prove by arguments of race or language or history, that a group about which there is a dispute is, or is not, a nation, as may be desired by those whom the professors serve. If we are to avoid all these controversies, we must endeavor first of all to find some definition of a nation.

A nation is not to be defined by affinities of language or a common historical origin, though these things often help to produce a nation. Switzerland is a nation, in spite of diversities of race, religion, and language. England and Scotland now form one nation, though they did not do so at the time of our Civil War. This is shown by Cromwell's saying, in the height of the conflict, that he would rather be subject to the dominion of the royalists than to that of the Scotch. Great Britain was one state before it was one nation; on the other hand, Germany was one nation before it was one state. What constitutes a nation is a sentiment and an instinct — a sentiment of similarity and an instinct of belonging to the same group or herd. The instinct is an extension of the instinct which constitutes a flock of sheep, or any other group of gregarious animals. The sentiment which goes with this is like a milder and more extended form of family feeling. When we return to England after being on the Continent, we feel something friendly in the familiar ways,

and it is easy to believe that Englishmen on the whole are virtuous while many foreigners are full of designing wickedness.

Such feelings make it easy to organize a nation into a state. It is not difficult, as a rule, to acquiesce in the orders of a national government. We feel that it is our government, and that its decrees are more or less the same as those which we should have given if we ourselves had been the governors. There is an instinctive, and usually unconscious, sense of a common purpose animating the members of a nation. This becomes especially vivid when there is war or a danger of war. Any one who, at such a time, stands out against the orders of his government feels an inner conflict quite different from any that he would feel in standing out against the orders of a foreign government, in whose power he might happen to find himself. If he stands out, he does so with a more or less conscious hope that his government may in time come to think as he does; whereas, in standing out against a foreign government, no such hope is necessary. This group instinct, however it may have arisen, is what constitutes a nation, and what makes it important that the boundaries of nations should also be the boundaries of states.

National sentiment is a fact and should be taken account of by institutions. When it is ignored, it is intensified and becomes a source of strife. It can be rendered harmless only by being given free play so long as it is not predatory. But it is not, in itself, a good or admirable feeling. There is nothing rational and nothing desirable in a limitation of sympathy which confines it to a fragment of the human race. Diversities of manners and customs and tradition are on the whole a good thing, since they enable different nations to produce different types of excellence. But in national feeling there is always latent or explicit an element of hostility to foreigners. National feeling, as we know it, could not exist in a nation which was wholly free from external pressure of a hostile kind.

And group feeling produces a limited and often harmful kind of morality. Men come to identify the good with what serves the interests of their own group, and the bad with what works against those interests, even if it should happen to be in the interests of mankind as a whole. This group morality is very much in evidence during war, and is taken for granted in men's ordinary thought. Although almost all Englishmen consider the defeat of Germany desirable for the good of the world, yet nevertheless most of them honor a German for fighting for his country, because it has not occurred to them that his actions ought to be guided by a morality higher than that of the group. A man does right, as a rule, to have his thoughts more occupied with the interests of his own nation than with those of others, because his actions are more likely to affect his own nation. But in time of war, and in all matters which are of equal concern to other nations and to his own, a man ought to take account of the universal welfare, and not allow his survey to be limited by the interest, or supposed interest, of his own group or nation.

So long as national feeling exists, it is very important that each nation should be self-governing as regards its internal affairs. Government can only be carried on by force and tyranny if its subjects view it with hostile eyes, and they will so view it if they feel that it belongs to an alien nation. This principle meets with difficulties in cases where men of different nations live side by side in the same area, as happens in some parts of the Balkans. There are also difficulties in regard to places

which, for some geographical reason, are of great international importance, such as the Suez Canal and the Panama Canal. In such cases the purely local desires of the inhabitants may have to give way before larger interests. But in general, at any rate as applied to civilized communities, the principle that the boundaries of nations ought to coincide with the boundaries of states has very few exceptions.

This principle, however, does not decide how the relations between states are to be regulated, or how a conflict of interests between rival states is to be decided. At present, every great state claims absolute sovereignty, not only in regard to its internal affairs but also in regard to its external actions. This claim to absolute sovereignty leads it into conflict with similar claims on the part of other great states. Such conflicts at present can be decided only by war or by diplomacy, and diplomacy is in essence nothing but the threat of war. There is no more justification for the claim to absolute sovereignty on the part of a state than there would be for a similar claim on the part of an individual. The claim to absolute sovereignty is, in effect, a claim that all external affairs are to be regulated purely by force, and that when two nations or groups of nations are interested in a question, the decision shall depend solely upon which of them is, or is believed to be, the stronger. This is nothing but primitive anarchy, 'the war of all against all,' which Hobbes asserted to be the original state of mankind.

There cannot be secure peace in the world, or any decision of international questions according to international law, until states are willing to part with their absolute sovereignty as regards their external relations, and to leave the decision in such matters to some international instrument of government.[1] An international government will have to be legislative as well as judicial. It is not enough that there should be a Hague Tribunal, deciding matters according to some already existing system of international law; it is necessary also that there should be a body capable of enacting international law, and this body will have to have the power of transferring territory from one state to another, when it is persuaded that adequate grounds exist for such a transference. Friends of peace will make a mistake if they unduly glorify the *status quo*. Some nations grow, while others dwindle; the population of an area may change its character by emigration and immigration. There is no good reason why states should resent changes in their boundaries under such conditions, and if no international authority has power to make changes of this kind, the temptations to war will sometimes become irresistible.

The international authority ought to possess an army and navy, and these ought to be the only army and navy in existence. The only legitimate use of force is to diminish the total amount of force exercised in the world. So long as men are free to indulge their predatory instincts, some men or groups of men will take advantage of this freedom for oppression and robbery. Just as the police are necessary to prevent the use of force by private citizens, so an international police will be necessary to prevent the lawless use of force by separate states. But I think it is reasonable to hope that if ever an international government, possessed of the only army and navy in the world, came into existence, the need of force to exact obedience to its decisions would be very temporary. In a short time the benefits resulting from the substitution of law

[1] For a detailed scheme of international government, see *International Government*, by L. Woolf. (Allen & Unwin.)

for anarchy would become so obvious that the international government would acquire an unquestioned authority, and no state would dream of rebelling against its decisions. As soon as this stage had been reached, the international army and navy would become unnecessary.

We have still a very long road to travel before we arrive at the establishment of an international authority, but it is not very difficult to foresee the steps by which this result will be gradually reached. There is likely to be a continual increase in the practice of submitting disputes to arbitration, and in the realization that the supposed conflicts of interest between different states are mainly illusory. Even where there is a real conflict of interest, it must in time become obvious that neither of the states concerned would suffer as much by giving way as by fighting. With the progress of inventions, war, when it does occur, is bound to become increasingly destructive. The civilized races of the world are faced with the alternative of coöperation or mutual destruction. The present war is making this alternative daily more evident. And it is difficult to believe that, when the enmities which it has generated have had time to cool, civilized men will deliberately choose to destroy civilization rather than acquiesce in the abolition of war.

The matters in which the interests of nations are supposed to clash are mainly three: tariffs, which are a delusion; the exploitation of inferior races, which is a crime; pride of power and dominion, which is a schoolboy folly. The economic argument against tariffs is familiar, and I shall not repeat it. The only reason why it fails to carry conviction is the enmity between nations. Nobody proposes to set up a tariff between England and Scotland, or between Lancashire and Yorkshire. Yet the arguments by which tariffs between nations are supported might be used just as well to defend tariffs between counties. Universal free trade would indubitably be of economic benefit to mankind, and would be adopted tomorrow if it were not for the hatred and suspicion which nations feel one toward another. From the point of view of preserving the peace of the world, free trade between the different civilized states is not so important as the open door in their dependencies. The desire for exclusive markets is one of the most potent causes of war.

Exploiting what are called 'inferior races' has become one of the main objects of European statecraft. It is not only, or primarily, trade that is desired, but opportunities for investment: finance is more concerned in the matter than industry. Rival diplomatists are very often the servants, conscious or unconscious, of rival groups of financiers. The financiers, although themselves of no particular nation, understand the art of appealing to national prejudice, and of inducing the taxpayers to incur expenditure of which they reap the benefit. The evils which they produce at home, and the devastation that they spread among the races whom they exploit, are part of the price which the world has to pay for its acquiescence in the capitalist régime.

But neither tariffs nor financiers would be able to cause serious trouble, if it were not for the sentiment of national pride. National pride might be on the whole beneficent if it took the direction of emulation in the things that are important to civilization. If we prided ourselves upon our poets, our men of science, the justice and humanity of our social system, we might find in national pride a stimulus to useful endeavors. But such matters play a very small part. National pride, as it

exists now, is almost exclusively concerned with power and dominion, with the extent of territory that a nation owns, and with its capacity for enforcing its will against the opposition of other nations. In this it is reinforced by group morality. To nine citizens out of ten it seems self-evident, whenever the will of their own nation clashes with that of another, that their own nation must be in the right. Even if it be not in the right on the particular issue, yet it stands in general for so much nobler ideals than those represented by the other party to the dispute, that any increase in its power is bound to be for the good of mankind. Since all nations equally believe this of themselves, all are equally ready to insist upon the victory of their own side in any dispute in which they believe that they have a good hope of victory. While this temper persists, the hope of international coöperation must remain dim.

If men could divest themselves of the sentiment of rivalry and hostility between different nations, they would perceive that the matters in which the interests of different nations coincide immeasurably outweigh those in which they clash; they would perceive, to begin with, that trade is not to be compared to warfare; that the man who sells you goods is not doing you an injury. No one considers that the butcher and the baker are his enemies because they drain him of money. Yet, as soon as goods come from a foreign country, we are asked to believe that we suffer a terrible injury in purchasing them. No one remembers that it is by means of goods exported that we purchase them. But in the country to which we export, it is the goods we send which are thought dangerous, and the goods we buy are forgotten.

The whole conception of trade which has been forced upon us by manufacturers who dreaded foreign competition, by trusts, which desired to secure monopolies, and by economists poisoned by the virus of nationalism, is totally and absolutely false. Trade results simply from division of labor. A man cannot himself make all the goods of which he has need, and therefore he must exchange his produce with that of other people. What applies to the individual, applies in exactly the same way to the nation.

There is no reason to desire that a nation should itself produce all the goods of which it has need; it is better that it should specialize in those goods which it can produce to most advantage, and should exchange its surplus with the surplus of other goods produced by other countries. There is no use in sending goods out of the country except in order to get other goods in return. A butcher who is always willing to part with his meat but not willing to take bread from the baker, or boots from the bootmaker, or clothes from the tailor, would soon find himself in a sorry plight. Yet he would be no more foolish than the protectionist who desires that we should send goods abroad without receiving payment in the shape of goods imported from abroad.

The wages system has made people believe that what a man needs is work. This, of course, is absurd. What he needs is the goods produced by work, and the less work involved in making a given amount of goods, the better. But, owing to our economic system, every economy in methods of production enables employers to dismiss some of their employees, and to cause destitution, where a better system would produce only an increase of wages or a diminution in the hours of work, without any corresponding diminution of wages.

Our economic system is topsy-turvy. It makes the interest of the individual

conflict with the interest of the community in a thousand ways in which no such conflict ought to exist. Under a better system, the benefits of free trade and the evils of tariffs would be obvious to all. Apart from trade, the interests of nations coincide in all that makes what we call civilization. Inventions and discoveries bring benefit to all. The progress of science is a matter of equal concern to the whole civilized world. Whether a man of science is an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a German, is a matter of no real importance. His discoveries are open to all, and nothing but intelligence is required in order to profit by them. The whole world of art and literature and learning is international: what is done in one country is not done for that country but for mankind. If we ask ourselves what are the things that raise mankind above the brutes, what are the things that make us think the human race more valuable than any species of animals, we shall find that none of them are things in which any one nation can have exclusive property, but all are things in which the whole world can share. Those who have any care for these things, those who wish to see mankind fruitful in the work which men alone can do, will take little account of national boundaries, and have little care to what state a man happens to own allegiance.

The importance of international cooperation outside the sphere of politics has been brought home to me by my own experience. I was until lately engaged in teaching a new science, which few men in the world were able to teach. My own work in this science was based chiefly upon the work of a German and an Italian. My pupils came from all over the civilized world: France, Germany, Austria, Russia, Greece, Japan, China, India — and America. None of us were conscious of any sense of national divisions. We felt ourselves an outpost of civilization, building a new road into the virgin forest of the unknown. All coöperated in the common task — and in the interest of such a work the political enmities of nations seemed trivial, temporary, and futile. But it is not only in the somewhat rarefied atmosphere of abstruse science that international coöperation is vital to the progress of civilization. All our economic problems, all the questions of securing the rights of labor, all the hopes of freedom at home and humanity abroad rest upon the creation of international good-will.

So long as hatred, suspicion, and fear dominate the feelings of men toward each other, so long we cannot hope to escape from the tyranny of violence and brute force. Men must learn to be conscious of the common interests of mankind in which all are at one, rather than of those supposed interests in which the nations are divided. It is not necessary, or even desirable, to obliterate the differences of manners and custom and tradition between different nations. These differences enable each nation to make its own distinctive contribution to the sum total of the world's civilization.

What is to be desired is not cosmopolitanism, not the absence of all national characteristics that one associates with couriers, *wagon-lit* attendants, and others, who have had everything distinctive obliterated by multiple and trivial contacts with men of every civilized country. Such cosmopolitanism is the result of loss, not gain. The international spirit which we should wish to see produced will be something added to love of country, not something taken away. Just as patriotism does not prevent a man from feeling family affection, so the international spirit ought not to prevent a man from feeling affection for his own country. But it will

somewhat alter the character of that affection. The things which he will desire for his own country will no longer be things which can be acquired only at the expense of others, but rather those things in which the excellence of any one country is to the advantage of all the world. He will wish his own country to be great in the arts of peace, to be eminent in thought and science, to be magnanimous and just and generous. He will wish it to help mankind on the way toward that better world of liberty and international concord which must be realized if any happiness is to be left to man. He will not desire for his country the passing triumphs of a narrow possessiveness, but rather the enduring triumph of having helped to embody in human affairs something of that spirit of brotherhood which Christ taught and which the Christian churches have forgotten. He will see that this spirit embodies not only the highest morality, but also the truest wisdom, and the only road by which the nations, torn and bleeding with the wounds which scientific madness has inflicted, can emerge into a life where growth is possible and joy is not banished at the frenzied call of unreal and fictitious duties. Deeds inspired by hate are not duties, whatever pain and self-sacrifice they may involve. Life and hope for the world are to be found only in the deeds of love.

A WILDERNESS LABORATORY

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

Robinson Crusoe had a wreck well stored with supplies, and we inherited only four walls and a roof. Still, we had a boy Friday — Sam, an ebony Demeraran, exactly half of whose teeth had been lost in the only automobile ride he had ever taken. Sam was sent by some personal Providence — perhaps the god of intelligence bureaus — as the first of our faithful following in Guiana. Sam had formerly been a warden in the Georgetown jail, and rumor had it that he left because he saw 'jumbies' in the court where one hundred and nine men had been hung. And surely that was where jumbies would be found if anywhere. Even Crusoe's man must have admitted that. How wardenship could be of aid to us in our scientific work was a puzzle.

Only once before did a servant's previous experience surpass this in utter uselessness. That was when a Russian chauffeur whom I had taken on trial found a cowboy saddle in my attic and seriously and proudly showed me in great detail, with the saddle strapped to the banisters, how with his long Cossack training he could stand on his neck when going at full speed! But Sam, like many another servant of the past, was to prove a treasure.

We had come from New York with a very distinct idea of what we wanted to do, but no idea at all of just how or where we should begin. On kindly but

conflicting advice and suggestion, we had searched hither and thither over the coastlands of British Guiana. Everywhere we found drawbacks. We wanted to be near primeval jungle, we wished to be free of mosquitoes and other disturbers of long-continued observation. We desired the seemingly impossible combination of isolation and facility of communication with the outside world.

In a driving, tropical rain-storm I ascended the Essequibo to Bartica, and from the hills, as the sun broke through gray clouds, my friend the rubber planter pointed over two jungle-clad ranges to a great house, a house with many pillars, a house with roof of pale pink like a giant *mora* in full bloom. Then, like the good fairy prince in any well-regulated tale, he waved his wand toward it, and said, 'That is Kalacoon; take it and use it if you want it.' Only his wand was a stout walking-stick, and for the nonce the fairy prince had taken the form of a tall, bronzed, very good-looking Englishman, who had carved a rubber plantation out of the very edge of the jungle, and with wife and small daughter lived in the midst of his clean-barked trees.

And now we had had a gift of a great house in the heart of the Guiana wilderness, a house built many years before by one who was Protector of the Indians. This we were to turn into a home and a laboratory to study the wild things about us — birds, animals, and insects; not to collect them primarily, but to photograph, sketch, and watch them day after day, learning of those characters and habits which cannot be transported to a museum. And exactly this had not been done before; hence it took on new fascination.

I had never given serious thought to the details of housekeeping, and I suddenly realized how much for granted one takes things in civilization. In New York I had possessed beds and baths and tables, dishes and cooks and towels, in a spirit of subconsciousness which made one think of them only if they were not there. Now I had suddenly to think about all these and other things particularly hard. If it had been the usual camping duffle of hammock, net, tarpaulin, and frying-pan, that would have been simple. But when the sugar-bowl is empty, one becomes at once acutely conscious of it; if it is not, while the hand unbidden manipulates the tongs, the brain distils or listens to thoughts of opera, science, or war. Optical eclipse, impelled by familiarity, is often total. However, we found the Georgetown stores well stocked, and whenever we purchased a useless thing we found that it could be used for something else. And sooner or later, everything we possessed was used for something else, thereby moving one of us to suggest a society for reducing household articles by half.

But while it was well enough to make a lark of such things when one had to, we begrudged every minute taken from the new field outspread before us in every direction. For Kalacoon was on a hilltop and looked out on the northern third of the horizon over the expanse of three mighty rivers — the Essequibo, the Mazaruni, and the Cuyuni. And around us was high second growth, losing itself to the southward in a gigantic, abrupt wall of the real jungle — the jungle that I knew by experience was more wonderful than any of the forests of the Far East, of Burma or Ceylon or Malaysia.

We sat down on some packing-boxes after our first day of indoor labor, and watched the sun settle slowly beyond the silvered Mazaruni. And a song, not of the tropics, but bubbling and clear and jubilant as that of our northern singers, rang out from the single tall palm standing in our front compound.

Clinging to the topmost frond was an oriole, jet as night, with the gold of sunshine on crown and shoulders and back. He was singing. While he sang, a second oriole swooped upward between two vanes of a frond to a small ball of fibres knotted close to the midrib. The event had come and it developed swiftly.

We seized a great ladder and by superhuman efforts raised it little by little, until it rested high against the smooth trunk. One of us then mounted the swaying rungs, reckless with excitement, and thrust his hand into the nest. It was withdrawn and went to his mouth, and down he came. To our impatient, impolite inquiries, he answered only with inarticulate mumblings and grunts. He reached the ground and into his pursed hands carefully regurgitated an egg — white, with clustered markings of lavender and sepia about the larger end. We looked at each other and grinned. Words seemed superfluous. Later I believe we quieted down and danced some kind of a war-dance. Our feelings had then reached the stage where they could at least be expressed in action. Perhaps it was not altogether the scientific joy of gazing at and possessing the first known egg of the *moriche* oriole. I know that by sheer perversity I kept thinking of the narrow-gauge cañon of a city street, as I gloried in this cosmic openness of tropical river and jungle and sunset. Only in an aeroplane have I experienced an equal spatial elation.

Our bird-nester told us that there was a second egg, and said something about not daring to put two in his mouth lest he slip and swallow both. But later, in a moment of weakness, he admitted the real reason, — that he had not the heart, after the glorious song and this splendid omen of our work, to do more than divide the spoils fifty-fifty with the orioles. Self-control was rewarded, as the other egg hatched and we learned a secret of the juvenile plumage of these birds, while the songs of the *cadouries*, as the Indians call them, were heard month after month at our windows.

Within a week our great front room, full thirty by sixty feet, with sixteen large windows, was a laboratory in appearance and odor. Hundreds of jars and vials, vivaria and insectaries, microscopes, guns, and cameras, with all their details and mysterious inner workings, left no table vacant. With book-shelves up, there remained only the walls, which little by little became mosaics of maps, diagrams, sketches, drying skins, Indian weapons, birds' nests and shot-holes. Whiffs of formaline, chloroform, and xylol, together with the odors of occasional mislaid or neglected specimens, left no doubt as to the character of the room. We found that the trade wind came from the front, and also that we had much to discuss after the lamps were put out; so we turned the couches into their rightful functions of cots, and the three of us slept scattered here and there in the great room.

The vampire bats never allowed us to become bored. There were no mosquitoes or flies, so we used no nets; but for months we burned a lantern. Low around our heads swept the soft wings of the little creatures, while the bat enthusiast now and then fired his auxiliary pistol. Later we found that a score of them roosted behind a broken clapboard, and, by spreading a seine below and around this, we were able to capture and examine the entire colony at will. Tarantulas were common, but not in the least offensive, and we learned to know where to look for a big black fellow and a small gray one who kept the room free from cockroaches. One or two scorpions were caught indoors, but the three centipedes which appeared occasionally were those which had been

brought in and were always escaping from a defective vivarium. There were no other dangers or inconveniences, if we can apply such terms to these comparatively harmless creatures.

This was the background of our labors, our la*bora*tory as our English visitors called it: cool in the daytime, cold at night, where one could work as well as in the north, and where a morning's tramp usually furnished material sufficient for a week of research. We came to know it as the house of a thousand noises. The partitions, like those of all tropical houses, extended only part way to the ceiling, so, as some one has said, one enjoyed about the privacy of a goldfish. It would have been a terrible place for a victim of insomnia; but when we were kept awake by noises it was because we were interested in them. After a day's hard work in the jungle, it must indeed be a bad conscience or a serious physical ailment which keeps one awake a minute after one rolls up in his blanket. Through all the months of varying tropical seasons we slept as soundly as we should at home. I can do with five or six hours' sleep the year round, and I begrudged even this in the tropical wonderland, where my utmost efforts seemed to result in such slight inroads into our tremendous zoölogical ignorance. At night I spent many wonderful hours, leaning first out of one, then out of another window, or occasionally going down the outside latticed stairway and strolling about the compound.

No two nights were alike, although almost all were peaceful, with hardly a breath of air stirring — just the cool, velvet touch of the tropics, always free from any trace of the heat of the day. Whether dark rich olive under crescent or starlight, or glowing silvery-gray in the flood of the full moon, the forest, so quiet, so motionless all about me, was always mysterious, always alluring. To the north, at the foot of the hill, lay the dark surface of the great river, its waters one amber, homogeneous flood, yet drawn from a thousand tributaries: hidden creeks seeping through mossy jungles far beyond the Spanish border, brown cascades filtering through gravel which gleamed with yellow gold and sparkled with the light from uncut diamonds. And to the south rose the wall of the jungle itself, symbol of all that is wild and untamed in nature.

Yet I am never conscious of the bloody fang, the poison tooth, of the wilderness. The peace of this jungle at night was the same peace as that of the trees in our city parks. I knew that well within my horizon, jaguars and pumas were stalking their prey, while here and there on the forest floor bushmasters lay coiled like mats of death. But quite as vividly could I picture the stray cats pouncing on sleeping sparrows in the shrubbery of Washington Square, or the screech owls working havoc in the glades of Central Park where the glare of the electric lights is less violent. And I have not forgotten the two-score gulls and swans with torn throats — a single night's work of wild mink in the Bronx. Nature is the same everywhere; only here the sparrows are not alien immigrants, and the light is not measured in kilowatts, and the *hacka* tigers are not so sated that they kill for pleasure.

A sound broke in upon my reverie, so low at first that it seemed but the droning hum of a beetle's wings echoing against the hollow shield of their ebony cases. It was deep, soothing, almost hypnotic; one did not want it to cease. Then it gained in volume and depth, and from the heart of the bass there arose a terrible, subdued shrilling — a muffled, raucous grating which touched some secret chord of long-past fear. The whole effect was most terrifying, but still one did not desire it to

cease. In itself it seemed wholly suited to its present jungle setting; the emotion it aroused was alien to all modern life. My mind sped swiftly back over the intervening years of sound, over the jeering chorus of Malay gibbons, the roars of anger of orang-utans, four-handing themselves through the swaying Bornean jungle, and on past the impudent chatter of the gray *langurs* of Kashmir deodars. Memory came to rest in a tent-boat, seven years ago and not many more miles distant, when I heard my first red howlers. Then I shared my thrill. Now all with me were asleep, and alone I reached far out into the night and with mouth and ears absorbed every vibration of the wonderful chorus.

II

In spite of all this variety and immeasurable diversity, I came to perceive a definite sequence of many daily and nightly events, as I observed them from Kalacoon windows. Not only did the sun rise invariably in the east and the trade winds blow regularly every afternoon, but a multitude of organic beings timed their activities to these elemental phenomena. At half after five, when it was just light enough to see distinctly, I went out into the calm of dawn. The quiet of the great spaces at this hour was absolute. No matter how tempestuous the evening before, or the night, the hours of early morning were peaceful. Not a leaf stirred. The tide flowed silently up or down or for a time held itself motionless. At the flood the mirror surface would occasionally be shattered for a moment far from shore, where a porpoise or a great *lucan ani* rolled, or a crocodile or a *water mama* nosed for breath. The calm was invariable, but the air might be crystal clear to the horizon, or so drenched in mist that the nearest foliage was invisible.

No matter how early I went out into the dawn, the wrens were always singing — though they were recent arrivals at Kalacoon. Then, within a few minutes, the *chachalacas* began their loud duets, answering one another in couples from first one, then another direction, until the air was ringing with *hanaqua! hanaqua! hanaqua!* Dragonflies appeared in mid-air, martins left their nests among the beams, parrakeets crossed over from their roosts, and swifts met them coming from their sleeping quarters in hollow trees. The quaint little grassquits began their absurd dance against gravity, and blatant kiskadees ushered in the sun and day.

Then came an interval when every one was too busy feeding to sing, and the wren's notes were hushed by an astounding succession of tiny spiders, and the chirps of young martins were smothered in winged ants. Swiftly the sun rose and the heat dissipated the mists and lured out a host of flying things. Even at mid-day one might sit at a window and take notes continuously of lesser happenings, while now and then something of such note occurred that one could only watch and wonder. This might be a migration of sulphur butterflies, thousands flying steadily toward the southeast hour after hour, day after day. Or a host of hummingbirds of nearly a score of species would descend upon the cashew blossoms in the rear compound. Most exciting was a flight of winged termites. In the rainy season the clouds would bank up about mid-day, and showers fall with true tropical violence. After an exceptionally long downpour the marriage flight would take place and logs, dead branches, and even the steps and beams of Kalacoon would give up their multitudes. From great rotted stumps the insects poured forth like curling smoke. The breeze carried them slowly off to-

ward the west, and at the first hint the birds gathered to the feast. Only the Rangoon vultures surpassed them in numbers and voracity. The air was fretted with a kaleidoscopic network of swifts — from great, collared fellows to the tiny dwellers in palms — with swallows, martins, and, if late enough, nighthawks. Fork-tailed flycatchers swept by scores round the vortex of insects, while a fluttering host of kiskadees, tanagers, anis, thrushes, and wrens gleaned as best they could from grass-top or branch. In ten minutes the whole flight had vanished. Any queen termite which ran that gantlet safely deserved to found her colony without further molestation.

Although I might have stalked and watched the white *campañeros* for a week past, yet whenever there came to ear the anvil-like *kong! kang!* or the ringing, sonorous *kaaaaaaaaaang!* of a bell-bird three miles away, I always stopped work and became one great ear to this jungle angelus.

One could watch the changing seasons of the great tropical jungle from the same wonder windows of Kalacoon. A dull rose suffused the tree-tops, deepening day by day, and finally the green appeared, picked out everywhere by a myriad blossoms — magenta, mauve, maroon, carmine, rose, salmon-pink. Yet the glass showed only top-gallant foliage of wilted, parti-colored leaves. Illusion upon illusion: these were not wilted, but newborn leaves which thus in their spring glory rivaled our autumnal tints. One never forgot the day when the first mora burst into full bloom — a great mound of lavender pigment, swung nearly two hundred feet in mid-air, dominating all the surrounding jungle growth. This was the lush, prodigal way in which the tropics announced spring.

Whether I had spent the day in hard tramping or stalking in the jungle, or at my laboratory table trying to disentangle the whys and wherefores from the physical skein of my specimens, toward sunset I always went down to the cement floor of an orchid-house long fallen in decay. This was under the open sky, and from this spot on the highest hilltop in all this region, I watched the end of the day.

No sunset should ever be described, and the Kalacoon sunsets were too wonderful for aught but wordless reverence. They were explosions of wild glory, palettefuls of unheard-of pigments splashed across the sky, and most bewildering because they were chiefly in the west or north. This evening on which I write was sealed with a sunset of negligible yellow, but the east was a splendor of forest fires and minarets, great golden castles and pale-green dragons and snow-capped mountains all conceived and moulded from glorious tumbled cloud-masses, and ultimately melting back into them again. The moriche orioles met the beauty of the heavens with their silver notes, and as the sky cooled, there arose the sweet, trilled cadence of the little tinamou heralding the voices of night. The silvery collared nighthawks began their eternal questioning *who-are-you! who-are-you!* and the coolness banished all thought of the blistering sunshine now pouring down upon the waters of the Pacific.

Not until later, when the night-life was fairly under way, and all the beings of the sun hidden and asleep, did the deep bass rumble of the big toads commence, and the tinkling chorus of the little frogs. Last of all came the essence of the nocturnal — the sound furthest removed from day. All other voices seemed to become for an instant hushed, and the poor-me-one spoke — a wail which rose, trembled, and broke into a falling cadence of hopeless sighs.

And now, with the crescent moon

writing its heliograph cipher upon the water, a new sound arose, low and indistinct, lost for a moment, then rising and lost again. Then it rang out rich and harmonious, the full-throated paddling chanty of a gold-boat of blacks coming down river with their tiny pokes of glittering dust. It tore at the heart-strings of memory, and in its wildness, its sad minor strain, was strangely moving. The steersman set the words and in high, quavering tones led the chorus, which broke in, took up the phrase, different each time, and repeated it twice over, with a sweet pathos, a finality of cadence which no trained white chorus could reproduce.

There was much of savage African rhythm in these boat-songs, and instead of the drum of the Zulus came the regular *thump-thump, thump-thump*, of paddles on the thwarts. They were paddling slowly, weary and tired after a long day of portaging, passing with the tide down to Bartica. Then on to a short, exciting period of affluence in Georgetown, after which they would return for another six months in the gold bush. They were realizing their little El Dorados in these very waters more successfully than Sir Walter Raleigh was able to do.

III

I have said that the wonder windows would take one to the Far East; and hardly had the gold-boat passed out of hearing when the never-to-be-forgotten *beat-beat-beat-beat* of a tom-tom rose without hint or introduction, and straightway the cecropias became deodars and the palms dwarfed to *pîpuls* and *sal*, and the smells of the Calcutta bazaars and the dust of Agra caravans lived again in that sound.

A voice in soft Hindustani tones was heard below — the low, inarticulate phrases framing themselves into a gentle *honk-honka, honk, honk-honka.* Then, still out of sight, came a voice on the stairway: 'Salaam, sahib, will sahib come see dance and see wedding?'

The sahib would; and I followed the wavering lantern of the bride's father down the steep, rocky path which, at the water's edge, turned toward the half-dozen huts of the East Indians.

For a week the coolie women had done no work in the fields, but had spent much of their time squatted in chanting circles. I learned that a marriage was to take place, and, to my surprise, the bride proved to be Budhany, the little child who brought us milk each day from the only cow south of the Mazaruni. Another day, as I passed to the tent-boat, I saw the groom, naked save for his breech-clout, looking very foolish and unhappy, seated on a box in the centre of the one short street, and surrounded by six or eight women, all who could reach him vigorously slapping him and rubbing him with oil from head to foot. Every evening, to the dull monotone of a tom-tom, the shrill voices of the women were carried up to Kalacoon; but to-night a louder, more sonorous drum was audible and the moaning whine of a short, misshapen Hindi violin.

Amid a murmur of salaams we seated ourselves on grocery boxes while the audience ranged itself behind. In the flickering light of torches I recognized my friends one by one. There was Guiadeen who had brought in the first ant-eater; he seated us. Then Persaïd of the prominent teeth, who had tried to cheat me of a sixpence already paid for a mouse-opossum with her young. Persaïd gave us only a hasty salaam, for he was a very busy and fussy master of ceremonies. From behind came the constant droning chant of the priest, lingeringly reading from a tattered Pali volume, an oil torch dripping close to his white turban. His voice was crack-

ed, but his intonation was careful and his words well articulated. The day before we had greeted him and chaffingly admonished him to marry them well.

'God only could promise that,' he had replied with a quick smile.

Others of the little village I knew: Rahim the milkman, and Mahabol, with the head and beard of a Sikh on the legs of a Bengalee, and a thin Bengalee at that. The audience which pressed close behind looked and smelled Calcutta and Darjeeling, and a homesickness which was pain came over me, to be once more among the great Himalayas. The flickering torch showed all my retinue threaded along the outer rim of onlookers; my following who formed a veritable racial tower of Babel. There was Jeremiah the Akawai, and Vingi the Macushi and Semmi the Wapiano — red Indians from forest and savannah. Near them the broad, black African face of little Mame, all eyes and mouth in the dim light. Then de Freitas the Portuguese, and all the others of less certain lineage.

Meanwhile Persaïd had brought forth an oily, vile-smelling liquid with which he coated a square yard of earth, and then with pounded maize and rice he marked out a mystic figure — two squares and diagonals. As the ceremony went on I lost much of the significance, and the coolies themselves seemed very vague. They were all of low caste and preserved more of the form than knowledge of the intricate rites.

We were at the groom's end of the absurd street, and before long Madhoo himself appeared and was led a few steps away by his female tormentors. This time they scrubbed and washed and rinsed him with water, and then dressed him in a soft white waist-cloth draped coolie-wise. Then a long tight-sleeved pink dress was pulled with much difficulty over his head. Madhoo now looked like a woman dressed in a fashion long extinct. Next, a pink turban was wound wonderfully about his head and he was led to one side of the rice figure, where he sat down on a low stool.

Sam, my black factotum, sat close to me, translating when my slender knowledge of Hindustani gave out. Suddenly he stopped abruptly in the middle of a sentence. I saw that he was staring at the groom, the whites of his eyes glistening in astonishment.

'Chief,' he whispered at last, 'see where my socks, my shoes!'

And sure enough, we saw Persaïd pulling the purple-striped socks, which had been Sam's delight, over the unaccustomed ankles of the groom. These were followed by cheap white tennis shoes, causing another ejaculation on the part of Sam.

'Hello, shoes!' I heard him murmur to himself.

Sam always personified those parts of his environment which touched his feelings most deeply, whether clothes, curries, thorns, or gravitation. When unloading the tent-boat a few nights before, he had left his shoes on the bank; and during a trip up the hill to Kalacoon they had vanished. For a moment I was not sure that Sam, like the hero in some melodrama, would not rise and forbid the marriage. Then I heard him chuckling and knew that his sense of humor and regard for our evening's entertainment had nobly overcome what must have been a very real desire to possess again those gorgeous articles of attire. And, besides, I felt sure that the morrow would witness a short, pithy interview regarding these same articles, between Sam and either Madhoo or Persaïd!

Clad now in this added glory, the groom waited, like the tethered heifer, looking furtively at his circle of well-wishers. His little, shriveled mother

came and squatted close behind him, toboggan-fashion, and flung a fold of her cloth over his back. Then she waved various things three times over his head: a stone grain-crusher, a brass bowl of water, and tossed rice and pellets of dough in the four directions. Red paint was put on her toes and feet and caste marks on her son.

Meanwhile the dancer had begun and his musicians were in full swing; but of these I shall speak later. The groom was backed into an elaborate headdress, a high, open-work affair of long wired beads with dangling artificial flowers. First it was placed on the mother's head and then on the turban of the long-suffering young man. An outflaring of torches and a line of white-robed and turbaned coolies from the other end of the street of six houses roused the groom and his friends to new activity. He climbed upon one of the men, straddling his neck, and what appeared to be a best man, or boy, mounted another human steed. They were then carried the few feet to the house of the bride, the shiny, black-rubber soles of the filched tennis shoes sticking absurdly out in front. A third man carried a bundle, — very small, to which no one seemed to attach much importance, — which was said to contain clothes for the bride.

After an undignified dismounting, the groom squatted by a new rice-and-maize square and removed his shoes and socks, to his own evident relief and Sam's renewed excitement. Then coppers passed to the priest and many symbolic gifts were put in the groom's hands; some of these he ate, and others he laid in the square. Whenever money passed, it was hidden under sweet-smelling frangipani blossoms, or temple-flowers, as they are called in India. The bride's mother came out and performed numerous rites to and around the groom; finally, a small person in white also achieved one or two unimportant things and disappeared.

While we waited for some culminating event, the groom stood up, skillfully lit a cigarette through the meshes of the dangling head-dress, and walked with his friends to the porch of the opposite house, where he squatted on the earthen floor in the semi-darkness. Then came Persaïd and announced, 'Marriage over; man wait until daylight, then carry off bride to honeymoon house' — the 'dobe hut plastered all over with the imprint of hundreds of white, outspread fingers and palms.

The marriage over! This was a shock. The critical moment had come and passed, eluding us, and Budhany, the little bride, had appeared and vanished so hurriedly that we had not recognized her.

The dancer had throughout been the focus of interest for me. There was no perfunctory work or slurring over of the niceties of his part, and his sincerity and absorption inspired and stimulated his four assistants until they fairly lost themselves in *abandon* to the rhythm and the chant. His name was Gokool and he had come up from one of the great coastal sugar plantations. Nowhere outside of India had I seen such conscientious devotion to the dancer's work.

Rammo the tent-boat captain played the cretinous violin; he it was who never tired of bringing us giant *buprestids* and rails' eggs, and whose reward was to watch and listen to our typewriter machine through all the time that he dared prolong his visit to our laboratory. Dusrate played the tiny clinking cymbals; Matoora, he of the woman's voice, held the torch always close before the dancer's face; while the drummer — the most striking of them all — was a stranger, Omeer by name. Omeer, with the double-ended tom-tom in a neck-sling, followed Gokool about,

his eyes never leaving the latter's face. Little by little he became wholly rapt, absorbed, and his face so expressive, so working with emotion, that I could watch nothing else.

Gokool was a real actor, a master of his art, with a voice deep, yet shifting easily to falsetto quavers, and with the controlled ability of emphasizing the slightest intonations and delicate semitones which made his singing full of emotional power. He got his little orchestra together, patting his palms in the *tempo* he wished, then broke suddenly into the wailing, dynamic, abrupt phrases which I knew so well. Had not my servants droned them over my camp-fires from Kashmir to Myitkyina, and itinerant ballad-singers chanted them from Ceylon to the Great Snows!

Gokool's dress was wide and his skirt flaring, so that, when he whirled, it stood straight out, and it was stiff with embroidery and scintillating with tinsel. From his sleek, black hair came perfume, that musky, exciting scent which alone would summon India to mind as with a rub of Aladdin's lamp. His anklets and bracelets clinked as he moved; and suddenly, and to our Western senses always unexpectedly, he would begin the swaying, reeling motion, almost that of a cobra in hood. Then after several more phrases, chanted with all the fire and temperamental vigor which marks Hindu music, he would start the rigid little muscular steps which carried him over the ground with no apparent effort, though all the time he was wholly tense and working up into that ecstasy which would obsess him more and more. His songs were of love and riches and war, and all the things of life which can mean so little to these poor coolies.

Exhausted at last, he stopped; and I found that I too suddenly relaxed — that I had been sitting with every muscle tense in sympathy. Gokool came and gave me salaam, and as he turned away for a hand-hollowed puff of hemp I spoke a little word of thanks in his own tongue.

He looked back, not believing that he had heard aright. I repeated it and asked if he knew 'Dar-i-Parhadoor,' this being my phonetic spelling of a certain ballad of ancient India.

'Koom, sahib,' he said; and kneeling touched my foot with his head.

Then we talked as best we could, and I found he was from the Hills, and knew and adored the Parhadoor, and was even more homesick for the Great Snows than I. But once something had snapped in his head and he could not work in the sun, and could dance but rarely; so now he earned money for his daily rice only and could never return.

Then he gathered his musicians once more and sang part of the majestic Parhadoor, which is full of romance and royal wars, and has much to do with the wonders of the early Rajputs. And he sang more to me than to the groom, who neither looked nor listened, but kept busy with his clothes.

Out of all the pressing throng a little coolie boy came and squatted close, and his eyes grew large as he listened to the tale, and from time to time he smiled at me. He had once brought me a coral snake, but I could not call him by name. Now I knew him for the one unlike the rest, — worthy perhaps of a place in my memory roll of supercoolies, — who worked at weeding day after day, like the rest of the men, but who thought other thoughts than those of Mahabol and Guiadeen. I wished I had known of him sooner.

So Gokool sang to us two, the coolie boy and me, a song of ancient India, and danced it by moonlight here in this American jungle, and I dotted his dancing circle with pence, and a few bits, and even a shilling or two. And Gokool thanked me with dignity. And his face

will long remain vivid, tense with feeling, forgetful of all but the loud-cadenced phrases, the quavering chant which broke in and out of falsetto so subtlely that no Western voice may imitate it. And I like to think that he enjoyed dancing for a sahib who loved Lucknow and the old ballads. And so we parted.

After I cached the vampire lantern behind its intrenched bulwark of books and magazines, I leaned far out of a window and thought over the night's happenings. It was long after midnight, and the steady throb of the tom-tom still kept rhythm with the beat of my temples, and I gave myself up to the lure of the hypnotic monotone.

One thought kept recurring — of the little girl far back in the dark depths of the wattled hut. She was so little, so childish, and her part that evening had been so slight and perfunctory, not as much as that of any of the other women and girls who had slovenly performed the half-understood rites. She had brought us milk regularly, and smiled when we wished salaam to her.

She knew less of India than I did. Guiana, this alien land, as humid and luxuriant as the Great Plains were dry and parched — this was her native country. And this evening was her supreme moment; yet her part in it had not seemed fair. She would have liked so much to have worn that pink dress which made of her future husband a caricature; she would have adored to place the shining, tinseled head-dress on her black hair — more with a child's delight than a woman's. And now she would live in a house of her own, and not a play-house, and obey this kind-faced young man — young, but not in comparison with her, whose father he could have been. And she would have anklets and bracelets and a gorgeous nose-button if he could save enough shillings, — I almost said rupees, — and ultimately she would go and cut grass with the other women, and each day take her little baby astride her hip down to the water and wash it, as she, so very short a time ago, had been washed.

And so, close to the wonder windows, we had seen a marriage of strange peoples, who were yet of our own old Aryan stock; whose ceremonies were already ancient when the Christians first kept faith, now transported to a new land where life was infinitely easier for them than in their own overcrowded villages; immigrants to the tropical hinterland where they rubbed elbows with idle Africans and stolid Red Indians. And I was glad of all their strange symbolic doings, for these showed imagination and a love of the long past in time and the distant in space.

I wished a good wish for Budhany, our little milkmaid, and forgot all in the sound, dreamless sleep which comes each night to Kalacoon.

YELLOW WARBLERS

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

The first faint dawn was flushing up the skies,
When, dreamland still bewildering mine eyes,
I looked out to the oak that, winter-long, —
A winter wild with war and woe and wrong, —
Beyond my casement had been void of song.

And lo! with golden buds the twigs were set,
Live buds that warbled like a rivulet
Beneath a veil of willows. Then I knew
Those tiny voices, clear as drops of dew,
Those flying daffodils that fleck the blue,

Those sparkling visitants from myrtle isles —
Wee pilgrims of the sun, that measured miles
Innumerable over land and sea
With wings of shining inches. Flakes of glee,
They filled that dark old oak with jubilee,

Foretelling in delicious roundelays
Their dainty courtships on the dipping sprays,
How they should fashion nests, mate helping mate,
Of milkweed flax and fern-down delicate,
To keep sky-tinted eggs inviolate.

Listening to those blithe notes, I slipped once more
From lyric dawn through dreamland's open door,
And there was God, Eternal Life that sings
Eternal joy, brooding all mortal things,
A nest of stars, beneath untroubled wings.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS 'IN RESIDENCE'

BY WILLIAM J. TUCKER

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of the South End Settlement House, Boston, in itself a noteworthy event in the more recent life of the city, is worthy of wider recognition as representing a distinct phase of the social movement of the last quarter of a century. The general object of that movement, in the words of Jane Addams, was 'the effort to add the social function to democracy.' Settlement work in particular had for its object the endeavor to arrest the segregation of classes which was rapidly going on in the larger cities of the country. The segregated classes, set apart by circumstance as if by force, were being recruited from the disabled or otherwise discouraged families of the native population; from immigrants of diverse nationalities; from the ranks of unskilled labor; and from that constant and considerable element born to the inheritance of poverty, or to those inheritances which predispose to poverty and crime. These classes filled the tenement houses of the congested districts, and overflowed into the abandoned homes of the declining neighborhood.

It is not surprising that the settlement idea, when applied to a condition at once so widespread and so acute, should seem somewhat limited in its scope; but the idea was at least clear and definite. Moreover, it was logical. It was obvious that the process of segregation could be arrested only through some actual and effective identification of society at large with the segregated classes. Various agencies were already at work among them to their advantage and for the public good — the religious mission, the charity organization, the public school. Even the political club, like Tammany, had a value in its work among the newer immigrants. But there still remained the need of something which should represent more simply and more completely the one idea of identification — not primarily that of giving or even of serving, but of sharing. This was the settlement idea, and the first step to be taken in carrying it out was for the settlement worker to go into residence in the neighborhood of the segregated classes.

There were two possible difficulties to be overcome: first, that of securing residents in sufficient numbers and of the right quality, and second, that of making their residence a social reality, a thoroughly human fact in the view of their neighbors. The first difficulty was not discouraging, for experience in matters of like concern had shown how ready was the response of the colleges, universities, and seminaries to the call to sacrificing service. The second difficulty was more serious. We shall fail to understand the significance of the settlement if we fail to understand the imperative and exacting nature of its underlying idea. Going into residence could mean nothing less to the resident than a process of naturalization. It was more than outwardly casting in his lot with his new neighbors. It meant the establishing of reciprocal relations with them. It meant the willingness and the ability on his part to receive

from them as well as to give to them. It meant the interpretation to them and to himself of the possibilities of the common lot. It was not to be chiefly a matter of self-denial. It called for the enthusiasm of the initiative, the enthusiasm of insight and faith. It involved the immediate recognition, and later the understanding, of the resources of the neighborhood as well as of its necessities. It involved further the ability, through careful study and investigation, to relate both its resources and its necessities to those general economic conditions which affect so vitally the social status of every working community,

Such was the settlement idea, with its manifest opportunity and with its equally manifest difficulties, which was to be put to the proof. There stood to its credit, and to the very great advantage of those who were to try the experiment in this country, the experience of the men from the English universities who had gone into residence in the slums of London. The pioneers of settlement work in our American cities — Stanton Coit in New York (1886) and Vida Scudder (the Women's College Settlement of 1889), Jane Addams in Chicago (1889) and Robert A. Woods in Boston (1891) — had made themselves familiar by studies on the ground with the principles and methods of the English settlements. Mr. Woods had been a resident at Toynbee Hall on a fellowship from Andover Seminary; and as a result of his experiences published the first book on the general subject issued in this country, under the title, *English Social Movements.*

Modifications of the settlement idea were necessary to adapt it fully to our social conditions; but the rapid growth of settlements when once the work had begun showed not only the inherent vitality of the idea but also its adaptability. In 1891 there were four settlements: two in New York, one in Chicago, and one in Boston; in 1897, seventy-four; in 1900, two hundred and four; in 1911, four hundred and thirteen; in 1916, more than five hundred.

The settlement motive has also gone out into the newer aims and methods of the churches and schools, and of community clubs. Growth is seen to be intensive as well as extensive. Settlement workers are coming to an increasing consciousness of the depth of their motive, as they have a better measure of the range of their work. Federations of settlements in the larger cities are bringing neighborhood workers together for the exchange of experiences, for the elimination of competition and cross-purposes, for sharing the results of the best skill and leadership, and for considering the most effective measures for influencing public opinion, or for securing desired legislation. There is a National Federation of Settlements with a constituent membership of nearly two hundred settlements and of several thousand residents. The Federation holds an annual conference 'for the casting up of local community problems in their broader meanings and bearings,' and for the furtherance of ends which can be effected only through 'the massing of forces.'

This summary of growth, however, impressive as it is as evidence of increasing vitality and of cumulative power, does not answer certain questions reaching below organization and outward results, which are essential to any just appraisal of the present value of the settlements in their local or national service. There are three questions of this nature which seem to me to call for a definite answer.

Has the settlement idea proved a creative force capable of organizing and carrying out a specific work in the broad field of community organization?

To what extent has the settlement proved to be a contributory force of

recognized value in the related field of economic and civic reform?

And, perhaps most essential, how far has the settlement succeeded in developing a type of leadership fitted to meet and satisfy its requirements, and capable of taking a responsible part in the public service? It is evident that in the final analysis the whole question returns upon the resident himself, his personality, his resources, and the definiteness and sincerity of his purpose.

I

The settlement idea has virtually created a new social unit of very great possibilities out of the city neighborhood, corresponding in kind to the ward as a political unit, or to the parish as a religious unit. The city neighborhood of the congested districts may be said to be almost a self-existent fact. It is the inevitable consequence of congestion. It easily becomes an altogether dominant fact. It quickly fixes the grade of the individual and of the family within its limits. At its best, it creates a condition of social mediocrity. At its worst, it becomes an actively demoralizing environment, a forcing-bed of poverty and disease, the home of the gang, the haunt of the vices.

This demoralizing or depressing effect of the congested neighborhood had long been a fact of common observation, and had begun to be a fact of common concern. It was the distinction of the settlement that it seized upon this fact of neighborhood domination and reinterpreted it in terms of social value. The environment of the neighborhood was in itself neither moral nor immoral, but unmoral — simply a neutral fact. Why not, then, reverse the method of philanthropic effort, and instead of working for the rescue of the individual or the family from a bad environment, work, if need be, with redoubled effort but with better hope, to reconstruct the neighborhood with the consent and coöperation of its residents?

This idea of changing the character of a bad environment through the aid of those affected by it was not altogether original. It can be traced perhaps more directly than to any other source to the teachings and personal influence of Mr. Ruskin. As early as 1866 Octavia Hill, aided by Mr. Ruskin, had shown what could be done in changing over a low-type tenement house in London by making her home in the house and educating the tenants to the change while the physical transformation was going on about them. At about the same time, and with a like object, Edward Denison, a pupil of Mr. Ruskin, went 'into residence,' or, as it seemed to some of his friends, into social exile, in the Stepney district of East London; and later, Arnold Toynbee, acting under the same influence and to the same end. Then came in due time Toynbee Hall and the London settlements, to be followed, as has been seen, by the hundreds of settlements in this country.

The results to be expected from the application of the settlement idea must necessarily vary somewhat according to the characteristics of the neighborhood, and according to the special interests and aptitudes of the residents. Some neighborhoods open to settlement work, like the 'villages' of Greenwich and Chelsea in New York City, contain a remnant of old inhabitants. Though invaded by the factory and the tenement, many of the old houses of the village remain, transformed into rooming- or boarding-houses. This mingling of a decadent social element with the raw social material of the immigrant classes constitutes, wherever it is found, a distinct problem. Other neighborhoods are altogether made up of immigrants, homogeneous or heterogeneous as one nationality or many occupy the

ground, and to be treated accordingly. The race-question is sensitive, and often complicated, even if confined to a single race. It may be desirable, for example, to prevent the too rapid Americanization of the more forward races, especially of the children, involving, as it often does, the loss of certain racial qualities of value to our composite national life. And there are other neighborhoods still in which the element of unskilled labor predominates, irrespective of nationality — where the sweatshop is typical of the industries; where the struggle for existence is acute; and where the consequent result is poverty and disease in many forms. It is evident that the various problems in such a district are at their root economic, and crowd the line of the living wage.

In less degree, and yet to an appreciable extent, results may be expected to vary according to the special interests and aptitudes of the residents. Settlement work is too personal to be standardized. While the general policy of all settlements is the same, every house has its distinctive character. The immediate motives leading to their establishment may vary from the religious, or ethical, or broadly human motive, to the educational, or even the more strictly scientific. The head of the house, as the permanent resident, is more than a directive force: his or her personality becomes a controlling influence. At the same time there is abundant room for the free play of each resident's individuality. Personal qualities, as well as previous training, may find complete use.

And yet, all these diversities of personal gifts and personal interests are subordinate and tributary to the one supreme end of the neighborhood settlement, namely, to awaken the neighborhood to self-consciousness, to make it aware of its possibilities as a community, and to stimulate and aid in the work of reconstruction. Evidently the greatest gift for this object on the part of the residents is the gift of interpretation. Before the neighborhood can be expected to respond to any action in its behalf, it must feel that it is understood; and as the work advances, it must see that its latent and almost unconscious desires are discerned and expressed. Richard Watson Gilder called a settlement house the 'House of the Interpreter.' An old man in the Hull House neighborhood put this analogy in concrete and local terms: 'We know we are here and Miss Addams knows we are here, but she knows we are here better than we know we are here.'

This process of interpretation and of reconstruction is of necessity slow and arduous. The drift of society in its lower forms is toward the defensive. There is an obstinate conservatism among the poor quite as marked as that among the rich. Any settlement neighborhood gives the impression of inaccessibility even when there is no barrier of language. But means of access are not wanting. Not infrequently the child leads the way. Concern for children is a fundamental and common interest, a fact which justifies the testimony of an experienced worker, that through the various efforts in their behalf, especially those of the neighborhood nurse, 'the children of many neighborhoods are better born and better nourished than they were a generation ago'; and further, that 'young boys and girls are cleaner, brighter, better-mannered and better set-up than those of fifteen years ago'; and further still, that 'more boys and girls go to high schools and trade schools than ten years ago.' According to the same observer, following out the educational and organizing work of the settlement, 'Two decades of club work have prepared a generation capable of uniting for coöperative effort. The increasing readiness of neighbors to join with one another in securing public im-

provements, as school-centres, playgrounds, baths, gymnasia; their more positive attitude toward demoralizing and disintegrating agencies, both their own and those foisted on them from without, are evidences of the growth of the spirit of social reciprocity.'

The settlement does not enter a neighborhood to compete with other agencies. Two of its cardinal principles in relation to other agencies are, first, not to attempt to duplicate what is already being done to the advantage of the community, and second, to relinquish any service which can be accomplished equally well by others. Its first work, often quite prolonged, is to establish neighborly relations. It does not seek for immediate results. In this respect it was often a disappointment to its early friends and supporters. But the initial process cannot be hurried. It takes time to make the natural acquaintance of one's neighbors, to remove any suspicion of patronage, to become an accepted rather than a tolerated member of the community. It takes time to make such an informing but unobtrusive study of neighborhood conditions as may allow the actual work of improvement to begin without blundering. It required years, as I recall, of quiet, inconspicuous personal work through its early home in Rollins Street before the South End House was able to establish its various working centres throughout the neighborhood. But over against this slowness in the process of incorporating the settlement into the neighborhood stands the equally plain fact of the rapid widening and deepening of all the currents of influence when once the incorporation has been effected. The years of deferred results are not wasted if they give the residents a sane understanding of the actual weaknesses and necessities of the neighborhood, a true estimate of its potencies as well as of its available resources, and above all a sincere appreciation of the people themselves in their individual and coöperative life. The struggle to create an effective social unit out of the average settlement neighborhood is continuous because of the heterogeneous and shifting character of the population; but in spite of these drawbacks, it is not too much to say that the tendency in many such neighborhoods is steadily toward stability and unity. The advance can be measured in terms which apply to the whole community.

II

In considering settlement work as a contributory force in the field of economic and civic reform we pass to a secondary though exceedingly important service. It is necessary to repeat that the chief end in view must always be the upbuilding of the neighborhood, its development into an effective social unit; while the test of success must be found in those results which can come only from loyalty to this original and originating purpose — to what has been called the 'genius' of the movement. 'The settlements,' says the head of the South End House, 'deal primarily, not with causes running across the social strata, though they must not neglect these, but with the all-around human relations of the neighborhood.' The significance of the various 'causes running across the social strata' lies in the fact that they represent those outlying conditions, chiefly economic, that press so hard upon the neighborhood environment. Poverty, much of idleness and crime, social discontent, unemployment, the contentions of labor, are all intimately related to wrong economic or civic conditions; and unless these are traced to their source, social workers will repeat the mistake of the early philanthropists in allowing charity to cover the sins of economic inefficiency

and of civic indifference. That such is not the present liability is evidenced by the published investigations of the more advanced settlements. These show that research is not a mere by-product of settlement work. Though projected from a background of knowledge acquired in the daily routine, it is carried out into the closest details of observation and study.

There are certain characteristics of the studies and investigations of the settlements which give them a unique value. Where the subject allows, they are marked by a comprehensiveness which is seldom found elsewhere. A neighborhood is studied as a whole in its historical setting, if it is on the decline, and in right perspective if it is in the stage of chaotic growth. The various matters which call for investigation are set forth in true proportion, a result which does not often attend the methods of purely specialized study. Studies like *Hull House Maps and Papers — a presentation of nationalities and wages in a congested district of Chicago;* or, more completely, *The City Wilderness: a settlement study of the South End District of Boston*, show as by the exhibit of a cross-section how varied are the forces and influences which are at work to mould the life of a settlement community. On the basis of such surveys the organization of the facts about population, work, and wages, standards of living, popular amusements, the sources of lawlessness and crime, the roots of political power, the state of education and religion, constitutes a fund of information invaluable to all who have to do with municipal affairs, or with the science of municipal government.

Another characteristic of settlement studies is the intimate and sympathetic character of the knowledge they reveal. In this respect they have a value beyond that of any ordinary statistical investigation. They bring to light many things which elude research, the things which come out of personal intimacies, which spring unexpectedly out of the contacts of the daily life: as seen in Mrs. Kelly's studies into the sweating system, and into the overcrowded tenement, and in Mrs. More's study into the actual standard of living in working-class families in New York, carried on at the Greenwich House, and published under the title, *The Wage-Earner's Budget.*

A further variety of settlement study marks the psychological approach to the younger life which the settlement touches. Miss Addams's *Spirit of Youth and the City Streets* has revolutionized the thought of great numbers of parents and has modified the attitude of entire communities to their young people. *Young Working Girls*, edited by Robert A. Woods and Albert J. Kennedy for the National Federation of Settlements, gives a summary of the evidence of two thousand social workers bearing upon this most perplexing and urgent subject, and is to be followed by studies of adolescent boys, and of pre-adolescent girls and boys.

The readers of the *Atlantic* have become acquainted with a highly specialized form of settlement work through the papers of Miss Wald (running through the year 1915) on 'The House in Henry Street.' This is primarily a nurses' settlement, and very much of its success is due to its method of dealing with the problems of sickness and disease in the tenements. Through its thorough system of visitation it was able to understand the mental attitude of families toward the treatment of disease, to discover the meaning of the home instinct in regard to the care of the sick, especially of children, and to demonstrate the therapeutic value of the home under proper training as comparable with that of the hospital. The employment of the school nurse and the

tuberculosis nurse, and the inauguration of the health-service of some of the industrial insurance companies, are among the results of this applied experience of the settlement. The public has shown its indorsement of the methods employed by contributing generously toward a million-dollar fund now being raised for the treatment of children of the city crippled by infantile paralysis, to be administered through the settlement and its branches.

In referring to the published studies or exhibits of some of the settlements no attempt has been made to give a bibliography. The references have been merely illustrative. The bibliography is already large and is rapidly increasing. But this represents only in small degree the actual part which is taken by the settlements in their semi-public service. The increasing wealth of detailed information about the conditions of life in tenement localities makes their knowledge and advice indispensable to those who are interested in obtaining remedial legislation. 'Settlement workers are gradually learning,' says one of the older residents, 'that they have unique power with legislative committees when they come forward strictly on the basis of what they have seen and do know, giving chapter and verse out of immediate local experience. It is quite surprising how hungry the average legislator is for such testimony. Taken altogether, it is probable that the settlements have accomplished more by reinforcing the proposals for social legislation brought forward by others, than even through legislative enterprises in which they have taken the initiative.' These 'legislative enterprises,' however, have been of much local, and even national, value — the early factory legislation in Illinois, the Connecticut tenement-house act, the bar-and-bottle bill in Massachusetts, the national investigation into the conditions of women and children in industry, and the organization of the Children's Bureau in the Department of Commerce and Labor. It seems likely that, as the settlements are now more highly organized through city federations and through the National Federation, much larger use will be made of legislation to effect certain necessary reforms. I note that the discussions at the regular conferences are taking a broader range and a more positive tone. The effect of wide coöperative action has been to enlarge the sense of responsibility and of power.

III

Whatever may prove to be the value of the settlement idea or the practicability of its methods, the question of ultimate success must return upon the resident. Can the settlement develop a type of service and of leadership fitted to meet and satisfy its requirements? The requirements are, we have seen, peculiar. Settlement work is unique among the trained callings of its intellectual and moral grade. Though a highly trained calling, it cannot become distinctly a profession. The efficacy of the service rendered lies in its non-professional character. It is personal, to the exclusion of any suggestion or suspicion of professionalism. In like degree it is personal, to the exclusion of any suggestion or suspicion of institutionalism. The House is primarily a home among other homes. Men or women are 'in residence' for a purpose, but in a personal not in an official capacity. Their life is one of intimate and stimulating association, but with nothing about it to repress the play of individuality, or to separate the resident from the people of the neighborhood. Apart from the house or houses of a given settlement there are often working centres, and the general work must

be organized under the guidance of an executive staff; but the amount of machinery is reduced to a minimum. The relative cost in organization and equipment, as I shall show later in a specific instance, is slight when compared with that of the maintenance of an institution. The great expenditure is in personal power.

Without doubt there is a tendency on the part of the larger settlements toward a degree of institutional development, but I think that the danger from it is not serious so long as the present preponderance of the personal over the institutional is maintained. There are few signs of any lapse in purpose or in spirit from the singleness and simplicity of the original idea. 'The institutional settlement,' says Mr. Gaylord S. White of the Union Settlement, New York, 'has always been regarded by the friends of the movement as in a measure a necessary evil — a development which might be required by the situation but permitted with regret. The older settlements will doubtless endeavor to continue to meet the needs that arise in their neighborhoods, so long as the municipality lags behind in its enterprises of social service, even if this necessitates a further development in the way of institutions. But when new settlements are organized, their promoters will do well to consider whether their opportunity does not lie in the direction of the simpler residential type.'

From the nature of the work the sources of supply for residents must be limited to the colleges. The limitation has its exceptions, but they are rare. A resident must have had the foundation at least for advanced training in economic and sociological studies. The settlement worker is constantly confronted with problems for which he must be reasonably prepared by previous study. His contribution to the intellectual equipment of the House determines in large degree his individual value. The study of economic problems, however they may arise, is teamwork. The intellectual capital for the business of the settlement is simply the sum total of the intellectual equipment of the residents. But the attitude of the resident toward his work is not simply or chiefly that of intellectual interest. It has in it the element of altruistic devotion. It is not the ordinary attitude taken toward business. It is to be classed rather with those callings which presuppose the spirit of consecration. I am not surprised to find that the Christian associations in the colleges have become a recruiting ground for the settlements. Neither am I surprised to find that there is a growing diversion from the ministry to the work of the settlements and to other kinds of related work, due partly to the greater independence and freedom which they allow, and partly to the permanency of service contrasted with the growing tendency to abridge the working years of the ministry by 'the dead line of fifty.'

What of the graduates from settlement service, in so far as the settlements are training schools for public service, or positions of like responsibility and influence? I find in looking over a list which one house has given out of the present occupations of men who were former residents, but no longer in settlement work, some thirty in number, that seven now hold official positions in the public service, seven are secretaries of semi-public organizations, eight are connected with business houses chiefly as experts in employment, four are professors, and three are journalists. There is no reason to suppose that this exhibit is exceptional. A surprisingly large number of men trained in the settlements, many of whom have gained wide public recognition, are to be found in various positions of

civic service, municipal, state, and federal. Several of the leading officials in the present administration of the city of New York were former settlement residents. The same general fact is to be noted in regard to the public service of women who have been, or who are still connected with the women's settlements, of whom examples are Miss Addams of Hull House and Miss Wald of Henry Street, Mrs. Mary K. Simkhovitch of the Greenwich House, the centre of a remarkable group of municipal agencies, Miss McDowell of the University of Chicago Settlement, whose efforts brought about the national investigation into the conditions under which wage-earning women and children work, and Miss Julia Lathrop, head of the Children's Bureau. The settlement gave women one of their first opportunities to enter upon public service. To-day they are in the majority in settlement work and their influence is proportionate to their numbers.

The settlement, besides doing its own specific work, has proved to be an avenue leading directly into those new fields of opportunity so inviting to those who wish to put themselves into some really serviceable relation to the isolated and unsocialized peoples. It has been found to stand in practice no less than in theory for intelligent and well-directed altruism. I believe that the more carefully its workings are examined the more hearty will be the acceptance of the publicly expressed opinion of Mr. Roosevelt when Governor of New York: 'It seems to me that this type of work is more important for our civic and social betterment than any other that is now being undertaken by any one, or by any society.'

IV

Although the twenty-fifth anniversary of the South End House, Boston, was the occasion, not the subject, of this article, a closing word of reference is due to the House as being in itself one of the most complete and consistent illustrations of the settlement idea. Forced by the needs of the neighborhood to take on a considerable institutional development, it has in no wise departed from the original residential type. This consistency of development has been secured by maintaining an unusually large residential force, and by scattering its working agencies throughout the district instead of concentrating them at one locality. There are in the settlement to-day thirty-two residents, twelve men and twenty women. Among these are five married couples having their own homes, two in apartments provided at the House, three at different points in the neighborhood. Nine of the residents are on salaries for full time and three for part time; four are holders of fellowships; the remainder are unpaid, five of whom devote their entire time to the work. To the residents are to be added over one hundred associate workers, a number of whom are from the neighborhood. The whole force is under the direction of a staff of six of the most experienced workers. One fourth of the residents have been in service for over four years. Mr. Woods has been the head of the House from the beginning, the only instance, except that of Miss Addams, of like continuous service. The exceptional permanency of the residential force has given special value to the social and economic investigations of the House.

As has been intimated, the South End House has developed, in a way unique among the settlements, the plan of distributing rather than of massing its various activities. In this way it gains direct access to the separate groups of different economic grades, and different nationalities, which make up a district population of 45,000, about

equally divided between those living in tenements, and those living in lodgings in disused residence houses. Besides the headquarters and men's residence (20 Union Park) there is the women's residence, a 'Union' for civic and recreational uses, a registry house for approved lodgings, a nurses' house, — an offshoot from the women's residence, — and a house of childhood. There are also several out-of-town houses known as vacation centres. One of the most interesting and useful of these last is the caddies' home at Bretton Woods, a resort much desired and striven for as a reward for good 'citizenship' by the boys of the neighborhood, from whom the 'gangs' would otherwise be recruited.

The general management of the settlement is in the hands of a council of twenty-four elected by an association of some three hundred members. The finances of the settlement are on a democratic basis. The settlement is not underwritten by any wealthy patron, but is supported by annual subscriptions from members of the Association and from others interested in the work. The value of the unencumbered real estate is about $100,000, and the amount of the present endowment fund is $30,000. The annual cost of the settlement is about $20,000. I doubt if an example can be found, outside the range of the social settlements, of results of like character and magnitude attained with so great economy of material resources, because of such lavish and generous expenditure of personal service. This preponderance of personal service and sacrifice must always exist as vital to all settlement work; but in view of the results achieved, the question is pertinent whether the time has not now come for society at large to coöperate more freely through wise and adequate endowments insuring permanency of results.

The specific object of the settlement when first applied to social conditions in this country was, as we have seen, to arrest the process of segregation which was going on in all our larger cities. I think that we should now speak of this same object in much larger terms. When we now refer to the vast work of assimilating our foreign peoples we speak of their Americanization. We have not as yet, however, come to understand that any serious attempt to carry out this purpose must involve in a very real sense the re-Americanization of the native stock. Nowhere is this necessity more apparent than in the older communities like New England. The man of Puritan traditions and training has before him a much greater duty than that of tolerance or even of hospitality — the duty of understanding through study, sympathy, and coöperation the alien peoples with whom his lot is now cast. What can better serve to remind him of this urgent and impartial duty than the presence in the city of Boston, the great immigrant city of New England, of the organized groups of highly trained and sympathetic men and women committed to the task of unifying our diverse and discordant social elements, in the interest alike of native and of alien, but above all in the interest of the Republic? Evidently the emphasis will fall upon this unifying work differently in different parts of the country, but it must mean everywhere both the Americanization and the re-Americanization of our whole people, if we are to learn to think of the Nation according to its constituent elements and in terms at all commensurate with its manifest future. In the searching trial through which we are now passing, I believe it will be found that after the public school the social settlement has been the most direct and effective agency at work for the coherence and the integrity of the Nation.

THE AMERICAN PLAN FOR ENFORCING PEACE

BY SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK

I AM asked to give an opinion from a British point of view of the proposals of the League to Enforce Peace. Liberal compliance with this request would be rather difficult, for I fail to see why there is, or should be, any specially British point of view on a question of universal international justice. Neither can it be said that there exists in fact any decided national view; we have not so far had any thorough discussion. My impression is that competent opinion here is not at present so near a general consent as it appears to be in America. Be that as it may, my individual opinion is so much in accordance with that of the League that I have really no criticism of substance to offer, and can only make some observations on the proposals by way of illustration and supplement. Again, I do not know what risk there may be in America of such misunderstandings as have exercised one or two able publicists here, and therefore must crave excuse if any cautionary explanation here set down is superfluous for most readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. I will follow the proposals of the League in the order in which they are laid down.

First: *All justiciable questions arising between the signatory powers, not settled by negotiation, shall, subject to the limitations of treaties, be submitted to a judicial tribunal for hearing and judgment both upon the merits and upon any issue as to its jurisdiction of the question.*

The reference to the limitations of treaties apparently means that signatory powers would remain free to act in particular cases, as between themselves, on any special arbitration treaties to which they were already parties, such as the treaty of 1914 between Great Britain and the United States. Disposal of any question under such a treaty would in effect be a species of settlement out of court, and rather to be encouraged. The constitution of the tribunal is wisely not specified in detail. Until the plan is seriously taken up by the authority of a quorum of governments, in such number and value as will suffice to make it workable, it is useless to spend time in weighing out the imaginary mint and anise and cummin. One of the things to be considered will be whether, and to what extent, the machinery already established on a merely voluntary basis at The Hague can be made use of. It would be wholly premature to express an opinion on this.

The tribunal itself is to be charged with the duty of determining whether any question submitted to it is 'justiciable' — as leading to issues capable of definite judicial determination; or 'non-justiciable' — as depending on moral or political considerations which cannot be reduced to a definite issue. In the latter case, the matter would, I presume, be passed on to the Board of Conciliation to be next mentioned. This would be simpler than instituting some kind of special examining committee or *tribunal des conflits*, and I see no reason why it should be less efficient.

Nothing is said about enforcing the awards of the tribunal when made; and it does not appear that any such

provision is necessary. There have, in fact, been very few cases of refusal to execute an international award on a question submitted to arbitration by agreement of the parties. It must not be supposed, however, that the League would be wholly indifferent to the subsequent conduct of the litigants. A successful litigant state should not be left under the unrestrained temptation to execute the award for itself by military force if the defeated party fails to comply with it for a time which appears unreasonable. It seems that taking the law into one's own hand without the authority of the League, even after an award, would be in spirit, if not in the absolute letter, such an act of hostility as is provided against in the third article, and that the proper course in case of excessive delay would be to appeal to the League — in an executive, not a judicial capacity — for license to take the necessary steps. I cannot help thinking that the first case of this kind which arose would probably lead to the League being invested with direct executive power, tempered perhaps by the requirement of using, in this class of emergencies, economic pressure before military action. But it is possible that the need might never arise. In cases of extraordinary difficulty there might be a provision for rehearing by a specially reinforced tribunal. Any regular appellate procedure, however, seems neither practicable nor desirable.

The suggestion of President Lowell of Harvard, that the court should have power to issue decrees in the nature of interlocutory injunctions, pending the hearing and decision of a cause, is eminently reasonable and proper.

The judicial proceedings of the tribunal would presumably be public, except for some very special reason. Not that such reasons appear likely to occur, but it would be unwise not to leave room for the possibility.

Some people here have gratuitously assumed that the League would undertake to guarantee the territorial *status quo* of its members, and have thereupon raised an alarm of a revived Holy Alliance for the oppression of national movements and subjection of minor states. There is no foundation whatever for this. Neither boundaries, nor forms of government, nor domestic regulation of provincial autonomy, the condition of protected or personally united states, and the like, would be guaranteed against anything but the forcible interference of an external power which refused to submit the matters in difference to conciliation or arbitration. It is true that the formation of a stable and effective league presupposes the establishment of a more stable and rational system of political boundaries, and a much better approximation to the general satisfaction of national desires and sympathies than had been attained in 1914. But reconstruction of that kind has to be undertaken in any case as part of the settlement after the war, and the prospect of a standing League of Peace would in my judgment make it easier, if anything. As for the smaller states, which are now powerless in isolation, they would have everything to gain by acquiring a defined position and an assured voice in closer contact with the greater powers and with one another.

The second article runs: *All other questions arising between the signatories and not settled by negotiation shall be submitted to a council of conciliation for hearing, consideration and recommendation.*

Such a body would have to be called '*conseil*' in French, but I should prefer 'board' as the English equivalent; this, however, is a very small verbal detail. The Board would not, I presume, be bound strictly to follow judicial forms, but would adopt such procedure as it

thought best fitted for the nature of the case. Professional advocates, for example, might sometimes be dispensed with. The recommendations of the Board would have only a persuasive force, but its real power would be that of gaining time for reflection, and its greatest triumph would be to guide the parties to a settlement which they should believe to be of their own finding. It ought, I think, to be in the Board's discretion whether its proceedings should be public, and whether anything should be published beyond the result. In discussions of this kind, which are a mixture of moral or political argument and of negotiation, the less temptation either side has to play to its own gallery the better.

Internal difficulties of a constitutional or political kind would not be within the jurisdiction of the Board. Such, for instance, are the questions that have arisen with regard to the union of the Empire of Russia with the Grand Duchy of Finland. The Board, however, might well be empowered to deal with such disputes if authorized representatives of the interests concerned agreed to refer them for mediation. Contentions of this kind are apt to excite sympathies and agitations beyond their own borders, and have often afforded a reason or pretext for warlike interference on the part of other states. It seems, therefore, quite within the spirit of the League to do what it can in the way of opening a door to voluntary conciliation, the rather that the greatest danger to the stability and permanence of the League itself may be thought to lie in this direction.

In any case where all the efforts of the Board were unavailing, the parties would be remitted to the old condition of independent powers having an irreconcilable difference. The League, however, would have acquired full information and would be in the most favorable position for preventing any further spread of war should hostilities ensue, and for making a fresh offer of mediation should any good opportunity present itself. At worst, we should have the extinct 'Concert of Europe' revived in a much improved form.

The third article is the executive one: *The signatory powers shall jointly use forthwith both their economic and military forces against any one of their number that goes to war or commits acts of hostility against another of the signatories, before any question arising shall be submitted as provided in the foregoing.*

The drafting, like that of President Monroe's celebrated message, is rather cramped, and shows the marks of not being the work of one hand; but the meaning is clear. A practical question arises at once, which appears to me of capital importance. How is the process of joint application of economic or military forces to be worked?

Suppose there are ten signatory powers. B has a boundary claim against A, and they have been in negotiation for some time (a fact of which the League is not bound to take notice). During this time B has been making secret preparations for seizing the coveted territory, which may include an especially desirable sea-port in a commanding strategic position, or the like. B turns upon A with a trumped-up charge of willful bad faith, picks a sudden quarrel thereupon, and invades the territory in dispute. A is not strong enough to resist alone. What are the other eight signatory states to do? If they all have to hold a conference before any of them move, B may seize the coveted positions and occupy them firmly, or even proceed to encroach on A's undisputed possession, while the joint action is being elaborated. In an extreme case, A may be in danger of a hostile occupation hardly distinguishable from conquest. Again, whose business shall it

be to take the first steps? and will emergency justify the nearest or strongest signatory power in taking action without waiting to confer? Here are grave and perilous occasions for delay, confusion, and discord. Yet again, B, if a willful wrongdoer, will probably be ready with some tale that A began hostilities; and who is to decide whether the plea of self-defense is genuine or not? Without some kind of pre-appointed emergency power which need not await a conference, it seems that there would still be an opening — less tempting than if there were not any League of Peace, but still, with luck and cunning, practicable — for a bold and unscrupulous aggressor.

The result, I submit, is that if a league to enforce peace is to be in a position to exercise timely and effective force at need and to nip offenses in the bud, it must have a standing and thoroughly organized executive authority.

The constitution of such an authority might conceivably be devised in various forms, and one must resist the temptation to speculate too much on details. Two things appear, however, to be essential: a representative, but not too numerous, body, to decide when an emergency calling for joint action has arisen, and whether that action shall be limited in the first instance to economic pressure, or prompt military measures are required; and, for the latter case, a military command ready to give effect to the decision, and authorized, without waiting for further approval, to employ the common power to the best advantage. In other words, there should be a common general staff in readiness to take charge of the necessary operations by land or by water, on the requisition of the Executive Council. Otherwise, even on the assumption that the governments concerned are perfectly unanimous, much precious time would be wasted, and this would be just the weak point of concerted action on which an aggressor would count. On the other hand, the manifest risks of aggression will be more deterrent in proportion as the means of crushing any such attempts are better prepared in advance; and in the same proportion it will be less likely that the League will be called upon to resort to actual use of the strong hand.

In any case, there will have to be a standing council of the League for preparation and supervision of the business contemplated by the fourth article. An executive committee might either be formed out of this or constituted as an independent body. Two members from every state, one of them being a member of its government, would give a number large enough to be representative, not too large for swift and effectual decision, and in touch at all times with their respective constituents.

An actual meeting of the Executive Council should not be necessary for a decision. On a manifest emergency the chairman should be empowered to collect votes by telegraph.

The formation of an expert general staff, the technical definition of its functions, and the assignment of the quotas for which it shall be entitled to call upon the constituent states, will be matter for nice and careful adjustment. Obviously there are plenty of difficulties in this operation; but it seems no less obvious that they are of the kind which can be overcome if there is a general will to overcome them; and if there is not such a general will there cannot be any league at all.

It will be said that the establishment of a common authority with discretion to declare a state of urgency and take the appropriate action involves a serious delegation of sovereign power. This is very true. There is only one material

out of which commonwealths or associations of any kind, starting from independence, can make an effective power for handling affairs of common interest, and that is individual power surrendered on equal terms by all of them. It is possible, to be sure, for several distinct and independent bodies to work together through joint committees whose recommendations come back for ratification by all the principals; and my experience of one such case with which I am familiar tends to show that rejection by any member of these recommendations, made by delegates who themselves have their voices in the ultimate decision, will be exceptional. Indeed, the constructive work to be undertaken under the fourth article of the present platform belongs to this type. But the method is plainly fitted only for matters in which time is not of the essence, and leisurely deliberation is practicable. In the problem under consideration time is essential, and if action cannot be swift there is great risk that it will be futile, or will achieve its end only at excessive cost.

For Americans it is a special question how executive provisions of this kind can be brought into harmony with the constitutional functions of the Senate. I shall not presume to meddle with the solution, and will only say that it would be no less presumptuous to despair of it.

The fourth article deals with the consolidation and codification of international law.

Conferences between the signatory powers shall be held from time to time, to formulate and codify rules of international law, which, unless some signatory shall signify its dissent within a stated period, shall thereafter govern in the decisions of the Judicial Tribunal mentioned in article one.

This happy mean between interminable negotiation and unlimited delegation of legislative power is due, I believe, to Mr. Taft. I have already expressed my approval of it. In the wording I should have preferred to avoid speaking of conferences: the term smacks too much of The Hague as things were ten years ago, with abundance of starched and frilled ceremonial and elaborate compliments about trifles, and more abundance of evasion in the points that really mattered. I do not see how the object of this article can be properly worked out without a strong standing committee to prepare and guide the business. Without this, years might be spent over mere verbal tinkering of the Hague Conventions, which, if it did no particular harm, would do no good worth the trouble. On the whole this article appears to point to a fairly large deliberative council working through an expert committee. But if its authors mean that they are content with the machinery of The Hague as it exists, then I must respectfully differ.

There remains a question of great practical importance that must not be overlooked, though it cannot be dealt with in a preliminary statement of the general principles. Who are to be the signatory powers? Is there to be a general invitation from some convening power or group of powers to the governments of every state that was represented at the last Hague Conference, and possibly of states which may appear as new international units after the war — or how otherwise?

A month ago this question could not be freely discussed in America. Now the rupture of diplomatic relations between the United States and Germany has made it both possible and necessary to speak plainly of the facts which could not in any case be neglected in practice. If this war should end in the victory of the Central Powers there could be no talk of a league of peace of

any kind. There would be a Central European alliance as much under the control of Germany as the German States are now under the control of Prussia; and any state entering into close relations with that system would in effect constitute itself a German protectorate. Such is the only intelligible interpretation of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's talk about German willingness to enter a league of peace. What he means is a victorious Germany imposing her policy on the world. It will be remembered that for many years German diplomacy has persistently opposed and thwarted all attempts to frame any scheme of real international jurisdiction. Limitation of armaments, obligatory reference to arbitration — whatever could be charged with derogation from the absolute and inalienable right of the state to be judge in its own cause — met with a German *non possumus* at The Hague and elsewhere.

But, it may be said, the present rulers of German kingdoms and the lands making up the Austro-Hungarian Empire are not immortal; even as they are, they may change their minds; why not leave the door open and hope for the best? For my part, I will believe in such a change of mind when I not only hear of it, but see its fruit in very different works from those which German statecraft and militarism have brought forth; and if anything is humanly certain, it is that such would not be the fruits of German victory. Much the same would be the result of such a compromise peace as some good folks are still dreaming of — amiable persons and some of them even quite useful citizens under peace conditions, but wholly unfit for counsel in this war.

Let us turn to the other and only definite alternative — the decisive victory of the Allies. In that event the restoration of law among nations will be in the hands of the Allies and of the United States, virtually, if not formally, associated with them; and it is from the alliance of law-abiding powers, whether the nominal lead is taken by a group or by one of them, — for preference I should say the United States, as having the fewest particular interests, — that the movement toward a permanent league of peace must proceed. Can we conceive the Allies issuing a comprehensive invitation in general terms, including the very governments against whose defiance of justice they have been fighting? The Prussians and their pupils in the devil's doctrine of military necessity have devastated Belgium, Poland, and Serbia; they have murdered, ravished, plundered — not in the way of casual excess, but as part of a carefully applied system of terrorism; they have declared piratical warfare against neutral shipping under pretense of defending something they call the freedom of the sea; there is no law of God and nature they have not set at naught, no covenant they have not broken — and shall we mock Justice by pretending to regard them as fit helpers in rebuilding her temple?

I see no escape from the conclusion that the League must spring out of the Alliance, and the admission of other members must be a matter, not of right, but of discretion, for our time at least. Of a regenerate Germany, such as perhaps our children or grandchildren may see, I do not speak, having a very faint expectation of living to see it myself. The immediate point for us is that the Allies will be strong enough to lay the foundations of a league for the peace of nations which, even without or against the will of the states which have outlawed themselves from the commonwealth of humanity, will suffice for practical purposes. Will the United States join in that work or stand aside from it?

SAINT DYMPNA'S MIRACLE

BY EDWARD EYRE HUNT

PIERRE, the chauffeur, launched a savage kick at the newly punctured tire and swore into the patient night. 'Three quarters of an hour, monsieur, to repair it,' he said reluctantly, switching off the motor. 'Do you wish —'

Into the sudden silence stole the slow incessant roar of the Yser cannon. The level stretches of the Campine, alternating black vistas of scrub evergreens with little fields, peat bogs, and kitchen gardens, lay fragrant and silent in the moonlight. Heather was in bloom, nightingales were nesting and so were no longer singing, and the narrow Flemish road before and behind the automobile lay like a placid silver river, inviting one to quiet thoughts.

'Yes,' I answered Pierre's unfinished query. 'I'll go for a stroll toward the next farm-house. Take your time, Pierre. There's no hurry to-night.'

We had just left the town of Gheel, one of the most remarkable places in Belgium, a town where more than a thousand insane folk live quiet and useful lives, parceled out among the peasants, but under the supervision of district doctors. The insane are treated as if they were normal beings, are given work according to their strength, mental and physical, and find companionship among a peasantry noted for industry and stubborn independence. This is originally due to certain miracles of Saint Dympna, one of the guardian saints of the insane — an Irish princess, converted to Christianity, and martyred at Gheel by her pagan father on the 30th of May in the year of Our Lord 600.

Under the bright moon the land seemed singularly like Ireland, and a little old man stepping toward me down the silvery road, his pipe in his mouth, his eyes screwed up, his bent legs wrapped in ill-fitting trousers, his feet in wooden shoes, might have been the fabled leprechaun, or Wee Hughie Gallagher of Donegal. He wore a *brassard* on his right sleeve, for he was one of the village watch, guarding the telephone and telegraph wires so that no accident might happen to them to give the Germans an excuse for crushing the commune with an exorbitant fine.

'Goe'n avond, mynheer,' I called cheerfully.

'Avond, mynheer,' he answered in a weak voice.

'I am the American delegate of the Komiteit voor Hulp en Voeding,' I explained.

'Mynheer is American?' he asked doubtfully, taking his pipe from his mouth and scratching his head as if to recall where or what America could be.

'*Ja wel.* Have you a cup of milk at your house?'

He turned and faced back down the road, still scratching his head.

'Als 't U belieft, mynheer,' I added ceremoniously.

My superlative courtesy seemed to decide him, and he gave a gesture of assent. Side by side and in silence then we walked down the silver road to the first farm-house. A black mass of protecting trees hung close over the chim-

ney, and low thatch swept down like the back of some prehistoric monster, gray-green in the clear moonlight. The walls were lath, filled in with clay. Two little rectangular windows glowed dully, and the edges of the thick, ill-fitting door shone with faint light.

'You live here, mynheer?' I asked.

'Ja, mynheer.'

'You own it?'

'I rent it.'

'I may enter?'

'You may enter, mynheer.'

He thrust open the door without knocking. I stumbled into the dimly lighted room, hardly knowing what I expected to find. Peasants' cottages were invariably interesting to me, and invariably they contained surprises. But this was older and more primitive than any I had yet visited — a relic of long-gone days. It was like opening an ancient tomb or a buried city. I entered expectantly, and lo! the centuries rolled backward, and I stood with people of Froissart's day, with peasants who had scarcely altered since the Middle Ages, whose feet were hardly on the threshold of modernity.

The room was square. At one end was a brick fireplace, rude as if aborigines had built it, with an iron frame squatting in the ashes, a thick pot suspended by a chain, a broiling rack, a heavy iron fork, a charred stick for a poker, and a rude crane. In the smoke of a tiny turf-fire on the hearth hung rows of drying vegetables and skins of meat. The floor was beaten earth, hard as brick. The walls were whitewashed. The ceiling was low and strung with onions and other roots and vegetables, and the only touch of modern things was a hanging lamp in the centre. In a corner hung a man's suit of Sunday clothes, like a creature which has been hanged. A ladder beside it went up to the blind loft overhead. A picture of the Virgin hung on one wall, and a plaster statuette of Saint Anthony and Saint Joseph gleamed from a shelf over the fireplace, drawing one's eye to a row of plates and dishes. An odor of smoke and cooking and manure heaps and the foul smells of unwashed human beings crowded the little room, and the air droned with the sleepy buzzing of innumerable flies.

A barefooted, prematurely aged woman, bent with too much child-bearing, gave me a chair, wiping it ceremoniously with her apron. The man spat on the floor behind us and scraped the spittle with his sabot. Three children were asleep in a recess on a pile of litter curtained from sight in the day-time. But the most striking person in the room was a young woman, sitting before the turf-fire with a fourth child — evidently the youngest — in her lap. She wore stockings, leather shoes, and a simple, black bombazine dress. Her face was turned from me, but I saw that her hair was neatly coiled about her head and pinned with a shell comb.

The older woman sprang to the hanging lamp and turned it high until it smoked. 'Good evening, mynheer,' she called in a panic of fear and pleasure. 'Be seated, if it please your Excellency.'

She dragged the chair beside the lamp and the table in the centre of the room. During the next five minutes she was feverishly busy offering me beer, milk, and everything else that her mean little house afforded.

I stared at the woman beside the fireplace, and my host — who refused to seat himself in my presence — at last touched his head significantly. 'Ah, monsieur,' he sighed. (He had been one of the *franksmannen*, migratory laborers who work for several months of the year in France, and he spoke tolerable French. Indeed he was much better informed and quicker of wit than his person or his home would indicate.)

'She is mad: like all the world, she is mad. All the world is mad.'

'You mean the war?'

'Yes, monsieur. Saint Dympna has received thousands of mad ones, and of those who are mad, but whom she has not received, there are millions. When the war broke out two men went mad in this village. They were carried away to Gheel, raving. Their eyes stared, their lips frothed, and they twitched all over. When the Germans came here, certain ones went mad at sight of them. I have seen it with my eyes, monsieur. They say that when the Germans came into France they sent whole long trainloads of mad ones back into their own land. When the big shells burst in the forts, all the garrison goes mad. When the aviator flies over the trench, men go mad. You have seen there are always two German sentries together? It is so that if one goes mad the other will be at hand. For they go mad, monsieur, by dozens, by hundreds, by thousands. Have you seen their eyes? They are mad. And their lips? They work like the lips of men always talking to themselves. When the war began, I too was mad. I dreamed terrible dreams. For two months I was mad — like all the world.'

'But the woman there?' I asked, pointing to the figure beside the turf glow.

The man clattered over to her and laid his hand gently on her shoulder. 'Madame,' he said, 'there is a gentleman here to speak with you.'

'Nay, mynheer,' she answered quietly, 'not until midnight.'

'He is not the doctor, madame.'

She turned and gave me a searching glance. The movement revealed that her breast was uncovered, and that she held the sleeping child against her heart. 'Nay,' she said again, 'not until midnight.'

He came slowly back. 'When a child is sick, she knows it and she comes,' he explained apologetically. 'At midnight she goes back to the doctor's house.'

'Alone?'

'Alone, monsieur. God and the Devil alike love the mad. God and the Devil alike watch over them. This one,' he pointed to the woman with the child, 'was a lady of Louvain, of the Krakenstraat; she was rich; she had a husband and two children. They were killed by the Germans, and she was wounded in the shoulder. Her house was burned; her money lost. She went mad. She was taken to Duffel, I think; then to Antwerp, then to Hoogstraeten, then she was brought to Gheel, screaming for her children and her husband — mad — mad and soon to die. Then, monsieur, Saint Dympna wrought a miracle through the love of a little child, a little sick boy in the doctor's house where madame was confined, and she became well after a fashion. And now in whatever house a child is ill, madame by the grace of God knows of it, and she comes and nurses it back to health. The first madness is of the Devil, monsieur, violent and bloody; the second is of God, and it is kind.'

In the midst of his prattle the woman rose slowly, holding the sleeping child in the hollow of her right arm and buttoning the bosom of her dress with her left hand. 'Hush!' she admonished softly. 'Listen, mynheeren!' From some instinct of courtesy, I rose to my feet. She raised her hand warningly, but did not turn her head. 'Listen,' she repeated, staring toward the fireplace.

It was an uncanny thing. We stood as if frozen. The heavy breathing of the peasant woman pulsed through the quiet room; the old man stared with all his eyes; a sleepy chicken chuckled from an adjoining shed, but there was no other sound from outside. A minute went by; another; a third, and still

we stood stiffly in the centre of the room. At last madame beckoned to the peasant-mother, who stole across the floor toward her and paused at her side. Silently she gave the mother her child, her finger on her lips, her eyes still fixed on the spot near the fireplace.

Then she turned, and laying her hands on the head of the sleeping boy, she began in a strange, low, hissing voice, 'This one shall be an avenger of Louvain, he shall be an avenger of Dinant, and Termonde, and Aerschot, and Andenne, and Liége, and Tamines, and Visé. He shall avenge our nation. He shall not forget. In the days of his happiness, he shall remember our sorrow; in the days of his prosperity, he shall remember our misery; in the days of his strength, he shall remember our weakness. Go! Be healed!' Then in her quiet, natural voice, pointing to the spot on a level with her eyes at which she had stared, she added, 'A sick child is there, mynheeren. Three, four kilometres away it is, and I must go to it.'

'God!' the old man breathed.

'I must go now. The child is very ill. I must go now, or I shall be too late.'

The old man crossed himself again and again. 'God! God!' he repeated helplessly.

The young woman wheeled suddenly. 'What is that noise?' she exclaimed, pointing to the roadway.

The roar of an automobile resounded outside, and I knew Pierre was coming.

'Is it the Germans?'

'No, madame, it is my automobile, at your service.'

She showed no astonishment or perplexity. Her mind seemed wholly absorbed in the problem of the sick child. 'Take me in your automobile to the child, monsieur,' she replied rapidly, speaking in French. 'Let us hurry, hurry!'

'But where, madame?'

'I do not know, monsieur, but I will show you. There! There!' She waved her hand in the direction of Gheel.

We hurried like fugitives from the house and into the tonneau, leaving the awe-struck peasants standing with mouths agape. Pierre stared in consternation at our coming, but said no word. I did not try to explain. Our passenger sat tense, her head turned to one side as if she were listening closely.

We came quickly to a fork of the road. 'Which way, monsieur?' Pierre asked.

'I do not know. It is for madame to say,' I answered.

She was quiet for an instant. 'To the right hand,' she exclaimed suddenly. 'Make haste! — There! In that house!'

The car jerked to a stop, and I leaped out to help madame to the ground. Now that we had arrived, to my astonishment she made no move to leave the car. Her head sank slowly forward to her breast, and she sat huddled listlessly, paying no attention to Pierre or me.

'Is it this house, madame?' I asked, hoping to arouse her.

'This house,' she said, 'but we are too late.'

'But no, madame!' I exclaimed. 'Go quickly and help!' At the moment I believed in her supernatural powers as firmly as any peasant of the Campine.

She lifted her head. A sad light had come into her eyes. 'It is too late. The avenger of Belgium is not to come from this house,' she muttered.

'But yes! Hurry!'

The madness of my words did not occur to me until days afterward: the lunacy of thinking either that she could heal, or that the child of these poor peasant-folk when healed would avenge his nation on her enemies. God knows what wild thoughts were in my mind that night! God knows, and Saint Dympna!

'I will go in then,' she said, rising, giving her hand with a queenly gesture, and stepping from the car. 'Thank you, monsieur. You need not wait; indeed you must not wait. I am here with friends. Adieu!'

She clutched my arm in a sudden spasm of fright.

'Listen!' she breathed.

A piercing wail rose from the quiet cottage; a dull lamp flared as it was borne hastily past a window; a man's deep voice groaned horribly. Children in the loft, wakened by the outcry, began to scream, and a startled dog far away howled in terror.

Madame released my arm and walked slowly toward the house of death. At the door she turned and looked back at us as if she feared to go in. Her left hand fumbled for the latch; her right waved our dismissal. 'Adieu, monsieur, adieu,' she called in a strained, unhappy tone. And we drove quietly away and left her under the placid moon.

THE WAR AS CRITIC

SOME NOTES ON RECENT FICTION

BY WILSON FOLLETT

I

War is the great satirist, the great cynic: more than ever now, in a world so shrunken that all thoughtful people live at the centre of it. However the future may judge of the war as creator, the least prophetic can hardly have escaped seeing it as supreme and universal critic. A destroyer, this war, and a leveler; a teacher of unfaith, a testing scourge for men and movements, for ideas and creeds. Many things we shall never countenance again on the old terms; many other things have dropped quite out of mind, as not worth even the glance of retrospect — illusions that could only quail and shrivel in the glare of war the critic. In a world filled with the spectacle of death, nothing can seem quite the same thing; nothing can survive except by multiplying its claims and paying a higher price for survival.

It would be foolish to expect that any great proportion of our art could pay the suddenly increased cost. The world's collective conscience has grown in thirty months a good deal faster than the individual artist's knowledge, and the only artist who has much to say to us is he who once had more than we would receive. It would be equally foolish to expect very many of our canons and modes of criticism to suffice — canons and modes developed mostly for praise of him who could 'simply sing the most heart-easing things.' Whatever we interpret art, and more particularly the art of fiction, as meaning or as being worth, it is certain that some small pettifogging ways

of interpreting it are swept away, for the present and perhaps forever, in the same flood that carries off so much other wreckage of our cluttered modern world — the flood of history at the full, broken over its dykes and raging, the so terribly renewed and still renewing bath of blood.

The plain truth is that this war has taken the pen out of the hand of the individual critic and put it into the hand of the multitude. The only fiction which remains tolerable at all is that which speaks in a clear voice to some direct human needs created or reëmphasized by the war; the only standard of criticism worth raising is the sum of those very needs. Art must be, as never before, a ministry to need; criticism must be, as never before, the quick response of need ministered to, the indifferent silence of need ignored or travestied. Thus the war becomes, not merely a critic, but the only critic of enough scope and candor to meet the requirements of the hour.

To say that we are impatient with this and that thing which might have pleased us three years ago is not enough, though it is something. To say that we have welcomed this and that thing which could not have pleased us three years ago is not enough, though it is much. To this extent at least we have submitted to war's destructive criticism of our former selves. But the criticism is constructive, too; for the war, indiscriminately wrecking, has taught us to discriminate. Some things, more precious than we had known, we must cling to the more fondly because they are threatened. We have been forced to prove how few were the things we really wanted, how many the incumbrances we merely thought we wanted. Strong indeed must be the moorings of any collective faith which is not swept away now; full indeed of inward light must be any ideal which can still seem to shine for any great number of eyes, while the shadow of these black condor wings is passing over it. Whatever appears beautiful now *is* beautiful, has something of the eternal in it.

More than once of late I have had the fancy that the war tests as only time has been supposed to do, by attrition and perspective, so that criticism has achieved all in a moment something of that detachment from its object which is considered so great an advantage. However that may be, it is immeasurably harder of a sudden for the novelist to make us attend to his affairs. If we attend, it is to affairs great enough for survival after a real struggle. And this is the constructive mission of the war as critic: to reveal to us, shining in the darkened world, those finalities which even the shadow of death cannot eclipse, however the shadows of lesser things may have dimmed them for us when the world was not so dark.

Not that any one would wish the artist in fiction to be preoccupied exclusively with the physical facts of war. A year ago when Mr. Conrad, dedicating his latest volume of stories, called them, as though in fond contempt, a 'sheaf of care-free ante-bellum pages,' it was with alarm that we caught the possible implication. We would not have him in the least repress, withhold, or consciously change himself.

Indeed, the possible failure of the 'timely' book is well illustrated in the contrast between two recent novels, *A Strong Man's House*[1] and *The Winged Victory*.[2] The first tries to prove that no good can come of England's war, because no good can come of evil, to the doer or to any one. Several things

[1] *A Strong Man's House.* By Francis Neilson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

[2] *The Winged Victory.* By Sarah Grand. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

might be said of this thesis, even on the large assumption that England's war is evil. One of them is that it discards the whole meaning of Christianity, a religion founded on a crime of violence. Mme. Grand, with no attempt at special timeliness, understands the basis of Christianity, which is also the basis of her title and her story. 'Good may be made to flow from evil. On a little table . . . stood a crucifix, symbol of the greatest crime ever committed upon earth, yet with what glorious results!' *The Winged Victory*, with all its diffusion, levity unutilized, and melodrama, is a true study of woman in transition. The wronged heroine who, fifty years ago, would have thought it common decency to die of a broken heart, can do no less now than live, making the world a present of 'sympathy so widened and deepened, and of understanding so enriched by experience.' *A Strong Man's House* portrays a house of weak-willed women whose rebellion against war is prompted by nothing beyond its physiological horror; they will never understand the sense in which, as Ruskin said and the great moralists agree, it is better to slay your neighbor than to cheat him. *The Winged Victory* is a prevision of what women of strong heart can mean to the reconstructed post-bellum world — and the glimpse is enough to earn our praise and gratitude.

The quest is not, then, for books that deal circumstantially with this hour of history: it is for books which cannot be dwarfed by our awareness of the present. Mme. Grand's book — its kinship is with *The Heavenly Twins* of nearly twenty-five years ago — happens to be one of an unusually interesting group of stories which come to us as across a gulf, from writers wholly or partly of the past. The posthumous *Tutor's Story* of Kingsley, edited as he would have wished by his daughter 'Lucas Malet,'[1] may stand abashed on the shelf with *Alton Locke* and *Westward Ho!* but it does at least prove that its author's 'muscular Christianity' is inherently stronger than some tolerated modern kinds of egoism. We turn, not too unsparingly, the screw of contrast when we compare *The Tutor's Story* with Mrs. Harrison's own *Damaris*,[2] an enervated and rather decadent story of official life in India. *Damaris* would have marked the present limit of futility were it not for *Rodmoor*,[3] the queerest novel of the season, without exception the most exquisitely written, and the most undeviating in the moral ghastliness of its pessimism — the pessimism of a cold and subtle connoisseur in spiritual poisons.

Enoch Crane,[4] our latest and perhaps our last direct glimpse of F. Hopkinson Smith, adds nothing to our appreciation of his wonderful urbanity. He was of those who are most lovable when seen and heard; in print his rarity was often thin to extinction; it was not to be expected that another could preserve it. But *The Mysterious Stranger*,[5] a fanciful tale of the sixteenth century, is as full-flavored as Mr. Howells's recent study[6] of primitive religious hysteria. This satirical romance has for a moment the disconcerting effect of turning Mark Twain himself into a mysterious stranger, until we see how

[1] *The Tutor's Story.* An Unpublished Novel. By the late Charles Kingsley. Revised and Completed by His Daughter, Lucas Malet (Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison). New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

[2] *Damaris.* By Lucas Malet. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

[3] *Rodmoor.* By John Cowper Powys. New York: G. Arnold Shaw.

[4] *Enoch Crane.* By F. Hopkinson Smith and F. Berkeley Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[5] *The Mysterious Stranger.* By Mark Twain. New York: Harper & Brothers.

[6] *The Leatherwood God.* Commented on in the *Atlantic* for March, 1917, pp. 369–70.

at a stroke it has reëdited for us the man and all his work. For in this story of inversions — no God at all, a near relative of the devil for hero, man for victim, man's Moral Sense become the prime agent of evil — we have nothing less than Mark Twain's philosophy. Man's 'foolish little life' is 'but a laugh, a sigh, and extinction'; the individual has 'a billion possible careers, but not one of them . . . worth living.' The irony is often ruthless, as here in summary of man's genius for bloodshed: 'A few centuries from now he will so greatly have improved the deadly effectiveness of his weapons of slaughter that all men will confess that without Christian civilization war must have remained a poor and trifling thing to the end of time.' Yet the general effect is to deepen and intensify, not shatter, our former sense of Mark Twain's attitude toward humanity — the most kindly solicitude there could be, and the least interfering. The message is the message of pessimistic misanthropy, but the voice is the voice of pity.

The war has not only not corroded, it has visibly burnished, whatever elements are sound in these belated and posthumous works. That it has done the same for the taste of many readers we may believe also, thanks partly to the new and enlarged public which has been found in the last two years for two volumes of W. H. Hudson's cooling and sumptuous prose[1] — the one republished after more than ten years, the other after more than thirty.

II

When we come to books directly occupied with the war, we find it harder to tell the signs of mere goodness from those of permanent worth. For the war is a human enough critic to be weakest in judgment of his own immediate concerns. Men who agree strangely on most of the fundamental questions about which the war has made them think will still differ flatly in their attitudes toward the war, toward all war. Until war has come to mean the same thing to a great part of mankind, most of the books about it will seem limited, didactic, and *ex parte*. Time is the only real critic of wars — and this war is still in the blind-spot of time.

But at least we can make the fundamental distinction between honest and dishonest; we can tell those who have sought light from those who have preferred darkness — and that by a test so simple that the least wise can apply it. The chief moral result of this war is that it has shattered the egocentric universe and built up in its place the sense of 'living in the whole.' No humanely thinking or feeling man, no man not impregnably barricaded behind his own self-importance, can any longer tolerate himself except by trying to get outside himself. Individualism is not good enough. It is either too intelligent to be human, or too unintelligent to be even diabolical. We may fight in the war or against it, we may hope or despair about its effect on civilization, we may suspend judgment and try to find out what it means; but we may not decently patronize it. It is not a timely dispensation for providing us with copy, or rounding off our stories, or filling our pockets, or improving our minds, or mitigating our boredom; and from the impoverished cynicism which takes it so, Good Lord deliver us! 'All ambitions are lawful except those which climb upward on the miseries . . . of mankind.'

Unhappily, *A Strong Man's House* is not the only book in which the war dances attendance on the faddling

[1] *A Crystal Age.* By W. H. Hudson. *The Purple Land.* By the same. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

concerns of mawkish people. The author of *The Three Things*[1] allows her hero, a rather callow young American, to treat the war as a moral gymnasium (Mr. Bernard Shaw's expression) for exercising his undeveloped virtues of democracy, faith, and forgiveness, and as a *deus ex machina* for providing him with a wife. *The Woman of Mystery*[2] makes hatred and revenge as selfishly and narrowly personal as they are in a penny-dreadful got up for anæmic bell-boys. *Quaker-Born*,[3] after an impressive account of how its hero's inherited philosophy toppled, degenerates into a farce of calf-love, jealousy, and triumph over a discomfited rival. The honest brutality of *Action Front*,[4] a plain blunt soldierly account of how men in the trenches actually conduct the business of killing, is far preferable to such sophisticated prettiness. To defer exclusively to one's sensibilities is even more unsatisfactory than to have none.

It is interesting to compare various novelists' methods of trying to put the war into a story which would probably have been told anyhow, and to do it without belittling the war and ruining the story. Mr. Eden Phillpotts, in *The Green Alleys*,[5] tells a story indistinguishable from many of his earlier ones (except that this time it is hops instead of pottery or slate or fishing) until the very dénouement, where the illegitimate elder brother, a stoic, and the legitimate younger brother, a hot-headed egoist, have come to grips as rivals in love. The war breaks upon them as a corrective, taking the one from his bliss, the other from his disappointment, and restoring them to a brotherly unity in service. Also, we are given a vision of the war performing the same office, that of critic of living, for other folk all over Kent, all over England. It is stirring, and one feels that it is true. In itself, it at least keeps a just proportion between the war and the individual.

Yet one must praise *The Green Alleys* with reservations — two at least. First, Mr. Phillpotts, who really never has much of anything to say for himself and has won prestige on the system of getting other people, the most garrulous in the known world, to do his talking for him, deals here as specially as ever in the garrulous, the quaint; and when, in the last chapters, he 'lets out' the war to his rustics, as a subject for their droning quaintness, one feels that he has belittled the war indirectly after all, by letting it be handled, or mouthed, as any other subject. Second, Mr. Phillpotts has always written novels by formula without insisting on any of the real advantages of formula, — firm architecture, for example, — and when in this story the war deprives us of the proper Phillpottsian dénouement, we rejoice in the acceleration and the surprise more than we regret the lost chapters. Which is to say that we rejoice in an artistic defect — as in a really first-rate story we could never do.

The adjustment in *The Dark Tower*,[6] though logical enough, is hardly more satisfying. This story begins as a comedy of manners written with more than ordinary gusto. Then it proceeds to mix the genres by becoming a desperate love-story, and getting the married hero into such an *impasse* that a heroic death in Flanders has to be provided. The man is, to be sure, a brave soldier,

[1] *The Three Things.* By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

[2] *The Woman of Mystery.* By Maurice Leblanc. New York: The Macaulay Company.

[3] *Quaker-Born.* By Ian Campbell Hannah. New York: G. Arnold Shaw.

[4] *Action Front.* By Boyd Cable. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

[5] *The Green Alleys.* By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

[6] *The Dark Tower.* By Phyllis Bottome. New York: The Century Co.

and deserves no less; but the death seems ready-made.

More subtle and more just is the blending of love with war in *The Wonderful Year*.[1] Here a somewhat restored and rejuvenated William J. Locke touches with delicate fingers the mystery of race, and shows us in personal and local terms the conditions which breed inter-racial confidence and understanding. An Anglo-Swiss teacher of French and an English girl, both pretentious failures at home, learn life and love all over again through menial work in the heart of France (not Paris: 'Paris . . . may be the liver, the spleen, the pancreas — whatever giblets you please — of France; but it is not its heart'), and when the war comes it is for consummation of these new selves through joyous sacrifice. The meaning is the oldest and the newest, that of all art and all morals: 'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.' The reward of sacrifice is for him who accepts the sacrifice without thought of the reward.

After all, the only effect of the war which we can as yet profitably know and measure is its effect on distinguished yet representative individual souls. What it will do to the world is on the knees of the gods; but what it does to our humanists and idealists, what through them it is *trying* to do to the world — these are the heroic actualities of the hour.

The war as critic and moulder of the individual idealist is in fact the subject of two very different books which must take their places with Mr. Hugh Walpole's *Dark Forest* among the finest records of the war in fiction. *The Worn Doorstep*[2] is a tenderly beautiful idealization of sorrow which no one but Miss Sherwood could have written without spoiling it. Miss Sherwood herself could not have written it in the time of *Daphne*, since when she has greatly grown. And as for Mr. Britling,[3] whose other name is Mr. Wells so far as the spiritual adventure is concerned, the thing he 'sees through' is the thing we hardly saw the beginning of a year earlier, when *The Research Magnificent* was written. For ten years Mr. Wells had a perception of the waste entailed by the world's obstinate refusal to let its brilliant wayward men do exactly as they pleased without penalty — and now he has a perception of God. The book is important as a picture of England at war. But it is more important as the history of a private conscience which runs the gamut from malignity to forgiveness. Mr. Britling is at the outset a man ahead of most, and the war takes him far, far ahead of himself. There is a point where he idealizes hate as a form of creative energy; there is another point, after his glimpse of 'blackened ruins in the town behind, the little grey-faced corpses, the lives torn and wasted, the hopes extinguished and the gladness gone,' where he can whisper, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' The distance between these points is the measure of the peak Mr. Wells has climbed. That so great a man can now look backward and downward upon so large a part of himself is also another measure of the war's effectiveness as critic of living and of thinking.

III

Because the war subjects our institutions, our philosophies, our very consciences to more rigorous judgments, a great deal of recent realistic fiction is

[1] *The Wonderful Year*. By WILLIAM J. LOCKE. New York: John Lane Co.

[2] *The Worn Doorstep*. By MARGARET SHERWOOD. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

[3] *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*. By H. G. WELLS. New York: The Macmillan Co.

conceived in some such mood as that of Mr. Britling — the mood of self-examination and penitence. Of course no one can write of a time before the war as though the war had not come: it is inevitable that the novelist should now scrutinize that strangely remote ante-bellum world in order to find out what was the matter with it. The bases of Western society are probably to receive such an overhauling as the artist, at least, has never given them. The task of the serious-minded social historian is to show us, in that past which could not decipher its own oracles, the thousand obscure hints of what was to be, of what now is; and to do so with an eye to the future, lest old errors unrectified endanger us still. The whole English-speaking world is open, as in modern times it has not been, to the experience denoted in the fine old theological phrase 'conviction of sin.'

In a novel packed with the domestic, industrial, professional, and artistic life of the mid-Victorian time,[1] Mr. Gilbert Cannan puts these summarizing reflections into the mind of a disillusioned hero who contrasts his tawdry present with his boyhood's dream of the future.

'So this . . . is what lay beyond the Blue Mountains; this is what they have made of life and it does n't look as if we were going to make it much better. John with his lungs half gone; Tom turning into one huge trouser-pocket full of money; myself running after colored gas-light dreams; mother eating her heart out because the Lawries are n't as important as the Keiths. . . . Good God! I don't know what is going on in my own life, and if that knowledge is impossible how can I expect any other?' And again, 'Tyre and Sidon were real places, you know, mother, and I think they must have been very like South Lancashire, without the smoke.'

Mr. Cannan's novel is one of a distinguished group in which the British middle-class respectable family bears the brunt of this self-criticism. 'The word "home" was a mockery. It should stand for the dearest and the purest known to man, but there the evil was most firmly seated. Every house in the street was a place of authority, within each a man like Peter Leslie enthroned in an easy-chair, a dead man at a dead end.'

These words are in *Three Sons and a Mother;* but the sense of them is equally in *The Family*[2] and *These Lynnekers,*[3] two other novels of considerable distinction, one more, the other less carping than *Three Sons and a Mother.* All three books are extraordinarily full and readable footnotes to *The Way of All Flesh,* Samuel Butler's analysis of the tyranny, dullness, and narrow obscurantism in British family life, a satire still gaining readers and influence. *These Lynnekers* is a fine novel by almost any criterion. Better than the trilogy of Jacob Stahl, it illustrates its author's gift of joining perfect candor with exalted emotional beauty whenever he touches such great enduring realities as ambition, death, and love. Above all, the hero, Richard Lynneker, though no genius, is made lovable and at last positively resplendent through what one may call the genius of absolute normality.

From *The Sins of the Children,*[4] a sincere but jejune attempt to show that most of the difficult problems of life would not exist if parents would be frank enough with their children,

[1] *Three Sons and a Mother.* By Gilbert Cannan. New York: George H. Doran Co.

[2] *The Family.* By Elinor Mordaunt. New York: John Lane Co.

[3] *These Lynnekers.* By J. D. Beresford. New York: George H. Doran Co.

[4] *The Sins of the Children.* By Cosmo Hamilton. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

much less satisfaction is to be got; and in *Watermeads*,[1] an amiable record of a county family's struggle to keep up appearances, the competence of the workmanship hardly makes up for the emptiness of subject and characters. In Mr. Hamilton's book, argument crowds out truth; in Mr. Marshall's, where there is no argument, mere symmetrical prettiness of plot crowds it out. Professor Phelps, accepting the usual comparison between Mr. Marshall and Trollope, frankly pities those who do not enjoy both. Well, the present scribe — child of error he may be — remembers Trollope's people from years before he knew them for classic, whereas the survival of Mr. Marshall's people, even with the foreknowledge that it is proper to remember them, is a question of hours. This is perhaps as sound an argument as pity.

Reaction against a narrow and cramping expediency is the prime impulse of several novels which treat of men and women, not married but marriageable, and which mean most when read as appeals to women against a selfish sterility. The 'slaves of freedom' of Mr. Dawson's novel[2] and the 'trufflers' of Mr. Merwin's[3] are the people who enjoy, as Mr. Dawson puts it, 'the excitement of skating over the treacherous thin ice of sex' while refusing its fixed obligations. *The Wall Street Girl*[4] is a prettily conventional love story of a young man's choice between a working girl who is real woman and an idle girl who is 'rose-colored dust' — our only question being whether he is inherently quite deserving of his reward. Mr. Arnold Bennett, in a work not of his most serious,[5] portrays again that unquenchable feminine impudence in which he specializes; but even Audrey Moze, with her voracious appetite for every drop that can be squeezed out of the orange of life, renounces feminism-rampant for marriage. *The Chorus*[6] is a skillful and rather hard study of a girl of quite different destinations, the born *fille de joie;* her composition lacks the something of innate responsibility which in the end rules Mr. Bennett's heroine. Nelly Hayes is summed up in a cool-blooded connoisseur's description of the ring which symbolizes her: 'The man who made it certainly had talent . . . but he bungled the setting. It did n't last.' In *Love and Lucy*,[7] a story of love in and after marriage, Mr. Hewlett turns from his trafficking in literary cosmetics and toilet waters, to give us in pure comic distillate the story of the wife who falls in love with her husband.

All these, except possibly the two last named, are inspired by a Meredithian vision of 'the heroical feminine type for the worship of mankind, an image as yet in poetic outline only, on our upper skies,' but eager for incarnation, we dare not doubt, as now she hears the call of the world's great need of her.

In the fiction of intricate social relations and adjustments the American novelist is more often a bungling tyro than not, and that for the traditional reason, our lack of a coherent society in which ideas circulate freely and are at home. In such a society the novelist is spared half his task of criticism: his

[1] *Watermeads.* By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

[2] *Slaves of Freedom.* By Coningsby Dawson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

[3] *The Trufflers.* By Samuel Merwin. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.

[4] *The Wall Street Girl.* By Frederick Orin Bartlett. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

[5] *The Lion's Share.* By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Co.

[6] *The Chorus.* By Silvia Lynd. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

[7] *Love and Lucy.* By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

ideas are appraised automatically by the fineness or coarseness of the persons who embody them, and those persons in turn are already appraised by a ripe tradition of breeding. Our want of such patterns to work from is still the sign of our spiritual youth, crudity, and preoccupation with the turbid and the material.

IV

Other novels, the very opposites of the timely and regional, commit themselves to themes of wider scope. And in the list we find several to hold us — but, oddly, not where we first look for them, among accounts of genius or of exceptional talent. The best of these is hardly so good as to make us wish the group larger.

Olga Bardel[1] is the best from England. Olga is a pianist of low birth. At first cheaply exploited as an infant prodigy, she finally achieves her full stature as a woman; not, it seems, as an artist. In *The Sailor*,[2] Mr. Snaith still holds to his favorite theory of creative genius as a kind of inspired stupidity, occurring without preparation in individuals who know not what they do. *Witte Arrives*,[3] our American best, carries far more conviction: the Russian Jew who is its hero does know precisely what he is about, and 'arrives' at citizenship and authorship by credible stages. We do not believe in Mr. Maxwell Gray's World-Mender,[4] a shorn Samson whose Delilah is too tawdry a creature to have spoiled any idealist of real strength; nor do we feel that Ledgar Dunstan quite deserves his success as a novelist, recorded in a book woefully overloaded with anecdotal asides which will prove most useful to the jaded after-dinner speaker.[5] Even 'realizing God in the soul' is a mystical experience of which it is possible to make an insistently selfish personal necessity, as a young clergyman does in *No Graven Image*.[6] Mr. Comfort is still at his task of manufacturing 'world men' out of the stress of international mystery and melodrama,[7] and we still respect his ideas far more gladly than we do the people through whose stories he expresses them. In general, this half-year of the novel has not been too prosperous for the person with a mission.

Nor, it must be added, has Mr. George Moore consoled us with his much heralded story of Jesus as one who renounced his mission. *The Brook Kerith*,[8] an attempt to rationalize the Man of Galilee by turning each of his greatest utterances into something that anybody might have said, was bound to gain a notoriety out of all proportion to its intrinsic merit. Now that the angry cries of 'blasphemy' and 'sacrilege' have ceased to echo, the real objection to this book is seen to be its lack of imagination, its almost unreadable dullness. A tortured Jesus saved from death by his friends and disciples might still be a great moralist and a world-figure; but a Jesus who is a weakling, a sort of decadent prose poet, — in short, Mr. George Moore in costume, — is simply not exciting at all. The best that can be said is that Mr. Moore, re-creating Jesus in his own image, has after all not produced so

[1] *Olga Bardel.* By Stacy Aumonier. New York: The Century Co.

[2] *The Sailor.* By J. C. Snaith. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

[3] *Witte Arrives.* By Elias Tobenkin. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

[4] *The World-Mender.* By Maxwell Gray. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

[5] *The Rise of Ledgar Dunstan.* By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

[6] *No Graven Image.* By Hilda P. Cumings. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

[7] *The Last Ditch.* By Will Levington Comfort. New York: George H. Doran Co.

[8] *The Brook Kerith.* By George Moore. New York: The Macmillan Co.

baseless a travesty as can be heard from a thousand pulpits and read in a thousand devout books. But there was *something* in Galilee which makes every one of us, skeptic and devotee alike, pitifully small when he measures himself by it — and none so small, in this day of ghastly heroisms, as he who despises everything and believes in nothing.

There is a thousand times more virtue in *Julius LeVallon*[1] and *The Wave*,[2] two magical fantasias of reincarnation; or in *The White People*,[3] an exquisitely fanciful expression of the craving for some direct evidence of immortality; or in the six stories of *Philosophers in Trouble*,[4] a philosopher's assertions of the impotence of dialectic before the elemental needs of the human spirit. Let George Moore's dead Christ have his curt dismissal in some words spoken in one of these stories about the living Christ: 'His sayings are like great explosions, and His deeds are much the same. . . . He was man in so far as He did what was expected, and God in so far as He took the world by surprise.'

Another volume of tales, *The Certain Hour*,[5] is especially important because its elaborate preface and its ten stories constitute Mr. James Branch Cabell's vindication of what we roughly call 'romance.' Reduced to baldness, the argument is this: Since first-rate art has never reproduced its own contemporary background (for some reason or other Mr. Cabell does not adduce Jane Austen in support of this truism), and since the novel of things-as-they-are calls for no constructive imagination whatever in author or reader, the present supply of 'realism' is nothing but the publisher's answer to a cheap and fickle demand; and since the imaginative element in art is all but everything, the only artist who has a chance of longevity is he who shuns the 'vital,' the 'gripping,' and the contemporary.

With Mr. Cabell as practitioner of his own precept there is no quarrel. He studies in each of his *Dizain des Poëtes*, from Raimbaut de Vaquieras to his own John Charteris, that crucial 'certain hour' which concentrates and crystallizes all the directions, the meanings, of a life; and several of the stories have the vibrancy and the quick vision of the best dramatic monologues of Browning. Moreover, Mr. Cabell is a born stylist who lovingly cultivates in himself the virtues of the made stylist. But, *pace* the stories and the style, there are some things to be said against the doctrine. And the most important of them is this: that whatever imagination may have been invoked in the past by the art which deals with the exceptional, the illustrious, the romantic, it is as nothing to the degree and kind of imagination needed now for the perception by men that they are all brothers, and their brothers' keepers. So long as men grope and writhe through the night of their blindness to *that* vision, the imaginative truth of art will be that which helps them to an understanding of their oneness, the oneness of all living things. There is no other True Romance, be the outward trappings what they may.

It is fortunate that so important a truth can be urged at this moment in terms of so important a book as *Casuals of the Sea*,[6] by all odds the most notable recent work of fiction from an author not previously known. Here is the sense

[1] *Julius LeVallon*. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

[2] *The Wave*. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

[3] *The White People*. By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. New York: Harper & Brothers.

[4] *Philosophers in Trouble*. By L. P. JACKS. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

[5] *The Certain Hour*. By JAMES BRANCH CABELL. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

[6] *Casuals of the Sea*. By WILLIAM MCFEE. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

of community, not realized indeed by the characters, but proposed by the author as the goal of their ignorant striving, and subtly made manifest every where in his own relation to them. Dedicating his story

> To those poor Casuals of the way-worn earth,
> The feckless wastage of our cunning schemes,

he finds it possible to add, —

> their hidden worth
> And beauty I have seen in vagrant dreams.

His novel — we would not hear his enemy call it 'vagrant dream' — is Thackerayan in method, without the Thackerayan levity. Clear-headed ironist, adequate philosopher and analyst, using sometimes the inflection of mockery to guard himself from sentimentalism, this author has given us a movingly sad, not exactly a tragic tale of lovable ineffectual people hunting for a lost clue to life. And the clue, when we seek it for ourselves, is precisely our sympathy with them, our sense of being casuals of the sea together in the same boat, 'going out with sealed orders' into the night.

To those who cannot quite accept Mr. Cabell's æsthetics, it is further gladdening that the one recent novel which contains the clearest glimpse of serene and timeless beauty should be also among the most local and realistic. *Hatchways*[1] is not what its title suggests to the unread, a picture of galley slaves chained to their oars between-decks while their masters and exploiters idly enjoy the view and the coolness above: it is an unpretentious social comedy of eight or nine unforgettable people, introduced to us at a country estate which gives its name to the book. Hatchways is one expression of its mistress, Mrs. Ernestine Redgate: like her, it is coolness and quietude, taste and beauty, a haven of all the perfections. To tired people, 'the very thought of Hatchways was peace. And it was they, needless to say, wanderers and ponderers in the world's cause, — the worn official, the shrinking success, the conscious failure, — that Ernestine was really happy to have. Only not cranks — she avoided them; or they avoided her, we cannot be certain which. 'Ernestine, and her husband as well, had a taste for sanity.' The other, more intangible, expression of Ernestine is her silent and effortless smoothing out of many tangles in the lives of people who will never realize what she has done for them. Nor will she herself realize: it is all 'no work of hers.' To which the author, 'It never is the work of people like Ernestine, you may have noticed; no doubt because they work with nature.'

Hatchways has received the stupid official frown of the London *Athenæum* for having nothing to do with the war. It has, really, everything. To begin with, Miss Sidgwick shows us the best of England and the best of France flashing out like released lightning to accept each other, in the time before the war. But there is a greater thing, which can be expressed only by saying that the book has *swallowed* the war, gulped it down, got outside of it without a thought of evasion. This is why every chapter has the tremulous and noble beauty of a face which, having once known and conquered the uttermost of sorrow, can thereafter smile — and wait.

Even the principled student of letters will at some time or other incontinently risk himself in prophecy; and at least one student is predicting that the twenty-first century will hear pens scratching (if there are any left then) in honor of this novelist's centenary, as the present year hears them in honor of Jane Austen's. One hopes it will be as late as possible in the twenty-first century.

[1] *Hatchways*. By ETHEL SIDGWICK. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES

BY K. K. KAWAKAMI

I

THE sudden estrangement between Japan and the United States is one of the saddest events in contemporary history. For half a century, up to the end of the Russo-Japanese War, Japan proudly regarded herself as a protégé of the great Republic, while the latter cherished a fond admiration for the achievements of the infant nation to which it had virtually been acting as sponsor and guardian. When, so to speak, Japan reached man's estate at the termination of the Russian War, the long and tried friendship began to cool. Was this America's fault or Japan's?

To-day we can no longer speak, without a sense of grief, of the 'traditional friendship' between the two nations. No longer can we point to the beautiful statue of Commodore Perry, erected by the Japanese on the pine-clad beach of Kurihama, where the American sailor first set foot upon Nippon's soil, without a painful realization of the fact that this monument has ceased to be a symbol of unalloyed friendship and a guaranty of everlasting peace between the Republic and the Empire. In those early days of Japan's happy relationship with America, the American people spoke of the modest achievements of the Japanese as versatile and brilliant; now they are inclined to condemn the Japanese as imitative and superficial, as aggressive and 'chesty.'

When the 'preparedness' propaganda was launched in this country two years ago, Japan was amazed. Not that the Japanese were reluctant to see America increase her armament. Of America's just and legitimate desire to establish an army and a navy adequate to safeguard her vast empire, they had, of course, no reason to complain. What astounded them was, not the stupendous programme of armament proposed for adoption, but the stentorian pronunciamentos, reiterated by so many Americans of prominence, that this country must prepare for the approaching conflict with Japan. Could it be, they wondered, that the United States, their teacher and guardian of yesterday, had so completely changed her attitude, and had made up her mind to contest with the Japanese in the arena of battle for the 'mastery of the Pacific'?

I need not present here the galaxy of distinguished publicists and editors who have diligently been painting, to the mingled amazement and indignation of the gullible public, frightful pictures of the Mikado as the inevitable enemy of America. But I cannot refrain from noting the fact that in some public schools on the Pacific coast even teachers have been poisoning the youthful minds of their pupils, teaching in the class-rooms that war with Japan is certain to come. Is it any wonder that the Japanese have been frightened? They had hoped that, if America felt the need of a larger armament for self-defense, she would go about the task in the right spirit, and attain the end without injecting into the matter the

bogey of Japanese designs which have in reality never existed. Their hopes have been sadly blighted by the persistent cry raised in this country of the Japanese menace on the Pacific coast, in Mexico, in China, in the South Seas, in the Philippines — everywhere.

Apologists for America, who are peculiarly anti-Japanese, have recently invented or discovered a fact which they are exploiting to the utmost for the purpose of proving that before the American people ceased to be friendly to Japan, the Japanese had virtually launched an anti-American propaganda in their own country. They tell us that when the peace treaty of Portsmouth was signed between the envoys of the Mikado and the Czar, with no indemnity offered to Japan, mobs broke loose in Tokyo and attempted to attack the American Embassy, to give vent to their dissatisfaction over Mr. Roosevelt's failure to secure a peace treaty more favorable to Japan. From that moment, they say, the Mikado's subjects completely changed their attitude toward the United States, while the Japanese government, perhaps intentionally, connived at the popular agitation against the United States and failed to tell the public the true story of the peace conference.

To the open-minded, this contention would appear to be a quibble unworthy of any self-respecting man. If these apologists expected the Japanese government, as they obviously did, to proclaim to its subjects and to the world that it had begged the American President to mediate between it and the Russian government, and that it had no alternative to accepting peace without indemnity, because its resources had been taxed almost to the limit in the titanic struggle on the Manchurian fields of war — if they expected Japan to make such extraordinary confessions to exonerate the United States and Mr. Roosevelt, they certainly expected the performance of a feat which no government, as such, would stoop to perform.

Apart from such consideration, we must remember that the riot which occurred in Tokyo on the conclusion of the Portsmouth treaty was, to all intents and purposes, a demonstration against the Japanese government. For almost two years the Japanese had been living under the severest mental and physical strain, struggling to win the greatest war they had ever waged. Thanks to their self-sacrifice and their unwavering devotion to the State, they had scored brilliant victories on land and on sea. It was, therefore, but natural that they should expect their leaders in diplomacy to secure peace terms which would assist in lightening the taxation they had loyally shouldered to carry the war to a victorious end. When the news was flashed from Portsmouth, announcing Komura's failure to win indemnity from Witte, their disappointment was unspeakable, and the disappointment soon grew into a frenzy of indignation, condemning everybody connected with the conclusion of the peace treaty. They attacked the offices of the newspapers which supported the government, and made a violent demonstration before the Foreign Office. A section of the mob wended its way toward the American Embassy, but was happily intercepted by the police.

There was, of course, no excuse for dragging Mr. Roosevelt and the American Embassy into the demonstration, which was essentially directed against the Japanese government; but considering the strenuous condition under which the Japanese had been living for two years, can we not sympathize with them in their temporary loss of the faculty of reasoning at an instant of stunning disappointment? Their lapse was,

to say the most, only momentary. But for the anti-Japanese agitation which broke out on this side of the water in 1906, and which has ever since been kept alive, the Japanese not only would have quickly forgotten the unfortunate incident, but would have sincerely repented their guilt in forgetting, even for a moment, the kind assistance that the United States had rendered in securing the best peace terms obtainable under the circumstances. To utilize that incident as an excuse for the persistent, insidious anti-Japanese agitation in this country is, I repeat, a contemptible quibble.

II

I have dwelt upon the Tokyo incident of August, 1905, not because I attach importance to it, but because many prominent American writers have, of late, shown a disposition to exploit it. It is more essential to deal with the problems now pending between the two nations, and threatening to grow into burning issues. America's relations with Japan must be adjusted, not by cherishing unpleasant memories of past events, but by weighing the problems that are of direct concern to the present and future of the two nations.

Broadly speaking there are three problems, and only three, which threaten to tear asunder the friendship between Japan and the United States. They are the immigration question, the recrudescent anti-Japanese agitation for legislation on the Pacific coast, and the Chinese question. Before entering into the details of these questions, we may at once set down our conclusions.

It may be safely asserted that America will not hesitate to go to war if Japan insists upon free immigration or the immediate withdrawal of the 'gentlemen's agreement' which has placed a ban upon Japanese immigration. On the other hand, Japan will resist, if need be, even at the point of the sword, any American attempt to interfere with what she considers to be her justifiable activities in China.

Fortunately, the truth is that Japan would not fight for the purpose of securing unrestricted emigration. Her statesmen, her publicists, her thinkers all realize the certain outcome of such a futile attempt. To attain that purpose by the arbitrament of the sword Japan must be so powerful and so successful in her military operations that she could conquer and permanently hold at least the territory west of the Rockies. Unless the Japanese are incurable lunatics, they cannot entertain so fantastic a dream. Should the Mikado fail, as he certainly would, to secure permanent occupation of the Pacific coast, and be compelled to accept American terms of peace, he would have, not only to abandon all hopes of sending any fresh emigrants to these shores, but to remove even the sixty thousand Japanese who are now settled in this country. This the Japanese statesmen clearly foresee, and their vision is a safeguard against war on the score of emigration.

Turning to the Chinese question, it seems unthinkable that America would ever be so nearsighted as to go to war on account of the 'open-door' doctrine, much talked about but little understood, especially when Japan has done and will do nothing to hurt American interests in the Far East. The overwhelming majority of the American people neither know nor care to know what the 'open door' means.

But there is the third question — the spasmodic agitation against the Japanese in the Western states of the Union. How long will Japan be patient under the pin-pricking attitude of those states? Will she sit eternally unruffled under the rebuff which is being meted

out to her in the shape of discriminatory laws restricting the rights of her nationals residing in the West? I have not sufficient confidence in Japan's equanimity to hazard the prediction that, whatever the Western states may do against her nationals, Japan will never go to the length of appealing to the tribunal of arms. Sad to say, I am inclined to think that, unless the government at Washington and the far-seeing leaders of the American people make earnest efforts to find means to safeguard the rights and privileges of the Japanese who are lawfully here, the time may eventually come when the situation will assume a most critical aspect. Perhaps Japan may fail to receive any satisfactory decision in the court of war; but she is a nation whose sense of calculation is not yet so fully developed as to consider every national question in the light of material gain or loss. Fortunately or unfortunately, she is one of those old-fashioned nations which still believes that there is, even in this commercial age of ours, such a thing as national honor to be defended, regardless of cost.

Lest I may be misunderstood, let me emphasize that Japan will have come to such a supreme resolve only when she has exhausted all the peaceful means available to ward off the provocative policy of the Western states. Remember that this question, the attitude of the West toward the Japanese, is totally different from the question of Japanese immigration; for the Mikado's government has, as I have already emphatically stated, no intention of embarrassing America by sending emigrants of the laboring class to this coast. Rightly or wrongly, Japan thinks that, inasmuch as she has shown herself to be conciliatory and accommodating in the matter of immigration, it is the duty of the authorities and leaders at Washington to make at least honest efforts to extend citizenship to the Japanese now here, and thus shield them from the whimsical legislation of the various states.

Viewed in its broad outlines the situation before us seems clear and simple. Its real nature and scope have been somewhat obscured, its contour, so to say, somewhat blurred, by the injection of absurd fancies and irrelevant contentions, born and nurtured in the editorial sanctums on both sides, but especially on this side, of the Pacific. The nature of such fancies and contentions has already been indicated in the story of the Tokyo riot just told. Mr. George Kennan gives us in a paragraph a list of imaginary incidents charged against Japan's account since 1906: —

> Beginning with the San Francisco public school troubles [he says], the Japanese have been accused of preparing for war with us by buying 750,000 rifles from the Crucible Steel Company (1908); of plotting against us in Hawaii and the Philippines (1909); of excluding Americans from the Manchurian mining fields (1909); of discriminating against our commerce by means of transportation rebates on the Manchurian railways (1909); of seeking to monopolize the truck-farming lands in California (1909); of sinking the drydock Dewey in Manila Bay (1910); of planting mines in that same bay (1910); of taking soundings and making charts of Californian harbors (1910); of secretly conspiring with Mexico against us (1911); of attempting to secure Magdalena Bay, in Lower California, for a naval base (1911); of secretly taking photographs and making maps on the coasts of Alaska (1911); of trying to get supreme control in Manchuria under pretense of fighting the bubonic plague (1911); of conspiring with Mexican insurgents against us (1912); of persecuting American missionaries in Korea and trying to abolish Christianity there (1912); of conspiring with Germany to overthrow the Monroe Doctrine (1912); of attacking the American consul in Newchwang (1912); of forming an alliance with our west coast Indians against us (1912); of threatening to

attack Java, and thus compelling the Dutch to seek our support (1912); of trying to buy Lower California from Huerta (1914); of attempting to get spies into the fortifications of the Panama Canal (1915); of seeking to secure a foothold in Lower California by running a vessel ashore and sending warships to assist in salvage operations (1916); of conspiring with Germany to get control of the San Blas Indian lands in Panama (1916).

Add to the list the wild stories of two hundred thousand soldiers in Mexico; of Japanese firing at the American troops at Mazatlan; of the Japanese government supplying Mexico with arms and ammunition; of Japan scheming to make Mexico her ally; of Japanese diplomats guiding Carranza's hand in writing protests against America's 'punitive' expedition into Mexico; of the Japanese in California urging the Carranza government to declare war upon the United States, and so on and so forth, and you can understand how, in the mind of the public, Japan's complaints against the United States seemed to wax larger and larger until their patience has been lost.

Not content with telling their home folk such wonderful tales of the gathering storm over American-Japanese relations, some Americans had the kindness to cross the Pacific two years ago and scare the credulous subjects of the Mikado with the frightful story of America's warlike preparations against Japan. One of these crafty tattlers published in a number of Tokyo newspapers a self-manufactured interview in which the paymaster of a certain American cruiser at Manila (giving the specific names of both the man and the vessel) was made to state that America was making feverish haste to complete preparations for the war which she was to declare upon Japan within a very short time. This same gentleman contributed to Mr. William Randolph Hearst's enterprising newspapers an article asserting that the National Defense Council of Japan, of which ex-Premier Marquis Okuma and other foremost publicists were members, had published a book on the coming war with America; while the truth was that the book was but a flimsy fiction written by an unknown scribe. As I write these words a number of newspapers, the foremost among the American press, are disseminating the news that Japan has served an ultimatum upon China, demanding immediate severance of her diplomatic relations with Germany! And yet Japan's critics tell us that the Japanese press is more anti-American than the American press is anti-Japanese!

III

Of the three questions now casting a shadow over American-Japanese relations, that of Japanese immigration calls for our first consideration. So far as the Japanese government is concerned, it may safely be asserted that this question has ceased to be a vital issue, for the government regards it as settled through the instrumentality of the 'gentlemen's agreement.'

The effect of that instrument upon Japanese immigration is briefly told. The high-water mark of Japanese immigration was reached in 1908, when the report of the Immigration Bureau at Washington recorded the entry of 9544 Japanese into continental United States. With the gentlemen's agreement working effectively in the year following, Japanese immigration to the main land of America fell to 2432, against which as many as 5004 Japanese departed from these shores. Again, in 1910 only 2598 were admitted, while 5024 returned to Japan. In 1911 the figures increased considerably, 4282 Japanese having been admitted

to continental United States. Nevertheless, those returning to Japan in the same year numbered 5869, that is, 1587 more than were admitted. In 1912 Japanese arrivals numbered 5358 as against 5437 departures. In 1913 there were 6771 arrivals against 5647 departures; in 1914, 8462 arrivals, and 6300 departures; in 1915, 9029 arrivals and 5967 departures; in 1916, 9100 arrivals and 6922 departures.

It will be seen that in the eight years during which the gentlemen's agreement has been in force, 48,032 Japanese entered the mainland of the United States, whereas 46,170 left for Japan. This gives only 1862 arrivals in excess of departures.

The anti-Japanese critics point to the steady increase of Japanese arrivals since 1912. But they overlook or ignore three vital points. In the first place, the above figures for arrivals include both laborers and non-laborers. In recent years a majority of the Japanese arrivals consisted of men and women of the non-laboring class — travelers, merchants, students, and wives of the Japanese residing in this country. Thus, in 1913, 5400 of the total arrivals of 6771 were not of the laboring class but those rightfully entitled to admission. In 1914, 6700 of 8462 were non-laborers; in 1915 and 1916, 6815 and 6142, respectively, were non-laborers. The gentlemen's agreement does not, and cannot, of course, aim to exclude Japanese of the non-laboring class.

The second reason for the increase of Japanese arrivals in the past few years is found in the fact that those Japanese who had returned to Japan in such large numbers during the few years preceding, have, in accordance with the provisions of the gentlemen's agreement, been steadily coming back to this country. They have found the economic and other conditions at home uncongenial to them, and have almost invariably availed themselves of the privilege granted in the gentlemen's agreement.

In the third place, the same agreement permits the Japanese residing in this country to send for their parents, wives, and children with a view to making homes here. That is why, in late years, Japanese women, many of whom are the so-called "picture brides," have been coming in increasing numbers. In the past session of Congress the picture bride was made a topic of discussion at the hands of the House Committee on Immigration. Congressman John L. Burnett went so far as to assert that picture brides, with few exceptions, come here with little intention to make homes with their fiancés, and that they are in many cases brought for immoral purposes.

To explain the picture bride, we must first of all explain marriage customs in Japan. In Japan when a child, whether boy or girl, reaches a marriageable age, it is the duty of the parents to find a suitable partner for him or her. Custom, however, rules that the conduct of the affair must be entrusted to a go-between, usually some discreet married friend. Having found a desirable person, the go-between arranges a meeting of the prospective bride and groom, usually chaperoned by their parents. But before this interview takes place, the parents on either side spare no pains in inquiring into the character, social standing, family relations, genealogy, health, education, and what not, of the young man and woman. If, as the result of this investigation, the young man and woman express themselves in favor of the consummation of a marriage, the parents and go-between proceed to make final arrangements for the wedding. If, on the contrary, their opinion is unfavorable, the matter is dropped.

When a Japanese living in America

desires to marry, he writes to his parents, asking them to find a suitable woman for his bride. The parents, following the usual customs and rules, fix on an eligible person. If the prospective groom were in Japan the customary meeting with the prospective bride would follow. But when he lives in this country, this meeting cannot be had. So he sends his photograph to the woman, and receives her photograph in exchange. If this 'interview' by photographs proves satisfactory to both parties, the nuptial knot is tied at a ceremonial dinner, from which the groom is naturally absent, but which is attended by the parents and relatives on either side. This done, the parents register the marriage with the proper authorities.

In the light of Japanese law, therefore, the so-called 'picture bride' has already been legitimately married before her departure for America, where she is to join the groom, and no further proceedings are necessary in order that they may call themselves man and wife under American law. But to conform to the American custom and requirements of marriage, the couple, on the arrival of the bride, go through the procedure required in this country.

Like any other system of marriage, this Japanese system is not without its defects. But, on the whole, the picture bride is happily united. There have been only a few instances in which such marriages have proved unsatisfactory. Indeed, it seems to be the opinion among the more experienced, conservative Japanese residents in America that marriage following the exchange of photographs results in more felicitous unions than in those cases where the young men go over to Japan and find the brides themselves; because in the former case the precaution, wisdom, experience, and good judgment of the parents are fully utilized.

IV

So far as we are able to ascertain, the Japanese government has no intention to demand, in any measurable future, the abrogation of the gentlemen's agreement. Japan recognized the courtesy of the Wilson Administration in respecting her equally courteous request that the restriction of Japanese immigration be not made a provision in the statutes of the United States, but be left to the accommodating spirit on the part of Japan. In the new Immigration law adopted by Congress over Mr. Wilson's veto, no clause is found prohibiting Japanese immigration, and the fact has been appreciated by the Japanese government and people. Modest as its achievements are, the Mikado's Empire has been recognized as one of the foremost powers of the world. Naturally it sees an affront to its dignity in a statutory provision of a foreign power singling it out as an object of discriminatory treatment. Can we not sympathize with its desire to restrict the emigration of its subjects of its own accord rather than submit to an exclusion law of the United States, though the effect would be the same in either case?

Japan's attitude and policy with regard to the immigration question, then, permit of no misconstruction. She has in no uncertain terms told the United States that she would voluntarily stop the emigration of her laborers to the United States, and she has faithfully adhered to the pledge. At the same time, she has unmistakably intimated to the American government that her subjects legitimately admitted into this country must not be discriminated against. This is a proposition just and incontrovertible. All that has to be done is to extend citizenship to the Japanese. It is absurd, as it is unjust, that ignorant immigrants from coun-

tries far more backward than Japan should be freely naturalized, while the Japanese, with all the qualifications for citizenship, are compelled to remain aliens, however devoted they may be to this country.

International usage, unwritten but nevertheless in force, rules that no nation should be discriminated against by any power with which it is on a plane of equality. A nation admitted by universal consent into the comity of the world's foremost powers has the right to demand of any foreign nation with which it enters into intercourse the treatment usually accorded such powers. Now, Japan is the only nation in the Orient which has attained such a position. In discussing the immigration question, therefore, Japan speaks only for herself and not as the champion of Asiatic peoples.

In spite of all the concessions Japan has made to this country in the adjustment of the immigration question, the states on the Pacific coast are still complaining about Japanese immigration. Certain classes of people in that section have an ingrained habit of grumbling about the Japanese, and they do not know how to stop it even when Japanese immigration has been cut off. Now that Japanese of the laboring class have ceased to come, they are worrying themselves about the coming of picture brides and the consequent increase of the birth-rate in the Japanese community. Theirs are peculiar minds, snobbishly inclined, devoid alike of generosity and politeness, incapable of appreciating anything foreign to their set ideas and habits. To the mutterings of this class of people Japan is not likely to lend ear. What matter if a few thousand Japanese babies are born in California? Their training, their mental attitude, their way of thinking will be entirely American, and in the end they will prove themselves to be citizens as desirable as children of any other immigrants.

I have often wondered how much of the anti-Japanese agitation in the Western states is sincere; that is, called forth by real necessity. At the present moment the legislatures of Oregon and Idaho are each considering bills prohibiting Japanese ownership of land. Yet Idaho has only two thousand Japanese, whose land holdings amount to scarcely five hundred acres. In Oregon there are only four thousand Japanese, holding less than a thousand acres of land. When in 1913 California created a world-wide sensation by adopting an anti-Japanese land law, Japanese land holdings in that State, according to the State Board of Agriculture, amounted to only 12,726 acres, divided into 331 farms. A little figuring will show that the Japanese in California owned only one acre out of every eight thousand acres in the State. Remembering that 101,320,000 acres were at that time owned by two million and a half Americans, or European immigrants, increasing at the rate of sixty per cent in a decade, it is hard to understand why these small holdings of the Japanese should constitute a menace requiring a drastic measure at the expense of international amity.

V

The last question to be considered is the Chinese question. We must remember that this question, so far as Japan is concerned, has a vital bearing upon her embarrassing problem of surplus population. Not that Japan intends to make China a dumping-ground for her emigrants, for she certainly does not. In her efforts to relieve the pressure of population at home without causing embarrassment to foreign nations, especially the United States and England, Japan will inevitably follow two

lines of action. First, she will utilize the territories already under her control, such as Hokkaido, Korea, Formosa, and a certain section of South Manchuria; and, secondly, she will follow the footsteps of England and strive to convert herself into a great commercial nation. It is the second line of action which has a direct bearing upon Japan's Chinese policy.

Japan's foremost aspiration to-day is to become a great factor in the commerce of the world. If she succeeds in this direction she will be enabled to support more comfortably than hitherto her increasing population upon the comparatively small area of land at her disposal. It is, therefore, but natural that she should make supreme efforts to become a dominant economic factor in China. She sees in that country of two million square miles untold resources yet little exploited. She sees in the four hundred million souls of China the possibility of creating a vast market for her merchandise. These are the bottom facts which afford impetus to Japan's action in China, though her ambition on the Asian continent must at times have seemed political rather than economic.

In pursuing this policy Japan has no intention of embarassing American activities in China. In his address in the Imperial Diet at Tokyo two months ago Viscount Ichiro Motono, the Japanese Foreign Minister, made this statement: —

'I note with great pleasure the symptoms of real sympathy manifested for some time between Japan and the United States. A proposal for common financial action has been made by American capitalists. The imperial Government will follow with lively interest the development of the economic *rapprochement* between the two countries.'

There is no reason why Japan and the United States cannot coöperate in China, not only for their own benefit, but also for the advantage of the Chinese. Once Japan clearly understands that America has no political ambition in the Far East, she will be only too glad to welcome her to China. It may sound curious to Americans, but it is nevertheless true, that a large number of Japanese are inclined to see political ambitions in American policy in the Orient. They think that America, not content with the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine in her own hemisphere, is embarking upon an imperialistic career. She is, they fear, stretching her hands across the Pacific, intent upon extending, not only her commercial interests, but her political influence, in China. In Secretary Knox's proposal for the neutralization of the Manchurian railways, in his scheme to construct the Chinchow-Aigun railway, in the Bethlehem Steel Company's project to establish a dockyard in Fukien, not to mention the American occupation of the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines, the Japanese see the ominous rise of the United States in world-politics. They think that these American activities, like the similar activities of European powers, are not merely commercial, but political. They have seen enough of the sinister designs concocted by European powers against Korea and China, menacing the very existence of their own sphere. In their minds it seems next to impossible to differentiate American enterprises from European. Moreover, American *entrepreneurs*, backed by unlimited resources and capital, will, they apprehend, sooner or later drive Japanese trade and enterprise in China to the wall, if Japan does not resort to measures of self-protection against their onslaught.

All European investors in China have enjoyed the backing of their

respective governments. The railways that they have built in China are as much political railways as they are commercial. The concessions that they have wrested from Peking also have political meaning. Will not the same unfortunate situation develop from American investments in Chinese railways and canals and mines?

There is another class of Japanese, whose opposition to American activities in the Far East is due to different motives from those I have just described. These Japanese are not so much concerned with American 'imperialism' as they are desirous of showing the Americans what they can do in the way of retaliation. Their mood is one of resentment and defiance. They have been resenting America's discrimination against the Japanese and her apparent eagerness to forestall all their enterprises in Mexico and even in South America. They have been deeply annoyed by the cry of 'Wolf!' raised by publicists at Washington and a large number of American newspapers every time Japan takes a step on the Asian mainland. 'Let us show these troublesome meddling Yankees what we can do to them if they insist upon annoying us all the time with no justification whatever' is the sentiment of these people.

The Japanese are but human. You cannot expect them to turn their left cheeks to you after you have slapped them on their right cheeks. They can understand you when you raise an issue over Japanese immigration to your own country, but they do not understand and will never understand why on earth you have to pursue them in Mexico and South America, when there is nothing to make ado about. There was absolutely no truth in the much exploited story of the Japanese designs upon Magdalena Bay, and yet one of America's foremost publicists introduced a resolution in the Senate, declaring that the United States could not see without grave concern the acquisition of any harbor on the American continent by a foreign corporation 'which has such relations to another government, not American, as to give that country practical control for military or naval purposes.'

Fortunately, however, Japan is not going to follow a policy of revenge in dealing with American enterprise in China. About a year ago Baron Yeichi Shibusawa, foremost among Japanese financiers, came to the United States with a view to sounding the sentiment of American capitalists with regard to Chinese enterprise. It was highly unfortunate that his real motives were willfully misinterpreted by a certain class of Americans whose business seems to be to put unexpected meanings to every Japanese opinion and action. These wiseacres have been spreading the report that Shibusawa's proposal is to grant Japan a vetoing power with regard to every American enterprise in China. If this extraordinary scheme were carried into effect, they fancied, American capital would be permitted to enter China only upon Japan's approval.

Nothing could be more sinister than such a misinterpretation. What Shibusawa expressed was his desire and hope for the coöperation of American and Japanese capital. Certainly he did not entertain the quixotic idea of forbidding the activities of American capitalists who would invest in China independently rather than in coöperation with the Japanese.

The aptness of certain Americans to misrepresent Japan's measures in China is seen in their comment upon the abandonment of the Standard Oil Company's project of exploiting oilfields there. They tell us that the project was dropped because of Japanese

objection. Yet I know, on the authority of the engineers who surveyed the oil-fields for the Standard Oil, that the abandonment was due to the fact that the fields gave no promise of yielding sufficient oil to justify the enormous expenditure involved in the enterprise.

This American habit of blaming the Japanese every time something goes wrong with China is a serious impediment to the maintenance of friendly relations, not only between Japan and the United States, but also between Japan and China. It is due to the same mental habit of many Americans that they see a menace to American trade in the Japanese domination in Korea. And yet statistics show that American export trade to Korea increased twenty times in the decade that followed the establishment of Japanese rule in the peninsula. The Tokyo *Jiji-shimpo*, admittedly the most influential financial newspaper in Japan, discussing, in its recent issue, China's economic outlook, invites American enterprise in that country, either independently or in coöperation with Japanese capital. So sane is the editorial that I am tempted to quote therefrom the following passage: —

> The rapid progress of Japan's export trade to China is largely due to the increase of China's purchasing capacity, stimulated by the introduction of foreign capital, which built railways, opened mines, and contributed in many another way to the economic advancement of the country. Had it not been for the work accomplished by foreign capital, China's demand for foreign goods would have remained very small, and our trade in China would never have forged ahead as it really has.
>
> The 'open door' and 'equal opportunity' for all trading nations have been our fixed policy in China. Unfortunately, people have not been lacking who are so short-sighted as to fear the competition of foreign capital with our enterprise in China. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that our wisest course lies in the most faithful adherence to the policy of the open door, and in encouraging the exploitation of natural resources with the aid of foreign capital.

Is not this a counsel which American critics of Japan as well as Japanese critics of America would do well to take to heart? It seems, however, inevitable that, as Japan's influence in China grows greater, she should be made the butt of Western envy and censure. Unless Japan commits such serious blunders as she committed two years ago in submitting the so-called twenty-one demands to China, she may go on with her own plans, unafraid, and unhindered by Western criticisms.

NICARAGUA AND THE UNITED STATES

BY CYRUS F. WICKER

In 1907 the republics of Nicaragua, Salvador, and Honduras were at war. The war apparently differed in no wise from the frequent and, for the most part, inconclusive struggles that have at intervals convulsed the five states of Central America ever since their attainment of independence in 1821. It was not the first war between them, and there was no hope at the time of its being the last. For eighty years the history of Central America had been that of nations united by ties of common history, language, and geographical situation, inspired by identical aims and purposes, and for long periods bound together by treaties of union or alliance, only to fall apart or be rent asunder by factional disputes, with always war as a result, until over large areas the lands were left untilled, commerce languished, and the instability of their various political institutions had almost passed into a proverb.

But the close of the war of 1907 marked a change. As soon as actual hostilities had ceased there was called, on the initiative of the United States, acting in coöperation with Mexico, a peace conference, to which delegates from all of the five states of Central America were invited, which not only concluded terms of peace but also established a Central American Court of Justice, to meet in perpetual session at Cartago, in Costa Rica. This Court, composed of one member from each of the five states, was authorized to hear and determine all causes of complaint between them and, under certain conditions, between any one of them and an outside nation.

The wisdom and value of this institution were at once apparent, the first decision of the Court, in the year following its creation, preventing another war. But an even greater work of the Conference, in the hope that it offered of establishing a really permanent peace among the war-distracted nations of Central America, was the placing of the central state, Honduras, inclined by geographical situation to be the most belligerent as well as the greatest sufferer of all, in a state of neutrality, proposed voluntarily by itself and guaranteed by its neighbors. The purpose of this neutralization was to remove Honduras permanently from the realm of war and place her in the same situation as Switzerland, which latter Republic, safeguarded by the Congress of Vienna, has maintained her independence, integrity, and unviolated neutrality to this day.

The benefits expected from this first application of the principle of perpetual neutrality to a country of the new world were incalculable. It confirmed the hope that free and independent states might ask for and accept perpetual neutrality at any one of the numerous international conferences summoned in furtherance of peace, and pointed to the rôle of guarantor and friend which the United States might play in the future of neutralization in this hemisphere. No better beginning could have been devised than that neutralization should be applied first of all in war-

ridden Central America, made contemporaneous with the creation of the Central American Court of Justice, and brought into being at a peace conference held in Washington under the auspices of the United States. It was but the natural result of such conditions that, ever since the declaration of the neutrality of Honduras, not only have no hostilities broken out between the five guarantors of the agreement, but also, up to a short time ago, it appeared that the danger of war between them had been reduced to a minimum.

Unfortunately, in the last six months an attack has been made upon both the Central American Court of Justice and the principle of perpetual neutrality, which threatens their existence and nullifies their usefulness. It is still more unfortunate that the attack originated in a treaty concluded between one of these Central American countries and the United States.

This treaty, with Nicaragua, known as the Nicaragua Canal Treaty, grants to the United States, in return for the payment of three million dollars, the exclusive right to build an inter-oceanic canal across Nicaragua. It also grants to the United States the right to establish a naval base on Point Coseguina, lying within Nicaraguan territory on the southern shore of the Bay of Fonseca, and the ownership of two small islands, Great Corn and Little Corn, situated to the east of Nicaragua in the Caribbean Sea. Like all treaties, it requires ratification by the treaty-making bodies of the respective nations, to be of legal effect.

Many causes intervened to delay these ratifications. There were revolutions in Nicaragua; there were protests from Salvador, Honduras, and Costa Rica that Nicaragua had no right, without consulting them, to transfer rights and powers affecting territories or waters not wholly her own, but controlled jointly with others; there was a slowly growing feeling that the treaty conveyed very valuable rights for an insignificant sum compared with what we had paid for Panama; and that this money was to go to a nation occupying a peculiar position of dependence on United States military and naval power; and there were the vociferous protests of individuals, for the most part in exile, to the effect that the present government of Nicaragua represented only a minority of the people and had been placed and maintained in power by American arms — an inference to which the employment of American marines in suppressing the insurrection of 1912, and their continued presence in the capital city of Nicaragua to this day, seem to lend a color of truth.

With these assertions no issue is here taken. The principles involved lie deeper and are only obscured by a too close attention to surface agitation. The main facts are that, under an international protest which should have given us pause, the disputed treaty was ratified by our Senate last March, and after a two months' struggle with political opponents in the National Assembly, by the signature of the President and the approval of the government of Nicaragua.

Immediately following these ratifications, the Republic of Costa Rica brought suit in the Central American Court of Justice against Nicaragua, on the ground that the latter had not respected Costa Rican rights in concluding and ratifying the treaty with the United States. The Court by a vote of four to one — Nicaragua alone dissenting — returned a verdict in favor of Costa Rica. The decision was uninfluenced and fell in every way within the purpose for which the Court was created — that of the peaceful determination and settlement of disputes between the five nations, which might

otherwise lead to war, and its decision was binding on all parties. Nevertheless, Nicaragua refused to accept the decision. Recently a similar decision in favor of Salvador has been rendered, this time with regard to the naval base on Fonseca Bay, and equally without effect. The Court is now threatened with dissolution by these states on the ground that its authority has been disregarded and its prestige impaired; a war involving at least four of the republics seems imminent; and, most unfortunate of all, the defiant attitude of Nicaragua, with her three million dollars in hand, and her manifest reliance on the support of this government as evidenced by our warships in her harbor and our marines in her capital, has a grave and disquieting meaning to those who follow, with hope deferred, the relations of the United States toward our smallest and nearest Latin-American neighbors.

That one of these states is more valuable to us than the others; that, internationally speaking, Nicaragua is more important to us than all of the other Central American states combined, might by some be urged in defense of our dealing with her alone. The Nicaraguan Canal undoubtedly will at some time be built, and by the United States. That route, in open competition with that over Panama, received up to the year 1902 a majority of the favorable reports of United States canal commissions, and would probably have been already adopted and built, had it been known at the time that there could never be a sea-level canal. But the heart of the matter is this: Nicaragua, whatever her own ideas about it, cannot by herself alone sell the exclusive right to construct a canal involving a lake and river in the lower waters of which, flowing in part through Costa Rican territory, the last-named republic has definite interests and at least equal sovereignty; and Nicaragua commits a grievous wrong, unsupported by international law, in contracting with a foreign nation, without the consent of her neighbors, for the establishment, even on her own territory, of a naval base that will dominate the territory of her neighbors and waters controlled jointly by herself and them.

Fonseca Bay is a great natural indentation in the land, eighteen miles deep by thirty wide, with a narrow entrance guarded by two volcanoes fourteen miles apart. Of these Conchagua, on the north, is in Salvador, Coseguina, on the south, in Nicaragua, while Honduras, with the volcanic island of Tigre, owns most of the shore line to the east. The three nations, each holding about one third of the coast-line, possess jointly the sovereignty of its waters. The bay itself is magnificent, and its possessor holds the key of naval power in the south Pacific and the Canal.

It is obvious that every square yard of this harbor, as well as the shores of the surrounding states, is within the range of modern artillery located at almost any point on the bay. More specifically, the coasts of Salvador and Honduras, and the principal seaports of those countries, La Unión and Amapala, would be within range of the proposed United States naval base located on Point Coseguina, and, *vice versa*, our naval base would be within range of guns placed on the islands of Manguera or Tigre, belonging to Salvador and Honduras respectively. The establishment of such a base is naturally a matter of concern to both of those nations. England in 1911 objected to the establishment by Germany of a naval base at Agadir in Morocco, — although such a base threatened not England, but the Straits of Gibraltar, two hundred miles away, — and would have gone to war to prevent it. Clearly in our case the situation is one demand-

ing friendly coöperation between all parties concerned rather than a narrow assumption and assertion of rights.

Of even more importance, under the provisions of the Treaty of Peace and Friendship, concluded in Washington on December 20, 1907, under our auspices and recorded in our book of Foreign Relations of that year, the Republic of Honduras was placed in a state of neutrality in which she can lawfully neither commit nor suffer any hostile act. Deprived of her power to wage war, she is obliged to rely on the guaranties of her neighbors that they will respect her sovereignty and resist its violation. Are not we, who summoned the Conference, bound in duty to listen to her complaint?

While there is not the slightest doubt that the establishment of a United States naval base on the Nicaraguan shore of the Bay of Fonseca would not only safeguard the Panama Canal and its adjacent waters, but also insure in greater measure the peace, integrity, and commercial development of Honduras and of the neighboring states, it is only right that in so doing we should become a party to a general agreement and act in harmony with all the countries concerned. Occasions for protests, lawsuits, and threats of war would not have arisen if the United States had regarded this important Central American situation from the point of view of a joint interest in the rights desired. In the treaty the United States deals with Nicaragua and Nicaragua alone, as if the latter had a full right to entertain and decide by herself the matters in question.

It is true that the Senate adopted a resolution to accompany the treaty, to the effect that under it the rights of Salvador, Honduras, and Costa Rica are not affected; but is that not a matter for those states themselves to decide? Their protest to the Court of Justice and the Court's decision in their favor form so forcible an answer that the support of Nicaragua alone, voiced by a President guarded in his capital by United States marines, can bring small satisfaction to the friends of peace and fair play in the United States.

Just as it is unthinkable that our foreign policy should lend itself to abuses, so we should be more careful to avert threatened abuses from those whom we count as wards. Above all, we have no right to force our method upon others simply through consciousness of our excellent motives and the firm belief that our actions will result in their greater tranquillity and peace.

Before another controversy, similar to that of Panama and Colombia, has arisen, let us admit it if we have been in error in unduly pressing the establishment of our rights, or if desire has led us to become parties to a disputed treaty. It is not as if time were a pressing factor in the negotiations. Our relations with Central America, if founded on justice, are too strong to be affected adversely in a few short years; and there is still a way, through mutual agreement, of attaining the desired end without ignoring or overriding the self-respecting objections of neighboring states, not one of which is at this time really opposed to entering into a conference for mutual protection, understanding, and advantage.

In the Central American situation there are obligations from the fulfillment of which no payment of money can absolve us: there is the authority of an honorable and important institution to uphold; there is the character of the United States as friend and mediator in Central America to confirm; and there is the first application of the principle of permanent neutrality in the Western Hemisphere now in our hands to overthrow or to establish beyond all question and for all time.

FROM THE LAND OF THE LIVING DEATH

THE SIBERIAN LETTERS OF CATHERINE BRESHKOVSKY

'PETROGRAD (*via* London), *March* 17. — Madame Catherine Breshkovsky, who is known as "the grandmother of the Russian revolution," has been invited by M. Kerenski, minister of justice in the new cabinet, to return to Petrograd.' — *News Item.*

Babushka — in English we can come no nearer the meaning of the word than 'dear little Grannie' — has lived to see her dream come true: her dream of a free Russia, delivered from the Romanoffs, from the 'Bochophiles,' from despotism, into the safe-keeping of the Russian people and the social democracy. Ever since she was five years old and scandalized her sweet Christian mother by giving away her little velvet cloak to a peasant child, Babushka has been dreaming this dream; and now she is seventy-three. For the dream's sake she has spent thirty of these years in Siberian exile; several years of her youth in solitary confinement in a Petrograd prison, and two years of her later life in the dread fortress-prison of Peter and Paul. Since she was twenty-six, she has not been free from police surveillance, and the record of those forty-seven devoted years is one long succession of hardships and persecutions heroically and even gayly endured. Hard labor in the mines at Kara, solitary confinement in Irkutsk — these are some of the horrors which Babushka has borne for her faith.

More than once she has tried to escape, — the last time in December, 1914, when, dressed as a man, she got away from Kirensk and evaded the police for several days before they recaptured her driving toward Yakutsk on the frozen river Lena. If younger revolutionists grew faint-hearted, it was enough for them to remember that somewhere in farthest Siberia Babushka was keeping the fires of hope alive, and immediately the spark in their own hearts blazed afresh. No one knew better than she did the value of this ardent and indomitable example to her comrades. When her American friends urged her to let them arrange for her release and banishment to America, she wrote in her quaint and charming English, —

'I cannot and shall not forsake my poor boys even for the happiness to spend my last days amidst such friends as you are to me. So, dearest, and I am sure that you will understand me and love me no less for that. I am the mother of a large family which is accustomed to see me devoted to their interests and to share their fate, bad as it is. Now, represent yourself a mother forsaking her children, and going to those who are rich and happy without her. Not only my boys here, but all the youths over all the country would be grieved and their faith in their grandmother would be broken. For myself, I confess, the life you desire me to lead, would be a difficult one for me, who is accustomed to an existence very scarce and modest. And think of the feeling of a mother, leaving her children scourged by their foes, and going herself to enjoy a company where one finds only

friendship, love, and worshiping! What would you say to it? . . . If till now I am something in the eyes of my countrymen and yours, it is for my sincerity and the simplicity of my existence: no artifice of any kind. I am afraid, even, I would not suit quite well to such a rich country as yours, accustomed to have great talents of every sort at her service. I have no talents, you saw it yourself. But my simple nature suits my people's simple heart, and we do understand each other and love each other mutually. We are slow in our doings, we are deprived of ambition, that stimulates the doings of others, but we are faithful to our ideal which is brotherhood.

'You will comprehend me when remembering that for half a century all my being is full (from top to toes) of one straining: to improve the moral, mental and economical life of my people. It is a too long habit, and one cannot break the ties that unite him with the existence of his folk. And what an example it would be to my youngest comrades! God forbid!

'You shall know once, for the rest of my life, that I am a creature full of gratitude, and prize every token of friendship and goodness. One thing is wondering me a little, it is the admiration of my character and patience to endure my fate. First, I shall say, there are many and many people with us, which proved not less if not more courage and grandeur of soul during all their life; so many young people that died as very heroes. Secondly, we Russians, we are a people of religion; we have one in our soul, through all the nation, and the worshiping of the beloved Idea is our national trait. This capacity to appreciate the worshiped Idea above all the rest of the material world makes us strong, and willingly to sacrifice ourselves for the sake of it.'

In 1906, in the interval between her two banishments, Madame Breshkovsky came to the United States to raise money for the cause of Russian freedom, and it was during this visit that she made the friends in New York, in Boston, in Chicago, to whom the following letters are written. In addition to her national trait, 'the worshiping of the beloved Idea,' she possesses in a peculiar degree the genius for friendship, as these ardent and faithful letters bear witness. They date from 1910, when she was released from the fortress-prison of Peter and Paul, and sent into perpetual exile in Siberia. Besides the messages from Babushka herself, we have also side-lights upon her Siberian life, in extracts from letters written to her anxious American friends by other comrades of hers. The letter which follows is from a fellow exile who saw her as she passed through Manzurka on her way to Kirensk, in September, 1910.

'When Babushka passed here in August last, she was so exceedingly bright and kind that it was hardly credible that she is nearly seventy years old [sixty-nine], having just got out of prison after three years' seclusion. A full figure with rosy face (I paid special attention, there were no wrinkles), sparkling eyes and gray hair, showing from under her hood and hanging on to her forehead.

'The convoy (they were traveling on carts from Alexandrovsk all the way) stopped beyond our village to change horses. It was quite a camp of 250 human beings surrounded by a chain of escort. Among this crowd, in gray coats under gray sky and rain, her imposing figure struck every one at once. It seemed to me that since 1905, when I saw her last, she became younger. Her spirits were high. A crowd of young people accompanied her. This brightened and encouraged her and colored the impressions she produced upon us.

And what was remarkable was that this was after five days of a cruelly hard journey, all the time under pouring rain, on a shaky cart, the nights spent in *étape* barracks or about bonfires. It was enough to prostrate anyone, whereas our Babushka looked as if she was at a students' party.

'We were admitted inside the chain of the convoy, so that we could see her, so to speak, in her home surroundings. She formed the centre of the party, and was the object of general attention, not only of her political comrades, but also of criminals and the soldiers of the convoy. A curious fact — when we traveled under escort to our destination in April, the convoy repeatedly inquired from us, "When is Babushka coming up? God grant us to see her."

'The prison in Irkutsk was also expecting her. The whole imprisoned and exiled Siberia waited with amazement, and sometimes with reverence, to see this "miracle woman."

'Unfortunately, the convoy stopped at Manzurka only a short time, as it had to make another stage that day. There was hardly time to speak to her, so many wished to see her and pay respects to her. She was joking almost all the time. Kissed us all.

'We hardly had time to exchange greetings, remember common friends, yourselves amongst others, as the guards approached her and said, "Please Babushka, to get up on your cart." . . . On the same cart with her was traveling another comrade who had just served his term of hard labor. Pointing to him, she said, "This is my friend. He took care of me all the way." There was also a third passenger on the same cart, a feeble woman, so exhausted and tired that she could hardly sit up. "A sectarian," said Babushka in an undertone. "And this is our dear kind Starosta," pointing to a tall bright student, the deputy of the party.

'She was dressed in a sort of dressing-gown of superior shape and cloth and some peculiar hood.'

Babushka's first letter from Kirensk was received November 15, 1910.

'Dearest and best friend Alice Stone Blackwell,

'My good and lovely friend Helene Dudley!

'Five years and a half ago I answered, when you asked me to remain with you in America, that in five years, when all shall be restored and ordered in Russia, I will come back to you and remain with you as long as it pleases you. In my mind, "restored and ordered" signifies: Russia renewed and quietly working at her further progress. Certainly, in saying so I did not pretend to believe my desires would be punctually fulfilled; certainly I know the great historical cataclysms do not pass without "flux and reflux" of success and mischief, without many and many new efforts and battles, before the end shall be obtained and the plan fulfilled.

'But, dearest friends, I did not foresee that the recommencement of my relations with you would follow from the place I am in. And yet your old acquaintance is once more in Siberia, farther from your charming homes than ever. But what is the distance if our mind, our imagination, our fancies, can transport us everywhere we wish, and represent to us all the scenes, the images, we remember and love? So I feel myself, and instead of fixing my attention on all sorts of disagreeable conditions environing my everyday life, I prefer to visit all the places and all the people who made me content and happy. In doing so I feel myself always among the best company there are in the world. It must not be understood I am quite deprived of good company in

reality. There are a few people who have access to my person and who take care of my little needs and help me in my few wants. Two families (of exile too) prevent my material wants; a young banished man takes me to walk around the little island whereon is situated the so-called "town," Kirensk, surrounded by two rivers, the immense and cold Lena and the less majestic Kyrenga. The boy helps me to heat my oven and to make my few purchases. The two years and eight months of Petropavlovsk fortress having spoiled sensibly my health, the young man is of great use to me, for my gait is not yet sure enough, and it will take some time before my forces and my celerity rejoin me to the point as to let me exercise my feet without the aid of anything. The winter is rude in this country. The cold falls over 56 degrees below zero, and perhaps during two or three months the out-of-doors will be inaccessible to me. Nevertheless, I hope to restore my health and live to the day I see you again, dearest and faithful friends. Why not?

'All my doings and every pace are surveilled day and night, and my position into exile is little different from that of the imprisonment; the guardians are permitted to wake me even into the night, to see if I am safe. There is always one of spies surveying me at some distance.'

The next letter is to M. Nicholas Tchaykovsky, who with Babushka was charged with revolutionary conspiracy in 1908 and imprisoned in the fortress of Peter and Paul, but was acquitted on evidence brought from America.

'KIRENSK, *November* 10, 1910.

'I wanted to write you a cheerful and jolly letter as both these states of mind are not foreign to me, — on the contrary, it is a long time since I have laughed as much as since my return to the world from solitary confinement; and here I often laugh at every trifle and look lovingly at the few youngsters who would like to take care of me and whom I like to see about me. But just on account of these youngsters, I am suffering a good deal of discomfort at present, not to say sorrow. From the very beginning, it was known that every one calling on me was entered on the "book of life." In the course of time it came to the notice of the police surveyor that some called on me seldom; others more frequently; that some did not stay long, others remained to chop wood, sweep out the rooms, go for provisions, or else to work at some foreign language or sit and wait until the time came to close the chimney with its heavy flue-plates; or else to take the old lady out for an airing or to the bathhouse and back, a trip of almost half a mile.

'All these services were undertaken mostly by those who had more time at their disposal, who had no necessary work the whole day. Particularly there was a young man living within a mile and a half of the town, behind the Lena, supporting himself by odd jobs with little help from his relatives. He came every day after dinner for two or three hours; he was very kind to me and very attentive to all my household needs. He got into trouble once because he had given me a ride in his boat (it was only in the beginning of September), and now he is being constantly reminded that he has no right to remain in the city after eight o'clock in the evening. Well, about a month ago, another young man came, an assistant surgeon, who does not want to practice in such places, where there are neither medicines nor any other hygienic necessities. He got employment as a carpenter at the city wharf, quickly made a success of his trade, and was already in hopes

that by the end of winter he would overcome all the difficulties and secrets of carpentry and house-painting, and in the spring would open somewhere a shop of his own. Being inclined to do favors for friends, he called on me daily after his work and gave me massage treatment; in the afternoon he would call to take his scanty portion for dinner so as not to have to go one and one-half miles to attend me in whatever it might be necessary.

'It appears that this sort of laborious life was considered a crime. The Ispravnik (district captain of the police) has taken away from him his passport (a yearly one for traveling over the Kirensk district, which he had just obtained), then arrested him, imprisoned him, and on Saturday he is sending him away escorted by gendarmes to that *volost* [district] from which the assistant surgeon had come to Kirensk. Then again yesterday and to-day they are summoning other persons to the police for examination — a short list of seven or eight names, alleged to be people particularly intimate with me. On another list all those who visit my hut are recorded. What will be done with them, I cannot imagine, unless they station an armed guard to drive away all those who step upon my grass-plots.

'Aside from the fact that I like people generally, that a feeling of gratitude is deeply lodged in me, and that distressed young lives are particularly affecting to me, so that I am simply ashamed to be the cause of anybody's misfortune or trouble, I see that complete loneliness threatens me within a short time, either in the form of a hut or prison here, in Kirensk, or somewhere in Bulum, on the Arctic Ocean, where they send exiles for complete isolation. What they are afraid of, and what they imagine, I cannot understand at all; I know only that I would rather stay in Bulum with white bears than to see how, on account of me, they are persecuting other people and depriving them of bread and of the most necessary freedom. They are even going to send away the sick so that they may not pass me on their way to the hospital.

'Now the boasting begins: to-day, at last, came the package with my prison belongings (coat, dresses, etc.). Taking into account things sent by you and donations received on the road and here, it appears that I have a half a dozen "costumes," one finer than the other. In other words, such a wealth as I have never before accumulated since I was born. I have hung them about the walls and I look at them and think: what shall I do with all these things even if I should order a wardrobe! And as to handkerchiefs and gloves, so many have accumulated that I can't imagine where to put them all. To my relief your gingham will go for shirts for the boys (I intend to cut as many as four out of 15 *arshin*).

'The new handkerchiefs I have given away to neighbors who have been kind to me, and everything that is old I have left for myself except the beautiful blanket, which I hide under my pillow in the daytime and at night spread over my ordinary everyday one, which has seen many things in its day. It seems that even my old cloak is about to go into retirement. I have acquired two wadded coats and a few warm skirts — in a word, enough to get married on (such a bride!), and the people are still dissatisfied and are always grumbling, "A fur coat, grandma, a fur coat, by all means a fur coat!" I will show them a fur coat! Soon I shall have a bearskin for my feet; but so far nothing but a calf skin from Yakutsk lies under my table as a beautiful rug and warms my feet, which are clothed in felt shoes and rubbers. The hut would be good in every respect, but there is a draft from

the floor, and the cold comes in. But we shall overcome that with the bear's help.

'Heigh-ho! my life nothing but a genuine carnival! Abundant of earthly gifts and sincere love of the kind friends more than the wickedness of the enemies, so that the cup of joy outweighs that of bitterness.'

The following extracts are taken from a letter received by Miss Blackwell from an old friend of Madame Breshkovsky, a Russian gentleman, who was in constant communication with her.

'Everybody who came to see Babushka, these guardians stopped and asked who they are and what they come for? It makes such a trouble, not only for Babushka, but for her landlord or house-owner, that nobody liked to let a room to her. For this very reason she lived so long in a miserable semi-rotten hut, which she liked because it was solitary, so that the guardians did not bother the hut-owner, the hut staying apart, with the windows looking in the snowy desert. For her health's sake I insisted to change the lodging and to find a more comfortable one. After long consideration she decided at last to let a little house with two little rooms and one kitchen. She gave me two most important objections to such a change. The first was that the more comfortable lodging can spoil her character and definitely corrupt her spirit. She will live in a comfortable house of three neatly furnished rooms, — '*salons*,' as she called them, — meanwhile some other of her comrades exiles, after hard and long day work (if they luckily have one), hardly could find a hole in the warm stall of some lucky native landlord to spend the night.

'In her last letter she writes me that she changed her lodging at last and is now settled in her three neatly furnished salons. And she finds her provision is at hand: by and by she feels herself corrupted. . . . The criminal thought is knocking in her head: how nice it would be, if out of one of her pretty salons to make a bath-room and to furnish it with a comfortable bath-tub, where she could warm her sick legs! One of her comrades, who is an expert, is ready to realize this ideal, and is going to install a self-made tin-bath. I hope she is now so corrupted, that in the next letter she will tell me of the realization of this great enterprise. She is cherishing the idea that the other of her comrades will find many chances to wash their poor bodies from time to time and to enjoy themselves in the most American style. You see, with money in hands it is possible even in the Russian hells to get some comfort and enjoyment.

'There is no person in the world who can prevent her from doing that, what she considers as her duty. Above all things, she bothers herself in visiting sick native people, in giving them good counsels how to feed the children and so on. Very often she brings them her milk, part of her own daily food. In answer to my teasing reproaches for her unreasonable philanthropy, she sneered at me, saying that I am greatly mistaken in my appreciation of her conduct. She is a very sly old woman; she says, in giving a trifle to these poor and little surrounding wretches she gets more in return from them for herself. They are so stupid, she says, as to bring her all the sweets they can get in that arid region: the butter, different kinds of berries, eggs, little cakes, and so on. They are stupid, because she is alone and is the only one, and cannot give them much, but they are hundreds and multitude, and little by little, bit by bit, they bring her much. And they help her with such an impression and

love (in answer for her pretended attention) that she cannot help receiving the donations. "So, at the end, I am in gain," concluded the sly Babushka. "Light gains make heavy purses," she says. In a word, she is a really incorrigible old woman. However, by force of her indomitable energy and good-natured character, she is spreading everywhere an atmosphere of consolation among the suffering people.'

The young men of Russia are not the only ones to whom Babushka has been a guide and an inspiration in her exile. Ernest Poole, who wrote a sympathetic account of her life, George Kennan, who saw her during her first exile in Siberia, Lewis Herreshoff of Rhode Island, and Arthur Bullard are among her American correspondents.

(*To Arthur Bullard*)

'KIRENSK, *January* ,1911.

'Bullard, my boy! Already in Panama you grind yourself into pieces and will be old at forty. I would have you always young and active, but without excitement, better to say, without too much strain. It is so delightful to know our friends in good health and strong body and soul; and it makes us so sad when hearing that one of them is sinking in his forces. Pray do not exhaust your nerves, preserve your capability of travail for the future too. It cheers me up to know here and there are boys and girls that keep in their hearts an unexhausted desire to aid the world to do better. Such minds and characters are those flowers that embellish our earth. Think only how gloomy and cold it would be without the best.

'Yes, my friend, you must work, you must love and feel heartily, you must make efforts to improve yourself and others, and yet you must learn to be more abstract, to consider the world with its phenomena with more coolness, — all the phenomena, not excluding those that concern us personally. You know, dearest boy, for long ago, I am sure, that the person which cares much for the welfare of her own, and is much affected with all what happens in the sphere of her own life is much more enerved and tired with the world, than the person whose mind is resting on the questions that concern mankind in his wholeness. I don't mean that one can live like a machine, never hurt by the acridity of the atmosphere created by our silliness and ignorance, by the mischiefs that come over and over in a very wonderful miscellaneous form and quantity, but one can take the habit to struggle through all his existence and never be disappointed, never exhausted. More philosophy, more contemplation, more perception into the future, — you know well yourself how to do, and it is only my longing for your welfare that makes me speak about questions so thoroughly studied by every one interested in the existence of his psychology. I will know you safe and conserved.'

(*To Ellen Starr*)

'KIRENSK, *January* 25, 1911.

'Certainly I was wrong when saying you would lose the vivacity of your feeling toward me, my beloved friend, my dear Ellen Starr! The American women are not so expansive in words and manners as we Russian women, but the stronger they are in their faithfulness, the deeper is the bottom of their attachment once conceived. That I knew always, nevertheless it was difficult to be persuaded that people so much and constantly occupied with everyday matters, so much working for a great deal of all kinds of people, so devoted to the welfare of their entourage as you, as our kind Helena

Dudley, could have time to think about a far-off friend, buried into Russian prisons and Siberian forests. . . .

'As to my young man, who continues to be my devoted nurse, he is so much pleased with the flattering words you and Alice gratify him, that it seems to him almost impossible to be so much appreciated — he is very modest. Each of the letters from America I perused with him once more for his sincere satisfaction. He is a social-democrat, but the difference of the programmes here in exile, as well as in the prisons, is very often annihilated by the necessity of sympathy and friendship. The use of personal capacities, and often the want of what one would desire, make the people less fanatical, less dogmatic.

'O dearest Ellen! forgive me my English! But I heard so many times in Chicago and everywhere else such words: "Your bad English is better to us as your good French," that I consent to be laughed at, and to have my writings mended by your amiable hand that you permit me to kiss as tenderly as I can.

'YOUR CATHERINE.

'P.S. Thirty years ago all the correspondence of the exiles was read and examined. Now I found the matter changed. No letters can be read without a special permission of gendarmes. They know well that I never permit myself to write something doubtful or compromising; nevertheless their curiosity is without end, and the habit of persecution and espionage is so old and big that never are they tired to do it. Now, during the festivals of Christmas, when here many young people took pleasure to disguise themselves and to go through the town with their masks, my keepers were afraid I would escape in that manner, and they ran about like mad men searching and looking after every one, intruding themselves in every house suspected to be the place of my visit. And I was sitting in my cabin reading or talking with one of my friends.'

(*To Alice Stone Blackwell*)

'KIRENSK, *September* 6, 1911.

'Your two large letters are with me, dearest and best friend Alice, my excellent daughter. Why I write to you in English and not French? Because I feel myself nearer to you, to Isabel and Helena when speaking the same language with you. I like *very* much this rich and original organ of expression of our thoughts, but it is yet dearer to me for being your usual mode of communication. It seems to me I am your relation not only in mind but corporal too. With the difference that you possess the language to perfection, and I am learning it. So permit me to express my wishes and all my feelings in English and try to understand me, knowing my character and my habits. Farther: you were jalouse about my mentioning the boys only. The matter is that in all the district of Kirensk there are a thousand boys and only 8—10 girls dispersed over. Here into the town I have had only one. The exiled and condemned women, which are not in the prisons of "*travaux forcés*," are settled part into the West of Siberia and part into the South districts of Irkutsk, and only those that were not judged and sent administratively are settled into the regions of Yakutsk, fifteen hundred miles to the north.'

'*September* 7, 1911.

'Yesterday this letter was interrupted by the visits of a squadron of gendarmes and policemen. They came to make a search in my lodging and turned over all my correspondence and all the papers and magazines in my room. They remained an hour and a half, and

as there was nothing to be sequestered, the gendarme could not go away without taking something, and he took the photographs where I am with some of my comrades and which I sent you lately at your request, my dearest daughter. Again the police of Kirensk are troubled about my safety, again the chief himself is tripping around my cabin every night now, in fear that I may be transported in some secret place and vanish away. . . . It is very disagreeable, for the neighbor's hounds are barking for hours after these nightly visits and I cannot sleep. So it was all the last winter and now begins the same repetition. I laugh very much about these fusses, and yet I am fidgeting on the fate of those who are visiting me, the boys who cannot avoid contact with me because they have no one else to nurse them.'

'*November* 13, 1911.

'Helena Dudley! Alice Stone Blackwell! Isabella Barrows! Ellen Starr! Euphemia Mackintosh! Lucy Smith! Lillian Wald! Arthur Bullard! and all my beloved friends!

'Like a queen into a palace, like a princess into an armchair, like a scholar before a large table, surrounded by magazines, papers, letters and a lot of beautiful post-cards, is sitting your old Catherine proud and happy, strong and well. It would take a great deal of inspiration to depict all the benefits of my new apartment, and I will do it another time. This letter will announce only: (1) Having space enough to walk from one corner of my house to another (passing through three chambers and a line of 30 feet), I remain at home all the time, day and night, having no desire to take cold and to get the influenza. The same cause forced me to command a bath that will stand in one of my chambers and which will be heated by a little engine, attached to one end, so that the traveling of one half a mile to take a bath, as it was the last winter, is excluded from my pastime.

'In my life, outside the change of dwelling for a better one, there is a change concerning my custody: now there are four men spies going around my house and looking into my windows. They are two to accompany me when I am going out. This escort is so disgusting that I have no wish to walk out of doors. What of are they afraid to keep me imprisoned, I don't know! I see only they think me able to vanish like a cloud before their eyes. But I am patient and will endure.'

Sometimes she cheered her anxious friends by writing gay bits of *vers libre* on postcards.

Helena dearest, don't be sorry,
Soon, very soon, thank to your goodness,
I have my bath in my own room.
And soon again instead of linen
I shall be wrapped in Jaeger's wool;
The samovar will wait on table,
The Chinese tea will smell the best;
And your old friend renewed, reyounged,
Absorbs the sugar, milk and bread.
She could have many, many others
Of delicacies of the world,
But the old stomach is so trained
That can't endure no sorts of dainties.
But for the space, and light, and air —
I have them for the rest of life.
Dearest friend!
I will be merciful and never more
Write in verses. Forgive me.

'Kirensk, 27 *March*, 1912.

'Dearest Alice, my best friend!

'If it were not for a cruel climate which extorts so much forces and expenses for food and clothing, we would make many improvements in our life, for there are many skillful, crafty and clever people among us; but without money, tools and provision — it takes many years of persevering efforts to attain some amelioration in this mode of life. All you earn during the short summer, you eat it during the long winter, when the country presents an im-

mense bare wilderness. No plants except the big trees, no birds, no movement from place to place, except the mail post speeding on six or seven sleds with two horse to each. The convoys runs very fast, or fast enough, considering the state of our roads, always very bad. The little *clockots* [bells] are ringing far and aloud, and all the inhabitants, especially our boys, are running toward the post-house, where they receive the same answer: not ready, tomorrow. But nobody here is so rich on post days as your old friend, quite spoiled with the riches and attention coming from every part of the world. And perhaps it is my small demands which make me content with my lot. But, when compared with the lot of others, certainly I am the happiest of all. Now that my excellent Platon is too often "unwell," I took a young girl into the house; she dwells with me and serves me. She is a Siberian native from a Slavonish race. But all the Russian peasants that inhabit Siberia for some centuries are very different from those of Russia. Here they become rough, deprived of benevolence and gratitude, very selfish, cupid [covetous], and always suspicious. It is the result of a rude struggle with the wild surroundings, from one part; and also because all the time Siberia is under the rule of the Russian government she receives for administration all what cannot be suffered even in Russia, and it takes time before the latter can make themselves believed and trusted. Moreover, the natives are not apt to discern a true *politik* from a falsified one. And hundreds of such are here too, for the government throws, in one heap with people struggling for the right, many unworthy people having no connection with any honest doing or suggestion. So the fiends are spoiling the reputation of all the mass of politiks, as we are called here. We have much troubles on this account, much afflictions, and much judgments which ended sometimes with the exclusion of the guilty person from the society of the rest. One cannot be severe enough in such a position as ours is. If one will conserve his human dignity and keep up one's fight for the right, he must be an example for the rest of the population in all his concerns; in his exterior as in his interior life. And here, where no other means exist to prevent degeneration but the self-control and the general opinions of the comrades, here we must be stronger in our principles than when elsewhere.'

Next comes the translation of a letter written in French by Madame Breshkovsky to Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows. Mrs. Barrows had sent Madame Breshkovsky Mr. Brockway's book, *Fifty Years of Prison Service*. After reading a part of it, Madame Breshkovsky wrote to Miss Blackwell that she did not think highly of Mr. Brockway, and that several of the officials whom he praised most highly had met their death at the hands of prisoners, whom they had presumably ill treated. Mrs. Barrows saw the letter containing this criticism and wrote Madame Breshkovsky a protest against it. The reply from Madame Breshkovsky follows.

'KIRENSK, *February* 18, 1913.

'MY EXCELLENT SISTER! MY BELOVED ISABEL!

'I must tell you that it is just the difference in character between our two peoples, the Americans and the Russians, which keeps us from mutually understanding each other. At first, for instance, ignorant and grotesque as are our people, and consequently our criminals, they are *particularly susceptible to the smallest kindness, to the least indulgence, even on the part of their persecutors.* The expression, "He is our father," is always used in good faith in regard to

the officials who pay the least attention to the needs of their subordinates, and never in my life have I heard of prisoners permitting themselves to ill-treat guards who were at all good, or who were even just to them. I must tell you that our people acknowledge the law, and are always ready to obey it, and it is only a clear injustice, an intolerable persecution which makes them impatient and rebellious. But everything that is just, everything that is benevolent toward them, they appreciate and respect. But, as the whole world knows, these poor people are ill-treated to the limit, in their everyday life: they are still more so in the Russian prisons, where every monster of a jailer has a right to tyrannize over the prisoners as much as he chooses. The most hideous of these scoundrels sometimes get the fate that they deserve; they fall by the hand of a rebel, who, in most cases, is avenging the outrages endured by all his comrades, and not his own personal wrong. As for cases of officials who were straightforward and courteous being murdered, I have never heard of such a case anywhere.

'Mr. Brockway's experience tells us just the opposite, and he gives many instances where the best-behaved officials were killed quite young by the convicts, who had not even been ill-treated by them. It is quite possible that the independent character of the Americans cannot endure either restraint or control, and that, not being able to put up with either, they permit themselves to take a personal revenge; while the Russian criminals stand forth in general, as avengers of the evils felt by their whole community, evils borne for a long time before being punished.

'In addition to this difference between our characters and ways of behaving, we have yet another, not less clear and significant. Whereas Americans (like all Anglo-Saxons) are punctual in their business, and in all their conduct regarding their duties and their mutual relationship, we Slavs, and, above all, we Russians, suffer greatly from the fault of nonchalance. On the one hand, this fault makes us fall short in many good things: makes us lose our time, our energy, even our knowledge, without deriving the necessary profit from them.

'On the other hand, in view of the severe laws, the coarse customs, the rude manners, the despotism in all the corners of our daily life, a rigid punctuality would make life, especially in the prisons, utterly unendurable. And it is in these cases that the Russian nonchalance permits the prisoners to breathe a little bit even in these frightful dungeons. In consequence, the Russian people abhor officials who are martinets. Knowing that the rigidity of the régime carried out in all its severity would make life impossible, I venture to believe that the frequent murders mentioned by Mr. Brockway in his book are in part the result of the incessant torment which must be experienced by the individual subjected to a régime which deprives him of all liberty, even in relation to his smallest wishes and needs. It is possible also that the Russian people, knowing that they have by their side a constant and implacable enemy, which is complex and so to speak indefinable, may turn its eyes rather toward this complexity, hoping to be rid of it once for all. Hence individual cases of atrocities, horrible though they may be, are borne with patience, or rather with stoicism.

'We are accustomed to daily cruelties and face them as inevitable facts. For instance, one day lately, an exile who was ill was obliged to leave the hospital before his strength was reestablished. The doctor told him to stay in the city, so as to be able to make visits to the dispensary for some time

longer. But the police had him arrested and taken to the place where he was to be sent, two hundred versts from here. The cold was intense, the invalid's clothes were too thin, and behold, after two days of a miserable journey, the poor man was brought back again with his hands and head severely frozen. The doctor had to amputate his fingers and both ears, leaving him maimed for all the rest of his life. To-day we have had the grief of burying another comrade, a very intelligent Jew, who, not being able to get a passport, — Jews are not allowed to have passports, — not being able to go anywhere to find work, almost died of starvation. You will understand, my beloved sister, that, having before me in the past and in the present an endless series of such pictures, it is not prison reform that I am thinking about, it is not to that object that I should like to direct the strength and attention of the public, although I venerate the beings who occupy themselves with it, but that I should like to see the whole *modus vivendi* changed so much that the population of the globe should not be subjected to sufferings from which they could be relieved with advantage to the whole world.'

After wearisome changes from Kirensk to Yakutsk, from Yakutsk to Irkutsk, and back again, Madame Breshkovsky was sent, in 1916, to Minusinsk. Her last letter to Miss Dudley, dated November 5, 1916, was sent from this town, which is only about one hundred miles from China.

My beloved friend Helena!

I have to answer your many cards and letters, but I will not find words and sayings to express my feelings of love and gratitude. I wonder often where from comes such devotion and prizing of my timid person by a set of women and men always in action, always sacrificing themselves to the welfare of their country, always ready to make all their possible to improve the welfare of other nations and countries! Instead of doing so, I am like a salt herring in a big barrel, conserved to nobody knows what end, and waiting, waiting without end. My straining and my activity are become now so short that I see myself as an oyster in its shell, only thinking and endeavoring to understand the meaning of what mankind as a whole is doing. I turn and re-turn the facts, the sayings and writings of different minds of different people in different countries.

'Now I am amazed to see how masterly is England, how firmly she holds the bridle in her hands, wisely overlooking the affairs of the world. I wish only she may be as sincere and noble as she is wise and strong. But it would be a great mistake from her part to settle the affairs selfishly and with partiality, for in this case no good would be accomplished. Yet a long, or better, a continual peace is necessary; the desolation is too profound to be cured in a short time. The countries have lost all their best forces and we must wait till the young generation grows to be of use. We have thousands and thousands of orphans around us, and if we do not use all our efforts and means to elevate and instruct them, we have no future. The "children question" is the more serious and insistent of the age. I have a lot around me, the poorest; we are good friends and the little I do is already a relief in their dull and needful life. Many of them visit the school and need books and clothes. It is awful to see how the world is foolish! They are writing in every paper about food and fuel, and they are forgetting that if the race is gone, there will be nobody to eat and to provide. For shame!'

AT THE ENEMY'S MERCY. II[1]

BY LIEUTENANT F. S., OF THE FRENCH ARMY

My review of the hospital staff would not be complete if I did not mention two more personages, one of whom we reverenced as much as we detested the other — the old brother-gardener and the very old censor.

The brother-gardener was a Luxemburger who had a thorough command of French and was very fond of speaking it with the French officers. He used to come to our room of an afternoon, chat with us about the war (he was rather pro-German in his views), pull half a dozen apples out of his deep pocket and give them to us with a frank smile. Sometimes, instead of apples, he brought us cigars. He was one of the few who seemed to realize that captivity weighed upon us even though we had no cause to complain from the material point of view. He was not of the sort who asked us bluntly, 'What do you complain about? You ought to feel very happy, for you have more comfort than you deserve to have.' He used to inquire whether we had any news from home, and end with the consolation that if *we* were captives of the Germans, *he* was a slave to his salads, one thing being about as bad as the other. He would then go out, smiling as he came, after shaking hands with the four of us; and a few minutes later those of us who could walk to the window would see him in the garden, bent double over his salads in an attitude of humility.

As to Walther, the old censor, I hate him to this day. I hate him for his fourscore years of villainy, for his outrageous Prussian accent, for his mean-looking face, for his spy-like manners, for the disgraceful rudeness with which he mentioned, and made fun of, things entirely personal, written to us in the letters which had passed through his hands. I hate him for willfully keeping our out-going mail for weeks in his office drawer and driving our wives or parents into the worst imaginable frights through lack of news from us. Such cruelty is all the more unpardonable because we were allowed to write only one card a week and one letter a fortnight. I hate him for showing our mail to the German doctors of the hospital and commenting boisterously on it, as was reported to me by a German Red Cross orderly. I hate him for the impertinent, challenging way he had of smoking his cigar. I hate him. That's all.

The old brute was one of those impecunious Prussians who had swooped down on Alsace-Lorraine in 1871, and never quite recovered from the champagne they drank there. He had stayed over forty years in Metz as a police-inspector, and I shudder when I think of all the evil he surely contrived to do during that long term of years, of all the Lorrainers he imprisoned or fined for remaining loyal to France in their feelings. How much of a spy's soul he had, a small incident may illustrate.

In the latter days of my stay in Coblenz, when I could already walk a bit with the help of my two sticks, I

[1] The first part of Lieutenant F. S.'s narrative appeared in the April *Atlantic*. — The Editors.

was sitting on a bench in the garden, when old Walther suddenly appeared before me, and started to ask a lot of indiscreet questions in a manner most mysterious to me. I was very careful in my answers, but heard only later how right I had been. My parents had apparently been frightened by the protracted lack of any news from me; so it occurred to my father to write through Switzerland to an old friend of his who was a professor at a South-German university, and beg him to inquire about my health and whereabouts, in case I had been moved somewhere else. Now that friend had had the imprudence to mention that my father was an Alsatian, educated in Alsace after the annexation.

Old Walther immediately smelt a rat, thought I might be a German deserter, or a German deserter's son, or, in default of all that, that he might get a hold of some kind over me. That is why he kept asking me questions for a quarter of an hour about my father's age, the exact year when he had left Alsace, where I was born, whether I had myself stayed in Alsace before the Great War, and so forth, and so forth.

Most of these questions I could evade; I answered others with one 'I don't know' after another. Walther finally declared in high dudgeon that I was 'precious little interested in my father's affairs.' He did not even take the trouble to inquire about my health, as he had been asked to do, but announced his intention of answering my father's friend to the effect that I was in remarkable condition, could not ask for a more up-to-date hospital, was on the whole better looked after than I would have been in France, and that it was mean of my people to dare be anxious about a prisoner tended by a 'grossmütige Nation' like Germany.

Nor was I the only one who had to complain of him. Many of the French privates wished they could meet him 'at the corner of a wood' after the war, so that they might have a chance of thrashing him 'like green rye.'

Those were the Germans with whom I came into closest contact during my sojourn at the Brüderhaus. We did not see any people from the town, for we were not allowed to receive visitors. I remember how indignant I was when I heard once that a lady, the daughter of a German general and an old friend of my family, had tried to call on me a few days before, and had not even received permission to come up and see me in my ward, were it only for a few minutes. The only visit I ever received was that of a Protestant clergyman, the Reverend C——n, who asked to see me on hearing that I was a Protestant. He said that he was a French Swiss, but I heard later on that he was a naturalized German and a fanatic Pan-Germanist; one of that breed of Zürich clergymen to whom Germany is more God than God himself.

On the whole it can be said that we four or five officers made up all our mutual society. We differed greatly in our mental training, habits of thought, and views on life. Captain Pouget had spent most of his career in Tonkin and Madagascar. First Lieutenant Bélin, who also belonged to the regular army, came from a battalion stationed in Eastern Morocco. He had been caught in the whirl of war while he was enjoying a well-deserved month's leave in Angers, after two years' guerilla warfare on the Algerian border. He was quite enthusiastic about the sort of life he used to lead in the desert. He did plenty of 'strafing' there, but strictly limited the favor of his visits, he said, to rebel parties or 'harkas' which had stolen the sheep of tribes reconciled to the French rule.

The Lieutenant of Chasseurs Dunois came from the rank and file and

had been a sergeant-major a long time before he was given a second lieutenant's commission on merit. Dunois was a tiny man with dark hair, a dark complexion, dark brown eyes, a dark bushy moustache, and the dark pointed beard worn by all chasseurs who have a sense for tradition. He was extraordinarily lively in his manners. Brother Albertinus was particularly fond of him, although they could not understand each other, for he thought Dunois 'such a typical Frenchman.' Dunois used to tell us a lot about his family: his wife and two children were waiting for him in a little village near Beauvais, after being driven out of Amiens, not through fear of the Zeppelin and Taube bombs, but by the threats and injunctions of the head of the family; for Dunois had read in the papers that Amiens had been repeatedly bombarded and he dreaded the proximity of his home to the city gas-works, such a tempting aim for Zeppelin bombardiers! That valiant officer had had his knee-cap shattered to bits by a German bullet on November 11, 1914, but was amputated only on December 19, after the Chefarzt had decided that another day's delay would destroy whatever life remained in him. Dunois suffered physically more than any, but I never heard him complaining.

Second Lieutenant Gérard was a reserve officer like myself. He was engaged, when the war broke out, in the very peaceful occupation of collecting flower-, vegetable-, and corn-seeds in all parts of France, with a view to reselling them to the peasant population around Le Mans.

In spite of all these differences in our ages, tempers, and professions, we got on remarkably well together. I had myself dropped all my hyper-intellectual propensities — why not say pedantries? — and we could chat together for hours, keeping up one another's spirits. Our chief topics were — war, of course, war and peace, the 'after-war' (which does not mean 'the war after this,' since we inclined to think, all of us, that men were not going to relapse into madness so very soon after the present appalling experience), or else, descriptions of the French sites which we preferred, traveling impressions, arguments about the qualities and faults of the English (I had sometimes to defend them), comparisons between the French and the German soldier and so forth.

The one ever-recurring topic of conversation among us prisoners was, of course, war. Our views on the subject were certainly not brilliant (for they usually turned wrong, when we tried to prognosticate the future), or paradoxical either. The most pessimistic of us were pretty confident that 1916 would bring crushing victories to the Allies; but our optimism was nevertheless not of the blatant sort. We did know that the Germans were formidably strong, because we saw every day the confirmation of our inmost fears. The Brüderhaus was very near the Union Station, so that we could watch from our windows all the train-traffic of the Moselle Valley, and of the main line Aix-la-Chapelle–Strasburg which runs north and south on the left bank of the Rhine. This traffic was simply appalling. Military train after military train used to file off slowly under our very windows with desperate regularity. Now it was a trainful of brand-new ammunition caissons painted a light green, which had probably left the Krupp works the day before; now a battery of field-artillery, with its guns, its *Gulaschkanonen*, or field-kitchens, its horses and soldiers — these latter cheering, waving handkerchiefs, and shouting for all they were worth from the carriage-windows. Then again a train of some thirty trucks, each with its ambu-

lance motor-car flashing its big red cross at us.

The railway traffic was specially intense and demoralizing for us throughout the month of April, 1915. We knew only later that all that war-material streaming day and night under our windows was part and parcel of the big spring offensive of Field-Marshal Mackensen in Galicia. But at the moment we were aware only that a big action was being planned somewhere by the Germans, without being able to say whether on the Eastern or on the Western front, for the orientation of the railway tracks (north and south) did not point to the one destination more than to the other.

It was, if possible, even more painful for Frenchmen to see every day trainload after trainload of French iron ore working its way toward the industrial district of Westphalia. That ore came direct from the Briey and Longwy mines, which had been conquered by the Germans as early as 1914, and which they were now working at full pressure, with the help of Russian prisoners, to provide all their arsenals with the necessary quantities of iron and steel. We knew that Germany would have been short of iron ore if she were not in possession of the French lodes; and we stood there powerless, motionless, sometimes with tears in our eyes, while the riches of France were migrating eastward, to be turned into guns and shells which would kill the sons of France.

This sight was almost worse than a bad *communiqué;* it was defeat made visible to the eye, defeat made audible to the ear, defeat hammering at our very hearts. Our grief was so keen that we did not even resent the jubilant grins which were noticeable on the faces of the wounded German soldiers who rushed to the corridor-windows in order to see the ore-trains pass. Our emotion was only a little less deep when we saw the same trains rolling back from the Rhine and Ruhr districts with their freight of coke, evidently destined to feed the blast-furnaces of French Lorraine.

All this made up a sum of daily moral sufferings which were infinitely worse than whatever physical twinges of pain we might feel in our beds or on the operating table. We were one in our smarting sorrow, in our hopes and wishes. Never have I more clearly realized that French I was and French I would remain, although I had spent more years abroad than at home.

Our morale, in spite of all these ordeals, could not be said to have ever been actually or consistently low. We did have moments of self-forgetfulness, moments when we were far from the present and lived only in our books and past days of happiness. A new wave of optimism and hope swept us into almost immoderately high spirits when we received another companion in the person of an English captain of the Indian army, Captain Ayres, of the Third Gurkha Rifles. He had had his ankle shattered by a bullet. We did not think he would ever recover the use of his foot. Incredible though it seems, he can now take hour-long trips on foot in the neighborhood of the Swiss place in which he is at present interned. He was a tall man, under forty, who had been trained at Sandhurst and spent most of his career out in India, playing polo, shooting ducks, and accumulating inexhaustible reserves of fun and humor. He used to tell us all sorts of interesting things about the great Coronation Durbar, about the way 'our little King,' as he liked to refer to King George, had behaved at Delhi; about the grand time which Tommies have in India, and the little work they have to do; about manœuvres in the Ganges plain; about

the fabulous sums of gold which lay concealed in the Hindoo slums, and about German spies working hard to get information out of young subalterns at Indian headquarters, years before the world-war started.

But his humor was tickled most when he meditated on the infinite labor which it had cost him to reach Europe with the Indian Expeditionary Force; on the many thousand miles he had had to travel; on the many weeks he had spent on the way — and all that for the sake of fetching a German bullet near Neuve-Chapelle within the first minute and a half of his presence on the fighting line. Was it really worth while, he would ask, to give himself so much trouble, only that he might answer after the war, — should anybody ask him whether *pars fuit*, — 'Yes. But war did not last very long for me, just a minute and a half, by my watch.'

His confidence in the victory of the Allies was an article of faith with him, and he received the news of the crushing defeats of the Russians in May and June, 1915, with perfect equanimity. He used to make fun of the Germans with so much naturalness that they hardly ever noticed it and rather liked him for his pleasant manners and his smiling gentlemanliness.

My French fellow officers, — with the exception of the captain in the colonial army — had never met an English colleague before and were on the whole very favorably impressed, although they inclined to think there was a good deal of 'snobbishness' in his love of open windows and in his horrible partiality for a draught on waking in the morning. I was charged with low apery for siding with the *capitaine anglais* in that manœuvre of his. But with this one trifling reservation, my French friends were on the very best of terms with Captain Ayres, while he himself paid homage to their military spirit, enlightened patriotism, and good-natured simplicity.

What with reading and chatting, days did not seem to us so dreadfully monotonous as an active and healthy man might imagine. As long as there was no getting out of bed during the daytime and no sleeping at night, I confess that I often inclined to think with the poor sleepless *poilu* on his hospital bed that 'Le temps, c'est un Boche' (translate: Time is my worst enemy). But when we all started more or less to hobble along with the help of crutches or sticks, the days seemed much shorter. We got up none too early in the morning, after a breakfast which was good till the famous decree of February 15, 1915 spelled death to the excellent *Brödchen* which we were given the first weeks, and milk as well as butter gradually disappeared from the tray.

Our wounds were, most of the time, dressed in the morning about ten, and in the morning, too, we were allowed to go to the 'Medicum' (a room for mechanotherapy), where we tried to improve our ankylosed articulations. We received our mail later in the morning. It was brought up to us by a very polite *Feldwebel*, every envelope bearing the stamp or signature of that horrid Walther, as a proof that it had been conscientiously read by him and found to contain no offence to the Fatherland, or any statement which might lead us to think that the Allies were not irretrievably lost, according to the German official doctrine. Of course the censor could be baffled in many ways. I do not think he was a dupe when a private's wife wrote to her husband that 'grand'maman Françoise' (read: France) had a cancer (read: German invasion), but hoped to be soon and successfully operated on (read: great offensive); that said husband had no

business to worry overmuch about her, for she had quite an extraordinary constitution, etc., etc. But he no doubt was taken in when the letters were written by more inventive persons on the code or sympathetic-ink system.

It is hardly worth while saying how delighted we were when we got letters from our wives or children; how every morning led up to the minute when we got our mail; and how crestfallen we were when there was nothing for us.

We had lunch at twelve, in our room. The food was good and abundant, although it was bound to follow the descending curve of the German reserves in food-supply.

The afternoon was mostly spent in reading, writing, or playing — chess and cards being the pet avocations of my companions. From two to three we were allowed to go to the garden, which consisted of a few grass-plots and a few shaded alleys. It was a funny sight to look at — our group of invalids dressed in our hospital suits of linen cloth, chatting and smoking merrily, basking in the sun when there was any, or limping around the grass-plots, under the watchful eye of our sentries. Those who had been brought to the garden in their bath-chairs were, if anything, more cheerful than the others.

I shall always remember a certain afternoon when Captain Ayres, after trying to work his three-wheeled 'pram' alone, by pushing with his hands on the spokes of the two side-wheels, was inspired to stand one of his crutches between his feet and his extended right hand, fasten his light blanket to the top of the crutch, sail-fashion (it was a very cold, windy day), spread out the lateen-sail thus obtained with his left arm, and sail off, bath-chair and all, noisily cheered by the whole crowd of us, and, if I remember well, by a few street-urchins who had climbed up the wall for the occasion. More often than not he ran himself into the trees or the grass-plots, for his front-wheel was waggling desperately to right or to left; but he found willing hands to shove him back into the right path, and, after a while, a new gust of wind drove him a few yards ahead, till the same accident once more prematurely shortened his tack. Everybody roared so much that the German doctors and Brother Albertinus came out on the balcony and joined in the general laughter and cheering.

We had bread and butter and coffee and milk again after the promenade, and nothing more happened before supper and the evening *communiqué*. We found the latter printed in the *Coblenzer Zeitung*, a small four-page evening paper. It was great excitement to hear the latest news, which I translated into French or English to a breathless audience when my eyes allowed me to read. We often admitted a soldier or two, who reported the 'official news' to the other *poilus*. I thought it an advisable thing to do, because the Germans were constantly sowing the seeds of demoralization among the privates, who could not read the German papers and were perforce influenced by the fantastic stories circulated in broken French by the *Feldgrauen*. The *Coblenzer Zeitung* also published, following the German *communiqué*, the afternoon and evening Paris *communiqués*, which were of course in greater demand among us, although they always joined on one full day later than the Berlin reports.

The evenings did not seem too long to us, for we had at the end so far recovered the use of our limbs that we could move about in the passages. Somehow we had never exhausted our conversation-topics. I thought at first that this sociability and talkativeness were a characteristic of the French, but I found out later that the Russians

and English were just as bad in that regard as we were.

We had to put out lights at 10 P.M. Discipline was not over-strict on the whole, although in the corridors there was quite a superfluous display of sentries with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets. They were relieved every two hours, and the clicking noise of the five rounds of ammunition extracted from one man's Mauser and introduced into the other man's, was supremely unpleasant at 1 or 3 A.M. to the ears of a sleepless patient. Even the measured tread of the sentries with their heavy nailed boots did not jar so much on my nerves as this clicking of their Mausers. I think the Germans wanted to remind their wounded prisoners that they were prisoners before all, and not simply unlucky wounded fellow creatures. What could be the object of these many sentries? It was hopeless for us to try to escape. Most of us could not walk properly, the house-doors on the garden were locked at night, and so were the street-doors; besides, we had only our hospital suits, all our other articles of clothing being stacked in the garret, the key of which lay safe in the *Feldwebel's* pocket. I must add that very few of us knew German, whereas a thorough knowledge of German is the primary condition for any serious plan of flight. Germany is, I think, the only power which sports loaded rifles in hospital wards, hundreds of miles behind the front. In that regard, as in all others, the Austrians are much more humane in their treatment of their prisoners.

Most of the sentries were, a little to our surprise, decent and discreet. Some were brutes. It was of course forbidden to smoke in the wards. Now one or two of our jailers found no better way of exasperating us than opening our door every five or ten minutes, and peeping in — head, peaked helmet, bayonet and all — to see if any one was smoking. One even sniffed noisily, that his nose might confirm to him that there was no smell of burned tobacco in the room. He would then slam the door to, and the same noisy process started again from the beginning a few minutes later. Exasperating is far too weak a word, I am afraid, for such provocations. We would have liked to kill the creature, but what could we do? We were only prisoners, human beings meant to be periodically humiliated and bullied. We complained to the Brother Superior and to the doctors, but nothing was changed, and it always lay in the power of any particularly 'vache' sentry ('vache' is a slang superlative for 'objectionable') to make us literally wish that either he or we were under three feet of earth, so enraged we sometimes were.

Those days spent in a German hospital go back almost two years, but they stand as vivid in my memory as if I were even now in the Brüderhaus at Coblenz. My diary was taken from me by the Germans, but I have forgotten nothing of the daily happenings and routine of my hospital life. These jottings are only a faithful record of what was. My story is not a thrilling one. I have not reported a single case of German atrocity, because I have not seen any myself. I have been told most horrible things by English and French prisoners taken in the first two months of the war, as to the treatment which they received at the hands of the Germans. I am persuaded that what they told me was absolute truth, but I think that no one but an actual witness should take upon himself to denounce the Germans. The charges against Germany are so great, so awful, that no one should come forward with a second-hand tale of horror.

I will say only by way of conclusion

what every officer now imprisoned in Germany would say with me: the Germans' treatment of wounded enemies has grown more and more humane in proportion as the war lasted longer. Officers taken in 1914 had, I know, much to suffer at the hands of the Germans, and many have actually seen things which pass imagination. After three months' war, such cases were quite exceptional. French prisoners picked up on the battlefield in the course of the Champagne offensive of September, 1915, or during the German advance toward Verdun in 1916, are unanimous in their praise of the Germans' correctness and even courtesy. Fancy Frenchmen praising the Boches for their courtesy! The latter must indeed have been unspeakably correct and courteous to have wrung such a compliment from their French prisoners. It always delighted me to hear these frank statements of my fellow-countrymen, for they proved to me that the French are not so blinded by their hate that they cannot be fair to their chief, their only enemy.

THE MACHINE-GUN DESTROYERS

BY LOUIS-OCTAVE PHILIPPE

For some time it has been noticed that the Germans, to make up for the enormous losses which they have sustained, have been replacing their soldiers by *matériel*. Men are not lacking, — not yet, — but their principal force of resistance is now represented by a great quantity of artillery and an abundance of machine-guns. The German artillery production was long ago counterbalanced by our own. It was the machine-guns that caused us the most trouble in our attempts to advance, and we were thus forced to try to find a new instrument for their destruction. After some experimenting, it was decided to equip all our regiments with a new portable cannon, 37 millimetres in calibre, and designed purposely to demolish machine-guns during an attack.

It is not permissible for me to describe the '37,' but I can say that there exists nothing in the world more accurate. Anything which can be seen can be hit, and it is perfectly possible to strike, with the second shell, a rolled-up handkerchief fifteen hundred metres away. The speed of fire is extreme. A well-trained crew can shoot thirty or thirty-five shells a minute. Since the cannon can be very conveniently and quickly taken to pieces, its transportation is comparatively easy. Its weight allows it to be carried by its crew over the roughest ground.

When in my regiment volunteers were called for to form a group of '37' gunners, I was instinctively attracted toward this pretty little jewel of a miniature cannon, and immediately offered my services. I have a profound distaste for talking about myself. However, I shall have to overcome it, because in recounting my experience with the 37-millimetre gun it will be absolutely necessary to speak personally.

From the time of my arrival at the school of instruction, I set to work with ardor. I felt in my element. I quickly fell in love with my new specialty. I was taught to be marksman of the piece, a most delicate rôle, and was discovered to be an excellent shot. When the course of instruction was over, my gun-crew carried off first prize in a competitive examination for the army corps, against 123 rivals. At the same time, though it was not obligatory, I followed the course of instruction for gun-captains, and I learned as well as any non-commissioned officer how to calculate distances, angles of projection, and so forth.

I was then far from realizing that this supplementary work would be responsible at a later day, during the battle of the Somme, for my nomination as a sergeant, and my promotion to the captaincy of the gun, 'for heroic conduct under fire,' after having been a corporal only twenty-four hours (a unique experience in our regiment); for a citation in the *ordre du jour* before the whole army, the personal felicitations of the general, and — a nice wound which now permits me to recover quietly in Paris from my long fatigues and privations.

But let us not anticipate. I should like, however, to say just one more word before beginning my story: you must not think, in reading what follows, that I am a prodigy of valor and recklessness. It is simply that I have become used to danger during my long experience in battles. Whatever happens, I am always calm and master of myself. And then, — I may as well confess it, — since the war I have become a fatalist. I believe that when the hour of death is destined to come, nothing can postpone it. And, on the other hand, until that hour is ready to strike, one is invulnerable. This idea is so firmly implanted in my soul that I recoil before nothing, knowing well that nothing will happen to me except that which *must* happen.

I

In the first-line trenches, on September 10, our complete crew consisted of a sergeant, a corporal, a man to load the gun, four shell-carriers, and myself, the marksman. On the 12th, as we left to take part in the attack on the Forest of Anderlu, our corporal was wounded by a piece of shrapnel, which grazed his neck and then broke his collar-bone. We went forward on the first wave of assault, carrying on our shoulders the cannon, which had been taken to pieces, and six sacks containing all together 108 shells, weighing about 230 kilogrammes.

For the first three or four hundred metres all went well; but when we arrived at the southern edge of the wood, one carrier fell, wounded by a piece of shrapnel in the hip. Then, five minutes later, another fell, with a wound in the head; then the gun-loader, with a piece of shrapnel in his chest. Pretty bad luck for our first sally! Our burden became heavy with so few to carry it, so we decided to abandon three sacks of shells. A third carrier was wounded by a machine-gun bullet just as we were about to put the gun in position. There remained only the sergeant, one carrier, and myself. Since our '75s' had by this time destroyed the enemy machine-guns, we arrived at our first objective without having fired a single shot.

On the 13th, at noon, *alerte!* We put ourselves in firing position and wait. While on his way to ask the commandant's orders, the captain of the gun is hit in the thigh by a piece of shrapnel. I am alone with my one carrier. What am I to do? I decide to stay in the same place, and as we are expecting a

counter-attack at any moment, we wait for it to break loose. I shall have to aim, load the gun, and fire, while my single carrier hands me the shells.

The Boche attack does not take place. While we are waiting at our post an enormous *marmite* falls a short distance away, covering us with dirt. I pick myself up, noticing that my last remaining companion is also brushing himself off.

'You are not wounded, Lemaire?' I ask.

Since he does not answer I repeat, —

'You are not wounded?'

Again no reply. Understanding at last, I take his face between my two hands, and looking into his eyes, I cry for the third time, —

'What is the matter with you, Lemaire?'

The poor man, seeing me speak, but hearing nothing, bows his head. I see two great tears roll from his eyes, then he speaks quietly: —

'My friend, I do not hear you. I am deaf. But I do not want to leave you alone; I will stay with you. I will do what I can.'

My heart is touched. I cannot, however, keep this devoted fellow with me. He would not hear the oncoming bullets, the projectiles, the shell-splinters. To keep him with me would be to expose him to certain death, sooner or later. And so, taking my note-book, I write, —

'Lemaire, I am captain of the gun. Although we are both only common soldiers, you must obey me. I order you to go away. Go and see a doctor. If he tells you to come back, do so.'

He goes away, and does not come back. I am left alone. What am I to do? My perplexity is great. Under no circumstances do I want to abandon my gun. I love it as one loves a dear friend. I decide to go and see Commandant B—— and ask his advice.

'Hello, what's the matter?' he asks, after shaking my hand.

'*Mon commandant*, I am the last of the gun-crew; all the rest have been wounded. What ought I to do?'

'Why, that's easy enough — go and join another crew; and hurry up, because we are going to attack at half-past four.'

'*Mon commandant*,' I answer, 'I don't like to do that. I don't want to leave my cannon. I feel sure that I am capable of working it alone. I can set it up, take aim, load, and fire. Only give me some men to help carry it, and you will see that I shall do good work.'

'All right, *mon petit*. How many men do you need?'

'Seven, *mon commandant*.'

'Go to Company 2, ask the lieutenant in command, in my name, to give you the men you need; then go and put yourself at the disposal of Commandant M——, who is stationed with his battalion at the northern border of the Forest of Anderlu. Hurry up!'

'Thank you, *mon commandant*.'

We shake hands, and I go to Company 2. I ask for volunteers. Twenty offer themselves. I select seven and take them back to my cannon. I take it to pieces, show each one of my new helpers what he is to carry, and then we start.

I take the lead of my little column, and after numerous stops, — for the cannon is hard to carry for those who are not used to it, especially when the shells are falling thick, — we arrive at a sunken road which runs along the northern edge of the forest, forming our first line of trenches. At once I look for a good place to set up the cannon, and I choose, at the northwestern corner of the wood, a high mound of earth, under which there is a half-demolished German bomb-proof. From this position I command the ridge behind which runs the 'Hospital Trench.'

I can see perfectly every point of this trench, and even way beyond it. Of course if I can see, I am seen; but no matter.

At half-past four the attack breaks loose. Our first waves of assault are soon stopped at the crest, by the enemy machine-guns. I have made all my men get into the Boche bomb-proof, because the shells are falling rather thickly, and their splinters are flying round everywhere. As for myself, I climb up on the bank, and, with the aid of field-glasses, I do my utmost to find out where the machine-gun shots are coming from.

All of a sudden, while looking in the direction from which I hear the furious *tic-tacs*, I believe I can see some very thin puffs of white smoke. My eyes are tired from continual straining. I make desperate efforts to differentiate the various objects. Yes, there is no doubt about it; there is at least one enemy machine-gun over there. But where shall I aim?

Fortunately I make out, through my telescope-sight, a picket twenty millimetres to the left. What luck! I am going to have a chance to shoot!

'Come out, quick!' I call to my men.

Then I lie down on the gun, carefully place my range-finder 20 millimetres to the right, and slowly take aim. I rise, put the field-glasses to my eyes, and look at my objective. With my foot I press the trigger, and the shot is fired. My first shell falls short. I lengthen the range and see my second fall exactly on the spot from which the little white puffs of smoke have risen. I shoot as fast as I possibly can, — 30 shells, — and when the last shot has been fired, I discover, with joy, that the rapid *tic-tacs* have stopped.

A few minutes later the 'Hospital Trench' became ours, and I did not have another chance to shoot that day.

When I went to receive further instructions, Commandant M—— said, 'I present you my most sincere compliments. You have done very well indeed; you have aimed marvelously, and have destroyed a bomb-proof in which there were two machine-guns which held up the advance of the battalion. I congratulate you. You will be the subject of a citation in the *ordre du jour*.'

I thanked him with deep feeling, assuring him that I had only done my duty, and that I should be happy to do more on the first occasion.

II

The next day we were to attack the Priez farm, and I was under the orders of my friend Commandant B——. He had confidence in me, and since he was a friend of my family, was very fond of me. He sent for me, and said, —

'You know, I've learned what you did yesterday. It was splendid. To-day I hope that you will do even better. I give you perfect liberty to make whatever arrangements you like. We shall attack at one o'clock.'

I was very happy — filled with a great desire to do good work. I made up my mind to try to do all I possibly could to prove my gratitude to this man who had been so good to me, and who had always treated me as if I were his own child. I did do all that was humanly possible that day. But alas, I did not do enough, since I did not succeed in shooting the Boche who killed my friend a few hours later!

I spend the whole morning in studying carefully, with my field-glasses, the Priez farm, its surroundings, and the ravine of Combles. In front of the farm I see five or six Germans running across a little open space, disappearing immediately in a hole. At once I put my gun in action, and the dirt and the Boches fly into the air. Then, down in

the ravine, I see some little loop-holes which I sprinkle copiously with shells, and a demolished brickyard in which some Boches are moving about.

I am in the act of leveling my cannon when I see Commandant B—— beside me, with two other officers.

'You don't intend to knock over the brickyard with your little gun, do you?' he asks.

'No, *mon commandant*,' I answer; 'but I intend to make my shells pass through the little loop-holes which you see. They will explode inside the brickyard, wounding or killing the Boches who are there, and destroying the machine-guns which may be in there, too.'

'It is n't possible that you can succeed in making your shells go through those little holes!'

'Wait two minutes, and you can judge, *mon commandant*.'

I put my cannon in position carefully, take aim, and shoot. The first shot is too long, and slightly to the right. The second, again, is too long. The third explodes inside the brickyard, and several seconds later we see smoke coming out of the little holes. Without losing any time I shoot at full speed. All my shells hit their target.

The commandant and the two officers were lost in astonishment. Like every one else in the regiment they had been skeptical of the real value of our new little cannon, although the work which I had done the day before had shown that it could be useful. But the sight of such accuracy of fire literally stupefied them.

Towards half-past eleven, counter-order. The attack is postponed four hours. I take advantage of the time thus accorded to prepare a battery-position from which I can sweep the entire front over which the battalion is to advance — the Priez farm, and the orchard, situated to the left. Toward half-past four I begin systematically to bombard all the loop-holes which seem to me suspicious.

At exactly five o'clock our waves of assault start for the attack. I hoist my cannon to the position which I have prepared, on the highest spot I could find. It is none too easy to do this, as we are in full view from all sides. All of a sudden, the fire of the enemy machine-guns is let loose. In front of us, in the orchard, one, then two, then three, begin to shoot at full speed, as well as several others down in the ravine. I begin to fire on those situated directly in front. Immediately countless bullets whizz around us. I make my men go down, and continue to shoot alone, with one man to pass me the shells. I destroy one machine-gun, then two. The third stops firing, I don't know why.

Now the bullets are coming from everywhere at once, striking the gun-shield with a dull thud, though fortunately not penetrating it. My hour has not yet come. I let them clatter and whistle. And now I level my cannon in the direction of the ravine. I am the target of two or three machine-guns which are visibly and obstinately trying to put me out of action. A terrible duel is taking place. The man who is passing me the shells has his hand pierced by a bullet. I summon another and keep on firing. I silence two more enemy machine-guns.

Finally, seeing that our first waves of attack have reached the outskirts of the farm, I bring the cannon down, take it to pieces, and we set out in the direction of the orchard, by way of the Hospital Trench. On the way I set up the cannon three times, and three more machine-guns are silenced.

At nightfall I go to see Commandant M—— (who has taken the place of the dead Commandant B——) to ask him if I may be relieved with my crew. I

can no longer stand up. I am literally worn out. My men and I have done an enormous amount of work during the day. We have reached the end. But the commandant will not hear of our being relieved. He proposes that I spend the night in his own bomb-proof shelter, and he makes my men sleep with his dispatch-bearers.

Early in the morning of the next day he sent for me.

'Look here! Read that!' he said, handing me a sheet of paper.

And I read the following: —

'Louis-Octave Philippe. Active, brave, and daring. The only survivor of the crew of a 37-millimetre gun, he took command, organizing on the spot a crew of inexperienced men. Put his gun into action under an intense bombardment, and succeeded in destroying several machine-gun positions.'

'I propose,' he added, 'that your citation shall be carried in the order of the day of the whole army corps.'

I thanked him with emotion. I was happy. I had just received the highest reward that can possibly be accorded a French soldier.

III

I spent that whole day in examining with great care the ravine of Combles and the ridge of Hill 140, behind which lies Frégicourt. I discovered during the course of these observations at least twenty loop-holes for machine-guns. I told the commandant about them, and our '75s' sprinkled them with shells, as was fit and proper. I did no shooting that day.

The morning of September 16 was again spent in making observations, and in the afternoon, when our attack broke out, at five o'clock, my cannon was set up astride a trench ready to sweep the ravine of Combles. I had a great deal to do that day, for the Boche machine-guns were numerous. It is extremely difficult to discover the exact spot from which the shots are fired. The flashes are rendered absolutely invisible by the fire-screens with which all the German machine-guns are provided. Only with the greatest difficulty can one succeed in distinguishing, even with a good pair of field-glasses, a very thin and tiny puff of white smoke which escapes from behind the screen at each shot, only to evaporate immediately.

I was fortunate enough to destroy two more machine-guns, though it was unusually hard to fire from this position as the ground in front was broken up into little valleys. Then, as our waves of assault progressed, I silenced a third, situated at the crest of Hill 140. I had a particularly hard time destroying this last one. I could not find any position from which to fire conveniently. Each time that I tried to put the gun into action, I encountered some new obstacle to obstruct my range. As a last resort, I decided to get right in front of the machine-gun, about a hundred metres away from it. We mounted it in the bottom of the trench itself. Then we raised it carefully above our heads, and set it right across the trench. Six seconds later the first shell fell exactly on my objective. Two minutes later the machine-gun and its crew no longer existed. For the first time my gun-shield was pierced by a bullet, fired point-blank, I don't know from where.

The next day an intense German bombardment made us fear a counter-attack, so I set up my cannon in a position from which I should be able to protect our left flank, in case the Boches should try to surprise us from that side. Toward four o'clock in the afternoon, when I was in the commandant's shelter, the German bombardment still raging, the colonel entered,

fresh from inspecting the positions of the battalion.

'I have just seen your "37" gun,' he said to the commandant after a few moments. 'It is intact. It is a miracle that it has not been broken to pieces by a shell.'

'The captain of the gun is right here, *mon colonel*,' replied the commandant. 'I have drawn your attention to his conduct. I am going to introduce him to you.'

The colonel already knew me. He held out his hand and said, —

'I have the pleasure of informing you that you have been promoted to the grade of non-commissioned officer. I could not appoint you directly, without having you pass through the grade of corporal. So I nominated you corporal yesterday, and sergeant this morning. It is the first time that such a rapid promotion has taken place in the regiment. I am well pleased with you. Keep up your good work.'

He again shook my hand and then began to talk to the commandant.

I was proud and happy. To be sure, I knew that I deserved to be rewarded. I had thrown myself into the work without reserve, recoiling before nothing, but I had not hoped to be rewarded like this.

The 18th of September, since the Boche bombardment was raging even more violently than the day before, I left my cannon set up in the same position, made all my little company stay in the bomb-proof, and awaited the orders of the commandant. At three o'clock in the afternoon the German cannonade suddenly stops. Immediately a terrible rifle-fire breaks loose. I leap out, call my men, and run to my cannon. In front of me the German ranks are advancing to the attack on our lines. With all the speed of which I am capable I fire the shells — and still more shells. The situation is critical. It seems as if we are going to be submerged by these masses of the enemy. I shoot without intermission. No need now of field-glasses to locate the objective. The telescope-sight is no longer necessary to take aim. I fire by guess, and all my shells fall full in the enemy ranks. Soon hundreds of bullets are whizzing around me. Not one touches me. I seem invulnerable. The muzzle of my cannon appears to pour forth one long flame. I shoot, I shoot at top speed. One shell has no sooner reached its mark than another starts. It is appalling.

And now our '75s' and '155s' join the fray. The Boche masses topple over. Whole ranks are mown down. Those who are left seem to waver and hesitate an instant, then, at last, they disappear, leaving before us heaps of dead and wounded.

IV

We are to be relieved at midnight. I begin to make my preparations, for I foresee that it is not going to be easy to transport our cannon in the pitch-dark. The rain, indeed, has transformed the trenches into quagmires, into which we sink up to our knees. On that account I ask the commandant if we cannot wait until daybreak, before starting out, and he readily grants the permission. Toward five o'clock in the morning comes the order to depart. The march is extremely difficult. We sink in the mud, and it is necessary to use our hands to climb out. We slip. Men and cannon often fall and roll together in the shell-holes. After a few moments we are nothing but moving masses of mud. It takes us eight hours to cover the five and a half kilometres which separate our first-line trenches from Maurepas. There we find again the gun-carriage, and — the rolling kitchens.

Since the tenth of September, or for nine days, I have eaten nothing worth mention. The sum total of the nourishment which I have taken during this period has certainly not exceeded two kilogrammes. When I felt my strength leaving me I drank strong coffee, very, very sweet, to which I added a good measure of *eau de vie*. Do not think that the commissary department did not do its work well. No, it was not that. Every single night, no matter where we were, the soup-carriers would bring us something hot, in big receptacles, and bread, wine, coffee, and rum were abundantly distributed to everybody.

But I was not hungry. It was only on account of the pleadings of my men, and to make them happy, that I would once in a while consent to swallow a few mouthfuls of nourishment with them. My stomach seemed to be sealed, and it was a great effort for me to give them this satisfaction. In the neighborhood of the kitchens, however, the smell of the good soup doubtless awoke the good appetite which was asleep within me, and this time we all ate together, copiously.

After being well rested and refreshed we mounted the cannon on its wheels, hooked it to a gun-carriage, and quietly took the road to Maricourt where the regiment was to reassemble. We hoped that we were going to be relieved definitely, and every day we awaited the arrival of the automobiles which should transport us to the rear. But the days rolled by, and nothing appeared. The morning of the 24th we were told that the general would pass us in review in the afternoon. This announcement seemed to me to bode no good, and the events which followed showed that I was not mistaken.

From the moment of his arrival the general begins to congratulate us upon the brilliant manner in which the regiment has conducted itself. He tells us, moreover, that we shall probably have, in the near future, an opportunity to gather new laurels. There is no longer any room for doubt — we are going back into that furnace. Nevertheless, we would rather know the worst than remain, as we have been, in uncertainty.

During the course of the review the colonel called me to the attention of the general, on account of my conduct under fire. The general complimented me heartily, and told me that my citation in the order of the day would be brought to the attention of all the regiments of the army corps. He shook my hand cordially, telling me to continue to do my duty.

On the 25th, in the afternoon, came the order to depart. That evening we again arrived at Maurepas. On the 26th Combles was taken by the One Hundred and Tenth. During the night of the 27th we relieved that regiment. Our first-line trenches were situated several hundred metres in front of the railroad station of Combles. The enemy trenches were between Morval and Frégicourt — 1200 metres away. I installed myself with my men a little to the left of the railroad track, in a large, comfortable bomb-proof of reinforced concrete which had formerly been occupied by some Boche officers. The cannon we set up on top of the bomb-proof itself, taking care to cover it with some green painted canvas.

During the night of the 28th we advanced our line 300 metres, without opposition. The following night we again advanced 300 or 400 metres under the same conditions, and on the morning of the first day of October we found ourselves nose to nose with the Boches, a hundred metres from their trenches.

During the night of the 30th of September I received the following note:—

ORDER. 10.15 P.M.

1. The '37' cannon (Sergeant M——) is at the disposition of Company 9.

2. It will join this company before dawn, at the same time as the machine-gun squad 6.

3. It will be set up in such a position as to cover with its fire points 672 and 732 of the Prilep trench.

I immediately make my preparations for starting. I foresee that the march will be long and hard, because we shall again be obliged to carry the various parts of the cannon on our shoulders. The night is very dark, the shell-holes are numerous, and the Boches are sweeping the ground with their great *marmites*.

After carefully studying on the map the road which we have to cover, we leave at one o'clock in the morning. As I have predicted, there are a thousand difficulties to overcome. It is pitch-dark, but fortunately, from time to time, the flashes of signal-rockets, with their fugitive light, show us the road; and although, after each flash, the night seems blacker than ever, they help us to keep the general direction of our march. At last, after having escaped the shells, after having fallen more than a hundred times in the shell-holes, we arrive intact at our new position. At once I put myself at the disposal of Company 9, and the captain in command informs me that we are going to attack at two o'clock in the afternoon.

In accordance with the orders which I have received, I spend the whole morning in searching for a good position from which it will be possible for me to fire on points 672 and 732 of the Prilep trench, and I set up the cannon on the eastern edge of the forest of Haie. From this position it will be possible for me, not only to fire on these two points, but also to sweep the whole ravine of Sailly-Saillisel.

At two o'clock the attack begins with hand-grenade struggles in the communication trenches and shell-holes. Not a single machine-gun stops our progress. Nevertheless, I set to work to fire furiously on the two points which I have been told to attack. There is no sign of life over there. I also fire upon everything which looks suspicious down in the ravine.

Twenty minutes after their departure our grenadiers reach and occupy their objective, the Prilep trench, having encountered almost no resistance. By nightfall all is practically calm. The enemy attempts no counter-attack.

The next morning, while I was, as usual, making observations on the enemy lines, I noticed a large number of Boches moving around in a newly constructed trench which barred a ravine to our left. From the position which I occupied I dominated and had absolute command of this trench, as I was able to enfilade it. I went to find the commandant of Company 9 and told him what I had just seen. He advised me to fire, so I leveled my gun to a position from which I could sweep the trench, and waited. Each time that I saw an enemy advance I would let him walk in peace toward the spot which I had chosen, and, just as soon as I could see him clearly in the line of range on my telescope-sight, I would send him a shell. Then, when the Boches stopped passing by the point on which I was firing, I chose another spot and began again. They, too, tried hard to hit me, but they did not get me that day. This 'man-hunt' lasted all day long, and I rarely missed my game.

At ten o'clock in the evening I learned that the next day, October 3, we were going to attack and occupy the trenches of Portes-de-fer, an extremely important defensive organization of the enemy.

I woke all my men, and, armed with shovels and pickaxes, we went to prepare a battery-position in a spot on the summit of a ridge which I noticed during the day. From there we would have a marvelous command of all the Boche lines which were to be attacked.

By three o'clock in the morning all was ready. There was nothing left to do except to hide the cannon with bags of dirt. It was the first time that I had tried to conceal it, and it did not bring me success.

At dawn we were preparing our battery. As fast as the men filled the bags with dirt, I piled them up in such a way as to form a sort of wall in front of the cannon, with a loop-hole in the middle through which to shoot. I was taking no precaution, but was going about my work as usual, standing up straight, without worrying whether the Boches could see me or not. My whole body was exposed.

All of a sudden, Clack! — *Poumm!*

I felt as if some one had given me a hard blow on the upper left arm. Then, immediately, something warm was slipping down my sleeve, and, at last, I saw the blood trickling along my hand. Quickly I stretched out my arm, I drew it in again, I moved my fingers. Everything worked all right, nothing was broken. Then I turned to my comrades and said, —

'I am wounded. They've got me this time, but I think I've cost them dear, just the same.'

On hearing that, and on seeing my blood run, they all rushed toward me. They love me well, and have in me a blind, unlimited confidence. I have never sent them anywhere without going with them, leading the way. I saw on their anxious faces all the regret which they felt at losing me. They dressed my wound, and I bade them *au revoir*, embracing each one of them before leaving. I could not help crying when I thought that I was going to be separated from these brave comrades with whom I had passed through so many dangers. I felt terribly broken up. I saw the tears flow down their wrinkled cheeks, so thin and dirty. Poor friends!

One of them went with me as far as Combles, to the surgical relief station. There I embraced him and said good-bye, and, sad at heart, with my eyes full of tears, yet with a feeling of profound joy that I had done my duty, I passed slowly through the village of Combles in the direction of Maurepas, where the evacuation automobiles were waiting.

That night I slept in a good hospital bed. Forty-eight hours later I was in Paris, and several days after that, it was with intense emotion that I read the following notice, which appeared in all the newspapers of France: —

'The Eighth Regiment of Infantry. Under the energetic command of its chief, Lieutenant Colonel R——, during a series of bloody struggles carried on without interruption from the 12th to the 20th of September, 1916, it took possession by main force of a strongly organized wood, and of two lines of trenches. Then, carrying out a change of direction on a field swept with shells from all sides and bristling with enemy defenses, it organized a new line two hundred metres in advance of its original trenches. Brought back into the first-line trenches, it again carried, between the 1st and 5th of October, a whole enemy defensive organization, giving proof to the very end, in spite of losses, in spite of the harrowing fatigues of two periods of combat, of an irresistible courage, and an indomitable tenacity. Has made more than 400 prisoners and taken 20 machine-guns.'

It was a new citation of my regiment in the *ordre du jour* of the whole French army.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE GENTLE THEME-READER

THERE are times in every man's life when, in an extravagance of sympathy for his fellow sufferers, he casts an eye about him for one most deserving of his fraternal love. It lights on the laborer in red shirt bent over his cobblestones, on the shop-girl scurrying under the orders of an officious manager, on the young reporter describing fires as a preliminary — so he hopes — to dramatic criticism, on the theatrical usher at a long-run house, on newsboys, apple-women, street-car conductors, stokers, miners, weavers, all worthy of sympathetic attention and some organized to demand it. Yet all these folk have their compensations, if not immediate and material, at least prospective and ideal. The laborer may become a ward politician, the shop-girl a buyer, the reporter — oh, it's barely possible — a city editor, the usher a ticket-seller. Let such then be contented and vote the Republican ticket. I record a man whose posture attracts no roving eye, who is bent over a task totally devoid of compensation, immediate or remote, who has no time to indulge in hopes, had he any to entertain.

He is the theme-reader. His work consists in criticizing the daily literary productions of about one hundred college freshmen. Could you talk to a college freshman for — let us be generous — six minutes, you would realize the horror of the task. And yet a freshman's talk is somewhat removed from banality by the eagerness which invests it. His writing is not so choicely arrayed. No boyish enthusiasm lifts its thoughts to the skies. No youthful abandon carries them along on skipping feet. The bacchic dance which we usually attribute to the emotions of our juniors is quite absent. Contrariwise, his thoughts are solemn and staid; they tramp heavy-shod over roads macadamized with platitudes; dully they sound their note of inherited wisdom; ponderously they traffic in levity.

A freshman leaves no subject, however quotidian, without the imprint of his personality, a trait which he shares with the Greeks. But his personality has itself been impressed. It has been impressed with a die used uniformly upon all his fellows. Speculate upon the number of freshmen in the United States from Harvard to Pomona, and you will see what this means.

The expression — for it is not a plurality — of these souls, then, is what the theme-reader has to read. Not only must he read, he must judge. He must mark in the margins cautions about repetitions, reprimands for mis-spellings, suggestions for improvement, commendation for those rare and, one must think, accidental notes of sincerity so voiced as to sound sincere. To be sure, he does not carry out his programme too faithfully as he grows in service. In the beginning of his career his finished work is as red as it is black. Its texts are pools amid reeds of comment, its covers brilliant in ink and sentiment. As he goes on, however, he treads a passage from English to abbreviation; a question mark does what a sentence did before; a vertical wavy line substitutes for a paragraph. The critical aphorisms he used to display give way to exclamation points; his notes of approval have shrunk to a 'Good!'

In this manner also his soul, even as its utterance, shrinks and shrivels, until at last it invigorates the thin-haired, thick-spectacled nonentity known as the 'Assistant in English.' He is so tired of professional criticism that he no longer judges at all. He is so busied with reading *n*th-rate literature that he has no time for anything else. He is so used to thinking in grammatical terms that life has become the index to his *Rhetoric* and all its pleasures the categories of mood and tense. When he is asked to converse he is at a loss, until set upon the track of his work. Then, if he be not too old, he will recite for a whole sitting anecdotes of the conference and class-room. He will give you story after story of freshmen's bulls. This is his stock of humor, seldom exhausted, for each day brings a new supply. If he is trapped into real conversation, he will discuss the ignorance of the American college student who does not know that Wordsworth was born after Milton or that the Gothic novel was not written in Gothic. Such matters irritate him immensely. He does not see how irrelevant they are to a freshman's needs and interests. They make up a theme-reader's life.

Left to himself, the theme-reader is well-behaved. When angered he becomes petulant. There is nothing so pathetic and yet so amusing as a petulant theme-reader. He walks rapidly back and forth, he talks in a falsetto, he wags his fingers, he damns. What is more pathetic than a falsetto damn? He wastes this temper over a poor freshman who cares more for his health than for his speech.

The theme-reader when calm is less amusing and more human than the theme-reader *furioso*. It is then that he deserves sympathy. For there is in him at such moments the spirit of non-resistance in the face of unconquerable powers. He knows that he is in the fell clutch of circumstance and has not the strength to escape. There is no use in talking about a head bloody but unbowed: he ducks and is done. Thus he manages to survive, not in glory, not in fame, but in mere acquiescence, content to read the poorest literature there is and happy in the ability to recognize a quotation.

The usher may become a ticket-seller if he lives long enough. I have heard of one theme-reader who at the end of his days was an assistant professor. It was like sending a wreath to a funeral, for in a year or two the fellow died out of gratitude. After his promotion he continued to haunt his old post where so many miserable hours were spent, like a faithful dog who sniffs at his dead master's carpet-slippers. There was always interrogation in his look; he could never apprehend the situation. But he, as I say, was unique. No other theme-reader need fear his fate. He had an indomitable strength of physique.

The theme-reader, for all that, should be satisfied. As I was told by one college president whose attention I vainly tried to draw to their plight, 'Why don't they study and rise to scholarly eminence? They cannot expect to attain academic promotion simply because they are faithful. That would be rank sentimentalism. What have they done for learning? That is the decisive question.' Ah, yes, what have they done for learning? They have thrown away their years on the rubbish heaps of mediocrity.

If they abandon scholarship and go in for literature, they are in as bad a fix. At first sight it would appear undeniable that a critic knows how to write. Since he knows the rules, why should n't he apply them? But even were this gross error a truth, the matter would be no clearer than before. A man may have all the ability in the world and yet have no opportunity to test it. Not only may

he not have the opportunity, he may not have the will. When you are surveying the worst possible specimens of an art — as all teachers, theme-readers, or not, must — you soon come to that point where you would prefer a martyr's death to the guilt of having added to the store. You are content to let artists do the work. One crime at any rate you will be free of.

But should you be willing, what is the result? A man who lives on rules becomes so self-conscious that he can never perform any act described by the rules he lives on. Realizing their economic importance, he attributes to them an æsthetic importance, and what was originally a mere description becomes in the end a law. Consequently the theme-reader cannot express his gentle emotions without seeing — before his pen touches paper — a transgression more awful than that of Nebuchadnezzar. Straightway he sets out to correct the error. And the result is that his pen never does touch paper.

Should he by any chance achieve a completed piece of work, it is sure to be so embalmed in accuracy that it is worthless. If its author has by the grace of God retained his powers of discrimination, he will curse and tear the monster to pieces. If he has not, if he is desperate for publicity and thence promotion, he will have it typed and submit it to some editor. The rest of his days he will employ his petulance against 'the American magazine.' He knows that his article is as good rhetorically as Dryden or Burke. That is indisputable; did not a theme-reader write it? If so, he who refused it had not the good taste to prefer literature to rubbish. Therefore the American magazine is on the decline. It never occurs to one who knows the rules that rules are not imagination, not ideas.

The theme-reader thus cannot publish. He cannot study. He can do nothing but sit and read themes until he dies. If he is wise he stops being a theme-reader. And our graduate schools are well punctuated with theme-readers in rebellion. All souls have not this fire, however, and many are doomed to a life in the shadows. They silently go on and on and on as if they were treadmills. One would not mind that too much, if they did n't so rapidly get contented with their lot. It is bad enough to be an underling, but to be one wittingly is immoral. 'Not that they die, but that they die like sheep.'

Here then is the gentle theme-reader, an object much more worthy of your sympathy than laborer or stoker or shop-girl. The visitor to a university is taken to see chapels and clubs and libraries — stained glass and soft leather, oak pews and memorial tablets; now let him see the men who are beneath all this, at whose pain these things are bought. They are too crushed to speak for themselves, too proud to welcome a spokesman. Theirs is the sorriest plight of all because it is unknown.

THE PASSING OF THE SPARE-ROOM

Of course, there still are guest-rooms. People in the country have them, and rich people have them in the city. There are guest-rooms ordinary and guest-rooms extraordinary — modest little corners in which to tuck away a transient friend or relative, and imposing suites fit for the entertainment of a royal family. There are guest-rooms with secluded marble temples of Hygeia attached, and guest-rooms with moveable wash-bowls. But I contend that the spare-room, as an institution, is passing from our national life. As a nation of a hundred millions, we don't spare rooms.

As a family, *we* have none. A spare-room in a city flat means a tiny family.

Mother and father settled the question for us in the good old Brierly days by having eleven children. Even now that John and Tryphena are married and the twins are away at college, we are entitled to be called an old-fashioned family, and an extra empty room would be a riotous extravagance now that we pay for space by the cubic inch. When people spend the night with us, Caroline moves in with Frances. Thanks to the fact that mother has never outgrown the habit of inviting acquaintances to 'make this house their home while they are in the city,' we have come to refer to 'Caroline's guest-room.'

So I meditate on the changes of life as they have affected us among the millions.

We did n't pay for space by the cubic inch in the Brierly days, but we paid in countless sacrifices, little and big, to keep that one room clean and empty. And it was mother who paid the most. From the beginning of her married life she was determined to have a spare-room. Before her honeymoon was over she had instilled something of this desire into father, and together they knocked down the partition between the two little rooms that opened off the parlor. They sawed through the beams, stripped off the lathing, and made one splendid 'parlor bedroom.' Through all our life at Brierly this remained mother's spare-room. Our respect for its sanctity was so great that Bartlett pears could be stored in the spare-room closet to ripen and reach mellow perfection undiminished in quantity.

The spare-room! By shutting my eyes I can see it again in all its wistful and aspiring hospitality. I can see the red cherry furniture, with brown marble tops on the bureau and the washstand; the Nottingham lace at the windows, the fawn-colored Brussels, neatly tacked down over layer on layer of folded newspapers; the cross-stitched canvas wall-pockets, and cornucopia hair-receivers. Sometimes we put things in the spare-room because they were too nice for the children to play with, and sometimes because we did not know exactly what else to do with them. But mother censored all our contributions, and so great was her zeal for its perfection that I remember hearing John say to her, 'Mother, I miss the new hair-brush from my dresser. I suppose you put it in the spare-room?' I can see the intricately embroidered pillow-sham, and the sheet-sham, so elaborately starched and fluted that on the day a guest arrived it was lifted gingerly by two of us and carried into the parlor, where we draped it over the square piano. There was an elaborate splasher behind the cherry washstand. A motto — 'After Clouds, Sunshine' — hung behind the bed, just over the cluster of fat pears that was carved in the headboard. This was worked on canvas in worsted yarn, the clouds being done in gray, and the sunshine in yellow, shading to orange.

And just as the word 'October' brings its hint of wood-smoke; just as certain religious phrases used by father in family prayers bring to me, whenever I hear them, the faint smell of the pillow in which I buried my nose when we all knelt down together, so 'spare-room' brings the odor of starched window-curtains, of castile soap, of sulphur, — that was after John's diphtheria, — of matting, and of mother's rose-jar. And there steals over me an old familiar emotion — the awe that always took possession of me when I stepped across the threshold of that room.

One reason for my awe is that mother's babies all arrived there. The nurse could keep the children out by locking the parlor doors, and could bathe the baby by the coal stove in the parlor.

Almost my earliest memory is of being led in to look at Edward as he lay in the red cherry bed at mother's side. I can clearly recall my passionate concern for his complexion, which was dark red with suggestions of purple, and my indignation at the way the nurse laughed when I whispered, 'But, mother — it's a little colored baby!'

The solemnity was heightened by the fact that if any one of us was seriously ill, mother put him in the spare-room. This was an honor so great that only a real catastrophe — like typhoid, or broken bones — commanded it. It was something to look back on with elation; it lent an anticipatory interest to the merest sore throat. Any tonsillitis might turn out to be spare-room diphtheria, the way John's did.

But it never took long to transform hospital into hospitality. With her skirts pinned up and her head wrapped in a towel, but wearing the look of a priestess who makes ready her temple for ceremonial, mother swept and dusted and renovated the spare-room. When she came out and closed its door behind her, she left it clean and sweet and ready for the next guest.

Most of our visitors were annuals. Many people made the rounds once a year, spending a night, or a few days, or a week or two, with every relative and intimate they possessed. They often came without warning, by train or stage, on foot or on horseback, in two-horse wagons or jingling sleighs, across the Illinois prairie. Frequently they brought with them the children with which they had been blessed, and sometimes other things — parrots, for example. Occasionally they seemed to take root. Cousin Sarah came out of the far New England east with her three children and stayed four months, until father guessed the trouble she was too proud to tell, and gave her the money to go home.

We looked forward to some of our guests with glee. Cousin Ben was a great favorite. He had a wooden leg — a relic of the Civil War — and we never tired of hearing him tell how he lost the original member. It was some years before I realized that he gave us a different account of that tragedy at every visit. He was as bald as any egg, and in winter he wore a wig. But as the dog-days drew near he used to take it off, and age terribly before our very eyes. 'Gosh!' he would say, 'it's like an overcoat on my head!'

The most undeviating of all our annual guests was Uncle Samuel, who was not really an uncle at all, but a step-aunt's second husband. Punctually on the first of June he started on his grand tour, and he spent a day and a night with every relative and every 'connection by marriage.' As the children married and moved into homes of their own, he widened his circle to include them, and they accepted Uncle Samuel as a part of their family heritage, with their share of Grandmother Carrol's silver spoons and Great-aunt Louise's rule for ginger-snaps. He was undaunted by our move to the city. Changing customs and smaller quarters found him still punctual — a little older every year, but proud of his record, the sole survivor of a dying custom. And then one June morning, Edward, in opening his mail, found a newspaper from the little Minnesota town where Uncle Samuel had always lived. He saw a blue-penciled column, headed with 'Samuel Alcott. 1816–1906.' He noticed that many leading citizens had sent flowers, and he telephoned mother at once.

'Dear old Uncle Samuel has passed away at last,' he told her; and that night he brought the paper home with him.

At supper we were more or less subdued — kindly reminiscent. Caroline

expressed regret that we had n't always been as glad to see him as we might have been.

'He was a faithful soul,' said mother. 'I must write a letter of sympathy to his son. Give me the paper, Edward, please.'

A minute later she laid it down with an exclamation of horror, and exclaimed, 'My dear boy, you really must be more careful. I might have made a dreadful mistake. Uncle Samuel is n't dead at all. This is an announcement of his ninetieth birthday.'

Uncle Samuel now rests with his fathers, and the spare-room, as a part of our daily lives, has passed with him. With it we have lost something intangible and precious; something that mother — then as now the guardian of our ideals — worked for, sacrificed for, and attained. But while she lives, and Caroline is generous with her bedroom, the spirit of hospitality will still laugh by our fireside.

A BELGIAN INTERLUDE

I WAS reminded again to-day how constant work must be the only thing that makes living possible to many women. We were at lunch, when suddenly the roar of the German guns cut across our laughter. We rushed into the street, where a gesticulating crowd had already located the five Allied aeroplanes high above us. Little white clouds dotted the sky all about them— puffs of white smoke that marked the bursting shrapnel. Though the guns seemed to be firing just behind our house, we believed we were quite out of danger. However, Marie ran to us quite white and with her hands over her ears. 'O madame!' she cried, 'the shrapnel is bursting all about the kitchen.' She had experienced it. She had told me once that her sister had died of fright three days after the war began, and I realized now that she probably had.

Our picturesque Léon slipped over to assure me that this was not a real attack, but just a visit to give us hope on the second anniversary of the beginning of the war, to tell us the Allies were thinking of us and that we should soon be delivered. Without doubt they would drop a message of some sort.

I thought of our American Minister and his proximity to the Luxembourg railroad station. He had several times expressed concern over that proximity. I remembered, too, the words of a certain man who lives opposite the railroad station at Mons. Bombs had just been dropped on this station, — one had fallen in front of his house, — and when I asked if he and his wife would not consider moving, he replied, 'Madame, our two sons are in the trenches; should we not be ashamed to think of this as danger?'

All the while the aeroplanes were circling and the guns were booming. Then suddenly one of the aviators made a sensational drop to within a hundred metres of the Molenbeek station, threw his bombs, and, before the guns could right themselves, regained his altitude, and all five were off, marvelously escaping the puffs of white before and below and behind them.

This was thrilling, till suddenly there flashed over me the sickening realization of what it really meant. The man behind the gun was doing his utmost to kill the man in the machine. It was horrible — horrible to us. But to Belgian wives and mothers, what must it have been? As they looked up they cried, 'Is that my boy — my husband, who has come back to his home this way? After two years, is he there? My God, can they reach him?'

The only answer was the roar of the guns, the bursting shrapnel — and they covered their eyes.

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THE UNITED STATES AND PAN-GERMANISM

BY ANDRÉ CHÉRADAME

THE *Atlantic Monthly* has asked me to analyze the present international situation. I shall do so with absolute frankness. It has always been my conviction that, first and last, the greatest service is done by telling the truth.

Since 1898 I have worked tirelessly to tear the veil from the Pan-German scheme, which my investigations in all parts of the world have enabled me to unearth. In spite of the positive and abundant proofs of its existence which I have been publishing for nineteen years, I was unable to persuade the responsible authorities in France, Russia, or England, that a formidable peril was swiftly and more swiftly drawing near. Paris and London were steeped in blind pacifist delusions. As for Petrograd, the sinister Teutonic influences which, until only yesterday, were at work on the highest personages, prevented the great Russian people from knowing the real nature of Germany's projects.

If the Europeans most directly interested in knowing the truth were, until the very outbreak of hostilities, completely hoodwinked as to the true intentions of William II, it is only natural that Americans should take some time to realize the staggering facts concerning the fantastic and odious plan of world-domination so toilsomely built up by the government at Berlin. In peace times, too, the affairs of old Europe, especially the intricate tangle of Austro-Hungarian and Balkan politics, had no practical interest for so vast and remote a nation as the United States. This was particularly true of her Western citizens. To-day, however, Americans as well as French, British, Russians, and Italians, are faced with the obligation of mastering the problems of Central European affairs; for, without exaggeration, it is on the proper solution of these problems that the independent existence of the United States depends.

As events have justified the views I have held for a score of years, I trust my American readers will hold this fact in my favor. If I should seem to run counter to the ideas they now hold, they should realize that I do so deliberately, in order to save priceless time and better serve their own legitimate interests.

I

The present situation in Europe is due to two factors: first, the almost complete fulfillment by the Germans of a plan which they had long been preparing with the utmost care; second, the repeated mistakes of the Allies in their carrying on of the war — mistakes which alone have permitted the

Germans to consummate their plan almost without opposition.

The Pan-Germanist programme of 1911 called for the establishment of Prussian hegemony over a territory of nearly 4,015,000 square kilometres — in other words, besides actual conquest in the East and West, it meant the indirect, yet effective seizure of Austria-Hungary, the Balkan States, and Turkey. At the beginning of 1917 — before the capture of Bagdad by the English and the strategic retreat of the German troops in the West — the programme had been realized to the extent of 3,600,000 square kilometres — that is, in nine-tenths of its entirety.

The basic explanation of this achievement lies partly in the fact that, if the Germans are outlaws they are very intelligent outlaws, perfectly trained for the task of seizing the booty on which they have set their hearts; partly in the fact that the leaders of the Allies, intelligent and animated by the best intentions though they are, have been quite unenlightened as to the multiple realities of the European tangle, a thoroughgoing knowledge of which is absolutely necessary for the conduct of the terrible war in progress.

The proof of this ignorance lies in the recognized truth that the heads of the European states now in league against Germany were, without exception, taken by surprise when war broke out. Posterity will look on this fact with amazement. The governments of the Allies were no better prepared to direct the war intellectually than were their generals to carry it on materially. Now, the intellectual prosecution of this war presents unprecedented difficulties: it calls uncompromisingly for a detailed knowledge, not only of matters military and naval, but of geographic, ethnographic, economic, and political questions which, by reason of the scale of the present conflict, react profoundly on all military operations of general scope. As a result of this interpenetration of all the various problems, the world-conflict is not, as many people still believe, a purely military struggle, in which the mere machinery of war plays a decisive rôle. In spite of appearances, mind — that is, the intellectual element — dominates the material element which, though indispensable, can attain full effectiveness only when it is employed in furtherance of a definite plan of action, backed by clear thinking; and such a plan can never be formulated unless the ethnographic, psychological, economic, and geographic factors capable of affecting every great movement of a general strategic nature are calculated as carefully as the purely military factors. By reason of the potency of these many factors — invisible, but very real and powerful — it may be said: 'This war is not a mere war of armaments — it is a war of political science.'

It is because the strategists of Berlin have long recognized this conception of modern warfare; it is because they have at their fingers' ends a documentation of political science, slowly accumulated and of unquestionable worth, that they are in a position to meet endless problems as they present themselves, and to achieve successes against the Allies which, on the surface, appear incomprehensible.

As for the leaders of the Allies, it seems as if many of them are not alive to the element of political science in the war, even at the present moment. The reason is simple. Those same men who ignored the realities of Pan-Germanism before the war are, naturally enough, unable to grasp the politico-scientific, geographic, economic, ethnographic, and psychological realities of all Europe now that the conflict has burst on us. In the realm of the intellectual there can be no improvisation.

To master the politico-scientific elements necessary for the prosecution of this war, there is need of minds trained by the unremitting application of fifteen or twenty years. Among the leaders of the Entente no man is to be found who has bent his will to such intellectual effort; and the pressing problems brought forth by each day give no time for minute, deliberate study by the men who have succeeded to the seats of power since war began.

II

The capital mistakes in the prosecution of the war committed by the Entente proceed directly from the defective equipment of its leaders which I have just pointed out. They explain the difference in the results obtained by the two groups of belligerents, although the courage and self-sacrifice of the Allies' soldiers are as great as those of the Germans. They explain, too, why the three hundred millions of the Allies — this takes no account of their colonial resources or of the support drawn from transoceanic neutrals — have not yet succeeded in defeating Germany, which entered the war with a population of sixty-eight millions and one ally, Austria-Hungary, of whose thirty million people three quarters were directly antagonistic to Berlin.

These capital mistakes made by the Allies are as follows. They believed that a friendly agreement with Bulgaria was possible, although that country was treaty-bound to Berlin and Constantinople long before the war. They cherished illusions concerning King Constantine, who, above all else, was brother-in-law of the Kaiser. They organized the Dardanelles expedition, which should never have been attempted. Even if this operation had been judged technically feasible, its futility would have been apparent if the Allies had realized — and it was their arch-error not to realize — that the strategic key to the whole European war was the Danube. The mere occupation by the Allies of the territory stretching from Montenegro through Serbia to Roumania, would have resolved all the essential problems of the conflict. Cut off from the Central Empires, Bulgaria and Turkey, whose arsenals were depleted by the Balkan disturbances of 1912–1913, would have found it impossible to make a strong stand against the Allies. Turkey, who had been imprudent enough to defy them, would have been obliged to open the Straits within a very short time, for sheer lack of munitions to defend them. This opening of the Straits would have been effected by a strong pressure by the Allies on the south of Hungary. Moreover, by the same action the Central Empires would have been barred from reinforcements and supplies from the Orient. Germany, finding herself cut off on land in the South as she was blockaded by sea in the North, would have been obliged to come to terms.

Unhappily, the general staffs of the Allies in the West were not prepared to grasp the politico-scientific character of the war, especially the cardinal importance of the economic factor. This ignorance remained unenlightened until Roumania was crushed in 1916. As a result, for twenty-seven months the Balkans were looked on by the leaders in the West as being of only secondary military importance. During these twenty-seven months the Allies were obsessed by the idea that they would vanquish Germany on the Western front by a war of attrition. This conviction delayed the Salonika–Belgrade expedition, and when it was finally undertaken, it was on too small a scale to insure success. Such a grave error would never have been committed by the Allied strategists if they had fully

realized that the principal objective of the Pan-German scheme, for the attainment of which Germany was primarily fighting, was the seizure of the Orient. This point of view, however, was for a long time ignored, in spite of the tireless efforts made by a few to demonstrate its vital importance.

The Austro-Germans, profiting by this basic mistake of the civil and military chiefs of the Entente, were able in October–November, 1915, to join hands with Bulgaria and Turkey over the corpse of Serbia. From that time on, the General Staff at Berlin has been profiting by this situation, improving it and consolidating it by seizing half of Roumania toward the close of 1916. The direct result of the mistakes of the Allies, coupled with the methodical procedure of Berlin, has been the realization of nine tenths of Pan-Germany.

This Pan-Germany is composed of two elements. First, the great occupied territories taken by Germany from Belgium, France, Russia, Serbia, and Roumania. Second, the practical seizure effected by her at the expense of her own allies: Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey; for, as a matter of fact, the Quadruple Alliance is nothing but a great illusion carefully fostered by the Kaiser for the purpose of concealing the true situation from the neutrals — particularly the United States. If one wishes to see things as they are, one must realize that Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey are *not* the Allies — that is, the equals — of Germany. These three states are practically the vassals of Berlin, in whose sight they scarcely count for more than Saxony or Bavaria. The principal proof of this state of affairs lies in the fact that the Kaiser wields an uncontested supremacy from Hamburg to the British front at Bagdad.

Since the beginning of hostilities there has been a formidable extension of Prussian militarism. At first, it held in its grasp only the sixty-eight million people of the German Empire. By April, 1915, it had extended and organized its influence among the thirty millions of Austro-Hungarians, who until that time had taken orders from their own independent military chiefs. After October–November, 1915, — the date of Serbia's downfall, — the Prussian system reached out to Bulgaria and Turkey. By taking account of these extensions and adding together the populations of the territories occupied by Germany, together with those of her infatuated allies, one finds that to-day — April, 1917 — Prussian militarism no longer controls sixty-eight million souls, as in the beginning of the war, but about one hundred and seventy-six million European and Ottoman subjects.

This is the brutal, overwhelming fact which Americans must face if they wish to learn the sole solution of the war which will assure to them, as well as to the rest of the world, a durable peace.

The following figures will show how the three groups of the population of Pan-Germany are divided at the beginning of 1917:—

1. THE MASTERS			
Germans			73,000,000
2. THE VASSALS			
Magyars		10,000,000	21,000,000
Bulgars		5,000,000	
Turks		6,000,000	
3. THE SLAVES			
French	(about)	3,000,000	82,000,000
Belgians		7,500,000	
Alsatians, Lorrainers		1,500,000	
Danes		200,000	
Poles, Lithuanians,		22,000,000	
Ruthenians		5,500,000	
Czechs		8,500,000	
Jugo-Slavs		11,000,000	
Roumanians		8,000,000	
Italians		800,000	
Armenians		2,000,000	
Levantines		2,000,000	
Ottoman Greeks		2,000,000	
Arabs		8,000,000	
Total			176,000,000

To sum up, seventy-three million Germans rule over twenty-one million vassals and eighty-two million slaves,

— Latin, Slavic, Semitic, belonging to thirteen different nationalities, — who are bearing the most cruel and unjustifiable yoke that the world has ever known.

It is undeniable, moreover, that each extension of Prussian militarism over a new territory has enabled Germany to prolong the struggle by obtaining new supplies of food, new reinforcements to press into her service and territory to exploit, new civil populations, whose labor is made use of even in works of a military nature. As a result, the technical problem now confronting the Allies in Europe is, through the mistakes of their former leaders, infinitely more complicated than at the outbreak of hostilities.

To-day Berlin, by means of Prussian terrorism methodically and pitilessly employed, disposes of the military and economic resources of one hundred and seventy-six million people, occupying a strategic position in the centre of Europe which is all to her profit. It is this very state of things, founded on the slavery of eighty-two millions of human beings, which is intolerable.

III

Many times, and rightly, the Allies have declared that it was not their object to exterminate the German people and bring about their political extinction. On the other hand, it is just and essential to proclaim that Pan-Germany must be destroyed. On this depends the liberty, not only of Europe, but of the whole world. This is the point of view which, in the crisis of to-day, should prevail with Americans, for the following reasons. Suppose that Pan-Germany were able to maintain itself in its present position. It cannot be denied that its territory contains considerable latent military and economic resources, as well as strategic positions of world-significance, like the Dardanelles. If these resources were freely exploited and developed to their highest pitch by the relentless organizing spirit of Berlin, Prussianized Pan-Germany, dividing Europe in two, would dominate the Continent, uncontestably and indefinitely, by means of her crushing strength. France, Russia, England, Italy, ceasing to exist as great powers, could only submit to Germany's will. And Berlin, mistress of Europe, would soon realize, not merely the Hamburg-Bagdad and Antwerp-Bagdad railways, but the Brest-Bagdad line as well; for Brest has long been coveted secretly by the Pan-Germanists, who would make of it the great military and commercial transatlantic port of Prussianized Europe.

Moreover, if Germany achieved the ruin of the Allies, it is entirely probable that the General Staff of William II would launch a formidable expedition against the United States without delay, in order to allow her no time to organize herself against the Prussian tyranny hypothetically dominating Europe. Even if Berlin felt it necessary to defer this step, Americans would none the less be forced to prepare for the inevitable struggle and to serve an apprenticeship to militarism which would be odious to them. If Americans, then, see things as they really are, and perceive the dangers to which they are pledging their future, they will be convinced that they, quite as much as Europeans, have a vital interest in the annihilation of Pan-Germanism. In a word, it is clear that any peril accruing to the United States from Europe can arise only from so formidable a power as Pan-Germany, and not from a Germany kept within her legitimate frontiers, and forced to behave herself, by the balance of other powers.

We must also realize that the moral

considerations at stake are a matter of the liveliest interest to the United States. Can republican America allow the feudal spirit which kindled the torch of this war to triumph over the world? This spirit is made up of the following elements: the feudalism of the Prussian Junkers, chief prop and stay of the Hohenzollerns; the feudalism of the great Austrian land-owners; the feudalism of the Magyar grandees, whose caste-spirit is precisely the same as that of the Prussian lordlings; and the Turkish feudalism of Enver Bey and his friends. In other words, this four-ply feudal spirit which is the basis of Pan-Germany is in radical and absolute opposition to the democratic spirit of the modern world. Granting for a moment that Germany were victorious, Russia, after a frightful reign of anarchy, would be forced to submit once more to the yoke of autocracy. As for the peoples of Western Europe, reduced to worse than slavery, they could only renounce their dearest ideals — the ideals for which they have shed their blood for centuries.

The present war, then, is manifestly a struggle *à outrance* between democracy and feudalism. To Americans as well as to Europeans falls the task, not only of preserving their corporeal independence, but of saving our common civilization. This can be accomplished only by the destruction of Pan-Germanism.

It is plain that Berlin, failing so far to crush the Allies completely, is bending every effort to maintaining Pan-Germany in its present position, so that, after peace is declared, it may crystallize and swiftly develop its full power. When, in December, 1916, President Wilson requested the belligerents to make known the causes for which they were fighting, the government of Berlin issued no definite statement. The reason for this attitude is plain. If Berlin still hopes to enforce her outrageous pretensions by her immense military power, she cannot possibly put down her terms in black and white, in a document subject to general perusal, without instantly calling down on her head the blazing reprobation of the civilized world.

The Allies, on the contrary, replied to Mr. Wilson's question easily and with precision.

The universal attention drawn to this reply has entailed advantages and disadvantages. By the very nature of things, the Allies definitely announced that the smaller nationalities in Turkey, Austria-Hungary, and the Balkans must be set free, thus implying a radical opposition to the Hamburg–Persian Gulf idea. This has enabled Berlin, for one thing, to bind her accomplices at Vienna, Budapest, Sofia, and Constantinople more closely, if possible, to her cause, and also to galvanize for a still longer period the forces of the German people, who are resolved to endure the bitterest suffering in order to assure for themselves, after peace comes, the immense advantages accruing from the *fait accompli* of Pan-Germanism.

By way of compensation for this, the publicity given the reply of the Allies has accomplished two excellent ends. First of all, it has permitted every one to see that the common purpose of the Allies is to solve the Central European problem, which, as a matter of fact, is not only of European, but of universal interest, since such a solution puts a quietus on German dreams of world-domination. This publicity, too, has made it possible to compare the principles invoked by the Allies in their peace-terms with those of President Wilson, proclaimed in his message to the Senate on January 22, 1917, and to establish the fact that these principles are identical.

IV

The reason for this harmonious point of view lies in the adoption of the principle of nationality by the Allies and by President Wilson as the fundamental basis for the reconstruction of the Europe of to-morrow. Because of this point in common, it is evident that the war measures of the Allies and the pacific endeavors of Mr. Wilson have in view the same general geographic solutions of the problem of organizing Europe on the lines of a durable peace. This is a fact of the utmost importance, as I tried to show with the aid of maps in an article in *L'Illustration*, of February 27, 1917. Allies and Americans, then, may join hands and press resolutely ahead, — especially since the Russian revolution has come to pass, — for, with a common ideal, their general practical solutions for meeting this formidable crisis cannot but be identical.

At the time this paper is published, it is probable that the United States will be officially at war with the Empire of William II. But when will they act, in what manner, and with how much vigor? These are decisions of the utmost significance, for on the moment chosen by America for taking action, and on the greater or less intensity of her prosecution of the war, will depend whether the end of the slaughter now in progress is to come swiftly, or whether it is to be indefinitely prolonged, thus increasing the uncertainty which still exists as to the outcome of the struggle.

In order to understand fully the seriousness of the situation, one must distinguish clearly between the moral position of the Allies and the strategic positions of the two groups of belligerents. The moral position of the Allies is excellent. After Washington and Peking broke with Berlin, and especially after the magnificent revolution in Russia, which, up to the present moment, has avoided all pitfalls — after Bagdad fell and a fraction of the invaded French territory was won back, the spirit of the Allies was all that could be desired. But even while recognizing the excellence of this moral strength and its potentialities of success, we must first of all consider the general strategic situation. The events of this war have plainly shown that, unfortunately, brute force in the service of the lowest passions can prevail over the holiest rights, the purest aspirations. Since August, 1914, incontestable rights have been violated, and noble nations martyrized.

Let us face the cruel truth and say: the Allies may yet be completely vanquished if certain developments come about, or if new strategic mistakes are added to those portentous ones which nearly lost them the fight, in spite of the righteousness of their cause and their immense, if badly employed, latent resources. If we wish, then, really to understand the crisis of to-day and the mighty peril which still menaces the world's liberty, we must not shrink from meeting the realities of the military situation. We must be ready to face the most serious developments which can be conceived. Such an attitude implies, not pessimism, but that readiness for the worst which lies at the root of military wisdom.

Let us now accept the following facts. The troops of France are beginning to be exhausted. The iniquitous administration of the Czar has seriously compromised the provisioning of the Russian army with food and munitions. In that vast country, it is possible that idealistic extremists may guide the revolution toward pacifism or anarchy. The swarming agents of Germany are working there without respite. If their efforts succeed, the

strength of Russia will swiftly dissolve. This would practically insure a German victory, for, with the Russian armies demoralized, all the forces of Pan-Germany could be flung against the Franco-British front. Moreover, if, from the moral standpoint, the Berlin government is universally to be despised, the same cannot be said about her general technical military ability, whose elements are as follows.

Berlin is incontestably mistress of Pan-Germany — that is, she has absolute disposal of vast resources in men and in the manifold products of a great territory with a population of one hundred and seventy-six millions. The Kaiser's Great General Staff, whose intellectual resourcefulness cannot be questioned, is quick to make the most of every lesson taught by the war. The annual levies of men from the various territories of Pan-Germany certainly outnumber the losses sustained each year by her troops. It is therefore, in my opinion, a grave error to assume, as the Allies have done, that the Germans can be beaten by mere attrition of their forces. By organizing under one uniform system the soldiery furnished by the many different countries of Pan-Germany, Prussian militarism has unquestionably given its troops a cohesion and a unity which was unknown to the vassal-allies of Germany before the war. This state of affairs has undoubtedly added to the military effectiveness of the vast armies which take their orders from Berlin.

The German military authorities most advantageously employed the respites given them by the strategic errors of the Allies. Never have the broad lines of trenches, the far-flung battle frontiers, been more powerfully guarded than now. Never have the Germans had more abundant stores of munitions. Never has the network of railways covering the length and breadth of Pan-Germany been so complete. Never has the Great General Staff, making full use of its central position, been better able to concentrate on any front with lightning speed. For these reasons, it is my opinion that we may safely say that never before has the Berlin government, from a military point of view, been so strong. The various statistics which justify such a conclusion are, I think, to be relied on. Even supposing them to be exaggerated, it is much better to run the risk of overestimating the enemy's strength than to underestimate it. Many of the Allies' mistakes sprang from neglect of this axiom.

V

Let us now attempt to forecast the German military plans for 1917. For some weeks persistent reports have been telling of their tremendous preparations for hurling an offensive against the Russian front. As for the Franco-British front in the West, it was stated that the General Staff at Berlin would be glad to hold things stationary on that side until, after winning the victory on which they count in the East, they are free to devote their attentions to the occidental theatre. This project, of course, cannot be confirmed; but the voluntary shortening of the western line by the Germans would lend color to its probability. Moreover, such a plan would coincide perfectly with the present interests of Berlin, with the habitual methods of the Kaiser's General Staff, with the broad Pan-Germanist scheme, and with the personal preferences of Marshal von Hindenburg. It is also natural that the Germans should avail themselves of the sinister and undeniable effects of the Russian imperial administration on the army and civil population of the country before the

new government at Petrograd has time to repair the all-too-abundant harm that has been wrought.

We must cherish no illusions. As long as it can dispose of the vast resources of Pan-Germany, which, to my thinking, are still taken too lightly by the Allies; while the results of the Russian revolution are still uncertain; while the reorganization of the Muscovite armies still remains uncompleted, the government at Berlin, in spite of its serious problems connected with the food-supply, is still convinced that it can win a decisive military victory by dealing one by one with its adversaries. And so we should foresee that the German General Staff will meet its problems in succession.

It seems probable, then, that it will follow the basic principles of warfare and concentrate all the forces at its disposal against the weakest front. This, without question, is the Roumano-Russian line. Its great extent, together with the formidable development of the German railway system (infinitely superior to that of the Russians), makes it easier to introduce the element of surprise, which is of capital importance for swift, decisive victory. The Russians, too, are certainly less well provided with munitions of war than the Franco-British troops; and the Germans have succeeded in further weakening them by means of the terrible explosions recently engineered by their spies at Archangel. As a result of the execrable administration of the former government, the food situation in Russia is most critical, while the revolutionists are not yet sure of the reorganization of the military forces. The Germans, therefore, have an unquestionable interest in profiting without delay by this state of affairs.

A vigorous offensive on the Eastern front is also in harmony with the Pan-Germanist plan, which for twenty-five years has looked forward to the seizure by Germany of Riga, Little Russia, and Odessa. And a German success in the south of Russia would be big with economic, naval, military, and moral consequences of world-import. The Germans would become masters of the rich and boundless wheat-lands of Little Russia which, from the midst of their food problems, they watch with greedy eyes. The capture of Odessa and the complete conquest of the Black Sea, by means of transports (sent in large numbers down the Danube, thus permitting surprise attacks at vital points), would end in the loss of the Crimea and, probably, the fall of the Caucasus into the hands of the Turco-Germans. The British, then, could no longer hold out at Bagdad. Freed by such successes from all immediate fear of Russia, the Germans could then turn in enormous strength against the Balkan front of the Allies. Under these hypothetical conditions, one may assume that the Allied army north of Salonika, demoralized by the Russian reverses, would be taken prisoners or driven into the sea.

These various operations in the East vigorously taken in hand, as the General Staff at Berlin knows so well how to do, would require four or five months for their execution. This interval of time, combined with the depressing moral effect brought about by the supposed German victories, would act, as it were, as an automatic preparation for the final Teutonic offensive on the Western front. It must be remembered that during these four or five months the submarine warfare, pursued more and more ruthlessly, would considerably impede neutral navigation and decimate the tonnage of the Franco-British merchant marine. The food problems and the war expenditure of the Allies would be enormously increased. Even if their pressure has

forced the Kaiser to evacuate a considerable portion of France and Belgium, the importance of this retreat would be only relative, for it would be temporary. Following our hypothesis, then, if Russia were beaten, the army of Salonika driven into the sea, and the food crisis in the West intensified, the moral depression and discouragement among the soldiers and civilians of France would be most profound. Under the given material and psychological conditions, the concentration of all the Pan-German forces on the Western front would probably permit them to break through. This would spell ruin for France and for England as well, and assure that decisive German victory which would mean the mastery of Europe.

If this theoretical German plan is to be accomplished in 1917, however, the general technical situation in Europe must remain much as it stands at present. No new power capable of making itself felt on the battle-field must come to the support of the Allies. It is necessary, then, that the scheme be carried out in 1917, before the Russian revolution, which is essentially favorable to the Allies, has time to repair the damage done by the former régime, and before the United States, realizing that it is to their vital interest to take part directly and without delay in the war on the continent, are ready to do so effectively.

The tactics of Berlin, after being forced to a diplomatic rupture with Washington, consist in doing everything to avoid actual blows with the United States, while keeping up a vigorous submarine campaign, and in making frantic efforts to effect a miscarriage of American military preparation — especially as regards sending reinforcements to Europe. In pursuance of this scheme, Berlin instructed Vienna to send Washington a dilatory answer concerning submarine warfare, in order to avoid a diplomatic break and thus gain time. This procedure was specifically intended to make America believe that Austria-Hungary can act independently of Germany. And so, by virtue of this delusion, William II veils the existence of that Pan-Germany whose reality, for the sake of his plans, must not be revealed until the latest possible moment.

VI

If the programme for 1917, which we have good reason to attribute to the Germans, were substantially carried out (and, after all, this is not impossible), in six to eight months the United States would find themselves face to face with a Germany controlling the resources, not only of the present-day Pan-Germany, but of all Europe. And, Americans, do not think your turn would be long in coming. Do not take it for granted that the German people, worn out by the endless horrors of war, would cry to their masters, 'Peace at any price!' The German people, as I know them, filled with enthusiasm by a victory that would be without parallel in the history of the world, maddened by incalculable plunder, would follow the lead of their Emperor more blindly than ever. The pride and ambition of the Kaiser and his General Staff are so prodigious that, unless all signs fail, they would give the United States no chance to organize against a Prussianized Europe. In eight or ten months, after new advances had been made to Japan, who would be isolated by the defeat of her Allies in Europe, and with the aid of the German-Mexicans and German-Americans whose mission, as every one knows, is to paralyze by every possible means the military organization of the United States, it would be possible to look for ruthless

action against America by the Pan-Germanized forces of Europe.

The prediction of such extraordinary eventualities will no doubt seem fantastic and unprobable to many of my American readers. I beg them, nevertheless, to consider them seriously. As a matter of fact, if we consider what has been achieved by the Germans since August, 1914, the events which I have forecast are much less amazing than those indicated by me in 1901, when, in my book *L'Europe et la Question d'Autriche au Seuil du XXe Siècle*, I unmasked the Pan-German plot, which was then looked on as a mere phantasmagoria — although as a matter of fact it was so real that it now stands almost completely fulfilled.

You Americans, then, should learn your lesson from the past. Your own best interest lays on you the obligation to face facts which may at present seem improbable, and to prepare yourselves without losing a day for meeting the gravest perils. As the situation now stands, a delay in making a decision may involve disastrous results. For instance, the three weeks of parleying indulged in by the Allies before deciding to send troops to Serbia were of the utmost significance. Those three lost weeks simply prevented the Allies from achieving victory, and resulted in an unthinkable prolongation of the war.

The surest, the most economical way for Americans to avoid excessive risks is to prepare at once for the severest kind of struggle, on the hypothesis that the Allies may sustain grave reverses. Everything favors concerted action by the United States and the Allies. Their material and moral interests are identical, and, in doing away with autocracy, Russia removed the well-justified distrust felt in the United States for the land of the Czars. As we have seen, a German victory over Russia, involving the fall of Salonika and, later, the breaking of the Western front, would be unquestionably the most dangerous eventuality imaginable for the future security of the United States. American interest, therefore, demands not only that support should be given France and Great Britain, but that the United States should hasten to help the Russians, who will probably be called on first to meet the onslaught.

On reflection, perhaps, Americans may even find it worth while to give further thought to an idea which, a few months ago, would have seemed preposterous to them. Since President Wilson cherishes the ideal of the brotherhood of nations, — a noble conception, but one which can be realized only after Prussian militarism is ground in the dust, after the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns have gone the way of the Romanoffs, — why should not this world-crisis provide an opportunity for intimate coöperation between the United States and Japan?

Even if Americans were to admit the necessity of so doing, it will be long before they are in the position to throw into the European conflict those reinforcements which, by exercising a decisive influence, would hasten the end of the mad slaughter. At the present moment Japan alone, outside of Europe, has at her disposal a trained army capable of taking the field at once. Everything considered, President Wilson might well decide that the interests of humanity called for the intervention of Japan in Europe. If he succeeded in convincing Tokyo of this, he would stand out as the great, decisive figure of the war. From the technical point of view, it is certain that victory for the Allies calls for a simultaneous concentric attack on all the fronts of Pan-Germany. For that reason, Japanese troops on the Russian line, at Bagdad, Alexandretta, and Salonika, would furnish the Eastern positions of the Allies

with the supplementary strength that they need to achieve decisive results and so hasten the end of the whole war.

By way of conclusion, let me again urge my point that the line of action morally and materially most profitable to the United States is that which, by achieving the total destruction of Pan-Germany and Prussian militarism, will terminate the horrible carnage once for all. This is the moral pointed by the past. If the Allies had undertaken the Salonika–Belgrade expedition in the beginning of 1915, the war would have ended a year ago. If you, Americans, had cast your lot with us a year ago, it would be ending about now. If you act to-day, with all your energies, and especially if you compass the Japanese intervention, you will save the lives of millions of men who, without your military and diplomatic support, will surely be sacrificed.

The real problem for America is clearly to discern Pan-Germany lurking beneath the Quadruple Alliance of the Central Powers, and to decide to strike this Pan-Germany quick and hard. This is the one and only way to foil the odious Prussian militarism which threatens the liberty of the world.

A FATHER TO HIS GRADUATE GIRL

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

For you, my daughter in cap and gown, the reflections that greeted your graduation in white muslin only four years ago will have to be revised. All the wisdom of the ages could be drawn upon for admonition, as the ministrations of the Miss Minervas culminated on that June morning, and you made your curtsy to the world that was. You cast about for a year, inspecting the show to which you had gained admission; and then, as you remember, having stronger aspirations for knowledge than for social exercises, you went to college. Here you are, again inspecting the planet you were born into, and looking, I suppose, for a suitable place to take hold of its activities.

But bless me! what a distracted tragedy of a planet! All the people in it running about like ants in an ant-hill that the ploughshare has cut through; every tradition upset; every habit of life threatened with disturbance! Here you come, bringing a new education to a new heaven and a new earth! Take your parent by the hand, my dear, and lead him forth into the unknown. This is no world of his. Yours it may be; yours it must be, as much as any one's; yours to make and shape, and share its destinies. I see not much further into it than that it must have work for such as you; and as always heretofore you have done the task that you attempted, I have the more faith to find you equal to whatever tasks are coming.

Of what you have learned in these three scholastic years now crowned with A.B. I have only vague and general knowledge, but I know that you have partaken faithfully of the repast

that was set before you, and that, if there is anything good for girls in a college education, you must have got it. I can get assurance from expert educators that you have been taught nothing by the right method, and little or nothing that you should have learned, and that you face life again not really much to the good for all your recent endeavors. But that I shall not believe. Between ideal education and what you have obtained, no doubt a great gulf stretches; but at least you have got your share of what has been offered to your generation, and I own that I look upon your bachelor of arts degree as a life-belt strapped around you as you stand on the deck of a ship that navigates a zone of danger. If it is any good for a girl to have practiced a little to live her own life, to choose her own companions, to form her own opinions and test them for herself, surely this is the time and this the state of the world for that good to become apparent.

I notice that this distinction seems to rule between the girls who come out of boarding-schools and you beginning Bachelors: that they look forward to a little play-time period, and that most of you look for 'a job.' The difference does not go so deep as appears, for both of you are after training, with a view to future employment, and are likely in the end to come to similar activities. For women are women, and will be to the end; and the work they do, in the long run and with due exceptions, will be women's work. The boarding-school misses are quite as apt to pick up valuable lessons in applied energy in their play-time, as you will be in the employment that you hope to find.

At least, I suppose that you hope to find it. All the graduating college girls, having had a training and learned something, — at least, they hope so, — want to try it out on real work and find out what it is good for. Certainly this is their year if there ever was one. The young men graduates of colleges in '61 found the Civil War ready made for them, and most of them, deferring all other occupations, went into it. Here's a war ready for you, and one that promises to have a job waiting for every woman that is ready for it. It may be a job that women have been used to do; it may be something quite novel and untried. If the latter, so much the better for you whose training is believed to have made you a little readier than your sisters to try out experiments. A little more than other girls, the girls who have been to college are used to variety of association. They are apt, not only to know more girls than their boarding-school sisters, but more kinds of girls. In some of the big girls' colleges in the great cities there is obtainable an experience of human fellowship something like that which imaginative persons see as one of the precious possibilities of universal military service. If the dog-tent sheltering two young citizens from widely different social layers is an instrument of democracy, so is the classroom bench of a big girls' college in a great city.

Three years ago we thought that employments for women had been marvelously amplified, and so they had. The girls had flocked into offices; they were typewriters and stenographers, lawyers, doctors, editors, cashiers and bookkeepers; they did most of the work of the great department stores; they were deep in social service, and had almost monopolized the great profession of teaching. But since the war began, and men by the million have been called into it, armies of women almost equally large have been poured into the places these men left vacant. In Europe before the war women contended for employment; but since the war began, almost all employments, except actual military service, have

contended for the women. Women censor the mails; women make the munitions; women, even in England, tend the cattle and till the land. Only by this vast, wholesale coöperation of the women of the nations with the men of the nations has the war been kept going. Whenever there was work to be done and lack of men to do it, women have been enlisted.

And that, my daughter with your sheepskin in your hand, is the world into which you have graduated. It is a world in crisis; a world struggling toward a salvation only to be won by bitter effort; a world to which these states have suddenly been joined again after four generations of separation. Physically we Americans are far distant from the war and its agonies, but spiritually, mentally, nationally, it has become our affair and we are joined to it. It is our concern now that it shall come outright and do its appointed work of destruction and renovation. Our great estate and all our powers are committed to that vast duty. No one of us is exempt from contributing what we have and what we are to that endeavor.

The deep impressions which affect our lives are apt to come suddenly, to be matters of weeks or months of very active thought, rather than of years of slow experience. Like enough you, my daughter, and your coevals, will have your ideas about many important matters shaped by the thoughts that are born of this crisis in human affairs. No one who is really alive will escape those thoughts. They will concern the relations of nations and of all the people who compose them. One of the great lessons that the war is teaching is the power and duty of coöperation; that no one may live for self alone, but each for all and all for each. Wherever you take hold to help in these affairs, you will work with some one in a common cause; you will work, not for yourself alone, but for your country; not for your country alone, but for France, for England, for Belgium, for Serbia, for Russia, for Poland, for Italy, for Japan, for China, for all the world, to save it from the ruin of misapplied knowledge and selfish counsels. Nothing like this vast coöperation was ever known before. It used to be said that the United States had learned to think in the terms of a continent, and that Europe had got to learn that lesson. But now people must think in terms of all the continents. Nothing less than the whole world is in the pangs of readjustment; of hardly less than the whole world will you be a citizen when this work is finished.

But as you will remain distinctively a citizen of the United States, so, whatever you find to do, you will remain distinctively a woman. No extension of opportunity or novelty of occupation is going to swerve you from that inexorable condition. The work that you are to do in the world is to be woman's work. It may be driving an aeroplane or a motor-car, or making munitions, or keeping cows or chickens, or raising cabbages, or folding bandages, or nursing, or teaching, or knitting socks, or organizing enterprises, but if you do it, you make woman's work of it, for you are more important and less changeable than any occupation, and you will dominate the work, and not the work you.

If the work does not suit you as a woman, you will drop it presently, because it is more important in the long run that you should be a woman and do a woman's work than that any specified job should continue to be done. In an emergency, to be sure, the specific job may be all-important because the continuance of women's true work depends on it. But that is a temporary matter, to be cured at the first chance, so that the world may not cease to be worth living in, or run out of people.

I observe, and you will notice, that notwithstanding the great incursion of women, of late years, into one or another department of business, they are not of much account as fortune-builders. Some of them earn or make a good deal of money, but they seldom get rich by their own exertions, and nearly all the rich women have inherited their fortunes from men. Moreover, the women who are most successful as money-makers are not, as a rule, the most successful as women. The women seem to be a consecrated sex, too valuable to be employed in mere money-getting. Vast numbers of them earn a living — sometimes a good one — and have to; but few of them get rich. It is common for a young man to start out deliberately to accumulate a fortune. It is very uncommon for a young woman to do so. She is much more likely to accumulate a young man.

Will you please take note of that, my daughter? In spite of your cap and gown, you are still a consecrated vessel, designed rather to confer benefits upon the world, than to exact an excessive recompense for living in it. If you are to have much money you must get it indirectly. Your life is too valuable to be sacrificed to getting rich. I believe you will feel that to be true, no matter what you undertake; feel that you cannot afford to give up being a woman and fulfilling a woman's destiny, for the sake of winning the common rewards that are open to men. For you know man's great reward is woman. She is the crown of his endeavors and often the goal of them, but not of yours.

One of the consolations of these extraordinary times, so terrible and so afflicting in many aspects, is that they are bringing us closer to the French, the people in our modern world who seem to know best how to live, and who, we suspect, have come the nearest to solving the problem of the woman's place in life. Of course they are not a perfect model for us, and of course there are things that they may learn of us as well as we of them; but the Frenchwoman's place in life, as we hear of it, seems the nearest right that any people has worked out. It is a place of power and honor, a place in which the woman is valued to the full as a woman, and in which she coöperates intimately and effectively with the man. Probably we idealize the Frenchwoman's position somewhat, but as we see her, she is not only the decoration of life, but ideally the helpmate of the man; helping with her head and with her hands, with her companionship, her love, her thrift, her skill, her labor. We hear of her potency in business affairs; of her share, at least equal, and apt to be superior, in the management of farm and shop and household. We have learned all over again these last three years what wonderful stuff there is in the French, and wish there was more of it in the world. Never was mankind so much disposed to go to school to France, nor ever had this French tradition of woman's power and place and work a better chance to influence mankind. Perhaps it will help to temper in this land and generation the propensity to make a battle cry of 'Women for women,' with a prospect that it will yield in its turn to the slogan, 'Every woman for herself!'

Not with any such motto, my daughter, will civilization go any gait but backwards. The women of France have won great honor by great service, but their work has been woman's work. They have kept their hands on the details — the things that make the difference between profit and loss in trade or agriculture, and between paths of pleasantness and bad going in our daily walk. They are wise in the technique of living — not for themselves alone, but for France, her men and her children.

If France is pleasant and Frenchmen love it, it is Frenchwomen who have made it so. If life is pleasant to French men and they love it, it is French women who have made it so. If French men love France more than life, it is because in a conquered France French life could not flourish, or French women train it and make it worth living to French men. It is a great office to make life pleasant; to make it worth living. So far as it is done, it is done chiefly by women, but not by women whose motto is 'Women for women,' or 'Every woman for herself.'

It is the fault of people who are good at details that they are prone to make details overshadow life. Perhaps the Frenchwomen have room among their virtues for that fault. It is one, my daughter, that your college education should help to keep you out of. I don't suppose that college has made you proficient in the details of life, but at least it should have qualified you to see the forest in spite of the trees. You ought in the end — and long before the end— to see life broader and truer for having been to college; and because of those three years of reading and listening and thinking, should be able to bestow your mind upon the details of life with less risk of their absorbing you.

But the best thing to save the spirit from being swamped by details is religion, which keeps the imagination alive and constantly reminds the hands and the brain what their activities are about. Most of the Frenchwomen are religious, and that helps immensely to humanize them and keep them pleasant in spite of their strong bent toward thrift. Perhaps after the war France will offer the world a new-style Christian church, a church of France — Catholic as France is Catholic, free as France is free. Something like that is coming to all the world, and coming, sooner or later, out of the great dissolution of obstacles to human unity that is the great fruit and consequence of the war.

The wonderful war! The wonderful war! Praise God that we are in it, and practicing to beat the Devil along with our brethren! Be confident, my child, in the destiny of mankind! Here you come with that innocent sheepskin into a world loaded with new debts, mourning its innumerable dead, grieved at the havoc done to it, filled with orphans and widows and still struggling toward a goal obscured by smoke. But it is a world of promise beyond all the promise of a thousand years, in which whoever is strong in the faith may hope everything that saints foresaw or martyrs died to bring. Be glad it is your year. 'A.B. 1917' is distinction in itself. Accept it, my daughter, and make it good!

RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF PACIFISM

BY HENRY JONES FORD

I

Much of the bitterness between pacifists and militarists would be allayed if each side would fairly consider the other's point of view. Pacifists in general accord more respect to the motives of their opponents than is shown to their motives, and they have some ground for their complaints that they are being persecuted. That is not to say that all of their complaints are well founded. Their contention that the right of free speech has been violated by the action of university authorities in debarring meetings on university premises will not bear examination. The proper function of a university is to foster learning, and in the discharge of that function it ordinarily allows facilities for the expression of respectable opinion on any important subject. Because this is customary, the idea has been advanced that it is the *duty* of a university to provide facilities for the expression of opinion; and that, if it refuses to do so, it is unfaithful to its ideals and is violating freedom of speech. That duty exists, but it is not unqualified. The ordinary practice rests upon considerations that may be superseded by more weighty considerations such as are now present; and the pacifists do not thereby lose a right, but only a privilege which it is within the proper discretion of universities to withdraw. Freedom of speech implies simply the right to speak on one's own premises at one's own charge; and no matter what custom may have allowed, the right cannot involve any claim upon the property of others.

But while the claim that freedom of speech is being violated is unfounded, and is indeed contradicted by notorious facts showing that the pacifists are able to obtain ample facilities of their own providing, yet there does appear to be ground for complaints that they are being subjected to persecution. There seem to have been cases in which persons have been disturbed in their ordinary employments, — their qualifications for which are conceded, — simply on the ground of their opinions. This does constitute persecution, and it should be condemned and opposed in the interest of social justice. Moreover, the claim must be conceded that the pacifists are displaying heroic virtues in maintaining unpopular opinions, exposing themselves to serious risks. It will be admitted by most publicists that freedom of speech itself may rightfully be suppressed at a time when all individual privilege must be stringently subordinated to the primary law of national self-preservation. But whatever the needs of the hour may be, and whatever may be the measures sanctioned by public necessity, it is always the duty of reasonable people to keep their heads, to know what they are doing and why they are doing it. Pacifism is an element that may have to be put under forcible restraint, but none the less it is entitled to more consideration than it has been receiving.

Pacifism produces an irritation in opponents that is peculiar and seems to

call for special explanation. The cause probably lies in the fact that pacifism rests wholly upon deduction from a dogmatic principle. It does not pretend to be derived from existing views of national duty. What militarists regard as the plain and obvious teachings of experience do not move pacifists, because their ideals are independent of such considerations and stand upon a higher plane. It is this that gives their contention its peculiarly irritating quality, and that tends to substitute passion for argument in dealing with them. Nevertheless the case is not really withdrawn from reasonable consideration, and such treatment of it will promote fair dealing.

The original source of modern pacifism was the doctrine of non-resistance urged on scriptural grounds. This is a matter I do not feel competent to discuss, so I shall not notice it further than to mention that by most moralists and theologians the texts relied upon are held to apply to the relations of the individual members of society, and do not determine the rights and duties of communities. A concise but complete discussion of this branch of the subject may be found in a little work entitled *A Primer of Peace and War*, edited by Charles Plater, S.J. It is a Catholic manual, issued with an official imprimatur, but the views are those held also by most Protestant theologians, and a bibliography is appended that covers the ramifications of the subject.

This particular source, although strong in the respect felt for its maintainers, is not the main fountain-head of modern pacifism. A very powerful impetus was given the movement by Herbert Spencer's individualistic philosophy. Although he admitted that militarism had played a great part in the past in developing human faculty, he contended that all the service it could render to human progress had already been performed, and that now the most urgent need was the suppression of militarism, so that hereafter the survival of the fittest should be the result of competition and struggle under purely intellectual conditions. He held that the desire for individual advancement, or, as he once put it, the tendency of people to climb upon one another's shoulders, could thus be made a factor of evolutionary value; but the essential condition was the elimination of physical force. The contest must become one of wits, not of violence.

It is a striking instance of the way in which thought may swerve the world in its orbit, that these views of a neurasthenic invalid, leading a retired life in a London boarding-house, had great international consequences. They had effects both in Japan and in India, producing a type such as Kipling portrayed in the character of the Babu in *Kim*. They inspired the great endowment of the peace cause made by Mr. Carnegie, as his writings and speeches testify. At the same time, it appears from Nietzsche's own admissions that they provoked the reaction formulated in his philosophy of violence. He adopted Spencer's major premise of progress through survival of the fittest individuals, but differed with him on the minor premise of the argument. Where Spencer advocated suppression of physical force as a factor, Nietzsche advocated its enlargement, on the ground that elimination of force would give the world to the cunning rather than to the strong, whereas strength in all its forms was the true standard of biological value. Hence, by a minor correction in the philosophy of individualism, he arrived at his famous aphorism that 'a good war hallows any cause.'

The Spencerian philosophy as a source of pacifist sentiment has had its day, and is now on the decline. Mr. Carnegie is now probably lonesome in

his adherence to it, but his munificence has made it a permanent factor which in its practical operation has become detached from its original source, and now pursues methods that are opportunist rather than strictly pacifist. Spencerian pacifists of the original type are a dwindling group of agitators. Far more influential in these times is a source of pacifist sentiment to which he was opposed with as much bitterness as can enter the mind of a philosopher. That source is Socialism, seeking to reconstruct the family and the state, on strictly secular principles, in the interest of economic independence and individual freedom. From this point of view no waste of life, no exploitation of the masses, is so complete a loss, so lacking in rational purpose, as the carrying on of war, which is akin to cannibalism in that it makes humanity prey upon humanity. Hence it is argued that the first and most important thing to do for human salvation is to stop war — at any cost, by any means.

One must be grossly prejudiced not to be willing to admit that these ideals are appealing with great force to men and women of courage, intelligence, refinement, and devotion; that they are already having a distinct effect in modifying social standards; and that they are being pursued with heroic constancy. Whether or not the movement shall turn out to be regenerative, or whether it is a sloughing process that is the natural outcome of secular principles and will eventually eradicate them from philosophy and religion, is a matter that need not now be considered. What is now to the point in this discussion is that pacifism owes most of its present vigor and activity to this source.

This leaves the case somewhat open for argument. It means that effective pacifism does not take its stand upon a traditional dogma, but upon rational grounds which admit of analysis. Events have had and are still having a marked effect upon this class of pacifists. It is notorious that most of them have concluded that after all there is something in patriotism, and in every belligerent country they are fighting for ideals that as Socialists they had officially repudiated. A split between the opportunist and the inexorable elements has taken place and is progressing with such effect that out-and-out pacifists are being reduced to a comparatively small group; but they are staunch and earnest. They cannot be put down by decrying their patriotism. They contend that they are exhibiting what is better than patriotism — devotion to the cause of humanity; and that the display of true heroism is really on their side and not on the side of those who fall in with the prevailing current of opinion. They claim to be animated by ideals which, if adhered to, will accomplish more for peace and justice in all circumstances than by war in any circumstances; and they hold that this is not generally recognized solely because those ideals have never been actually tried.

The militarists generally allow that the ideals of pacifism have not been tried, but they contend that this is simply because pacifism is wholly absurd and impracticable. Here both sides are in error. It happens that pacifism has been thoroughly tried, not once, but often; not for a limited period, but for ages. And if we examine the case, keeping in mind the maxim of Thucydides that history is philosophy teaching by example, fallacies and misconceptions may be removed that are now indulged both by pacifists and militarists. It will then appear that the antithesis between militarism and industrialism which Herbert Spencer described was affected by an error of statement that vitiated his conclusions, and that this

will account for the failure of actual political tendencies to conform to his theoretical anticipations which perplexed him a great deal, as is admitted in his *Autobiography*. It will account for the mistaken advice he gave to Japan to be a hermit nation — advice which, had it been adopted, would have caused Japan to be now a Russian dependency along with Korea. It will also account for the errors of calculation that caused international Socialism to assume its pacifist attitude, and will show that militarism has been an instrument of good to human society, while pacifism has been and is a deep source of evil. And, finally, it will account for the difficulties that have so far defeated all efforts to substitute international arbitration for war, and will show that they are removable, because the truth will then become manifest that when pacifism has been suppressed war can be suppressed.

II

These may appear to be paradoxical and indeed fantastic statements. No attempt has been made to tone them down, because it is not the intention of this article to slip into the minds of readers opinions whose character and purport are not fully disclosed. The intention is to secure attention for a very serious case, to bring into view tremendous realities, to exhibit the significance of the present situation, which is graver than can be imagined by those whose thoughts grind such grist as is supplied by current controversies between militarists and pacifists. Exhibition of the case does not call for the use of any recondite matter. The material for sound judgment is easily accessible to educated minds. All that is required is to get the right point of view and then to use one's reason.

One may readily obtain the logical structure of the case by turning to the famous chapters seventeen and eighteen of Spencer's *Political Institutions*, which inspired Mr. Carnegie to give twelve million dollars in five per cent bonds to endow peace movements. No one can now read those chapters without perceiving that the antithesis of militarism and industrialism they present is not in accord with notorious facts showing beyond dispute that high industrial efficiency is an essential concomitant of high military efficiency. The premises of Spencer's argument need to be corrected by substituting predaciousness for militarism. Then the argument becomes square with the facts which he himself lays down in his *Principles of Biology* as to the relation between the organism and its environment — the dependence of the parasite on the existence of its host, of the plant on soil in which to grow, of the ruminant on the presence of pasture, of the carnivora on the supply of animals on which to prey. Considered from this standpoint, pacifism stands forth in its proper character as the essential concomitant of predaciousness, which could not live without it. But when Spencer's argument is corrected in its terms according to his own data, the conclusions will then be correspondingly rectified, and it will then appear that the acknowledgments he felt constrained to make of the salutary influence of militarism in the past must be extended to the present and continued to the future.

The service of pacifism to predaciousness, inferable from biological principles, is confirmed by the direct evidence of history. Archæological research has shown that agriculture as an art owed its origin to pacifist peoples. Our own Pueblo Indians — peaceful, settled communities, avoiding contact with rapacious neighbors and secreting themselves from attack by the natural embargoes of inaccessible refuges

— preserve the characteristics of the primitive type. But the most favored seats of primitive agriculture were the alluvial soils deposited by great rivers and periodically renewed by their flow. Hence the bottom courses of human culture were laid in great river valleys such as the Nile in Egypt, the Tigris and the Euphrates in Asia Minor, the Ganges in India, and the Yellow River in China. But such localities lie so open to attack that they can be protected only through organization and discipline, and these characteristics appear to have been imparted by conquests which arranged the population in layers of exploited masses and classes of functionaries on the principle 'Spend me and defend me.' The rule of the Manchu dynasty in China preserved down to our own times a pattern of social organization such as our Egyptologists and Assyriologists observe in their studies, and in which they find the origin of some fundamental apparatus of western civilization.

These most ancient forms of empire were eventually confronted by forces beyond the capacity of their type. Huge as they were, they were in the plight of the dinosauria when the predatory mammalia appeared on the scene. When the predatory type of the state made its full appearance in history its native habitat was the plains of central Asia. A great theologian, Cardinal Newman, has clearly explained the source of the efficiency that gave the mastery of the world to this type until its supremacy was overthrown by the development of militarism. He observed, —

'The discipline of a pastoral station, from the nature of the case, is not very different from that of a camp. There can be no community without order. and a community in motion demands a special kind of organization. Provision must be made for the separation, the protection, and the sustenance of men, women, and children, horses, flocks, and cattle. To march without straggling, to halt without confusion, to make good their ground, to reconnoitre neighborhoods, to ascertain the character and capabilities of places in the distance, and to determine their future route, is to be versed in some of the most important duties of the military art. Such pastoral tribes are already an army in the field.'

Such was the basis of a predaciousness that periodically overran the world from China to France, and from time to time established vast but transient empires. Gibbon gives an impressive account of its conquests east and west. A still more complete and systematic account is given in Cardinal Newman's *Lectures on the History of the Turks.* No war between the peoples of Western Europe — not even the horrible war going on now — approaches in bloodshed and devastation the attacks of nomad predaciousness upon agricultural pacifism. There are regions of the world to-day, once populous and wealthy, that have never recovered from the pillage and massacre which accompanied invasion. Pacifism nourished this predaciousness over a thousand years. Attila in the fifth century, Genghis Khan in the thirteenth, and Timur in the fourteenth, pillaged and massacred the pacifist peoples from the Pacific almost to the Atlantic, here and there erecting pyramids of heads as trophies of valor, now and then celebrating gorgeous festivities in testimony of their grandeur. Amazing accounts are given of the profusion of gold, silver, and precious stones that embellished their rude magnificence. This predaciousness lasted until pressure of necessity developed militarism as a counteracting force. Even the latest battle of the Marne was not so important in its consequences to Western

Europe as that battle at Châlons on the Marne in which Attila received such a severe repulse that he retreated from France.

The concise explanation of the supremacy in the world which Europe has obtained in the last five centuries is that it is a terminal region in which militarism had to be developed as the condition of existence. The Celtic and Teutonic tribes, pressed to the west by waves of ethnic invasion from the inexhaustible Asiatic sources, could go no farther and had to stand their ground. The church, in converting the barbarians, at the same time traced the cultural lines on which the civilized state has developed, and gave sanction to the militarism of which the modern state is distinctly the product. The spread of that militarism has subjugated predaciousness in its original seats, and now Bokhara, formerly a centre of nomadic empire, is a cotton-raising province of Russia. Not until militarism became too strong for predaciousness did the nomadic tribes settle down and accept industrialism as the economic basis of their state. A similar conversion through the agency of militarism has taken place among the Algerines, who once used to prey upon American commerce; and the same process is now going on among the Moros of the southern Philippines under American rule.

III

If pacifists contend that such facts are too remote to be pertinent to modern conditions, let it be considered that our own national history gives an instance of a test of pacifism under singularly favorable circumstances. The Indian tribes in colonial Pennsylvania had been so broken and humbled by wars with other tribes that they were ready for peace on any terms. In submitting to their conquerors, the Iroquois tribes of Western New York, they even accepted the humiliation of declaring themselves to be, not warriors, but squaws, and putting on the dress of squaws. The pacifists controlled the provincial government and treated the Indians on pacifist principles. That the effect was not really to promote industrialism but to foster predaciousness appears from the admissions of historians who defend the pacifist policy. Thomas F. Gordon, whose history appeared in 1829, praised that policy, but he had to admit that it acted as an incentive to aggressions by the Indians. He observed that 'their hostility has been rewarded rather than chastised by Pennsylvania; every treaty of peace was accompanied by rich presents, and their detention of prisoners was overlooked upon slight apologies, though obviously done to afford opportunities for new treaties and additional gifts.'

The detention referred to might, in the case of women, imply facts that do not bear mention. A Moravian missionary carried off in one of these raids had a fate that was infinitely worse than if she had been killed and scalped like her male colleagues at the raided station. The pacifists who controlled the provincial assembly were so devoted to their principles that they could not be moved by any appeal. Their mild composure was not seriously disturbed, even when a load of scalped and mangled bodies was brought to the State-House door as an exhibit in aid of the popular demand for protection. Rather than abandon pacifism, they finally surrendered control of the government, when it was made clear that their authority would be abolished by the British government if it was not properly employed.

A comparison of the policy of the United States toward the Indians with Canadian policy points the same lesson.

In the one case pacifism was practiced until the consequences became intolerable, and there followed a vindictive campaign to terrorize the Indians. In the other case the situation was dealt with by militarism, which, operating steadily and continuously, has exerted a preventive influence. The Indians have been protected against fraud and injustice; they have been restrained from rapine. Hence Canada has been almost exempt from the Indian wars that have afflicted the United States. Sitting Bull's tribe, in fighting which General Custer lost his life, lived quietly and peaceably after they had taken refuge in Canada.

It must be admitted that history is much clearer on the point that pacifism fosters predaciousness than it is on the point that militarism promotes industrialism; but the results of the present war are bringing that fact into popular knowledge. It has long been clear to specialists in economics and political science. Predaciousness and militarism both employ force, but in the one case the utilization destroys and exhausts, while in the other it fosters and develops. The beginnings of national finance, of political economy, of conservation and development of national resources, of administrative efficiency and improvement in the art of government, are all traceable to militarism. The logical connection may be and is often denied, and in many cases the connection is visible only to experts. But any one who will consider the facts given by Professor W. B. Munro of Harvard in his standard work on *The Government of European Cities* must be impressed with the evidence showing that the municipal systems of Continental Europe are a military product. Professor Munro is not seeking to maintain the point; it comes out incidentally in the fulfillment of his purpose of explaining the rise and growth of the institutions described; but it appears that the French municipal system, which has spread all over the world and is now found in places as remote as South America and Japan, was originally instituted by Napoleon Bonaparte in organizing the national resources on militarist principles. The German municipal system dates from the reforms of Stein and Hardenberg in their reorganization of national resources for national defense. When it is considered that every European mayor is a cog in the machinery of military equipment and mobilization, it is evident that municipal efficiency is essential to the security of the nation. Efficiency of organization created for any purpose is available for every purpose. The rich and abundant civic bloom characteristic of European municipal institutions, which every traveler notes and admires, has militarism for its stalk and its root.

That the development of any function of an organism reacts upon every particle of its structure is a well-known principle. It is now so abundantly illustrated by the systematization and regimentation of society going on from stress of military necessity that it is patent to every observer. Socialists are pointing to such results as evidence of the validity of the principles for which they are contending, and they predict, with good reason, that the world will not again return to the conditions of economic conflict, class exploitation, and selfish profiteering of the past. Hence many of them — probably the great majority — are revising their opinions and are discarding pacifism, at any rate during the present emergency. We simply pursue to their logical conclusion principles thus gaining acceptance, when we recognize that the complete suppression of pacifism and the complete institution of militarism would bring within bounds of

practicability the adjudication of international disagreements by international tribunals.

This prospect, however, is not to be attributed to favorable sentiment, but to the growth of favorable conditions. If it should be supposed that this would mean simply respect for the sovereignty of every existing state and the elimination of force as a factor, the situation will be misconceived. What seems likely to happen is this: that just as in the business world competing interests that cannot be exterminated will seek reciprocal adjustment, so too in the political world the full organization and development of national militarism will promote adjustment of interests by the leading nations, the process expressing itself in juridical forms. The actual fact of the case, however it may be disguised, is that the international courts will rest upon a basis of syndicated empire. States so imperfectly organized as to be unable to fulfill respectably their international obligations will not be secluded from the consequences of their misconduct; but instead of the punitive expedition of the past there will be adjudication by international tribunals applied by processes maintained by international force. Those who have eyes to see may see that conditions of guardianship, clientage, or receivership have already been established by international allowance, and all that remains to be done is to systematize, regulate, and clothe in juridical forms the processes already introduced. Thus the complete suppression of pacifism, which present conditions are exacting, will reduce the function of militarism to judicial activities.

The argument has thus far been conducted as an interpretation of data which evolutionary and socialistic pacifists recognize as pertinent, whether or not they admit the validity of the interpretation. Most of them are now quite plainly moving in that direction. But it must be admitted that on one point the argument is defective. Even granting, as many of them are now doing, that at present militarism is acting as an agent of social reconstruction tending to the fulfillment of their secular ideals, there remains this objection: How can this compensate those whose lives are used up and spent in the process? But is this the special problem of militarism? Where is the gain of those who fall in the class struggle whose existence is asserted by Socialism, and upon whose destruction of human life it habitually enlarges? Is it a sufficient compensation for the martyrdom of man that through it social justice will be eventually established? On secular premises no satisfactory answer is to be had unless one is found in the mere perpetuation of influence such as George Eliot described in her 'Choir Invisible,' —

> the choir . . .
> Of those immortal dead who live again
> In minds made better for their presence.

A barren consolation this, one may think. But what if not one drop of personality, not one particle of true individuality, is really lost when it disappears from view, but retains its existence fully and completely, actually and not merely figuratively? On this point, too, the world war is bringing enlargement of thought, and it is having a profound effect upon the institutions which give expression to the religious instinct and systematize its activities.

WHY ARE YOU NOT A PACIFIST?

BY CHARLES E. PARK

THAT question is quite frequently put to me. At first, I was unable to give an answer — any more of an answer than merely, 'I don't know, but I'm not.' As a matter of fact, my reasons were purely intuitive at first. Gradually they have become somewhat articulate. Would it be worth while, I wonder, to put them down on paper? If they manage to awaken in other minds a better articulation of reasoning, either for or against pacifism, they might serve some good purpose.

Pacifism arises from a variety of motives, some worthy and others unworthy. The only man who will deny that, is the man whose own pacifism is of so ardent a quality that he will find little patience for its analysis in others. Like the Kentucky colonel who affirmed that there was no such thing as bad whiskey, he will declare at once that there is no such thing as unworthy pacifism. The mere fact that it is pacifism lifts it in his eyes above the reach of the analytical critic.

I crave this man's patience, which I know is a bold thing to do, if I refuse to grant that point. It seems to me there are several kinds of pacifism, some good and some bad. I desire to confine my attention to what I consider the good. The other kinds are beneath the notice of any self-respecting man.

When you examine its motives, pacifism is seen to connote, variously in various men, cowardice, selfishness, laziness, sentimentalism, expediency, or spiritual inertia. I have no quarrel with these forms of pacifism. They are symptomatic of various phases of 'human natur',' and are, I suppose, to be viewed as dispassionately as one contemplates red hair, warts, and crooked noses. I repeat, it is not to such pacifists that these remarks are addressed.

With another class, however, and, as I hopefully believe, with the largest class of all, pacifism connotes a very pure and a very lofty idealism. To such people pacifism is a religion, an interpretation of Christianity, a genuine spiritual passion. These are the people I myself have in mind when I say 'pacifist.' They have my utmost respect. True, they sometimes, more often than not, tax my temper; but then, I doubtless tax theirs, so we are quits. Putting tempers aside, strictly aside, I would like to bear my humble testimony to the question they raise, 'Why are you not a pacifist?'

I want to do this because such a question, coming from persons of such nobility of motive and purity of heart, seems to me to demand my most serious consideration. The very loftiness of their position puts me, I confess, upon the defensive, and lays upon me the burden of proof. I would like to do it in this way, too, because never as yet have I had the good fortune to encounter a true pacifist in verbal argument who will let me finish a single sentence of my *apologia* without breaking in upon me with some quick denial or some eager interruption. And that is bad for my pacifism, however it may affect their own.

Perhaps I can come at it best by raising the question, 'Why are they pacifists?' They are pacifists, first, because they consider it wrong to take human life; and second, because they dread the reactive effect upon themselves of opposing aggression by violent physical methods.

They hold that human life is a very sacred and a very mysterious thing. It is something they cannot explain, a heavenly property, to be given, and also taken away, solely at the discretion of Heaven. To say that there comes a moment, when, in their judgment, a human being has forfeited his right to live, and to say when that moment arrives, is to assume an awful responsibility — a responsibility too awful in fact to be assumed. They prefer to distrust their own judgment, and to give every human being, even the most ruthless, the benefit of the doubt. For a man to follow the dictates of his own faulty judgment, warped as it so often is by passion, prejudice, and ignorance, and arbitrarily to fix that moment of forfeiture, is to be guilty of a self-assurance at the hardihood and insolence of which they stand aghast. Of course there is the possibility that the human verdict may be right; but there is also the possibility that it may be wrong. Rather than incur that risk of deciding wrongly, in a matter involving so sacred a thing as human life, they themselves prefer to suffer abuse, persecution, ruin, and death.

What have I to say to this first point — the sanctity that attaches to human life? I note their reverence, their humility, their self-distrust, their passionate loyalty to a moral ideal — qualities which cannot be over-admired. Are they right, and ought I to join them? I think not; and for this reason: while I can admit that human life is a very mysterious and a very sacred thing, I cannot admit that it is the most sacred thing in the world. The core and essence of holiness is the thought of God. My thought of God takes the form of a Unity of Purpose: that is to say, I think of God as a self-conscious, intelligent, benevolent power, at work in this world toward the fulfillment of a purpose. The Will of God, the Divine Purpose, is therefore the holiest thing conceivable. And loyalty to that Divine Purpose is the highest moral duty. The Divine Purpose is intrusted to human hands, and is the factor in relation to which a human life must be judged holy or unholy. The amount of sanctity that attaches to a human life is to be measured by the degree to which that life is consecrated to the Divine Purpose. There is nothing on earth holier, more precious, than the human life utterly consecrated to the Divine Purpose — the Christ. On the other hand, there is nothing on earth so worthless as the human life which knows no consecration at all to the Divine Purpose; and there is nothing on earth so unholy, so detestable, as the human life that is given over to an active hostility to the Divine Purpose.

When therefore my pacifist friend asks me to agree to the sanctity that attaches to a human life, I reply, 'Yes — provided. The sanctity of human life is a contingent property. It becomes real when, and continues real so long as, that life is informed by loyalty to the Divine Purpose. Its degree is to be measured by the degree of that loyalty. But it disappears as soon as that loyalty to the Divine Purpose disappears.'

Of course the question at once arises, but who is to be the judge of this loyalty to the Divine Purpose? How can you presume to say what the Divine Purpose is? And unless you can say what it is, how can you dare to affirm that a fellow-creature is or is not loyal to it?

Aye, there's the rub. It all comes back to the question of the reliability of the human judgment. For after all, it is the human judgment that must attempt to define the Divine Purpose, and that must, through that definition, impute worth or worthlessness to human life. The Pacifist affirms that human judgment is too fallible to assume the stupendous responsibility of framing such a definition. I venture to reply that, if that is the case, then we are all at sea, and the sooner we give up the game of living, the better. I do not for a moment argue the infallibility of the human judgment. All I have to say is, that human judgment, such as it is, with all its narrowness, pride, passion, and bigotry, is still the best guide we possess. It gives us *some* headway, at least, some steerageway. And while that steerageway may be, and probably is, in a direction that only approximates the direction of true growth, it is still infinitely better than no steerageway at all. Dirigibility is a condition of fundamental importance for a civilization, as for a ship. And dirigibility depends on some sort of progress.

Therefore I approach this matter of defining the Divine Purpose, like Paul, 'with a certain boldness.' I miss the clear word of revelation, but I suspect that my pacifist friend has no more revelation than I. My human judgment, divesting itself so far as possible of all distracting obstacles, functioning at its best, corrected by the judgment of the great majority of my fellow creatures, and supported by the continuity of history, ventures to define the Divine Purpose, for the present, as the intention to establish in this world certain great principles of living — principles which shall have universal acceptance, and under whose guardianship human living may enjoy a better opportunity for the ultimate attainment of its perfection. These principles are, let us say, Honor, Justice, Service, Good-will.

Not for a moment do I claim that the establishment of these principles in universal acceptance is the sum and substance of the Divine Purpose. It is simply one step in the unfolding of that Purpose, and 'one step enough for me.' Nor do I claim, dogmatically, that it is a step in the right direction. It is only in a direction as near right as my best vision can discover. There is nothing left for me to do but accept this definition, and proceed at once to align with it my conception of duty, and my valuation of human life.

Thus, to coöperate with the Divine Purpose in establishing upon earth the principles of Honor, Justice, Service, and Good-will, becomes the highest duty. And the degree of consecration to that Purpose which any life presents becomes the measure of its worth, and of its right to continue. If, therefore, pacifism means a supreme reverence for human life, and a lofty devotion to the ideal of preserving human life at all hazards, I cannot be a pacifist. For at best I can feel but a conditional reverence for human life. I cannot make it a fetich. It derives its sanctity from its relation to something holier than itself. To preserve it at the expense of that something holier, — that Honor, Justice, Service, Good-will, which are the proper objects of its loyalty and self-expenditure, — is to preserve the instrument at the expense of the music which the instrument is designed to produce.

I frankly confess that my ideal is not the preservation of human life, but the preservation of a certain type of human life; and the establishment of those principles under which this type of human life can best survive seems to me more important than the preservation of human life itself. When the pacifist urges upon me his ideal instead,

which, as he claims, takes precedence of mine, — blankets mine by 'taking the weather-gauge,' so to speak, — I can reply only that in my judgment the wind sits not in that quarter. He is asking me to be recreant to my duty as I see it.

This brings me to the second point. My friend is a pacifist because he dreads the brutalizing consequences upon himself of resisting aggression by violent physical methods. He claims that you cannot establish the principle of good-will among men by methods that are in themselves the opposite of good-will. He asserts that the agent sinks inevitably to the level of the methods he employs, and that if a principle of good-will cannot establish itself through the cogency of its own enchantment, but must be enthroned by the aid of coercion, it automatically ceases to be good-will, and becomes nothing but coercion masquerading in a false guise. The only way to bring pacifism into universal vogue is to practice it universally, beginning with himself. Therefore he is a pacifist, and he earnestly desires every one else to follow his example.

His position here is so sound and so high, that, I confess, I feel myself more than ever on the defensive. I gladly agree with him, making but one reservation. And in making that one reservation I realize that I am exposing myself to the charge of sentimentalism. I claim the right to draw a sharp line between the quality of my outward actions and the quality of my inner frame of mind, my mood, my motive. Physical violence does not inevitably connote spiritual violence. Stern, repressive, coercive measures of the hands may spring from inner fountains of unalloyed good-will. I might ask my friend to read the story of how Abraham Lincoln whipped Jack Armstrong — thoroughly, but without the least trace of malice. Kipling says something not only true, but almost prophetic, in his poem, 'The American': —

> His hands are black with blood; his heart
> Leaps as a babe's at little things.

My contention is that good-will has its seat primarily in the heart; and that so long as it is enthroned securely in the heart, it is possible, and safe, and sometimes practically necessary, to protect it as a principle by means of outward coercion. I realize fully the danger of such a method, the difficulty of handling this pitch without getting defiled. I realize that almost every war that has been begun from lofty motives, and undertaken for the support of sacred principles, has tended to deteriorate into a mere welter of passions and retaliations. But at this point my sentimentalism gets the better of me. I believe in human nature. I insist that it is possible to do dirty work in a clean spirit, and to maintain the operation upon a clean level.

And right here I see the promise and the romance of our American life, its stern duty, and its possible idealism. What higher value can we attach to our traditions of national good-humor, to our many examples of the generous warrior, to our many instances of dispassionate warfare, than to find in them instructions and illustrations of the better way to protect our institutions and to confuse our foes? That is, by meeting their aggressiveness by a valiant defense, and at the same time by undermining the malice in their hearts by an unsullied good-will in our own.

GOOD FRIDAY, 1917

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

It is Good Friday, April 6, 1917. Flags are flying all up and down the streets; they are streaming from every big building, and fluttering on automobiles. The President's great war message to Congress is being scattered by aviators inside the German lines. The newspapers blare out the headlines, 'Britain Proud of America's Decision' — 'Wilson's War Speech Stabilizes Russia' — 'Italy Profoundly Impressed' — 'Poincaré Cables Wilson.' Our President has spoken for us. Our solemn and glorious hour has come. We are at war with Germany.

And now what are *you* going to do about it? What response is each individual American going to make at this tremendous time to the need of his country — to the need of the world?

Before this paper can be printed the first flare of war will be over, 'the tumult and the shouting' will have died. We shall be getting into our stride, shall be finding ourselves; and, perhaps, a few quieter moments may come in which to look into deeper things.

These are perhaps the most momentous times, the most pregnant and far-reaching, that have been vouchsafed to humanity since the coming of Christ. It is possible, indeed, that *now* is actually the accepted time of the Lord. Other periods have presented the picture of isolated countries, one after another, being thrust into the crucible; but now every morning the newspapers spread before our eyes the awful spectacle of a whole world in a vast fiery furnace. The times are mad with change. Tidal waves of it are sweeping in on every shore of humanity, and no one may say what is approaching on silent feet out of the dark of the future into the white light of the present. But terrible as the times are, and more terrible as they may become, surely no one can fail to be proud to have had granted to him or to her the inestimable privilege of life at this momentous hour. These are no times to breed the 'idle singers of an empty day.' They are so wide, so vast, so fraught with astounding possibilities, that while, on the one hand, awful dangers lurk within them, still, on the other, no ideal for the general benefit of mankind is too high to hope now for its possible fruition. No American may dare to live lightly in the present; for whether our country rides the waves of change successfully, or is swamped by them, is going to depend not upon this person or upon that, or upon some high official in Washington, but upon you, upon the backbone of the whole nation, upon the dedication and highmindedness of every individual within its borders.

It would seem as if Fate had gathered up the visions, the hopes, the highest dreams and most passionate ideals, out of all the past years, and now for their possible fulfillment was holding them out with overflowing hands to the people of this age. It may be — who knows to the contrary — that each of us alive to-day has been especially invited into life at this extraordinary moment, with some grave responsibility, some definite and solemn part to play

— no matter how small — in the great world-drama. And we, moving in the spot-light of the present, may well be awed and consecrated by the feeling that the eyes of all the noble dead who poured themselves out lavishly in the past for the furtherance of great ideals are watching now from behind the scenes to see how we take our parts in these great issues, in these magnificent opportunities; to see if we belong to, or fail of, that

> One great society alone on earth,
> The noble living and the noble dead.

And we of America, men and women and children, we, who strangely enough have gone to war on Good Friday, are we going to disappoint our own noble dead? Our President has spoken a great word for us; shall we fail now of its loftiest interpretation? Shall we not rather deepen the channels of the spirit, and, consecrating ourselves for a higher service, take our place worthily among the nations, for the honor of the past, for the salvation of the present, and for the hope and lifting up of the unborn future?

The picture of the times is as shifting as a kaleidoscope; 'history in these days,' as some one has lately phrased it, 'comes on in seven-league boots.' No man may predict from one day to another, what fresh aspect of the situation will be spewed up in the great maelstrom. Whether we are in for a long and terrible struggle, or are headed instead toward a sudden peace, no one knows; but whichever it is to be, America, along with all the rest of the world, is going to need now all the highest faculties, all the loftiest qualities of the spirit of which human nature is capable. Because the times are so big, so pressed down and running over with far-reaching opportunities for the coming of a new and better era, our country must rise now to her full strength, not alone for herself, but, please God, for the rest of mankind as well.

The other nations which have been fighting so heroically on the side of justice and humanity are feeling at last the awful strain and weariness of the breathless conflict. They have said themselves that they will welcome, not only America's material assistance, but also the fresh inspiration which she may afford to the ideals of the whole. Untouched as yet by the world-disaster, our country swings now into the ranks, lusty and strong and fresh, high-hearted and enthusiastic, and in so doing she may have offered to her such opportunities for altruistic service as perhaps no country in all the history of mankind before has ever had offered to it. If she can purify herself now, if she can bring herself to higher spiritual levels, if, in short, out of the stress of these solemn moments she can experience a re-birth, — as other nations have been born again, — then indeed she may be enabled to play some great, some unselfish part, to render some deep service for the whole of humanity, such as may be written in the annals of our history for the lifting up and the ennobling of the sons of men for all time. Out of the blood and tears and destruction of the old world, a new world is being born, and America may be permitted to assist at that birth. But she will be so permitted only if the hearts of us individual Americans — every one of us in the nation — can ardently be set upon the highest and noblest desires.

What services may be permitted to us no one can foresee as yet, but there are many and glorious possibilities before us. Our vigorous entry into the war at this juncture may serve to hasten peace, and may help as well to free the German people themselves. Moreover, we have the opportunity of leading the rest of the nations into some world-federation for a permanent peace. Per-

haps, also, we in America may generate a sufficiently altruistic sentiment to feel anxious to *give*, not lend, some vast sum for the succor and rehabilitation of our stricken friends abroad. Or again, perhaps some genius among us may devise a means for marshaling and organizing all our agricultural resources so that the threat of starvation that is now stalking abroad in the land may be brought to naught. To end this overwhelming war; to further the establishment of democracy; to open the way to a permanent peace; to assist largely in binding up the wounds of Europe; and to prevent starvation — are these little things? Indeed, they may well quicken the imagination and broaden the vision; and would to heaven that they might also fire the heart of every one of us!

Is America going to be able to accomplish any of them? Who can say? Mr. Wells has written, 'Every country is a mixture of many strands. There is a Base America; there is a Dull America; there is an Ideal and an Heroic America.' If we individually and collectively are content now to rest in the base and dull America, great and shining opportunities will come striding up to our very doors and thunder upon them, and we shall be too gross, too unawakened, to hear; or, if we hear, too weak and cowardly to respond. But if we can now break through to that Heroic and Ideal America, can walk in its garment, put upon us its armor of light, then indeed may we be permitted to go forward upon jubilant feet for the service of mankind.

No doubt there will be many among us to jeer at the idea of America helping the world. America! who, as some assert, has come near to the losing of her own soul! Some have said, indeed, that if we go to war we should do so in sackcloth and ashes. Well, one may merely retort that with a nation no more than with an individual are great achievements possible so long as only small ones are expected. No doubt we have sinned and been found wanting many times, and seasons of real repentance are vital, soul-restoring. It is well to realize that our country as a whole has been slow to awake to the awful greatness of the times; but now, at last, she is awakening, is going forth gloriously! And as in the past we have not shown ourselves altogether ignoble, so let us hope and believe that we still have some gifts of heroism that will not altogether fail us in the present.

Whether we as a nation shall be considered worthy of any great service is certainly not for us to decide. That decision fortunately rests with God. Our concern should be that out of the tremendous pressure of the times there may be distilled in the heart of every American a little extra drop of nobility, to create, as a whole, a deep reservoir of idealism ready to be drawn upon should the call for an heroic American ever be sounded. And the bringing about of this desired consecration will depend, I reiterate, upon you and upon me. It will not lie with any one section of the country: not with the East or with the West; neither with the Republican nor with the Democratic party, nor with the Army or the Navy; but it will rest upon the shoulders of every human being in all the length and breadth of the land. It is a responsibility that clutches us all and that none of us may deny. And because this is true, it behooves us all, amid this turmoil of material preparation and the making of war, to seek more ardently than ever before a mobilization of the spiritual forces as well, and to sound a call for all the highest and best of which the heart is capable.

No other call that can be sent forth will make such an immediate and universal demand upon the whole of the

nation. It will come to men and women and children; to rich and poor alike; to high and low, weak and strong, clever and simple; to every single human being, in short, who is old enough to distinguish between right and wrong. In these swift, these terrible, seething, shifting times, we need truly to find deep anchorages on which to stay our spirits and the spirit of the nation. Have you any gift of truth? Now is the time to seek and find it. Of courage and unselfishness? Surely we shall want them now. Of faith? God knows that it is needed. And in finding these things we shall be saving, not simply our own small souls, but the soul of our country.

Let us not content ourselves, however, with fine phrases and a vague idealism, which may run out into a thin and inadequate emotion. I have nothing vague in mind, but something so radiantly clear-cut and tangible that, should it come to pass, it will be almost possible to touch it with the hand, and it most certainly may be seen with the eyes. No less, indeed, than the re-birth of a country through the lifting up of each one of its members. America, through her people, has risen to these higher levels in the past; other nations are doing so now; who can doubt our capacity to do likewise in the present?

The germ of a larger life, a life more abundant, lies deep within every nation, as it lies within every human being. Religion, history, and psychology, all affirm this, and personal experience responds with its eager testimony. Sometimes it flowers suddenly into being; the spirit rushes forth with an unimagined violence, and the individual is swept, breathless and dazed, to higher levels of existence, and there offers in his ecstasy some such testimony as this:

'My triumph can be compared to nothing but the experience in which life is generated in the midst of death, or the resurrection from the dead.'

'Heaven and earth were changed for me. Everything was glorious because of its relation to some great central life — nothing seemed to matter but that life.'

'Suddenly a great light seemed to burst upon me: not an external light, an inward light. It was a new and glorious world, a world of ineffable love and light which seemed to emanate from a Presence which I knew to be there, but which I could not see. . . . I had a sudden vision of a central self which almost overwhelmed me. It was a reservoir of new, unguessed powers, measureless capacities, and unfathomed emotion; a reservoir from which I had never drawn because this present life offered neither time nor scope for what was there, and I involuntarily exclaimed, —

'"Now I *know* I am immortal! I am more than I dreamed I was." '

More often, perhaps, the development comes gradually through the patient upbuilding of character and the persistent seeking of the will. But whether it comes gradually or is born in a sudden moment, there are few of us who cannot affirm with Wordsworth, —

> There 's not a man
> That lives, who has not known his godlike hours.

And as this re-birth is possible for an individual, so events have lately proved it to be possible for a nation also. Ten years ago what was uppermost in regard to Belgium? Was it not her terrible rubber atrocities in the Congo? But in 1914, when she lost her life for a principle, did she not save it most gloriously, not only for herself but for all the people of God? Was she not born again? And will not all treaties be more sacred hereafter because of Belgium's faithfulness? And France — We may well pause here a moment to rejoice that France is our special friend among the nations. In the contemplation of that friend shall we not draw in-

to our own souls some fresh and glorious inspiration to nobility? 'Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.' Indeed, for our soul's health at this time we in America may well think upon France.

And now, Russia — A Russian lady in this country, on being asked what her first thoughts were when she heard of the revolution, turned swiftly to her American interlocutor and replied, 'I thought first of all of that line in your hymn, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord." '

Yes, other nations have found their larger life, have been born again. Shall America on this, her heroic day, fail to find hers? We have been slow to awake. Many of our own people returning from service abroad regard us with a profound depression. They have witnessed the nations of the old world stripped to their very souls, and they return to find us affluent and luxurious, still skimming over the foolish surface of things. They have witnessed the agony of Belgium; they come back to New York to be told that the 'Toddle' is the latest dance. They know something, I think, of the bitterness of Moses when he came down from Mount Sinai to find the children of Israel worshiping a golden calf. Our long and lazy and affluent years have softened us, no doubt. As old Lafayette used to say, 'Ah, you are too happy— Yes, you are too happy! Yes, I t'ink so, I t'ink him so, yes!' In the great crisis now before America let us see to it that, looking down on us from the skies, he shall not have cause to say again of the country which appeared to be the dreams of a noble youth come true, 'Ah, you have been too happy! Yes, I t'ink so, I t'ink him so, yes!'

If there are crucial times before us now, let us not be dismayed. It is the crucial times that stretch men's souls. It is when one is hard pressed against the wall of circumstance, that sometimes that wall opens suddenly into one's own larger life, and so into God. And we who, on Good Friday, have gone to war, may well reflect deeply that the Christian ideals for which we fight, and the Resurrection of Easter, were born, not out of peace and comfort and ease, but out of Gethsemane, Golgotha, and the Crucifixion. And while we face these times soberly, let us also face them gladly, for out of them may come for America a refreshing and a renewing of the wellsprings of life.

And how may we individuals, on whom depends the lifting up of the nation's ideals, find these spiritual uplands? Well, one perceives that the life more abundant comes to pass in different ways for different people. Love, service, danger, beauty, necessity, patriotism, artistic creation, prayer, meditation, renunciation, love of God — these are all gateways into the spirit. They are all more or less different, but they have this one thing in common — the insistence on the renunciation of the narrow self, the losing of the lesser life that the greater may be found. There is no good in asking ourselves the old foolish question, 'Shall I be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease?' as though there were any choice in the matter; for most emphatically there is not. Flowery beds of ease carry one anywhere but to the skies. It is the hard way, the straight, the breathless, the terrible way, that leads to the skies. It is when the spirit pricks us forth from ease and luxury and our own little selves, that we sometimes step through the narrow portals of self, and emerge into the spirit of our country, of humanity, and of God.

A newspaper correspondent tells of

an old Frenchwoman found in the devastated region which the Germans evacuated in March. She had lost absolutely everything. Her home had been destroyed, her husband and brothers killed, her two sons led off to slavery, her three daughters carried away with the retreating Germans. 'She told her story simply,' it is reported, 'in a low unfaltering voice; but she shuddered when she spoke of her daughters. "And how do you feel now," ' the correspondent inquired, '"with husband, brothers, sons, and daughters all gone and you left here alone?" I shall never forget the sight of her gray head. She looked up into my face and replied, "To-day, monsieur, I am with France, and I have confidence."' All the things of her own life were swept away, but that day she had entered the life of her country.

God forbid that America should ever experience such unspeakable suffering, and grant that we may help to prevent such a crucifixion ever occurring again in Europe! Let us not, however, fail to exercise ourselves in some sternness and hardihood of the spirit. And in pursuance of this, which is to be for the nation even more than for the individual, let each one of us in these crucial moments look more passionately than before to his or her own hidden ideals; for it is through the ardent dedication at this time of every one of us to our own best selves that the whole of the nation will be lifted up. So deeply do I believe this to be true, that I would these pale and inadequate words might be so lighted up, so shot through with conviction, that they might become fiery torches to kindle the sacrificial blaze in the hearts of the whole nation. If we are now — each one of us — more earnestly set than ever before upon the pursuit of our own higher ideals, then indeed shall our country be swept to magnificent heights, not for herself alone but for all the world. Then indeed shall our Stars and Stripes become 'an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace.'

Surely there are very few who have no ideals, who have not a secret, but none the less real, larger and higher possibility of life — a *best self* — which on happy and successful days of the spirit we know that we have attained. Many of us would not be able perhaps to describe this ideal self in words, or even to formulate it very accurately to ourselves in thought; nevertheless, all of us know well enough when we are living in it, by a certain inward feeling of rightness and well-being, of spiritual comfort and completeness; as all know also when we are failing of it, by an acute and painful sense of astrayness and falling short. This best self is not necessarily the super-self, such as was alluded to in the discussion of re-birth and of the possibility of the godlike hours. That super-self is hardly ours to be commanded. It is something over and above our everyday life; something that is unexpectedly and gloriously added unto us, we know not how or why. The ideal self, on the contrary, is within the possibility of each one of us, provided we stretch continually up to the highest and best of which we are capable. Moreover, though the super-self is not ours to command, we may be confident that the surest road to it leads by way of the ardent practice of the ideal or best self.

Each person's ideal of life is conceived to fit his or her peculiar circumstances, and general ideals devoid of this individual quality have little or no value; therefore I would not if I could attempt to prescribe a cut-and-dried ideal for all. I would merely suggest that a successful ideal by which to live in relation to God and to our neighbor is not something forever beyond us. Nor is it, on the other hand, something too easily attained. It should be rather

a desired mode of life which, in moments of high endeavor, when all our spiritual energies are keyed to their best effort, — when, indeed, our souls stand up on tiptoe, — we really do attain for definite and golden periods. If the ideal is touched too easily and too frequently, with no striving and straining of the spirit, — with, so to say, our moral feet flat upon the ground, — then it is undoubtedly too low and too comfortable a one, and is in need of being pushed up a point or two beyond our everyday reach. Surely this is no time to be satisfied with too comfortable a best self. Yet again, it should not be a counsel of perfection, something so high as to be forever beyond our powers of realization. When we were children it was the possibility of being tall enough to reach the things on the mantel-shelf, not to pluck the leaves on the tops of the trees, which set the pace for our infant aspirations, for the reason that we believed the mantel-shelf might indeed some day be within our reach while we guessed that the tops of the trees were forever beyond us. Some such pattern as this, it seems to me, should serve us in the pursuit of our ideal self.

Most of us will be denied much active participation in the carrying on of this war, and some of us, in consequence, are already experiencing a sense of futility. We are filled with a burning desire to serve, but for the most part we are offered little outlet to that desire. But this call for the best self is open to us all. No matter who you are, where you are, or what you do, you can make to it now in your everyday life an immediate and passionate response, and by so doing know that you are not alone laying up for yourself treasure in heaven, but are as well laying up in the heart of a rich and powerful country a vast national treasure of the spirit, which may be drawn upon from time to time for the help of a cruelly afflicted world. The greatness of a whole nation is so inextricably bound up with its individuals that I beg again each one of you now to say to himself or herself, 'This means *me*. It means me and *my* life, *my* best self, *my* highest ideals, if the magnificent opportunities of the times are to be realized.'

One wishes that this appeal might come with especial force to the young people among us. They are not yet poured into the inflexible moulds of age. Their spirits are still high enough to believe in the best, to dare the impossible. O young men and maidens, the call is upon you now as never before to dream dreams and to see visions!

All of us will not be moved by this appeal. Some will account it foolishness, and some will think it impossible; but if only a handful respond, they may yet be sufficient to leaven the whole, to make an opening through which the Spirit may pour itself into the world. Whatever else the doctrine of atonement may hold within its depth for those of us possessing the gift of meditation, at least this much of it is evident: No human being can dedicate himself passionately to some high adventure and the rest of the world fail to be lifted up by it. Thank God! in these days when the finger of scorn has been so persistently pointed at America, and when we have seemed, even to ourselves, to be caught in a terrible quicksand of timid indifference, there have been some of our men and our women who have made the supreme sacrifice, have shaken themselves free of self, have lost their lives to find them, and who in so doing have 'offered and presented themselves, their souls and bodies' as an atonement for America. When some of them died in their various missions abroad, we said that they died for this country, or for that, little realizing that first of all they died for their own — for the awakening and

enlightening of that base, that smug and satisfied America. They have been thanked and decorated repeatedly by the countries they have served abroad, but I will take this opportunity of thanking them from the depths of a passionate gratitude for the service that they rendered to America. Oh, you who poured yourselves out in some high mission for the stricken nations abroad, remember that while you were helping to save and nourish the bodies of men and women and children over there, you were first of all helping to save the souls of your own countrymen! And you who have fought and died gloriously in the ranks of the Allies for the preservation of a principle, be glad that you died first of all that that principle might have its resurrection in America!

The times, I repeat, are more fraught with magnificent possibilities than any times have ever been before. Nothing is too great to be hoped for out of them; and now, if there can be made to run through the veins of all of us a burning fire of idealism, it cannot fail to blaze forth more and more often in geniuses and great leaders of the nation, who will know how to interpret this hidden flame in deeds and words and in a broadened vision; who will lay hold mightily upon the greatness of the hour and weave out of it some glorious redemption for all the world.

O people of America! There is not one among us to-day who can escape this solemn weighing in the balance! Will you not offer an heroic response to the trumpet-call of the times? Will you not lift up your lives, purify your ideals, and open your hearts as never before, that the King of Glory may come in for the refreshment, the re-creation, the salvation of all humanity?

My soul, wait thou in silence for God only;
For my expectation is from him,
He only is my rock and my salvation:
He is my high tower; I shall not be moved:
With God is my salvation and my glory;
The rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.
Trust in him at all times, ye people;
Pour out your hearts before him;
God is a refuge for us.

MR. SQUEM

BY ARTHUR RUSSELL TAYLOR

'Why do we go on perpetuating an uncomfortable breed?'

The man who was shaving at the mirror-paneled door of the Pullman smoking compartment looked at his questioner on the leather seat opposite.

'Give it up,' he answered. 'Why is a hen?'

The first man rapped his pipe empty on the edge of a cuspidor.

'You answer the question,' he said, 'in the only possible way — by asking another.'

'Right,' answered the shaver, and began to run the hot water.

A closely built man, in a suit so heavily striped as to seem stripes before it was a suit, lurched into the compartment and settled himself to his paper and cigar.

'That monkey-on-a-stick,' he presently broke out, 'is still taking good money away from the asses who go to hear him rant about God and Hell and all the rest, up in Boston. I am so *damn* tired of him, and of that rich rough-neck Freeze. It's the limit.'

'Pretty much,' said the man with the pipe. 'I was reading about the Belgians just before you came in, and when I jumped away from them I lit on some things about Poland. Then I wondered aloud to this gentleman why we go on multiplying — increasing such an uncomfortable breed. Modoc gods and degenerate millionaires make one wonder more.'

'What is your line, may I ask?' inquired the stripe-suited man.

'Religion.'

'The hell — I beg pardon. If you mean you're a preacher, or something like that, all I've got to say is, you're a funny one. It's your job, is n't it, to be dead sure that everything's all right, or somehow going to be all right — no matter about all the mussed-upness? Yes, that's certainly your job. Yet here you are, asking why we go on stocking the world with kids. *I* might ask that, — I'm in rubber tires, — but not you. Yes, I might — only I don't.'

The man who had been shaving had resumed his tie, collar, and coat, and now lighted a cigarette.

'I lay my money,' he said, 'on one thing: that, if men let themselves go, they wind up shortly with God — or with what would be God if there were any. You've come to it early — through the *Ledger*. You'd have got to it sooner or later, though, if you'd been talking about hunting-dogs — provided you'd have let yourselves go.'

'Well, now,' asked the closely built man, 'what is *your* line?'

'Education.'

'High-brow company! Seems to me the pair of you ought to be silencers for a plain business man like me. Rubber is my line — not how the world is run. My opinion on that is small change, sure. Yet I think it ought to be run, — the world, I mean, — even if it's mussed-up to the limit, and I think it's up to us to keep it running. The parson here — if he is a parson — asks why we should; that is, if I get him. And then I think there's a manager of it all in the central office — a manager, understand, though he never seems to show up around the works, and certainly does seem to have some of the darnedest ways. The professor here — if he is a professor — does n't sense any manager; that is, if I get him straight, with his "if there were any." That was what you said, was n't it? I'm a picked chicken on religion and education, but, honest, both those ideas would mean soft tires for me — yes, sir, soft tires.'

'Broad Street, gentlemen,' said the porter at the door.

The Reverend Allan Dare walked away from the train and down the street. He was Episcopally faced and Episcopally trim, and he was having considerable difficulty in holding his universe together. This is not pleasant at forty-two, when you want your universe held together and things settled and calm. He had an uncomfortable sense that this difficulty had jolted into plain sight on the car.

'Ass!' he addressed himself briefly. 'To let your sag and unsettlement loose in that way! To say such a thing as you said, and in such a place! To parade your momentary distrust of life! Ass — oh, ass!'

He said — or thought — a Prayer-Book collect, one which seemed rather suited to asses, and continued, —

'I suppose I'm three-tenths sag —no more; and "He knoweth whereof we are made," and what a devil of a world it is to be in just now. But that rubber

man on the car — he is n't sag at all. Heavens, his crudeness! His beastly clothes, and the bare shaved welt around the back of his neck, and that awful seal ring! But he's fastened. Life is worth pushing at and cheering for — and there's a manager, if he *has* "the darnedest ways." I'd give something for an every-minute mood like that — a carrying night-and-day sureness like that. He's not illuminated — lucky dog!'

Professor William Emory Browne had changed cars and was continuing his journey. In his lap lay a volume of essays just put forth by a member of his craft, a college professor. He opened it, — it chanced at page 27, — and his eye was caught by the name of his own specialty. He read: —

'Philosophy is the science which proves that we can know nothing of the soul. Medicine is the science which tells that we know nothing of the body. Political Economy is that which teaches that we know nothing of the laws of wealth; and Theology the critical history of those errors from which we deduce our ignorance of God.'

'Confound it!' ejaculated Professor Browne, and closed the book.

'Room for one more?' inquired a voice, and the rubber-tire man slid into the seat.

'I just pulled off a little thing out here,' he said, 'that ought to put a small star in my crown. A down-and-out — a tough looker — says to me, "*Please*, mister, give me a dime. I'm hungry." And I says to him, "Get out! What you want is a good drink, — go get it," and slips him a quarter. Talk about gratitude! To think there are men — you know it and I know it and he was afraid of it — who'd have steered him to a quick-lunch and put him against soft-boiled eggs!'

' "Man's inhumanity to man" ' —

'Sure! Nothing but that ever makes me any trouble about things. Tear ninety, George,' — this to the conductor, — 'and burn this panetella some time. You said you were in education,' he went on. 'I've just blown myself to a Universal History — five big volumes, with lots of maps and pictures and flags of all nations and hanging gardens of Babylon and things like that. Gave down thirty-five for it, and my name is printed — Peter B. Squem — on the first page of every book. Now,' — Mr. Squem grew quite earnest, — 'you'd say, would n't you, that if a man could take those books down, — chew them up, you understand, and take them down, — he'd have an education? Not the same, of course, as normal school or college, and yet an education.'

'I think, if you know what's good for you, you will steer clear of what you call an education. I think I should stick to rubber tires, and a few comfortable certainties — and peace.'

Mr. Squem stared. 'How's that?' he inquired. 'Education is your line, you were saying, and yet you queer your stuff. I'd get quick word from the house, if I handled Mercury tires that way.'

'But you would n't,' rejoined Professor Browne, 'you would n't, because tires mean something. Tires are your life-preserver — they are shaped like life-preservers, are n't they?'

'You've got me going,' said Mr. Squem, 'and no mistake. I don't mind telling you I'd hoped to get some hunch from you — on education. You see, my clothes are right, I always have a room with bath, and I get two hundred a month and fifty on the side. I read the papers — and the magazine section on Sunday — and I got through four books last year. And yet there's something not there — by Keefer, not there! I'd give something to *get* it there — to

slide it under, somehow, and bring the rest of me up to regular manicuring and ice-cream forks and the way my clothes fit!'

Mr. Squem was interrupted in the expression of this craving. There was a tremendous jar; the car tore and bumped with an immense pounding over the ties, then careened and sprawled down a short bank and settled on its side. People who have been through such an experience will require no description. To others none can be given. In the bedlam chaos and jumble, and chorus of shrieks and smashing glass, Professor Browne, struggling up through the bodies which had been hurled upon him, was conscious of a pain almost intolerably sharp in his leg, and then of a sort of striped whirlwind which seemed to be everywhere at once, extricating, calming, ordering, comforting — and swearing. It was like a machine-gun: —

'*Keep* your clothes on, nothing's going to bite you — just a little shake-up — Yes, chick, we'll find your ma — No, you *don't* climb over those people; sit down or I'll help you — To hell with your valise, pick up that child! — There go the axes; everybody quiet now, just where he is — You with the side-whiskers get back, *back*, hear me! — Now, children first, hand 'em along — women next, so — men last — Why did n't you *say* you was a doctor? Get out there quick, some of those people have got broke and need you!'

Professor Browne was one of these last. Lifted by Peter Squem and a very scared brakeman, he lay on two Pullman mattresses at the side of the track, waiting for the rabbit-faced country doctor to reach him. He was suffering very much, — it seemed to him that he had never really known pain before, — but his attention went to a white-haired lady near by — a slight, slender woman, with breeding written all over her. She had made her way from the drawing-room of the Pullman, and leaned heavily upon her maid, in a state approaching collapse. Professor Browne was impressed by her air of distinction even in the midst of his pain. Then he saw a striped arm supportingly encircle her, and a hand dominated by an enormous seal ring press to her lips an open bottle of Scotch.

'Let it trickle down, auntie — right down. It's just what you need,' said Peter B. Squem.

'What did you think of when the car stopped rolling?'

Professor Browne, lying in his bed, asked this question of Mr. Squem, sitting at its side. The latter had got the professor home to his house and his housekeeper after the accident the day before, had found the best surgeon in town and stood by while he worked, had in a dozen ways helped a bad business to go as well as possible, and now, having remained over night, was awaiting the hour of his train.

'Think of? Nothing. No time. I was that cross-eyed boy you've heard about — the one at the three-ringed circus. *Did* you see that newly-wed rooster — I'll bet he was that — the one with the celluloid collar? "Goodbye, Maude!" he yells, and then tries to butt himself through the roof. He would n't have left one sound rib in the car if I had n't pinned him. No, I hadn't any time to think.'

He produced and consulted a watch — one that struck the professor as being almost too loud an ornament for a Christmas tree. An infant's face showed within as the case opened.

'Your baby?' inquired Professor Browne.

'Never. Not good enough. This kid I found — where do you suppose? On a picture-postal at a news-stand. The picture was no good — except the kid; and I cut him out, you see. Say, do you

know the picture was painted by a man out in Montana? Yes, sir, Montana. They had the cards made over in Europe somewhere, — Dagoes, likely, — and when they put his name on it, they did n't do a thing to that word Montana. Some spelling!'

'Why, what you have there,' said the professor, taking the watch with interest, 'is the Holy Child of Andrea Mantegna's Circumcision, — it 's in the Uffizi at Florence. Singularly good it is, too. I'm very much wrapped up in the question, raised in a late book, of Mantegna's influence upon Giovanni Bellini. There's a rather fine point made in connection with another child in this same picture — a larger one, pressing against his mother's knees.'

Mr. Squem was perfectly uncomprehending. 'Come again,' he remarked. 'No, you need n't, either, for I don't know anything about the rest of the picture. I told you it was no good. There was an old party in a funny bathrobe and with heavy Belshazzars, I remember — but the picture was *this*.'

He rose and began to get into his overcoat.

'There's one thing about this kid,' he said, in a casual tone which somehow let earnestness through. 'I know a man, — he travels out of Phillie, and he 's some booze-artist and other things that go along, — who 's got one of those little "Josephs." You know, those little dolls that Catholics tote around? Separate him from it? Not on your life. Why, he missed it one night on a sleeper, and he cussed and reared around, and made the coon rout everybody out till he found it. It 's luck, you see. Now this kid ' — Mr. Squem was pulling on his gloves — 'is n't luck, but he works like luck. He talks to me, understand, and' — here a pause — 'he puts all sorts of cussedness on the blink. You can't look at him and be an Indian. I was making the wrong sort of date in Trenton one day, and I saw him just in time — sent the girl word I'd been called out of town. I was figuring on the right time to pinch a man in the door, — he'd done me dirty, — and I saw *him* again. Good-night! I'm never so punk that he does n't ginger me — does n't look good to me. The management is mixed up with him — and I hook up to him. Here's the taxi. So long, professor. — Rats! I have n't done one little thing. Good luck to your game leg!'

It was Sunday morning, and service was under way in the Church of the Holy Faith. For the thousandth time the Reverend Allan Dare had dearly-beloveded his people, assembled to the number of four hundred before him, exhorting them in such forthright English as cannot be written nowadays, not to dissemble nor cloak their sins before God, and to accompany him unto the throne of the heavenly grace. He had had a sick feeling, as he read this exhortation, so full of pound, rhythm, heart-search, and splendid good sense, to the courteous abstractedness in the pews.

'Heavens!' he had thought, 'once this burnt in!' He had wanted to shriek — or fire a pistol in the air, — and then crush the meaning into his people; crush God into them, yes, and into himself.

He was four-tenths sag that morning — the Rev. Allan Dare. In the *Jubilate*, a small choir-boy — a phenomenon who was paid a thousand a year, and was responsible for the presence of not a few of the four hundred — had sung 'Be ye sure that the Lord he is God,' to the ravishment of the congregation — not of the rector, who stood looking dead ahead. The First Lesson had been all about Jonadab, the son of Rechab, and drinking no wine — frightful ineptness! What could it mean to any one? how help any one? Here was

Life, with all its cruel tangles, tighter and more choking every day. Here was Arnold's darkling plain, and the confused alarms and the ignorant armies clashing by night.

There came back to Dare the creed he had heard in the smoking compartment: 'I think it ought to be run, — the world, — even if it's mussed-up to the limit, and I think it's up to us to keep it running. I think there's a manager of it all in the central office — a manager, understand, though he never seems to show up around the works, and certainly does seem to have some of the darnedest ways.'

'O God!' breathed Allan Dare, 'there are so many things — so many things!'

It was the same Sunday. Professor William Emory Browne was for the first time on crutches, and stood supported by them at his window.

'Back again,' he ruminated. 'I can probably drive to my classes in another week. Then the same old grind, showing ingenuous youth — who fortunately will not see it — how "the search hath taught me that the search is vain." Ho, hum! How very kind, that Mr. Squem, — he did so much for me, — and how very funny! I should like to produce him at the seminar — with his just-right clothes, his dream of culture *via* his Universal History, his approach to reality through a picture postal-card!'

He turned on himself almost savagely. Then, —

'What the devil are you patronizing him for? Don't you see that he is hooked to something and you are not, that he is warm and you are freezing, that he is part of the wave, — the wave, man, — and that you are just a miserable, tossing clot?'

It was the same Sunday. Mr. Squem sat in his room — extremely dennish, smitingly red as to walls, oppressive with plush upholstery. A huge deer-head, jutting from over the mantel, divided honors with a highly-colored September Morn, affrontingly framed. On a shelf stood a small bottle. It contained a finger of Mr. Squem, amputated years before, in alcohol.

On the knees of the owner of the room was Volume One of the Universal History — Number 32, so red-ink figures affirmed, of a limited edition of five hundred sets. Mr. Squem's name was displayed, in very large Old English on the fly-leaf, and above was an empty oval wherein his portrait might be placed.

'No use,' soliloquized the owner of this treasure, 'no use. If I *could* chew it up and get it down, — or two of it — *that* would n't slide under the thing that is n't there. Nothing will ever put me in the class of Professor Browne or that preacher on the car, or bring the rest of me up to my clothes.'

He rose and stretched.

'Maybe,' he said, addressing a huge chocolate-colored bust of an Indian lady, 'maybe I can catch up to those fellows some time — but not here. Noon, I bet,' — looking at his watch, — 'and it is to eat.'

He contemplated the Mantegna baby.

'So long,' he said, 'you're running things,' — and snapped his watch.

SONGS OF AFRICA

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

THE BEGGAR

Oh, I will make the clearing, Lord,
And I will plant the corn;
I'll sleep beneath the stranger stars
And rise before the morn,
To build the little cabin where
The future shall be born.

To Abraham the exile, Lord,
What promises were thine!
He might not know the sum of them,
But he might see them shine
In all the stars and all the sands
Thou settest for a sign.

Such starry signs and promises
I do not ask of thee;
I am thy servant, Lord, for love,
And love is all my fee;
But just a little dream of home —
Would that be spoiling me?

THE BRIBE

The butterflies are bright above the trail;
They lace the bush with scarlet and with blue; —
O little dream, so faithful and so frail,
The jewel of their beauty is for you.

Hard on the Southern Cross the Centaurs ride;
They point their starry spears the long night through.
O little restless dream, be still and bide!
The jewel of that beauty is for you.

The white man knows the treasure of the land, —
The dawn, the secret flower, the silver dew; —
O little dream, hold out your hollowed hand!
The jewel of their beauty is for you.

THE WHITE MAN'S HEART

The little canoes with the dawn
Take the surf with a leap and are gone, —
And the heart in the white man's breast
Would leap and be gone with the rest.

Oh, bright are the silvery hues
Of the catch in the little canoes, —
But the heart of the white man yet
Hangs furled like an empty net.

To the spring at the skirt of the town
The path in the grass is brown, —
So the thoughts of the white man's heart
Wear a path to a place apart.

Oh, sweet is the water poured
From the neck of the black girl's gourd, —
But the thoughts of the white man cry
That the white man's well is dry.

THE WARNING

Where the lamp of peace is lit,
Pass and never sigh,
Lest thy sighing trouble it
As thou goest by;
Lest thy sighing beat about
That faint flame and it die out.

Every little air of Spring
Sways the idle door,
Lean more lightly, lest it swing
Open as before —
And the inmate, roused at last,
Draw thee in and hold thee fast.

BIRTHDAYS AND OTHER EGOTISMS

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I

CHARLES LAMB, in his 'Grace Before Meat,' protests — very endearingly, it seems to me — against the custom of particular thankfulness for food. He suspects that it had its origin in the 'hunter state of man, when dinners were precarious things, and a full meal was something more than a common blessing; when a bellyful was a windfall and looked like a special Providence.— It is not otherwise easy to be understood,' he avers, 'why the blessing of food — the act of eating — should have had a particular expression of thanksgiving annexed to it, distinct from that implied and silent gratitude with which we are expected to enter upon the enjoyment of the many other various gifts and good things of existence.'

I find myself like-minded and similarly protestant as to birthdays. I cannot discover why the blessing of these should be hailed with any very particular delight, distinct from that implied joy with which we might be expected to welcome the many other various days of the year.

It cannot be said that it was because I was abnormally shy throughout my childhood that I found birthdays embarrassing, for I had no more than the usual shyness of the average child. Moreover, my surroundings and training gave me easy confidence in others and in myself. The tragedies of my little girlhood were not exceptional: dead cats or canaries, broken dolls, the inability to make myself always understood by grown-ups, and certain moral and spiritual failures and cataclysms known only to myself and what I took to be my fearfully disappointed Maker. But barring these things, incident and customary, my early years may be said to have been especially bright and reassuring. What was it, then, which could have caused this early distrust of birthdays?

If I am to trace the growth of what may seem so unwarranted a thing, I shall have to ask indulgence for what may appear to be some of that very egotism I decry: I shall have to ask to be allowed a discussion of several of my own birthdays, and their celebration when I was a child.

My fifth is the earliest that I remember. I had been promised a cake with candles. Moreoever, I had learned, by dint of the patience of Mademoiselle Cinque, our queer old French governess, a little French song which I was to sing, as my own share toward the festive celebration. From the shelter of my father's arm, I was to sing it for the rest to hear: —

Frè-re Jac-ques! Frè-re Jac-ques!
Dor-mez vous? Dor-mez vous?
Son-nez la matina; sonnez la matina;
Ding-dong-bell!

The cake, then, and the song were, from my point of view, the extraordinarily important and sufficient events of the day — these and the fact that on that day I would be five years old. It is certain that I chattered about these things a great deal, and laid deep plans.

But, as it happened, it was neither the cake nor yet my ripe years that were to make that day so memorable. I can close my eyes and go back to it unerring, and find myself in the old surroundings, familiar yet strange — strange that day with an unwonted, unaccountable strangeness. Where was everybody? The house was, indeed, still — as still as the February day outside, which lay quiet as death under a sheeted whiteness that had been drawn over it silently in the night.

I can seem to feel myself actually as little as I was then, and with my doll under one arm going up the silent stairs, laboriously but resolutely pulling one leg after the other, up the length of them, with the aid of one hand on the banister spindles, to investigate for myself the strangeness.

An older sister of mine, whom I loved dearly, had been ill, and for several days past I had been cautioned to gentleness and had played apart, so that quietness of a certain kind I understood. But the quietness now was of a different order. In the upper hall some one opened a door, at the patter of my investigating steps, I suppose; held out a hand, stopped me in mid-search — stopped me and kissed me and told me. My sister had died in the early hours of that day, before the dawn was come.

I do not remember who it was who told me. I remember, however, pushing myself away from the embrace a little, demanding whether I might see my mother. I was told with great gentleness that I could not. My father? No; him, also, I might not see — not yet. All this sobered and puzzled me. I reached for the next, and perhaps on that day even dearer, possibility. Might I see the cook? Yes.

That, for a time at least, righted matters, and restored my world to me. I pattered down the stairs, down the lower hall, then more steps; found the cook and demanded my birthday cake; and in place of the cake received a most shocked look, delivered in the manner of unthinkable rebuke. When I insisted, words came to her tongue, but not concerning the cake. They dealt wholly with myself. They conveyed the impression that I had done some dreadful and wicked thing. They did not explain. I was expected to understand and repent.

I remember feeling only thoroughly outraged at having my reasonable request received in that manner. This was *my* day, and, in honor of it, there was to have been a birthday cake. As to larger matters, they were extraneous to the subject. Of death, it should be remembered, I had absolutely no knowledge. I loved my sister to the full bent of my simple but ardent little nature, and she had been peculiarly devoted to me; but ask some one who has never seen the stars or spoken with one who has seen them, what he knows of the deep firmament: so much I knew of that night which had fallen upon our house — nothing!

What I did know presently — the information being conveyed to me in unmistakable terms by the cook — was that my birthday celebration was not to be; that it was not only jeopardized, it was clean wiped out, by an event of immensely greater moment. I have little doubt I wept sufficiently over my personal disappointment, and it may have taken especial tact on the part of the gentle person upstairs to pacify me; but by and by, with that easy forgetfulness which is the better part of childhood, I must have relinquished all hope of appropriating that day as my birthday, and accepted, in place of it, life as it was.

My parents, who twice before had been summoned to bear acute loss, — once when, before I was born, a little

baby brother of mine died, and once when the life of a little baby sister had flickered out before the flame got well started, — tasted now of what must have been a far deeper bitterness. She who had gone now was their 'extreme hope.'

She was twenty-one when she died, and within a few months of her graduation at the University. She was brilliant above any promise given by the rest of us. I remember her very clearly — her sensitive and beautiful face, her great delicacy of body, her ready, very gentle laugh, and her unfailing understanding of all a little child's desires and moods. She was exquisite, sensitive as a mimosa in a garden of sturdier growth. Above us all she seemed to stretch delicate and flowering branches, in which the wind moved more mysterious; and lovely winged and songful things that we could never have hoped to harbor, seemed to have made their home in her. There was in her something rare and unlooked for (I do not exaggerate), like the sudden call of a thrush in the twilight, or delicate and darkling, as in starlight the song of the nightingale. She was the one reckoned to be most like my father, and by the generous, and, I think, even proud consent of all of us, was by him the most beloved. She was as devoted as Cordelia, and with lesser cause, bringing to the happiness and fullness of his life what Lear knew only in his desolation. Since I have grown into what is at least some slight realization of what her loss must have meant to my father, I cannot touch without a trembling of tears the memory of his taking me in his arms as he did, to look upon her as she lay, white and final, delicate and done with life, there in the still and shuttered room.

But, incredible though it seems to my present knowledge, I had then no feeling of sadness whatever. She might have slept. Nor did the days that followed lay heavy hands upon me. There was a quiet stir and hushed preparation toward what I did not know, and I was looked after by neighbors or relatives to the extent of believing that a certain pleasant distinction accrued to me. In all that followed, I know that I contributed no sadness, only a child's frank observation in the face of unusual behavior of its elders.

But to return to the birthday. It was a remarkable one, you see, linked with all these things, allied to such large sorrows — a sad one and disappointing enough, you will say, for a little child. Yet I did not find it so. I was, as I have told you, indignant as to the cake, and disappointed, no doubt, that there was no happy and devoted family now gathered to hear me sing my gay little song. But to offset these there was a kind of reassurance in the day which I find it difficult to describe very exactly. It was as though, at one and the same time, this were and were not my birthday. It was my day by the calendar, but in no other way. For a birthday is one whose dawn and sunset are one's very own, a day when one's importance is admitted very gladly by a certain intimate circle. But on no day of my life, I am sure, was I of so little importance as then — a very inconsiderable little person, playing alone in the sunshine and with my song unsung. Yet something in that day shines now across the years, as distant as a star, as silver, as satisfying. That something is not to be ascribed to any one mere incident: it was compounded, no doubt, of the best of every relationship which I felt that day for the first time. The extreme gentleness of the grown-up of whom I have told you was one element; the companionship with my father in that strange still moment in the shuttered room; the wordless love

given me by my mother, of a different sort from any she had given me before; the quietness, giving me an impression as of remote spaces never dreamed of before; and, over all, the sense of something strange and of a great dignity, as of presences that moved, dread, but not unkindly.

And the little song I had practiced so faithfully, and which I was to have sung! Little as I was, and without ever being told, I believe as the day wore on I must have had a dim realization of how inconsiderable it was in that house where Death had taken up Life's lute, and, brows bent above it, remembered the songs that Life had sung.

II

The birthdays that followed on this one were curiously unsatisfying, though they were celebrated appropriately enough, and with the fullest respect for my importance. The anticipation and approach of them, as nearly as I can remember, were clear joy. But the days, when they arrived, overwhelmed me unaccountably. There was something disproportionate in them, so that I was glad to escape from their too personal glory to the more comfortable and commonplace of the impersonal. It was as though I guessed dimly, without being in the least aware, that this display in my honor had in it something almost a little cheap — an egotism (though I had not then so much as heard the word) which contrasted unfavorably with the large and gracious and forgetful ways of Life itself.

I believe my embarrassment, my wholly unanalyzed sense of disappointment and disproportion, may have been, on a very diminutive scale, something akin to that which I am sure Joshua must have experienced, — not, mind you, at the moment of his extraordinary and flattering command, — no, but afterwards, afterwards, in the disappointed watches of the night, when he must have reflected, with disappointed amazement, that, if his senses deceived him not, he, Joshua, had made the great luminary to stand still over Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon. Something, too, of what Joseph must have experienced, — not in the enjoyable dream of his brothers' sheaves bowing down to his sheaf, and the sun and the moon and the eleven stars making their obeisance to him; nor in those long anticipatory years, when his greatness was approaching, and the scroll of the future hung loose in his hands for his remembering eye to read, — no, but in the actual moment of overwhelming fulfillment, when, from Judah to Benjamin, his brothers actually did bow down to him as ruler over all those great granaries of Egypt, and, as we are told, his mature spirit could not consent to endure so much, but 'he sought where to weep, and entered into his chamber and wept there.'

These are, I believe, no mere extraneous or personal experiences, but are rather of the fine weave and fabric of humanity; and the uneasiness I felt in my complacent little soul I now believe to have been a stirring of old things, of ancient memories under the moon, which linked my little inconsiderable life, as they link all lives, to Egypt, Nilus, Babylon, and the ages that are not.

But lest this seem but vague argument and debatable ground, I would like to speak of other childhood birthdays of my own which, it seems to me, bring to the case clear evidence and important testimony.

I have said that I was one of a large family. Happily we could not make too important a matter of birthdays in our home; it would have kept us celebrating most of the time, and would

have tended to make the whole year frivolous. For obvious reasons, then, birthday parties were not many. But I remember one of a most lasting glory, which had as its excuse that one of my sisters was fifteen upon the fifteenth. My mother, who by mere warmth and gayety of sympathetic temperament was forever on the watch for a reason to celebrate something, could never have missed so valid an occasion. Furniture was therefore moved out, ferns were moved in, smilax was twined about the chandeliers and strung along the portraits, a linen dancing-cloth was stretched the length of the three rooms. I can still feel the smooth glide of my strapped slippers over it. Musicians were concealed in a bosky corner. At the top of the stairs was a room known as the conservatory, whose plants had been all winter in my keeping, their condition testifying rather sadly to that fact. But now, by a lovely bounty, my sins of negligence were all wiped out. Florists came bearing pots of flowers in full blossom, and more of them and more of them. There were primroses such as my own care could never have hoped for, and fuchsias and candytuft and daffodils in full abundant bloom, even while the March winds outside yet blew so chill. In the day or two just before the fifteenth, how often I ran up into that little room and stood wordless and satisfied among them, or stooped and touched my cheek to them! Oh, the sweet heliotrope! oh, the mignonette!

On that wonderful evening there bloomed among the flowers little lights with dark red shades, and here and there comfortable seats were placed where you could hear the music at a muted distance. We children all wore new gowns, my sister — she of the birthday — having of course, by generous consent, the filmiest and the loveliest.

That was a happy gathering if ever I saw one; and were I brought to believe that a birthday celebration is ever an affair of unmixed loveliness, I should perhaps be brought to say it concerning one for fifteen on the fifteenth. Fourteen on the fourteenth lacks flavor, is a little unripe, like fruit imported before the real season is at hand. Sixteen on the sixteenth is a little overmellow, a little late; already childhood is gone, and youth, however lovely it may be in the receiving of homage and favors, should already have its hands outstretched rather to bestow them. But fifteen on the fifteenth! There is a golden mean and a time for all things, as the Scriptures and the fairy tales tell us. This was the time to dance, that King Solomon talks about. Like the 'Tuney Bear's' soup in the old tale, this party to celebrate fifteen on the fifteenth seems to me as nearly right as things can be contrived in a world of chance like our own.

Through a maze of years and smilax I am still aware of the delicious mystery of concealed music wailing forth the Sirens waltzes (no dances were given then without the Sirens waltzes!). I can see the children moving about, gay and a little fluttery; and the grown-ups, quieter, but still gay, who came to add the dignity and charm of their greeting to the celebration; and I can see my sister, — fifteen that day by a delectable distinction, — lithe and poised and gracious, and flushed and very pretty, standing beside my mother, her eyes looking out like stars under her dark hair, and her flying eyebrows that had just the slight lift of a bird's wing; and my next younger sister and I, of a less vivid coloring, no more than attendant sisters, and rich enough in that, with our new sashes and our new delight in graciousness; and my oldest sister of all, moving about with a lovely homage to us

younger ones, a gracious bending down of her life to ours for a little while.

And every one, old and young, even some with gray hairs, came and bowed over the hand of fifteen. That impressed me most. And some who were a little more than guests — intimates — brought my sister gifts — one that lies here now on the table as I write: a beautifully bound small copy of Shakespeare's Sonnets, with the Dowden introduction. I did not know it then for what it was. I only loved it for its red and gold binding; but later, I grew up to it in my girlhood, as a young vine climbs at last to a trellis that is placed above it and awaits its growing. On its first leaf, in an exact hand, is written the date, my sister's name, and that of the donor. Then follows this wish, suitable to the day: —

'May each succeeding birthday find you as light-hearted as you are to-day.'

Oh, time! time! that brings us our blunders and our tears! Was he so inexperienced himself, he who brought her that? Or did he set that down in a mere spirit of carnival and bravado, just because she *was* fifteen on the fifteenth, and nothing else was for the moment to be admitted of any importance?

I do not know how beautiful a birthday it was for her, but oh, for me! How I loved it! How good it was to bring her my homage! How glad and willing and eager I was that she should stand first! Play, play, concealed musicians! I can still catch the plucking of the harp-strings, and the sweet gay wailing of the violins, across the years.

III

One other birthday of my childhood stands out vividly in my memory: that one on which I was twelve years old. My mother had taken us all abroad, to widen our horizons and promote our education. After a preliminary few months in England, we were established in Paris, in a comfortable apartment in a little hotel which they tell me is still there, and which went then, and still goes, by the name 'Louis le Grand' — nothing less.

From the moment of our arrival in January, I began to think even more of my birthday than was my wont. This was, no doubt, largely due to the fact that at the distance of a few blocks one way or another, anything in the world, so it seemed, could be bought. Shops! Shops! The rue des Petits Champs, the Avenue de l'Opéra, the Boulevard des Italiens, were full of them. The rue des Petits Champs had innumerable *boutiques* of all kinds — one given over to nothing, mind you, but honey and gingerbread, like a shop in a fairy tale. If you went across the Place Vendôme and followed the rue Castiglione, you came to the most romantic shops of all, there under the arcades of the rue de Rivoli, beginning with the most delectable pastry shop in the world on the very corner. You could walk there on a sunny day, disdainful of the weather, with the Gardens of the Tuileries opposite you, and feast your soul on the varied displays.

But when all was said, there was nothing that could be compared with the shops of the rue de la Paix. Here you came at once into a richer atmosphere. Here, mainly, were jewel-shops, displaying tiaras and necklaces — 'rings and things and fine array.' Dolls and gingerbread and honey were delightful — let me not seem to undervalue them; but to stand looking on while a master of his profession leaned over a velvet counter to show my mother brooches of jewels, and diamonds set in rings, was to know from the standpoint of childhood some of the true elevations of life.

While my mother considered jewels

set thus or so, my eyes roved, speculative, among the rich wares. I had been brought up in too old-fashioned a way to make any mistake as to my limitations. Well-bred children, it was understood, wore neither rings nor ornaments, unless one or two of a most positive simplicity. But watches there were, a bewildering variety — for we were in the shop of one Victor Fleury, who, among other distinctions that I doubt not he had, was 'Horloger de la Marine.' You can imagine whether he had watches! I called my mother's attention to the beauty of them, some very small ones in particular. She looked at them, but made no comment. I deduced that it was not well-bred for a little girl of twelve to wear a watch.

My birthday dawned at last. I was kissed and wished many happy returns, and was told that there was to be a dinner that night especially for me, and that I would then receive my gifts. The hotel was a small one. Dinner would be served for the hotel guests a trifle earlier, so that they might the sooner leave the way clear for me. This had been proposed by Madame Blet herself, the proprietress, and was intended no doubt for a fine piece of hospitality. For me the strict hotel rules were to be slackened; the fine democracy of hotel life, where one guest is as good as another, if he but pay his account, was to be overruled in my favor; for me the sun was to be advanced, and the moon set at a new pace in the heavens!

It was very grand in anticipation, I can assure you. To be twelve was of itself no inconsiderable glory, but to be twelve under such flattering conditions! I resolved to write an account of all this to my two chums in America. Little girls they were, of my own age, but of a less colored experience. They should have news of these matters. They should be enlightened as to the importance of her with whom they had commonly played visiting-lady and jackstones.

Yet, as the evening drew near, old stirrings of uneasiness made themselves felt dimly, dimly — something, I cannot tell you what, moving on the face of undiscovered waters; a distrust, a shyness and embarrassment that had nothing to do with timidity; a dim sense of disproportion, I take it to have been, and of ancient human questionings.

We waited a little past the usual hour, and then there came a knock. Joseph, our waiter, appeared and bowed gravely. 'Mademoiselle, le dîner est servi.'

My heart rose and fluttered. Presently we all went down the hall and down the red carpeted stairs, I with my hand in my mother's. I can still feel it resting there. Down the steps we went, my mother and I, I with a little delighted pause and poise at each step, the rest following like a court train. Twelve, and the youngest! Twelve, and the well-beloved and proud! Blow, bugles, fine and high! and let those who follow wear scarlet! What more could a little girl ask?

I do not know; I cannot tell you. I only know that, though I would not have admitted it for worlds at the time, when I found myself in the midst of the happiness, it was no longer happiness exactly. Not, you understand, that I would have relinquished any of the splendor then. It fascinated me, of course.

Joseph held the door open; a fine heraldic gesture — the flat of his palm against it, the fingers spread, his head flung back, his eyes tributary ahead of him; his whole pose saying, 'Stand back! She comes!' Several of the other servants were there, grouped to see and to attend. Madame Blet, in her black dress and perpetual shoulder-cape, — a sad-faced, very dignified

woman, with the sadness set aside in my honor for that evening and positive brightness shining from her kind eyes, — stood there too, with welcoming glances. She had decorated the table herself: there it was, a delight of soft lights and snowy linen, wonderful possibilities and flowers.

The dining-room was empty yet bright, as are the heavens for the coming of the moon. Joseph stood, not back of my mother's chair, as usual, but back of mine, to see me seated. Those faces, very beloved in the soft light, were turned toward me, a little gay, and happy wholly in my happiness. It was fulfillment of all the dreams of importance I might ever have had.

Then came the unfolding of the gifts. Any one who knew my mother must know that in the smallest of a nest of lovely little boxes — just enough of them to produce a certain curiosity and delay, to enhance the final delight — lay the most lovely little watch, silver-cased (to render it more conformable to my age), and marked with initials of my name; while on its inner casing it bore proudly, as it still bears, while it ticks here on my table, this inscription: *Victor Fleury, Horloger de la Marine, 23 Rue de la Paix, 23, Paris.*

After the other gifts were opened dinner was served, Joseph bringing everything first to me, whose place it was usually to be served last of all. There were special dishes, and the lamb-chops had on particularly fine cravats, and the *petits pois* were so very *petits* that it seemed nearly a shame to eat them, like 'good little Tootletumtay' in the ballad; and there were side dishes, very special, for the occasion. Then, as a crowning glory, a dessert not baked in a hotel oven at all; no cabinet pudding of frequent occurrence, nothing that hinted of rice or raisins; no, but something fetched particularly from the *pâtisserie.* By the look of it, it might have been, and probably was, concocted by a pastry cook in full regalia, in that superlative *pâtisserie* on the rue de Rivoli, opposite the Louvre.

It was a tower made of a hard brown candy flecked with chopped nuts. It had a door in it, and windows with embrasures at the tops to make you think of King Arthur and his knights. It was decorated on its platter by saccharine approaches. The tower was open at the top and filled with a flavored whipped cream. Madame Blet, who had, I doubt not, been directing forces from the kitchen, stood now in the doorway beaming like another candle. This, which had the added flavor of being a surprise even to my mother, was Madame Blet's gift to the little American mademoiselle. Once more, on a most diminutive scale, France and America were exchanging courtesies.

But meanwhile, — oh, inevitable! — Joseph, that devoted ambassador, beaming unfeigned pride in the behavior of his country, held the tower at my left hand. I was to serve myself first. But how — I ask the heavens to answer me this! how is one to serve one's self to a feudal tower? One desperate glance at my mother, — the quick dart of an alarmed swallow, — then I took up the large spoon and laid it hesitatingly against the tower's side. But the tower was nearly as hard as the rock it represented. The approaches, also, were of one piece. With a mere dessert spoon, what can be done as to a portcullis! Shall you, do you think, carry off a drawbridge with a slight silver instrument to be held in one hand? I was not meeting the emergency. I was not equal to the occasion. This I knew with quick intolerable shame. What was to be done! At last, after what seemed to me ages, I accepted the only possibility. I scooped from the top of the tower some of the fluffy whipped

cream, put this on my plate and the spoon back among the approaches; and the tower, proud, unspoiled, unwon, was carried on to the others, who served themselves, as I had done; or, when the cream was at last too low for them to reach, suffered Joseph to scoop it out for them and put it on their plates.

I sat tasting the whipped cream on the end of my spoon, and oh, it was insipid, that faint froth; not of itself, but by contrast with what I would have wished — a portcullis at the very least. When we left the dining-room, it still stood solid and invulnerable, that so desirable tower, a delusion to the palate, a snare to the understanding, a subtle but strong disappointment to the heart! Now that I look back on it, it seems like an unintended symbol, an uninterpreted writing on the wall of my childhood.

These things called birthdays seemed for me to have been weighed that night in subtle scales, and found wanting. Froth on the tip of your spoon! The real anticipated glory a chimera; the dreamed-of and so-much-desired happiness a thing which could not be won, a thing left untouched while one slipped away unsatisfied, disappointed, into the later years.

No doubt I passed on to later years that very evening as I went out of the lighted dining-room, for more and more this centralizing of power and importance, even though it were for one day of the year only, became to me incongruous and out of the real order of life. As I began to gauge values and proportions better, it came to seem almost a gentle buffoonery. The mild distrust I had felt for birthdays in my little girlhood was beginning to take on the form of positive distaste. Doubtless I was beginning to have a larger vision of life. For one thing, I had meanwhile seen dawns rise over the Alps, and day depart from the fruitful purple valleys to ascend the heights, beautiful, like the feet of those upon the mountains, who bring tidings of peace; and had watched them pause in their glory for a last look upon the work of their hands before going forth forever beyond the world's edge. And I had stood since then by the incredible sounding sea; I had known that sense of the waters in the hollow of his hand, and watched the night bend like the face of infinity over it.

IV

Out of the birthdays I have known, I have recorded but three — the three made memorable, not so much by material as by spiritual gifts, and by some vision of life itself vouchsafed me. It was as though, with a touch upon my hand, Life summoned me to note, even though in some unrealized way, when I was but a child of five, how inconsiderable may be these our little personal joys and expectations and vanities of song, even as were mine, in the face of the large solemnities and griefs and remembered joys with which, that day, our home was visited. And on that second birthday, it was as though Life bade me note how satisfying to the heart is the gift of lovely and willing service. Not mine the day at all, but I can remember, all woven in with the ravishing music of harps and violins, a sense of my almost thrilled delight in the service that others brought my sister, in whose honor we were glad, and a high joy in my own eager and devoted homage. Dimly seen in all this, though I could not have named it to you then, was a larger vision, no doubt, of this same truth translated into lovelier and more solemn meaning; as though in those lighted rooms, gay with their smilax and their laughter, Life had suddenly laid a touch on my shoulder, and with her finger on her lips had bade

me note how sweet is the odor of spikenard and how thrillingly beautiful are the broken pieces of alabaster.

And the third birthday? Perhaps it was then that Life put into my hand a better gift than any — that larger knowledge, which all the coming years were to corroborate, that to have special gifts and benefits for one's self which are not for others, let the glamour be what it may, is after all but froth and disappointment; and that only the blending of one's life with other lives can ever really satisfy the heart.

Since then I have seen birthdays of my own and others not a few, and have looked on at those of many a child. Witnessing these, I have sometimes been troubled to note how — materialists ourselves — we insist upon making materialists of our children also. For who has not beheld a little lad, triumphant as Jack Horner, in the midst of his birthday packages, or a little Midas, among his heaped-up Christmas toys, appropriating to himself, with our delighted consent, the Other Child's birthday also. With what shameful abundance of material gifts do we heap the little eager hands; but how few, how few, for the young and growing spirit!

Yet it is to be noted hopefully that our too personal celebrations are apt to fall away, as it were of themselves, in our later years; and doubtless with them many of our central egotisms, life correcting with a patient hand our dull and oftentimes willful behavior. I cannot be persuaded that it is solely a sensitiveness to the loss of youth that prompts us to waive or disregard those birthdays which fall upon the nether side of twenty. Our neglect of them is more often, I like to believe, in the order of a gentle disavowal of old egotisms, as life ripens and takes on in our regard an aspect larger and less personal; even as to a nation or a religion which progresses, egotism and special privilege become increasingly distasteful, and the idea of a chosen people more and more intolerable to the pure at heart as the world matures.

Mature life, like the mature heart, cannot endure a sovereignty over its brethren, but longs for the old original levels; sheds its singleness and its superiorities. We become, God be thanked, less considerable under the moon as time advances; more of a piece with life; better blended with the days; a part of all dawns and sunsets — we who before had but one of each to our credit.

'I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of a day besides my dinner,' says Lamb. 'I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts — a grace before Milton — a grace before Shakespeare — a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the "Fairy Queen"?'

I own also to a disposition to celebrate many birthdays rather than one, and am inclined to be thankful on twenty other occasions in the course of the year besides that one which falls so personally for me — even if so negligible — on a certain February morning. I confess to a love of calendars which sometimes give me two or three great names to celebrate in a single day; nor am I ashamed to admit that the sun rises for me the statelier if it be upon an anniversary which commemorates Camoens or Michael Angelo. It has long been my habit to celebrate quietly in my heart, when all the birds are singing, that day in April when, it is said — uncertainly enough — Shakespeare came to the earth; nor have I failed often to note that other day also, when, impartially in the same April

weather, it is said, he — and Cervantes on the same day with him — departed from it.

And if such remembrances as these may seem still to tend toward egotism, yet I think that claim can hardly be proved valid. For these, — celebrate them as personally as we may, — these are not men of one season but of all time, blended with all days, impartially a part of all weathers, and of the very fibre and lives of most of us; and, even though we should forget them, yet memorably forgotten in those unforgettable companionships that they have bestowed upon us. These are our stars and moons, differing in glory one from another, with which, in the midst of our mortality, we answer not ignobly the shining challenge of the stars; these are they innumerable whose beauties and nobilities coupled with our own inconsiderable lives, lend at last some glory to our days so frail, so ephemeral.

As a child, I used to love to count the stars, beginning with the very first one that pricked its way through the twilit blue, and by a pretty conceit always called that first one my own, and put a most personal wish upon it. For a long time it always stood single in the heavens, and then another here or there, and there, and there, appeared, which I counted with delight. But always the moment came when the count was irretrievably lost; when stars bloomed, not by ones and twos but by myriads, no more to be counted than the unnumbered sands of the sea; and over me was stretched the jeweled beauty of the infinite heavens, just breathing with the breathing of the night; and I, looking up glorified into that beauty, a little inconsiderable child, standing beside the soft dark shadow of the cypresses.

THE TRUE STORY OF BLUEBEARD

BY LISA YSAYE TARLEAU

'I MUST confess,' said the Lady in Blue, 'that I have always had a certain penchant for Bluebeard. I cut his picture out of my very best fairy-book and hung it over my bed as if he were my dearest saint, and I found his long blue beard quite charming. But the best of all was, of course, his secret chamber, and for this alone I would have gladly married him. He was my favorite hero, and not even Rochester could in my Jane-Eyre days deprive him of all my affections. What a pity there are no Bluebeards nowadays!'

'Why, there are nothing but Bluebeards,' answered the Gentleman in Gray. 'Real Bluebeards, I mean, because the fairy story is a very incorrect rendering of the actual event. The real version has come to us through newly discovered Hittitic and Chaldaic documents, and I flatter myself on being one of the few persons who know the correct foundations of your beloved fairy tale.'

'Well, then tell it to me,' commanded the Lady in Blue; 'and oh! I do hope that the true story of Bluebeard is just

as exciting and just as terrible as the one in my old fairy books.'

'It is sadder,' said the Gentleman in Gray, 'and, consequently, truer. About its terribleness opinions may differ; to some it may seem only ludicrously absurd, others, perhaps, will perceive real tragedy in my version. Being myself no critic, but simply a chronicler, I shall give you the thing without any comment.

'You have heard of King Cophetua — the one who married the beggar-maid? I am going to speak about his son, Cophetua II, who inherited from his mother certain little peculiarities and eccentricities, quite harmless in themselves, but in their final consequences rather distressing. He had wedded the daughter of a neighboring king, a most charming princess, and bringing her to his palace he gave her, according to the customs of the country, the keys to all the different rooms, and said then with a certain serious playfulness, "My beloved, this house is now yours, and I beg you to take entire possession of it. There is only one little room to which I keep the key myself, — a very tiny little room, indeed, — but no one, not even you, must enter this secret and forbidden chamber. As you love me, I know you will do what I ask of you."

'The young Queen was deeply impressed. Cophetua was a most agreeable man and she had always rather liked him, but now she looked upon him with new eyes, and he seemed imbued with a strange and mysterious glamour that fanned her love to real passion. What secret the forbidden chamber might contain, she could, of course, not even guess, but her imagination created for her a thousand possibilities, one more interesting than the other, and Cophetua was changed out of a commonplace, everyday king into a being full of romance and mystery. Whenever there was a slight cloud on the brow of the King the young Queen said to herself with a little sigh, "Ah, the secret chamber!" Whenever his mind seemed to wander she thought him to be brooding about something in the forbidden room; and as she had decided that the mysterious thing was some deep sorrow or some bitter memory, she did everything a loving woman could think of to make him forget what he remembered so tenaciously. She was of quite unsurpassable tenderness, she had gestures full of allurement, and she found words that were one delicious caress. What wonder that poor Cophetua fell quite madly in love with his little wife and thought himself the happiest of all mortals?

'But as soon as the young Queen saw that her husband found all the delight in the world in her and her little person, her pity, her tenderness, her sympathy abated somewhat, while her curiosity awakened and she wanted to know what the secret chamber contained; she wanted to know what it was that her charm had conquered. Several times she begged Cophetua to tell her, but his answers were so unsatisfactory that one day she took the little key from its hiding-place and —'

He made an impressive pause.

'And,' the Lady in Blue repeated impatiently.

'Ah, you want me to continue,' sighed the Gentleman in Gray. 'So be it, then. I said that the little Queen took the key from its hiding-place, walked quietly to the mysterious door, turned the key, opened the door, looked, and gave a shrill scream. The room was absolutely empty — she saw nothing in it, nothing at all.'

'And that is the end?' asked the Lady in Blue.

'It is the end. I could still add that they lived unhappily ever after; that the Queen never forgave the King for

giving her nothing to forgive; that she treated him henceforth as a *quantité négligeable*, and spoke with a certain asperity about matrimony and married life — but these are things which you can picture to yourself. I gave you the facts and I am done.'

'Then permit me to say,' exclaimed the Lady in Blue, 'that you have told me a very foolish story. If there was nothing to hide, why should there be a secret chamber? And if the Queen found no horrors, why should she not rejoice rather than turn into a shrew? And why did you say in the beginning that all men are Bluebeards nowadays?'

The Gentleman in Gray looked quite bewildered.

'You ask too much at once,' he protested. 'Let me answer one question at a time. You asked why there should be a secret chamber if there was nothing to hide. My dear friend, look at us all — who of us has in truth hidden, secret depths in his nature, deep wells into which he himself hardly dares to look? Not one in a thousand. As our friend Monsieur Bergeret says, we are "*médiocrement bon et médiocrement mauvais.*" And yet who of us is satisfied to be commonplace and uninteresting, and who does not at least hint that there is some chamber in the castle of his being to which he will never surrender the key? And what horror is sharper, what disenchantment more poignant, than when the one who rapturously believed in the secret room and all the wonders and terrors of it, at last finds out that there is nothing in it, nothing at all, and when all the charm she dreamed of, all the mystery she guessed at, all the terrors she feared, dissolve into the boring emptiness of absolute mediocrity? And was I not thus right to say that we are all Bluebeards — poor pretenders who know only too well their own shallowness, and yet want to drape themselves in the purple of romance and mystery?'

The Lady in Blue looked deeply dissatisfied.

'You may be right,' she said; 'but I ask you if it is wise to tell me such things? I ask you if it is wise to show me that, after all, you are only a scoffer and that wherever I see the god you see nothing but satyrs?'

The Gentleman in Gray smiled apologetically, and his smile made him, suddenly, look very much younger.

'You are right,' he laughed; 'perhaps it is not wise; but my scoffing, you see, my scoffing is just *my* secret chamber.'

And there was enough jest in his words to make the Lady in Blue smile, and enough seriousness to make her blush, while the little God of Love stood in a dim corner biding his time.

THE MAN OF HABIT

BY MARGARET ADELAIDE WILSON

WHAT is so wonderful as dying?
The man that's lying here
Has year by placid year
Slept, eaten, worked and taken ease,
On habit, use, and clocks relying,
Until each act outrode volition,
And only in accurate repetition
Could he find peace.
He carped at draughts,
Hating even a wayward breeze about him;
Avoided argument;
Let new movements go on without him,
Loving the grooves that had worn so deep.
He could rise and work and eat and sleep,
Could love and hate and laugh and weep,
Only by habits' prompting.

Well, he, the habit-bound,
The man of dull meticulous round,
Has risked the great adventure now.
I almost think his narrow brow
Has taken on more breadth since dying.
What do his eyes see, the white lids under,
That the lips should be curved with such fugitive wonder,
Lips that in life were pinched and shrunken?
Do they see, perhaps, the spirit drunken
With shoreless night?
With un-houred light?
Ah, by the one vast chartless road
Small souls, like great, go home to God!

ERNEST, OR PARENT FOR A DAY

BY RANDOLPH BOURNE

I

I HAD been talking rather loosely about the bringing-up of children. They had been lately appearing to me in the guise of infinitely prevalent little beings who impressed themselves almost too vividly upon one's consciousness. My summer vacation I had passed in a household where a vivacious little boy of two years and a solemn little boy of six months had turned their mother into a household slave. I had seen walks, conversations, luncheons, and all the amenities of summer civilized life, shot to pieces by the indomitable need of imperious little children to be taken care of. Little boys who came running at you smiling, stubbed their toes, and were instantly transformed into wailing inconsolables; babies who woke importunately at ten o'clock in the evening, and had to be brought down warm and blinking before the fire; human beings who were not self-regulating, but to whom every hard surface, every protuberance, was a menace to happiness, and in whom every want and sensation was an order and claim upon somebody else — these were new offerings to my smooth and independent existence. They interested and perturbed me.

The older little boy, with his sunny luxuriance of hair and cheek, was always on the point of saying something novel and disconcerting. The baby, with his deep black eyes, seemed to be waiting silently and in soft anticipation for life. He would look at you so calmly and yet so eagerly, and give you a pleasant satisfaction that just your mere presence, your form, your movement, were etching new little lines on his cortex, sending new little shoots of feeling through his nerves. You were being part of his education just by letting his consciousness look at you. I liked particularly to hold my watch to his ear, and see the sudden grave concentration of his face, as he called all his mind to the judgment of this arresting phenomenon. I would love to accost him as he lay murmuring in his carriage, and to check his little breakings into tears by quick movements of my hands. He would watch me intently for a while until the fact of his little restless woe would come upon him again. I was challenged then to something more startling,and the woe would disappear in little short gasps. But I would find that he was subject to the law of diminishing returns. The moment would arrive when the woe submerged everything in a wail, and his mother would have to be called to nurse or coddle him in the magical motherly way.

The baby I found perhaps more interesting than his little brother, for the baby's moods had more style to them. The brother could be transformed from golden prattlingness to raging storm, with the most disconcerting quickness. He could want the most irrational things with an intensity that got itself expressed in hypnotic reiteration. Some smouldering will-to-power in one's self told one that a child should never be given the thing that he most wanted;

and yet in five minutes one would have given him one's soul, to be rid of the brazen rod which he pounded through one. But I could not keep away from him. He and his baby brother absorbed me, and when I contemplated their mother's life, I had many a solemn sense of the arduousness of being a parent. I thought of the long years ahead of them, and the incalculability of their manifestations. I shuddered and remained, gloating, I am afraid, a little over the opportunity of enjoyment without responsibility.

All these things I was recounting the other evening after dinner to a group of friends who professionally look after the minds and bodies of the neglected. I was explaining my absorption, and the perils and merciless tyranny of the mother's life, and my thankfulness at having been so much in, and yet so much not of, the child-world. I was not responsible, and the policeman mother could be called in at any time to soothe or to quell. I could always maintain the amused aloofness which is my usual attitude toward children. And I made the point that parenthood must become less arduous after the child is a self-regulating little organism, and can be trusted not to commit suicide inadvertently over every threshold, can feed himself, dress himself, and take himself reasonably around. I even suggested unwarily that after five or six the tyranny was much mitigated.

There was strong dissent. Just at that age, I was told, the real responsibilities began. I was living in a fool's paradise of bachelordom if I thought that at six children were grown-up. One of the women before the fire made it her business to get children adopted. I had a sense of foreboding before she spoke. She promptly confirmed my intuition by offering to endow me with an infant of six years, for a day or for as long as I would take him. The hearty agreement of the rest amazed and alarmed me. They seemed delighted at the thought of my becoming parent for a day. I should have Ernest. They all knew Ernest; and I should have him. They seemed to have no concern that he would not survive my brief parenthood. It rather warmed and flattered me to think that they trusted me.

I had a sense of being caught in an inescapable net, prisoner of my own theories. If children of six were no longer tyrants, the possession of Ernest would not interfere with my work or my life. I had spoken confidently. I had a reputation among my friends of speaking eloquently about 'the child.' And I always find it almost impossible to resist the offer of new experience. I hesitated and was lost. I even found myself naming the day for Ernest's momentary adoption. And during all that week I found it increasingly impossible to forget him. The night before Ernest was to come I told myself that I could not believe that this perilous thing was about to happen to me. I made no preparations to receive Ernest in my tiny bachelor apartment. I felt that I was in the hands of fate.

II

I was not really surprised when fate knocked at the door next morning in the person of my grinning friend, and swiftly left a well-bundled little boy with me. I have rarely seen a young woman look as maliciously happy as did his guide when she left, with the remark that she could n't possibly come for Ernest that evening, but would take him at nine o'clock on the morrow. My first quick resentment was stilled by the thought that perhaps an official day was a day plus a night. But Ernest loomed formidably at me. There would be problems of sleeping. Was I a victim? Well, that is what parents

were! They should not find me weak.

Ernest expressed no aversion to staying with me. He was cheerful, a little embarrassed, incurious. The removal of his hat disclosed a Dutch-cut of yellow hair, blue eyes, many little freckles, and an expression of slightly quizzical good-humor. I really had not had the least conception how big a boy of six was likely to be, and I found comfort in the evidence that he was big enough to be self-regulating, and yet deliciously small enough to be watched over. He could be played with, and without danger of breaking him.

Ernest sat passively on a chair and surveyed the room. I had thought a little pedantically of exposing him to some Montessori apparatus. I had got nothing, however. The room suddenly became very inane; the piano a huge packing-box, the bookcases offensive, idiotic shelves. A silly room to live in! A room practically useless for these new and major purposes of life! I was ashamed of my surroundings, for I felt that Ernest was surveying me with contempt and reproach.

It suddenly seemed as if little boys must like to look at pictures. Ernest had clambered up into a big chair, and was sitting flattened against its back, his legs sticking straight out in front of him, and a look of mild lassitude on his face. He took with some alacrity the illustrated newspaper supplement which I gave him, but my conscience tortured me a little as to whether his interest was the desperate one of demanding something for his mind to feed on, however arid it might be, or whether it was a genuine æsthetic response. He gave all the pictures exactly the same amount of time, rubbing his hand over each to make sure that it was flat, and he showed no desire to talk about anything he had seen. Since most of the pictures were of war, my pacifist spirit rebelled against dwelling on them. His celerity dismayed me. It became necessary to find more pictures. I had a sudden horror of an afternoon of picture-books, each devoured in increasingly accelerated fashion. How stupid seemed my rows of dully printed books! Not one of them could disgorge a picture, no matter how hard you shook it. Despair seized me when I found only a German handbook of Greek sculpture, and another of Michelangelo. In hopeful trepidation I began on them. I wondered how long they would last.

It was clearly an unfamiliar field to Ernest. My attempts to test his classical knowledge were a failure. He recognized the Greeks as men and women, but not as gods, and there were moments when I was afraid he felt their nudity as indecent. He insisted on calling the Winged Victory an angel. There had evidently been religion in Ernest's career. I told him that these were pictures of marble statues from Greece, of gods and things, and I hurriedly sketched such myths as I could remember in an attempt to overtake Ernest's headlong rush of interest. But he did not seem to listen, and he ended by calling every flowing female form an angel. He laughed greatly at their missing arms and heads. I do not think I quite impressed him with the Greek spirit.

On Michelangelo there was chance to test his Biblical background. He proved never to have heard of David, and took the story I told him with a little amused and incredulous chortle. Moses was new to him, and I could not make him feel the majesty of the horns and beard. When we came to the Sistine I felt the constraint of theology. Should I point out to him God and Adam and Eve, and so perhaps fix his infant mind with ineradicable theological bias? Now I understood the temptation which every parent must suffer, to dose his child with easy mythology. Something urged me to say, Adam was

the first man and Eve was the first woman, and get the vague glow of having imparted godly information. But I am glad that I had the strength sternly to refrain, hoping that Ernest was too intellectually robust to be trifled with. I confined myself to pointing out the sweep of clouds, the majesty of the prophets, the cracks in the plaster, the mighty forms of the sibyls.

But with my last sibyl I was trapped. It smote my thought that there were no more pictures. And Ernest's passivity had changed. We were sitting on the floor, and his limbs began to take on movement. He crawled about, and I thought began to look menacingly at movable objects on tables. My phobia of the combination of movable objects and children returned. Parenthood suddenly seemed the most difficult thing in the world. Ernest was not talking very much, and I doubted my ability to hold him very long entranced in conversation. Imagination came to my relief in the thought of a suburban errand. I remembered a wonderful day when I myself had been taken by my uncle to the next town on a journey — the long golden afternoon, the thundering expresses at the station, the amazing watch which he had unaccountably presented me with at the end of the day. Ernest should be taken to Brookfield.

Our lunch had to be taken at the railroad station. Ernest climbed with much puffing up to the high stool by the lunch-counter, and sat there unsteadily and triumphantly while I tried to think what little boys ate for their lunch. My decision for scrambled eggs and a glass of milk was unwise. The excitement of feeding scrambled eggs to a slippery little boy on top of a high stool was full of incredible thrills. The business of preventing a deluge of milk whenever Ernest touched his glass forced me to an intellectual concentration which quite made me forget my own eating. Ernest himself seemed in a state of measureless satisfaction; but the dizzy way in which he brandished his fork, the hairbreadth escape of those morsels of food as they passed over the abyss of his lap, the new and strange impression of smearedness one got from his face, kept me in a state of absorption until I found we had but one minute to catch our train. With Ernest clutching a large buttered roll which he had decently refused to relinquish, we rushed through the gates.

When the candy-man came through the train, Ernest asked me in the most detached tone in the world if I was going to buy any candy. And I asked him with a similar dryness what his preferences in candy were. He expressed a cool interest in lemon-drops. The marvelous way in which Ernest did not eat those lemon-drops gave me a new admiration for his self-control. He finished his buttered roll, gazed out of the window, casually ate two or three lemon-drops, and then carefully closed the box and put it in his pocket. I was almost jealous of Ernest's character. I recalled my incorrigible nibblings. I predicted for Ernest a moral life.

Our talk was mostly of the things that flashed past our eyes. I was interested in Ernest's intellectual background. Out of the waste of signboards and salt-meadows there was occasionally disentangled a river with boats or a factory or a lumber-yard which Ernest could be called upon to identify. He was in great good humor, squirming on his seat, and he took delight in naming things and in telling me of other trips on the railroad he had taken. He did not ask where we were going. I told him, but it seemed not especially to concern him. He was living in life's essential, — excitement, — and neither the future nor the past mattered. He held his own ticket a little incredulously, but without that sense of the impor-

tance of the business that I had looked for. I found it harder and harder not to treat him as an intellectual equal.

In Brookfield I became conscious of a desire to show Ernest off. I was acquiring a proprietary interest in him. I was getting proud of his good temper, his intelligence, his self-restraint, his capacity for enjoying himself. I wanted to see my pride reflected in another mind. I would take him to my wise old friend, Beulah. I knew how pleasurably mystified she would be at my sudden possession of a chubby, yellow-haired little boy of six.

Ernest had a delightful hour on Beulah's parlor floor. He turned somersaults, he shouted, he played that I was an evil monster who was trying to catch him. He would crawl up warily towards me and put his hand on my sleepily outstretched palm. As I suddenly woke and seized him, he would dart away in shrieks of fear and glee. When I caught him, I would feel like a grim ogre indeed, for his face would cloud and little tears shoot into his eyes, and his lips would curl in mortal fear. And then I would let him go tugging and sprawling, and he would yell with joy, and steal back with ever-renewed cunning and watchfulness. When he had eaten Beulah's cakes and drunk her cocoa, he lay back in a big chair, glowing with rosiness, and still laughing at the thought of his escape from my ogredom.

Our minds played about him. I tried to tease Beulah into adopting him. We spoke of his birth in a reformatory, and the apparently indomitable way in which nature had erased this fact from his personality. We wondered about his unknown mother, and his still more unknown father, and what he would be and how either of us could help keeping him forever. She pleaded her Man, I my poverty. But we were not convincing, and I began to conceive a vague fear of Ernest's adopting me, because I could not let him go.

And then it was time for the train. Ernest was very self-possessed. His manners on leaving Beulah were those of an equal, parting from a very old and jolly friend. The walk to the station gave me a sudden realization how very badly the world was adapted to the needs of little boys. Its measurements, its times, its lengths and its breadths were grotesquely exaggerated. Ernest ploughed manfully along, but I could feel the tug at my hand. Time would have to double itself for him to reach the station in the allotted minutes. His legs were going in great strides like those of the giant in seven-league boots, and he was panting a little. I was cruel, and yet there was the train. I felt myself a symbol of parenthood, earth-adjusted, fixed on an adult goal, dragging little children panting through a world not their own. 'I'm ti-yerd!' said Ernest in so plaintive a voice that my heart smote me. Nameless premonitions of what might ensue to Ernest from being ti-yerd came upon me. I felt a vague dread of having already made Ernest an invalid for life. But my adulthood must have triumphed, for the train was caught. Ernest's spirits revived on the reappearance of the lemon-drops. And my heart leaped to hear him say that only his legs were ti-yerd, and that now they were no longer so. The world had diminished again to his size.

III

Ernest ate his supper in great contentment at a little table by my fireplace. The unaccustomed task of cooking it gave me new and vivid thrills. And the intellectual concentration involved in heating soup and making toast was so great as to lose me the pleasure of watching Ernest draw. I had asked him in the morning if he

liked to draw. He had answered in such scorn that I had hastily called in Michelangelo. Now I placed a pencil and many large sheets of paper negligently near him. When I brought him his supper, he had covered them all with futuristic men, houses, and horses. The floor was strewn with his work, and he was magnificently casting it from him as he attacked these æsthetic problems with fierce gusto. Only the sight of food quelled his artistic rage. After supper, however, he did not return to them. Instead, he became fascinated with the pillows of my couch, and piled them in a line, with a whistling and shouting as of railroad trains. I wrote a little, merely to show myself that this business of parenthood need not devastate one's life. But I found myself wondering acutely, in the midst of an eloquent sentence, what time it was healthy for Ernest to go to bed. I seemed to remember seven — incredible to me, and yet perhaps meet for a child. It was already seven, but the vigor with which he rejected my proposal startled me. His amiability all day had been so irreproachable that I did not wish to strain it now. Yet I was conscious of an approaching parental crisis. Suppose he did not want to go to bed at all!

When I next looked up, I found that he had compromised by falling asleep in a curious diagonal and perilous position across his pillows — the trainman asleep at the switch. In a position in which nobody could sleep, Ernest slept with the face of an angel. Complexity! Only a brute would wake him. Yet how did parents get their children to bed? And then I thought of the intricacies of his clothes. I touched him very gently; he jumped at me in a dazed way, with the quaintest, 'Oh, I don't know what made me go to sleep!' and was off into the big chair and helpless slumber.

I repented of my brutality. I tried to read, but my parental conscience again smote me. Ernest looked forlorn and maladjusted, his head sinking down on his breast. I thought that Ernest would thank me now for reminding him of his bed. He showed astonishing force of will. I recoiled from the 'I don't want to go to bed!' which he hurled at me. I tried reason. I called his attention to his uncomfortableness. But he was unmoved, and insisted on going to sleep again after every question. I hardened my heart a little. I saw that stern measures would have to be adopted, Ernest's little clothes taken off, Ernest inserted into his flannel nightgown, and tucked into bed. Yet I had no idea of the parental technique for such situations. Ernest had been quite irresponsive to my appeal that all good little boys went to bed at seven o'clock, and I could think of no further generalizations. Crisis after so happy a day! Was this parenthood?

The variety of buttons and hooks on Ernest's outer and inner garments bewildered me. Ernest's dead sleepiness made the work difficult. But finally his little body emerged from the midst, leaving me with the feeling of one who has taken a watch apart and wonders dismayedly how he will ever get it together again. Ernest, however, was not inclined to permit the indignity of this disrobing without bitter protest. When I urged his coöperation in putting on his nightgown, he became voluble. The sunniness of his temper was clouded. His tone turned to harsh bitterness. Little angry tears rolled down his cheeks, and he betrayed his sense of extreme outrage with an 'I don't *want* to put on my nightgown!' hurled at me with so much of moral pain that I was chilled. But it was too late. I could not unscramble Ernest. With a sinking heart I had gently to thrust his little arms and legs into the warm flannel, trundle him over the floor, bitter and sleepily protesting, roll him into his bed, and

cover him up. As he curled and snuggled into the covers his tears dried as if by magic, the bitterness smoothed out of his face, and all his griefs were forgotten.

IV

In the next room I sat and read, a pleasant warmth of parental protection in my heart. And then Ernest began to cough. It was no light childish spasm, but a deep racking cough that froze my blood. There had been a little cold in him when he came. I had taken him out into the raw December air. I had overexerted him in my thoughtless haste. Visions of a delirious and pneumoniac child floated before me. Or what was that dreadful thing called croup? I could not keep my thought on my book. That racking cough came again and again. Ernest must be awake and tossing feverishly. Yet when I looked in at him, he would be lying peaceful and rosy, and the cough that tore him did not disturb his slumbers. He must then be in a state of fatigue so extreme that even the cough could not wake him. I reproached myself for dragging him into the cold. How could I have led him on so long a journey, and let him play with a strenuousness such as his days never knew! I foresaw a lurid to-morrow: Ernest sick, myself helpless and ignorant, guilty of a negligence that might be fatal. And as I watched him, he began to show the most alarming tendency to fall out of bed. I did not dare to move him, and yet his head moved ever more perilously near the edge. I relied on a chair pushed close to the bed to save him. But I felt weary and worn. What an exacting life, the parent's! Could it be that every evening provided such anxieties and problems and thrills? Could one let one's life become so engrossed?

And then I remembered how every evening, when we went to bed, we used to ask our mother if she was going to be home that evening, and with what thankful security we sank back, knowing that we should be protected through another night. Ernest had not seemed to care what became of me. Having had no home and no parents, he had grown up into a manly robustness. He did not ask what you were going to do with him. He was all for the moment. He took the cash and let the credit go. It was I who felt the panic and the insecurity. I envied Ernest. I saw that, contrary to popular mythology, there were advantages in being an institutional orphan, provided you had been properly Binet-ed as of normal intelligence and the State got you a decent boarding-mother. How much bringing up Ernest had escaped! If his manners were not polished, at least they were not uncouth. He had been a little shy at first, nodding at questions with a smile, and throwing his head against the chair. But there was nothing repressed about him, nothing institutionalized, and certainly nothing artificial.

His cough grew lighter, and as I looked at his yellow hair and the angelic flush of his round cheeks, I thought of the horrid little puppets that had been produced around me in conventional homes, under model fathers and kind and devout mothers. How their fears and inhibitions contrasted with Ernest's directness! His bitter mood at going to bed had a certain fine quality about it. I recalled the *camaraderie* we had established. The box of lemon-drops, only half-exhausted, stared at me from the pocket of his little sweater, I became proud of Ernest. I was enjoying again my vicarious parenthood. What did that obscure and tangled heredity of his, or his most problematical of futures, matter to him or to me? It was delightful to adopt him thus imaginatively. If he turned out badly, could you not ascribe it to his heredity,

and if well, to your kindly nurture and constant wisdom? Nothing else could be very much thought about, perhaps, but for the moment Ernest seemed supremely worth thinking about. There would be his education. And suddenly it seemed that I did not know very much about educating a child. It would be too absorbing. There would be no time for the making of a living. Ernest loomed before my imagination in the guise of a pleasant peril.

And then morning came. As soon as it was light Ernest could be heard talking and chuckling to himself, with no hint of delirium or pneumonia, or the bogies of the night. When I spoke he came running in in his bare feet, and crawled in with me. He told me that in spite of my valiant chair he had really fallen out of bed. He did not care, and proceeded to jump over me in a vigorous acrobatic way. He did not even cough, and I wondered if all the little sinister things of childhood passed so easily with the night. It was impossible to remember my fears as he tossed and shouted, the perfection of healthiness. Parenthood now seemed almost too easy to bother with.

Ernest caught sight of my dollar watch on the chair, and I saw that he conceived a fatal and instantaneous passion. He listened to its tick, shook it, ogled it amorously. He made little suggestive remarks about liking it. I teased him with the fact that he could not tell time. Ernest snorted at first in good-natured contempt at the artificial rigidity of the process, but finally allowed himself to be persuaded that I was not fooling him. And my heart swelled with the generosity which I was about to practice in presenting him with this wonderful watch.

But it suddenly became time to dress, for my parental day was to end at nine. And then I discovered that it was as hard to get Ernest into his clothes as it was to get him out of them. It was intolerable to him that he should leave his romp and the watch, and he shouted a no to my every suggestion. A new parental crisis crashed upon me. What a life of ingenuity and stratagem the parent had to lead! To spend half one's evening persuading a sleepy and bitter little boy to take off his clothes, and half the morning in persuading a vivid and jubilant little boy to put them on again—this was a life that taxed one's personal resources to the utmost. I reasoned with Ernest. I pointed out that his kind friend was coming very soon, and that he must be ready. But Ernest was obdurate. He would not even bathe. I pointed out the almost universal practice of the human race of clothing themselves during the early morning hours. Historic generalizations had no more effect on Ernest in the morning than they had had in the evening. And with a sudden stab I thought of the watch. That watch I knew would be an Aladdin's lamp to make Ernest my obedient slave. I had only to bribe him with it, and he would bathe, dress, or do anything which I told him to do. Here was the easy art of corruption by which parents got moral clutches on their children! And I deliberately renounced it. I would not bribe Ernest. Yet the mischief was done. So intuitive was his mind that I felt guiltily that he already knew my readiness to give him the watch if he would only dress. In that case, I should miss my moral victory. I could not disappoint him, and I did not want to bribe him inadvertently.

There was another consideration which dismayed me. Even if Ernest should prove amenable to reason or corruption, where was my ability to reconstruct him? Unbuttoning a sleepy and scarcely resisting little boy in the evening was quite different from constructively buttoning a jumping and

hilarious one in the morning. And time was flowing dangerously on. Only a sudden theory of self-activity saved me. Could Ernest perhaps dress himself? I caught him in one of his tumbles and asked him. His mind was too full of excitement, to be working on prosaic themes. And then I shot my bolt. 'I don't believe you know how to dress yourself, do you?' To that challenge Ernest rose. 'Hurry!' I said, 'and see how quickly you can dress. See if you can dress before I can!' Ernest flew into the other room, and in an incredibly short time appeared quite constructed except as to an occasional rear-button, washed and shining, self-reliant, ready for the business of the day. I glowed with the success of my parental generalship. I felt a sense of power. But power gained in so adroit and harmless a way was safe. What a parent I would make! How grateful I was to Ernest to be leaving me at this height!

I gave him the watch. Though he had longed, the fulfillment of his desire struck him with incredulity. The event awed him. But I showed him how to wind it, and seemed so indifferent to its fate, that he was reassured as to my sincerity. He recovered his poise. He sang as he ate his breakfast. And when his guide and friend came, amused and curious, he went off with her as unreluctantly as he had come, proud and self-possessed, the master of himself. He strutted a little with his watch, and he politely admitted that he had had a good time.

I do not know whether Ernest ever thought of me again. He had been an unconscious artist, for he had painted many new impressions on my soul. He had been sent to me to test my theories of parenthood, but he had driven away all thought of theory in the obsession of his demands. How could I let him go so cheerily out of my door? It was n't at all because I minded having my time absorbed, for I like people to absorb my time. Why did I not cling to him, buy him from his protector, with a 'Dear boy, you shall never leave my pleasant rooms again'? Why did I not rush after him down the street, stung by a belated remorse? I was conscious enough that I was missing all the dramatic climax of the situation. I was not acting at all as one does with tempting little orphan boys. But that is the way life works. The heart fails, and the vast and incalculable sea of responsibility drowns one in doubt. I let him go with no more real hesitation than that with which he went.

The later life of Ernest I feel will be one of sturdy self-reliance. That all the aspects of his many-sided character did not become apparent in the short time that I held him was clear from the report I heard of a Christmas party to which he was invited a few weeks later. Ernest, it seems, had broken loose with the fervor of a modern Europe after its forty years of peace. He had seized chocolate cake, slapped little girls, bitten the hand of the kind lady who fed him, and ended by lying down on the floor and yelling in a self-reliant rage. Was this the effect of a day with me? Or had I charmed and soothed him? I had a pleasant shudder of power, wondering at my influence over him.

The next I heard of Ernest was his departure for the home of an adopting family in New Jersey, from which he was presently to be shipped back for offenses unknown. My respect for Ernest rose even higher. He would not fit in easily to any smug conventional family life. He would not rest adopted until he was satisfied. I began to wonder if, after all, we were not affinities. He had kept the peace with me, he had derived stimulation from my society. Should I not have called him back? Shall I not now? Shall I not want to see him with me again? I wonder.

THE WIVES OF GERMAN-AMERICANS

BY M. L. S.

THERE must be a great many women in the United States besides myself whom the present war has involved in a terrible predicament. I refer to the American wives of German sympathizers; to the American mothers of children whose fathers' hearts and convictions are with the Teutonic cause. The situation of these women is one which has a vital significance to the nation. And it is for this reason that I have decided to tell my own experience, in the hope that, by doing so, I may be able to give to my sisters the message I have for them. They are war sufferers of whom, it seems, no one has thought. Yet much depends upon how they meet the test which has come to them.

At the outset I wish to say that I believe the great majority of 'German-Americans' are loyal to the country they, or their fathers, have chosen for a home. Yet we all know that there are some whose allegiance has reverted, with an ardor which consumes reason, to Germany. Such is the case with my husband. And since this great trouble has befallen me I have become gradually aware of a wide comradeship with other women in the same cruel predicament. These also know the anguish of the severing of ties riveted through the years; these also have sat at table, unable to eat, while their children heard their own country discredited, and a policy of foreign ruthlessness upheld.

If these women love their country as I love it, they may well envy the suffering of the soldiers in the trenches, even of those wounded in battle. My ancestors were given grants of land in Colonial times; they cleared the land, founded homes in the wilderness, and fought in the Revolution. And in the Civil War my father sacrificed his personal interests to the service of the Union. There must be thousands of these wives who love America as I love her; whose homes mean to them all that my home meant to me. But there are no words to tell what a woman's home means to her. I can only hope that, however difficult their position, whatever their sufferings, few of the wives of German sympathizers in America have lost their homes — as I have lost mine. But it may be that, through my experience, I can bring encouragement and strengthening of heart to the wives and mothers throughout this land who are terrified and bewildered by the thing which has come upon them.

Doubtless my own case is an extreme one, and it gives me, for that reason, the better right to speak. For I have had to travel all of the dark road through whose blackness my sisters are stumbling. I can say, 'There is light — believe in it. Do not despair.' For your main problem is really a very simple one — I might better have said, it is not a problem at all. There is in reality nothing complicated, nothing perplexing, about the decision you have to make. But I will tell my story.

My husband was born in the United States; he never saw Germany, he does not even speak German with fluency. His father, like so many of his countrymen, left his native country that he

might have freedom of speech, of life. That freedom he found in the United States. He married a German woman here, made his home here, brought up his children here. And some years ago he died. The story of how his father came to this country was one that my husband used to love to tell. The restrictions enforced by the German government were, it seems, unbearable. And yet, despite this fact, despite the circumstances of his father's coming to America, my husband always spoke of Germany as though it were the ideal nation. He would dwell upon its social legislation, its scientific attainments, its order, and the prosperity of its people. He also was given to criticisms of the United States. So this strange perversion of logic long antedates the war.

But all this did not greatly annoy me. Wives like to identify themselves with their husbands. I looked upon this pro-German feeling as not without its charm and its pathos; and though I realized the element of humor (not to say absurdity) involved, I did not take the matter seriously. I was even influenced in favor of Germany. I began to feel that, next to America, she was the nation I loved and admired. And this seemed as it should be. It made our home atmosphere the more harmonious. I liked to talk with my husband of Germany, of her people and her progressive ideas. There had been a great change there, it seemed; and now such restrictions as were imposed were for the public good. I took these opinions with a grain of salt, but I was impressed by them.

Thus, when the war broke out, I was ready to put the best possible interpretation upon Germany's part in the rapid developments. Nor did I and our children lack guidance in forming our opinions. The two boys were at that time sixteen and fourteen years of age. Their father was particularly devoted and affectionate in his family relations, very dependent upon his home life, and very proud of his boys. Carl, the older, looked like him; Minot was more like me. Both resemblances pleased my husband equally. But I think he had a certain feeling for Carl that he had for no one else in the world. The boy was always particularly interested and responsive when his father talked about Germany; and after the war broke out he drank in the Teutonic side of the contest with avidity.

But Minot would be silent and reserved when his father argued for Germany. He would keep his eyes on his plate, and sometimes, when his father would make a particularly dogmatic or extreme statement, he would set his lips in a look that made him seem years older than he was. This look always startled my heart — perhaps with a premonition of disaster to come. For this attitude of unspoken opposition on the younger boy's part was, I can now see, the first sign of the strain put upon our family relations. I was still struggling to be neutral. It was a struggle, but at that time the neutral attitude was an approved one; and I told myself that my patriotic and my family loyalties were one.

Of course I could not help realizing that my husband's views were extreme and illogical, but I condoned them as the result of his German inheritance. The situation, either in its national or its family aspect, had not yet shown its true meaning. Yet there was an ever-growing tension, if not in our family relations, certainly in the atmosphere of our home. My husband grew increasingly dogmatic, even violent, in his denunciations of the Allies, of America's veiled hostility to Germany and her lack of fairness, and in his partisanship of everything German. He became restless, moody, unlike himself. His

suffering was so plain that it appealed to my sympathies, and made me more lenient toward his extreme views, and more tolerant of his lack of consideration for those that I myself as a loyal American naturally held.

Yet I winced more and more under the hurt of it all, and sometimes Minot raised flashing eyes from his plate, and those tight-shut, unboyish lips opened for a protest. Then his father would become very angry. I do not like to recall those scenes. Sometimes he sent the boy from the table. More than once, when I went to Minot afterward, he had flung himself on his bed and was crying bitterly. And I had often tears to swallow as I sat at table, and could scarcely speak the words meant to be soothing — but which never soothed.

They did not soothe because I was not really in sympathy with my husband; and he knew it. His manner toward me began to change. In his dire need, in this terrible disruption of his life, he found no ease of pain in the accustomed home comradeship. More and more he poured out his heart to Carl; and I bitterly resented this new education forced upon my son. Then came the sinking of the Lusitania. Never shall I forget the moment when I picked up the paper and read the headlines. I could not see to read further. I sat down with the paper in my hands, staring into darkness. I now believe that this event marked a crisis in many a German-American home. I know of one man who, until that act, had upheld everything done by Germany, his native land. The day the news of the Lusitania's sinking was published he came home stricken. His wife understood and spoke no word of the matter. Indeed, the word Lusitania was never mentioned in that house; and in two months this broken-hearted German-American lay dead. He could not survive the conviction that his native land had forfeited her right to his love and respect.

Perhaps that was the easier way. I am just beginning to realize what has been — what is — the state of mind of German sympathizers living in this country. They endure civil war within their own minds and hearts. It must be a bitterness, a disruption, greater than any other imaginable. There are two reasons why they are so extreme: they are forcing themselves to unnatural conclusions, and they are maddened by pain.

My husband came home that evening exhilarated by a dark passion. He defended the sinking of the Lusitania. The passengers should not have sailed, he said: they had been warned. It was their responsibility, and they must take the consequences. The war had been forced on Germany, and it was justifiable for her to do whatever would enable her to win it. England had arrogantly seized the seas; Germany must get her rights. I repeat the statements in brief; I shall not call them arguments. The strangest part of it all is this: my husband had, until this war, been a particularly kind and tender-hearted man. He thus seems to represent in his own person a nation changed and obsessed by the false ideal held up before it.

From this time on there was poured out upon us a flood of bitterness against the Allies, of extreme partisanship of the German cause and the whole German policy. When an act like the sinking of the Lusitania could not be denied, it was upheld. Newspaper reports of barbarities — even the signed statement of Lord Bryce — were violently denied. The enemies of Germany, my husband declared, had embarked upon a systematized campaign of falsehood and slander — but I think it not necessary to go further into this phase of the situation.

I could no longer maintain neutrality. I cried out against such doctrines — against teaching our sons such things. It was horrible. Our family peace was gone. After eighteen years of dwelling with us love had fled — driven out by the ruthless hounds of cruelty, by the strange obsession of mind which would have made of them household familiars. And they seemed, indeed, to have invaded our home, to trail the blood of their innocent victims across our doorstep, and to lie down at our hearth.

Perhaps I dwelt upon the horror of it all too much; certainly I was not wise. But I do not think that, in this case, wisdom would have made much difference, for my husband was not really himself. He seemed under a sort of possession. He now talked about 'our enemies,' referring to the Allies. When he said 'we,' he always meant the Germans. Yet, as I have said, his father came here to obtain liberty; and my husband was American-born and had never even seen Germany.

Carl, poor boy, was miserable; even more so than Minot. For our older son was between two fires, he did not know which way to turn. Minot was quite clear in his own mind, and every day he became more alienated from his father. I think he ceased to love him during those months.

Such a state of things could not go on forever. I now protested openly against the doctrines that my husband tried to teach our sons. I reminded him of the reasons that had driven his father from Germany. I should have known it was useless to argue; yet I do not know what I ought to have done.

It was at about this time that my husband began to read Nietzsche. I would find him reading *Thus Spake Zarathustra* when I knocked at his door to bid him good-night. For he always sat alone in his own room now, unless he went out. Sometimes, when I thus went to him, he would read me passages from *Zarathustra*. They were always passages which extolled the triumph of force, which preached the disregard of sentiment, of the suffering of others, of any ties which withheld a man from the pursuit of his work or his purpose.

Nietzsche is said to be the apostle of the new Germany. I can well believe that this is true, for I think that my husband fortified his spirit, by reading Nietzsche, for the thing he was making ready to do. He had already forced himself, in upholding ruthless cruelty and the breaking of faith, to deny his true self. But he had a still further progress to make in the path he had chosen. He must give final proof of his discipleship; he must become, in his own person, an exponent of the doctrine of frightfulness; he must, in short, sacrifice those who were part of his very life, who had been the denizens of his heart.

It was all very strange. He had been so kind; he was now neglectful and rude. And his restlessness, his look as of a man driven and possessed, became more and more marked. He was a religious man; and several times he said to me, '"He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me."' In his thought, evidently the German cause stood for what was right, what was holy. And to that cause he now made ready to sacrifice his wife and children. I suppose I cannot even imagine what he endured; for he seemed sunk in a sort of blackness. I know only my own part, my children's. For he left us. And we do not even know where he is or what he is doing.

He left us with no means of support. He disappeared. What was the goal he aimed at when he swept us thus from his path, I do not know. But I have my

Carl again. He no longer hears his own dear country maligned, a foreign foe upheld.

I have told this story only that I might give my message — the message I have for all American wives of German sympathizers; for all American mothers whose husbands would teach their children disloyalty to their own country. And my hope is that it may prove a message of encouragement and of strengthening of heart.

It is not because I myself was wise during this terrible experience that I can give my message; nor is it because at the time my vision was clear and true. All was confusion and darkness. But I can speak now because that confusion and darkness have passed away. I see the situation as I could not possibly see it when involved in its cruel meshes. I simply struggled blindly in those meshes. My loyalty to my country was a mere impulse — as instinctive as breathing. My efforts to preserve my home, the family unity, were the inevitable struggle of a woman caught in a great horror of fear. After all that chaos and confusion, that instinctive outcry and that self-repression as instinctive, it is a very wonderful thing to see the situation as it really was — as I fear it still is in many an American home to-day. For though my own case is doubtless an extreme one, it may the better serve to illumine the darkness about other American wives and mothers. Above all, it is very wonderful to realize how simple is the fundamental problem these wives and mothers have to meet, the question they must answer. I have thought that I might help them, perhaps, by telling what I realize.

For the question raised by such a family situation as this is not really one between loyalty to one's country and loyalty to one's husband — not even between the duty of patriotism and the duty of preserving the family unity. No, it goes much deeper than that; it is far, far more simple than that. It is well, it is merciful, that it is not asked of us wives and mothers to make any such decision as that. The question raised is simply that of holding to whatever is, for you, inevitably the inner choice. If you can sincerely say, as Ruth said to Naomi, 'Thy people shall be my people,' so be it. You have chosen according to the inner impulse; it is the choice of your heart. Only be sure that it *is* the choice of your heart, with no alloy of expediency, or fear, or other base admixture. Otherwise you will surely be selling your soul — and, it may be, the souls of your children.

It is a very simple thing to know where your heart is. Did you approve when Belgium was invaded, when the Lusitania was sunk — or did these events fill you with horror? Does your heart beat with sympathetic fervor when you hear your own country derided, Germany extolled, the Allies denounced? Does your reason assent when you hear the Prussian acts and policies of this war justified and defended? Do you rejoice, rather than shrink, when your children's ideas and characters are moulded by these teachings? If so, though American by birth and inheritance, yet are you really German. There is no cause for dissension in your home.

But if, as is far more probably the case, your very spirit cries and bleeds to hear your country defamed; if your motherhood is outraged when your children are taught such doctrines; if your humanity revolts at evidences of outrage and cruelty, then you are American! *Then* you must indeed choose whom you will serve — the spirit that is within you, or the spirit that is without you.

You will choose, of course, to follow the instinct of your soul, the impulse of

your heart, the dictates of your reason. And what then? Now your course is not so simple; you have a difficult road to travel. Must you play the martyr? Must you feel it your mission to tear open, day after day, the wounds which are torturing your husband's spirit? Must you, hitherto the comforter, become now the tormentor?

Certainly you will not play the martyr unless that rôle is forced upon you. It is pleasant only in the imagination. Nor will you wound your husband more than honest adherence to your conviction forces you to wound him. You may even, through your wisdom, — your patience and understanding and love, — be able to preserve at once the family unity and the approval of your own conscience. But it cannot be denied that your path is beset with difficulties and dangers. You cannot hope to see very far ahead; you must be content to follow that inner light which illumines, as a rule, but one step at a time. Only be sure that it *will* illumine that one step: then you have nothing to fear.

You will, necessarily, do what you can to save your children from the influence of ideas and teachings which you believe to be disastrous to patriotism, and to the proper development of character. No rule for thus saving them can possibly be laid down; like every other great test, or great crisis, this one cannot be compassed by mere generalities. It calls for every attribute of character, every atom of courage, every ray of wisdom, that you may possess or can achieve. Doubtless, in most cases, unswerving patience and sympathy, combined with unswerving loyalty to the inner conviction, would avert the uttermost disaster — which, be assured, is not that which has befallen me and my children. No: that is the undermining of patriotism and sense of right in the sons and daughters of America.

And whether you oppose your husband's teachings in his presence or in his absence, with wise moderation or with flashing impulse, he will realize and resent your opposition. That is inevitable. His sympathetic counselor has become his critic, his opponent. There is no situation more bitter to a husband.

In this guarding of your children's ideas you must, whatever the result, strive unceasingly for what you hold to be the right. As far as your home is concerned, your husband's love, you may win — or you may lose. But even for you who lose there is a great consolation. It is the same consolation as that of the fallen soldier on the field of battle. Your struggle has been as hard as his, your wounds are more anguished and more enduring; there waits for you the healing of no quiet hospital — nor oblivion. But you have done your bit. And — a thought to assuage all pain and rejoice the heart — you may even have served your country.

For your sons and daughters are the sons and daughters of America — never, for a single moment, forget that. Whichever way the battle goes for you, they will feel your innermost loyalty, your fealty to the right. They cannot fail to be influenced. When they are with you, they are with these things. You are helping to weld this dear country into an indissoluble entity; you are constantly knitting together the raveled edges of her vesture.

So be of good cheer. You have saved your soul alive; that is worth all you have endured or shall endure. Remember, when Mr. Britling *sees it through*, he comes out to God. And you, also, will come out to God.

THE ASSAULT ON HUMANISM

BY PAUL SHOREY

I

Not to us first have the things of beauty seemed fair, the sore-tried humanist murmurs after Theocritus. But Tennyson's adaptation is more pertinent to the present purpose: —

> Not only we, the latest seed of time,
> New men that in the flying of a wheel
> Cry down the past, —

not only we blaspheme the divinity that we lack eyes to discern.

> Es wird nichts so schön gemacht
> Es kommt einer der's veracht!

There were brave men living before Agamemnon, and educational reformers who had the courage of their insensibilities before Mr. Flexner. He stands in the momentary limelight, the transient American embodiment of a recurrent type, exhibiting as the first pledges of a new science of education the iconoclasms of Tom Paine's *Age of Reason*, and the arguments against Latin of the chapter on Education in the fourth Discourse of Helvetius's *De l'Esprit*.

Education — what it is, in contrast to what it might be — has always seemed to impatient revolutionaries a no less unsatisfactory and bungling makeshift than marriage, government, the distribution of property, or life itself. And the emphasis of his irresponsible denunciation has often convinced naïve disciples that the protestant is divinely commissioned to administer a new school system for the creation of a new heaven and a new earth.

An excellent subject for a monograph of the pedagogical seminar would be a comparative historical study of the psychology of the projectors and enthusiasts, the expositors of Great Didactics, and exploiters of Gertrudes teaching their children, and institutors of Senhusian schools who have proclaimed this gospel of educational 'reformation without tarrying for any.'

A specialist in the psychology of advertising would be needed to appreciate the unconscious policy that attracts attention by paradoxes and exaggerations which are compromised and attenuated in practice when the object has been attained. The philosopher of history would then remind the disdainful humanist that these crudities are inseparable from the wasteful process of human evolution, and that the final outcome of agitation is sometimes a good unforeseen by the agitator. And the conclusion of the whole matter would be that sage return of Plato upon himself: 'Ah, dear Glaucon, do not affirm that the curriculum which we have prescribed for our guardians is the best possible education. But only that they must have the best, whatever it is, if they are to have the chief thing needful.'

To return to Mr. Flexner — the bookish student of recent modernist manifestoes experiences that odd sense of 'been there before' so entertainingly discussed by the Autocrat and attributed by the new psychology to some weakness or defect of 'stoic tension' in

the brain. 'If this lad comes to my school,' says the Platonic sophist in effect, 'I will not afflict the spirit of youth in him and corrupt his intelligence with useless studies as other educators do, but teach him the art of life and how to rule his house and the city.' — 'For this reason,' said the Arbiter of Elegancies, Petronius, 'do our boys become so stupid in the schools, because they learn nothing that pertains to real life.' — 'There's Aristotle,' cries Sir John Daw in *The Silent Woman*, 'a mere commonplace fellow; Plato a discourser; Thucydides and Livy tedious and dry.' — 'What do you think of the poets, Sir John?' inquires Clerimont. — 'Not worthy to be named for authors. Homer, an old tedious prolix ass, talks of curriers and chines of beef; Virgil, of dunging of land and bees; Horace, of I know not what.' — 'I think so,' is Clerimont's comment.

Campanella's *City of the Sun* anticipates, so far as the undeveloped science of his day allowed, moving-picture education and the California millionaire who proposes to teach real geography on a playground-landscape-garden map of the world on Mercator's Projection, costing what only a millionaire could afford. All studies and sciences are painted on the circuit walls of Campanella's Utopia in an admirable manner. The boys move, not the pictures. 'Before the third year the boys learn the language and the alphabet on the wall by walking around them. . . . There are magistrates who announce the meaning of the pictures, and boys are accustomed to learn all the sciences without toil and as if for pleasure . . . until they are ten years old.'

It would please President Eliot to hear that 'In order to find out the bent of the genius of each one, after the seventh year they take them to the readings of all the sciences. There are four lectures . . . and in the course of four hours the four in their order explain everything.'

The result, as was to be expected, is that 'The sciences are taught with a facility . . . by which more scholars are turned out by us in one year than by you in ten or fifteen years.' This is because 'Not too much care is given to the cultivation of languages . . . for such knowledge requires much servile labor and memory work, so that a man is rendered unskillful since he has contemplated nothing but the words of books.'

In the classic age of Louis XIV the *salon* philosopher, Antoine de Lamotte, undertook to shake off the yoke of opinion and authority and 'evaluate' anew all traditional literature and time-honored studies. He achieved a success of scandal by rewriting Homer as Homer ought to have written. He also sustained the theses that dead languages cannot form the living mind, that modern literature is superior to the literature of Greece and Rome, and that translations are 'equally as good' as the originals.

Some hundred years later Rousseau thinks that the world will be surprised to learn that 'I count the study of languages among the inutilities of education'; and Turgot denounces the pedantry and the tyranny of the school-room in terms strangely familiar to recent readers of the *Atlantic* and the *New Republic*. 'They begin by . . . stuffing into the heads of children a crowd of the most abstract ideas. Those whom nature in her variety summons to her by all her objects, we fasten up in single spots, we occupy them on words which cannot convey any sense to them.'

This is not Mr. Flexner complaining that the 'preparatory school . . . uses words . . . not primarily to transmit a

meaning'; or that 'children with a turn for the woods' are chained in the dungeons of discipline; it is not Professor O'Shea establishing the foundations of 'dynamic education' on the scientific principle that 'the mind grows but slowly and imperfectly' in 'a seat fastened to the floor'; it is not the Pindaric audacity of Mr. Wells's lament that his school offered no key to the vortex of gigantic forces about him in London; it is not Mr. Randolph Bourne explaining how the Wirt plan aims at nothing less distractingly comprehensive than that 'the child should have every day, in some form or other, contact with all the different activities which influence a well-rounded human being'; it is not Miss Rebecca West denouncing the failure of middle-aged maiden-lady tutors to kindle the fire that in her heart resides, and hissing with Blanche Amory, '*il me faut des émotions.*' It is a philosopher of that eighteenth century to which we owe that reactionary document, the Constitution of the United States.

Nor is there anything new to be said in serious or satirical comment on these pronouncements. '*Pertinax res barbaries est fateor,*' says old Simon Grynaeus in the preface to the Lyons Plato of 1548. Pope's distich is still a sufficient reply to the unreal conventional *cliché* that the study of good literature in the classroom only engenders a lifelong distaste for it: —

> Or damn all Shakespeare like the affected fool
> At court, who hates whate'er he read at school.

The unprejudiced invalidation of time-honored subjects of study was undertaken two centuries in advance of the modernist school by the tutor and family council of Voltaire's Marquis. It was decided, to begin with, that the young Marquis should not waste his time in becoming acquainted with Cicero, Horace, and Virgil. 'I wish my son to be a wit,' said his mother, 'that he may make a figure in the world.' And if he learns Latin he is inevitably lost. Are comedies or operas played in Latin? But what was he to learn? 'The minds of children are overwhelmed with a mass of useless knowledge. . . . At length, after reviewing the merits and demerits of every science, it was decided that the young Marquis should learn to dance.' There is as much soul in the singing and drill at Hampton as in the Latin grammar of the preparatory school.

These anticipations of Mr. Flexner's ideas are no disproof of their validity. I merely wish to contemplate his magnified contemporaneity, if not *sub specie æternitatis*, where all finite notabilities dwindle, at least in that larger historical perspective which he disdains but which brings me consolation.

If argument were identical with what a former editor of the *Atlantic* called the 'readable proposition,' my task would be much simplified. I should without further preface or apology assail in mood and figure the logic of Mr. Flexner and President Eliot, and enter a demurrer which would dispense me from all substantive pleading.

I do not refer primarily to those lamentable irrelevancies with which President Eliot expands the little that he has to say on the main theme. The horrible obsession of the world-war is the King Charles's Head of nearly all contemporaneous disquisition. To President Eliot the lesson of the war is the confirmation of Herbert Spencer's philosophy of education: it shows that 'science is the knowledge best worth having' — for the manufacture of high explosives and the construction of Zeppelins and submarines? No. 'To make possible the secure civilization based on justice, the *sanctity of contracts* [italics mine] and good-

will.' This may pair off with Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's prophecy in *Harper's Weekly*, that after the war the European nations will abolish Greek and Latin, 'and appoint a big kindly man as professor of morals to go in and out among the boys.'

Similarly it would appear that there is no effective body of educated opinion that makes a man of Mr. Flexner's prominence shrink from arguing that the very conception of mental discipline is annulled by the existence of clever boys who find 'hard' studies comparatively easy; or that the acceptance by some colleges of preparatory Latin as an indispensable minimum is a virtual admission that Latin is not needed at all for a college education.

But these irrelevant *obiter dicta* are not of serious import to the main argument; and my demurrer to the logic relates rather to methods which Mr. Flexner and President Eliot have in common with each other and with many assailants of classical studies — the shifting of the issue from one kind or grade of education to another; the fallacy of assigning one cause for infinitely complex phenomena; the postulate of an 'absolute either–or' where no such alternative confronts us; the statement of the opponent's case in its feeblest form; exploiting the equivocation of 'utility,' 'practical,' 'discipline,' 'science,' 'culture,' and other ambiguous terms; the substitution of prophecy, or unsubstantiated assertion, for fact.

These procedures may pass muster in the smooth course of 'the readable proposition'; they could not endure the test of an old-fashioned disputation.

That liberal, progressive, scientific thinker and cautious speaker, John Stuart Mill, says, with discriminating precision, that 'The greater classics are compositions which from the altered conditions of human life are likely to be seldom paralleled in their sustained excellence by the times to come.' The intrinsic worth of classic literature is not the theme of this paper, and I shall not attempt to confirm Mill's dictum by elaborate argument. But if it happened to be true, it would be a fact for a rational philosophy of education to take into the account.

Our need for the study of Latin cannot be deduced from the eternal order of nature, like physics and chemistry. It is not even coextensive with our globe, like geology. I should not advise a Chinese or Japanese boy to study Latin. He needs all his linguistic memory for other purposes. Some trenchant rhetoric of Macaulay often misquoted in this debate was designed only to enforce the contention that for the education of young Hindoos English is on the whole the most available alien language and literature.

It is quite true that with the lengthening of the interval that divides us from the renaissance and from Rome, the *relative* significance of Latin for us tends to diminish. The time may come when Latin will concern us as little as it does the Chinese, not to speak of the Martians. I do not think it is coming in the next fifty years. About 1770, advanced thinkers exulted in the belief that their arguments had banished the classical superstition forever. In fact, they were on the eve of a great revival of Hellenism. It would have amazed Kant to be told that within fifty years — that is, in 1820 — Greek would be a leading study in all the Gymnasia of Germany. As my old teacher James Russell Lowell used to say, I have seen too many spirits of the age to be afraid of this one.

Meanwhile, the broad reasons why your boy should certainly study Latin if he is going to college, and probably if he is going to complete a high-school course, are not difficult to discover. It

is because he inherits largely by way of France and England the institutional and literary tradition of Greco-Roman civilization, and because he speaks a language whose higher vocabulary is almost wholly Latin and which was broken in and fashioned to literary uses and the expression of abstract ideas by men who not only read but wrote Latin. 'You no sooner begin to philosophize things,' says Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, 'than you must go to the Mediterranean languages.'

This, with some qualifications and reserves, is in a lesser degree true also of German. French is, as a majority of the leading French critics have argued in this controversy, essentially a form of Latin. But there is a peculiar necessity that an educated English speaker should know at least enough Latin to give him some conception of its relation to English. Our philosophical German friends and critics tell us that English lacks the beautiful organic unity and purity of German, and that the general inferiority of our intelligence is in part due to the fact that the vocabulary for the expression of ideas is not with us, as in German, a natural upgrowth from the roots of sensation and perception, but is grafted onto the language from an alien stock. The structure and the psychology of compound and abstract words is not transparent and intelligible as it is in German. *Undurchdringlichkeit* — to take the classic illustration — is a far more full-bodied abstracter of the quintessence of No Thoroughfare or *Durchgang Verboten*, than 'impenetrability,' 'impermeableness,' or 'imperviability' ever could become. And *Rücksichtlosigkeit*, as Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain would copiously expound, possesses a flavor and a tang which 'inconsiderateness,' or 'regardlessness,' or 'unscrupulousness' cannot reproduce.

And hence we imperfect English speakers only half understand what we are talking about. There is a horribly ingenious plausibility in this, as in so much philosophical German ratiocination. But there is an element of truth which we may take to heart. Our literary critics have very properly replied that English is in some sort a not inharmonious juxtaposition or fusion of two languages. It is, in respect of its substantive vocabulary, a far more complicated instrument and organ of thought than either German or French. And for this very reason it yields to those who know all its stops effects with which even Greek can hardly vie. Well, most of us are not directly concerned with the final mastery of English for these highest artistic and philosophical ends. But the education of our guiding classes must recognize that, without some clue to this double structure, the normal English speaker will certainly have less intelligence, and probably less practical mastery of his native idiom, than the Frenchman or the German. He will be more exposed to the mental confusion of dimly discerned meanings and imperfectly apprehended relations. The moral is plain.

In defiance of Mr. Flexner's unwarranted admonition that we must rest our case on one argument only, we may supplement this fundamental and elementary consideration by others hardly less so. Some training in the comparative grammar of a synthetic and an analytic language, is an almost indispensable form of mental discipline for the speakers of such a language as ours. And Latin, for *a priori* reasons approved by esteemed psychologists, by virtue of its historic relationships, and also on the evidence of a wide experience, is the best available language for the purpose. What the new pedagogy calls 'content value' is added by

the further consideration that the chief Latin classics — Cicero, Virgil, Livy, Horace — in their lucid rationality and precision, their urbanity, their sanity, their common sense, their humanized and humanizing emancipation from 'primitive foolishness,' parochialism and fanaticism, are singularly well adapted for the initiation of the youthful mind into literature, criticism of life, and the historic sense; and that they have in fact been so used to such an extent that the literature of Europe prior to the year 1900 is unintelligible without them. 'And if in Arkansaw or Texas I should meet a man reading Horace, I were no stranger,' notes Emerson in the ninth volume of his Journal.

Lastly, without some preparation in Latin the youth who goes on to college cannot study critically linguistics, philosophy, history, or any Romance language, or any European literature, or anything, in short, except physical science, in which he probably does not wish to specialize, and '*Science mousseuse*,' which, without critical equipment, will only addle his brains. 'I was thinking,' said Brother Copas to the wild little American, 'that I might start teaching you Latin — it's the only way to find out all that St. Hospital means, including all that it has meant for hundreds of years.'

II

I expect to develop these obvious but indispensable topics in a separate paper. There is no reason why I should interrupt the present argument with this detail. The work has been done. This is not a new question to be debated *in vacuo*.

Indeed, my chief complaint against the assailants of Latin is their inacquaintance with, or their deliberate suppression of, the considerable literature in which these suggestions are worked out with discriminating specific arguments and concrete illustrations. Some years ago I debated a similar question with President Eliot at the meeting of the Association of American Universities. He paid no attention to my paper at the time, and he now writes in the *Atlantic* in total disregard of the entire literature of the subject. I do not mean merely that he suppresses the bibliography and the mention of names: I mean that he neglects distinctions that have been pertinently drawn, ignores challenges that have been presented again and again, and reiterates without qualification fallacies that have repeatedly been exploded. In this President Eliot conforms to the general practice or policy of opponents of Latin and writers on pedagogy. They either have not read the literature which they controvert, or they intentionally ignore it. They do not inform their readers of its existence, and they do not even tacitly amend their own arguments to meet its specific contentions. In controversy this is what Lincoln called 'bushwhacking.' In the authors of textbooks of the science or the history of education it is the abandonment of the scientific for the frankly partisan attitude.

The third volume of Professor Grave's *History of Education* emphasizes throughout Herbert Spencer's well-known essay and quotes considerable passages from it and from Huxley. It does not mention any of the replies to these arguments. There is no reference to John Stuart Mill's inaugural address, to Matthew Arnold's lectures in America, to Jebb, Gildersleeve, and the long line of writers who have riddled the arguments of Spencer, and have pointed out the very special conditions that determined Huxley's attitude and that limit the application of

his satire. There is no hint of the fact that among the advocates of classical studies have been nearly all the great critics of the nineteenth century, from Goethe, Coleridge and Sainte-Beuve to Brunetière, Anatole France, Lemaître, Faguet, Doumic, Lowell, and Arnold. And that these writers have given definite reasons for their faith.

Professor Grave's book is only a typical and rather moderate example of the prevailing practice of modernists and professors of pedagogy — in their books, as I know; in their classrooms, as I am informed. They not only argue as partisans against the Classics but they systematically suppress both the arguments and the bibliography of the case for the Classics. Mr. Flexner, for example, takes for granted, as needing no qualification by distinctions, that catchword of the new pedagogy in every age — the crude absolute antithesis between the study of words and the study of things. 'Things,' says Plato in an abbreviated but fair summary, 'fall into two classes. Some things have sensible likenesses easy to apprehend. These you can point out and so teach them readily without trouble and the use of language. But the greatest and most precious things have no outward image of themselves visible to man, to which the teacher can lightly point and so satisfy the soul of the inquirer. Therefore we must train and discipline our minds to render and receive an account of them in words. For it can be done in no other way.'

Plato is a primitive thinker suspect of mystical realism, and that authority will not impress Mr. Flexner. Let him then weigh and answer what (to select a few names at random) Coleridge, Ruskin, Mill, Lloyd-Morgan, Croce, and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch have said about this precious opposition between words and things. We shall then cheerfully continue the discussion. Till then we are absolved.

Similarly, Mr. Flexner dismisses the service of Latin studies to English style with the cavalier averment, 'No evidence has ever been offered.' But quite apart from the many detailed and discriminating discussions of the question in the literature of Apology for the Classics, there is the consentient present-day testimony of many of the leading professors of English and modern languages, as provisionally presented with particularizing argument and illustration in the pamphlets of Professors Gayley, Sherman, Grandgent, Lane Cooper, and in the lectures on the art of writing by the King Edward VII Professor of English Literature at Cambridge. We do not ask Mr. Flexner to submit his judgment to these authorities, or to their reasons, if he can answer them. It is the method of debate that ignores them (the arguments not the names) to which we demur. The subject is still open for any fresh considerations which Mr. Flexner has to present. But his dictum that no evidence has ever been offered is not argument, but a petulant ebullition of feeling.

It follows that, in the present state of the question, the principal effort of the classicist who aims at argument rather than eloquence must be to shame his opponents from their unfair tactics, their neglect of the evidence, their preposterous logic, and to urge the educated public to examine the matter for themselves. He must wearily repeat his old list of 'must nots' and 'don'ts.' You must not shift the issue by talking about democracy and the masses, and industrial education, and Booker Washington at Tuskegee, and Madame Montessori. That is a mere subterfuge. We are speaking of non-vocational high-school and collegiate education. You must not urge that

'they don't get Latin,' that Latin is badly taught and imperfectly remembered, unless you can show that other subjects are always effectively taught and not forgotten. And also, unless you confess that the unrest and the unsettlement which you yourselves have introduced into American education is a chief cause of the lack of conviction with which most definite or difficult subjects are taught and studied today.

You must not talk as most of you do about eight, ten, or twelve years of Latin study without result, for that is an unscrupulous exaggeration. You must not misquote and apply to totally different conditions the satire of English writers aimed at schools in which practically nothing was taught except the writing of Latin verse.

You must not argue that, because Latin is comparatively less important to us than it was to the Renaissance, it is therefore of little or no significance. For, if you have ever studied elementary logic, you know the name for that kind of reasoning. You must not regard a demagogic sneer at culture as an argument, for culture is a harmless necessary word that serves as well as another to designate if not to describe a persistent though not easily definable ideal — the thing, let us say, that a Latinless generation of graduates will presumably lack.

You must not say, as President Eliot again repeats, that modern literature is not inferior to the Classics. That is a consolation for those who cannot have both. But our contention is precisely that the boy who goes to college or even through the high school will understand modern literature better for knowing even a little Latin. There is no real incompatibility between knowing Latin and acquaintance with modern literature. The professors of Classics would cheerfully stand a competitive examination on modern literature with the professional modernists at any time.

You must not argue that Latin is useless, without discriminating the various meanings of utility, the higher and lower utility, the immediate and remote utility, direct and indirect — and unless you are prepared also to abolish for high school and college students all studies that are useless in the precise sense in which the term applies to Latin. You must not tell the public that the science of psychology has disproved mental discipline in general, or the specific value of the discipline of analytic language study in particular. For if you are a competent psychologist you know that it is false. And to sum up and conclude these negative commandments, you ought not to divert the minds of your pupils, your readers, your audiences, from the real issue, by rhetorical appeals either to prejudice or to pseudo-science.

By the appeal to prejudice I mean such things as the perpetual insinuation that classical studies are aristocratic, undemocratic, supercilious, arrogant, narrowly exclusive, and unappreciative of modern excellence. Democracy has nothing to do with the matter; and it is a shameless fallacy to introduce the word into the discussion at all. There is no connection between the equality of men before the law and the attempt to equalize the educational value of all subjects for all purposes. Any kind of knowledge may puff up some kinds of men, and to triumph over your neighbor because he happens not to know the things you know best, is not an amiable trait of human nature. The perpetual defensive against unfair attack may lend a touch of acerbity to the speech of some advocates of the Classics. But classical teachers of today, as a whole, are, as they have to be, a rather meek and meeching set.

The successful practical man hires his chemists and physicists as he may hire a classical tutor for his son or for his university; and he is not in the least prejudiced against the study of chemistry and physics by the suspicion that the associate professor of chemistry, who has a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars a year, secretly regards him as an ignoramus.

(*Professor Shorey will continue his theme in the July Atlantic.* — THE EDITORS.)

ON SCHOOLGIRLS

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

I

Boys get more than their fair share of attention; for up to these happier days the advent of the man child has been accepted as the climax of joyous arrival. Girls have been less considered. Even the psychologists have not revealed all the secrets of girlhood. So the father, uncle, bachelor cousin, or new-fledged schoolmaster, who suddenly finds the girl a subject of absorbing interest, does not know how to eke out the scanty knowledge he gathers from his own observations. When this object of absorbing interest reaches the age of eight, the difficulties of the analyst multiply; for then girls go different ways. Most girls go to school; some of them are taught at home; and in Catholic countries not a few are bred at a convent. The convent-bred girl is in the main beyond the boundaries of our American experience; while the home-bred girl is usually a sort of experiment, dependent upon out-of-the-way circumstances, and adds little to our general knowledge.

Of all girls bred at home, Miranda is the fairest flower. In her Shakespeare's genius reveals itself in its most exquisite delicacy; here he has dipped his brush in the dews of the morning, when they reflect, not the rosy-red and gold of Aurora, but the radiant essence of light in its fresh virginal candor. Miranda is the daybreak of maidenhood. In delineating her character Shakespeare must have remembered his own break-of-day thoughts when he first saw Anne Hathaway look forth from her cottage window, and how he drank deep of that blithe air, with his boyish confidence in a brave, beautiful, unspotted world. Miranda was educated at home. It may seem pedantic, — Ferdinand was probably pedantic in reckoning up Miranda's perfections, — but I have taken the trouble to count somewhat roughly the number of words she speaks. They are some nine hundred and sixty: about three pages of an ordinary book. There is a lesson! A maid may be bred at home, by her father, not speak above a thousand words, and those all poetry, and the world of men will adore her: 'Admired Miranda! Indeed the top of admiration!' She did not go out into the world, establishing temperance restau-

rants for Stephano and Trinculo, horticultural societies to teach Caliban how to garden, or associations for the promulgation of physiological secrecies. She lived in her father's cell, and yet, like a lighthouse, she renders the narrow channel through the shoals where the Sirens dwell, a path of light and safety for many a 'Tempest'-reading young mariner.

But girls bred in a convent and girls bred at home are not like most schoolgirls; and, if we are after a knowledge of the schoolgirl, studying the ways and dispositions of convent-bred girls and home-bred girls will not help us. Miranda was an open book to Prospero; the girl in a convent may be thoroughly known to the abbess and to the father confessor; but who knows the schoolgirl? The convent system has been elaborately devised by a long line of deep-thinking churchmen for the very purpose of making girls understandable, of shaping their minds and hearts, so that abbesses and father confessors shall be able to classify them readily into genera and species. But our school system has not aimed to make schoolgirls intelligible. It aims at many things, but not at that. The schoolgirl is a type of her own, and somewhat of an enigma.

I had a friend once whom the chances of life threw for a time into sudden acquaintance with schoolgirls. He wished to make conscientious preparation for the intimacy. He inquired distractedly for some book that might help him. Why had not Herr Baedeker prepared a winter's trip in this unguidebooked region? It was a momentous adventure and very bewildering. He had some experience of men, women, boys, and little children, but none of girls, and the prospect of this intimacy rose before him like the prospect of a journey in the Arabian Nights. He betook himself to novels in search of information; but novels are useless — they rarely take up a girl's life until past the age interesting to him. Becky Sharp's stay at Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies merely served to show that Thackeray had been nonplussed by the riddle. Novelists fight shy of girlhood; it is a world still uncharted. The child, the poet says, is father to the man; but a little girl is not the mother of the schoolgirl, nor is the débutante the schoolgirl's daughter. There is no such sequence of relations. The impulses, emotions, thoughts, acts, of a schoolgirl issue from some undiscovered source, mysteriously disobedient to ordinary human procedure; very much as the molecules of a vivacious gas snap their fingers at the law of gravitation.

No wonder novelists keep away. Scott never mentions a schoolgirl. Imagine Thomas Hardy fashioning a schoolgirl out of Wessex clay, or George Meredith venturing to describe Diana of the Crossways in those early years. Arnold Bennett would have created a little miniature old wife, as Van Eyck and Memling paint babies like miniature old men. H. G. Wells would depict her as incipient temptation to lead Mr. Britling, for instance, into one of a dozen romantic adventures. Galsworthy would try to fit her into an ethical system, into a niche of social justice or matrimonial ventures. Mr. Howells, one may imagine, might have essayed the task; but he would have tried to meet the difficulty of getting the right values — as a painter dabs blues on yellows to make a green — by adding to a primness, reminiscent of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, a few delicate hoydenish touches. As there is no such thing as a schoolgirl on the Continent, French and Italian novelists do not mention her. Indeed the schoolgirl, as we see her, is an American product and modern. Had his perturbation permitted

my adventurous friend to remember this, he would have been spared rummaging through classical novels.

II

The first step in understanding a schoolgirl is to cut loose from all preconceived ideas concerning little girls on the one hand and young ladies on the other. There are, as I have said, no causal relations to be found there. The schoolgirl's character does not proceed from her character as a little girl; it is the creation of inner forces that express themselves virtually unaffected by earlier experiences. After the lapse of a few years she will grow into a woman; but there again her womanly character will not spring from her schoolgirl character, or but in a minor degree; the earlier and later periods of a girl's life depend no doubt upon her individual experiences, but the schoolgirl period is of a different order. To understand a girl at that stage one must take a different path.

My adventurous friend, after vainly seeking information from novels, from books on adolescence and pedagogy, then questioned parents as to their own daughters. This, he found, was the maddest plan. To parents the schoolgirl is a daughter, a member of the family, an ethical, social creature, and to be treated as such; she is to be stuffed with certain kinds of information got from books, and to be limbered into a certain physical and mental dexterity. They wish her either to learn from what they deem their successes and become like themselves, or to learn from their failures and in such respects to be unlike themselves. They remember what used to be taught young girls thirty years ago; and although they endeavor to make allowance for the changes that go with time, — physiology they know has superseded the piano, and deportment has given way to basketball, — still they see, in their mind's eye, the girl at the end of her school life behaving as her mother would now behave if a weight of years were suddenly to be lifted away. They have no idea of a schoolgirl; they know 'our daughter Emily,' or 'our daughter Jane' — girls more or less satisfactory, but not the two schoolgirls who call them father and mother. Moreover, parents are always agitated and emotional about their daughters; some are proud, some are tremulous, but none are judicial. Parents were of no greater use than novelists as a source of information.

The next step was to consult teachers; but most women teachers had accepted so completely, in all its manifestations, the prevailing theory of the emancipation of women, and were so occupied with the business of assimilating opportunities and duties, so concerned with their function of codifying and imposing the gifts of liberty, that they bothered themselves but little with the actual character of a schoolgirl. To them she was a prospective citizen.

My acquaintance had nothing to do but put his hands in his pockets and think, starting from some clue other than those offered by novelist, parent, or schoolma'am. He pondered over the problem. The problem of a school evidently was to superintend girls during the six or seven years of the awkward age, when home confesses itself inadequate, and keep them occupied. The age of the girl was of the essence of the problem. But a girl at home and a girl at school are two very different things; it was therefore obvious that School itself — the gathering together at appointed hours, studying together, reciting together, walking through corridors and up and down stairs together, the special facilities for giggles, and so

forth — counted, and counted heavily. Mob psychology had something to tell. But behind all was the staring fact that the schoolgirl had little or nothing in common with the girl she had been at home in earlier years, or the young woman she would be a little later. Such a breach of psychological and physiological concatenations implied a non-human element. The schoolmaster adventurer bethought himself of ghosts (a foolish thought), and then of all he had ever read about fairies, pixies, elves, naiads, dryads, bacchantes, Pan.

The opening day came. The adventurer was unprepared, and was doing his best to make a virtue of unpreparedness. It was scientific to approach facts with no preliminary theory, to avoid wronging them on first acquaintance by a twist this way or that. The school assembled; the girls came in. They were talking, laughing, whispering, giggling, humming, murmuring, making all noises, from articulate speech to the rustle of long grasses on an upland by the sea. They walked, some decorously, some sedately, some quickly, some hurriedly, some tripping and skipping, one after the other, or two together arm-in-arm, at times three or even four trying to walk abreast in a space barely comfortable for two — swaying and wavering this way and that way, like ripples swept round a corner by a swift tide. The adventurer felt eyes upon him, as if he had entered unbidden into a fairy wood. He remembered Actæon, then Bottom the Weaver; the latter analogy seemed more appropriate, and instinctively he clapped his hands to his ears.

The bell rang. Somebody said something about prayers. Round his head the adventurer seemed to hear the hovering wings of Cobweb, Peaseblossom, Mustardseed, and Moth, evidently spiritual emanations from the assembled school: 'Hail, mortal, hail!' The fairies questioned him all at once (more from curiosity, it seemed, than from a wish to mark him for an intruder), as to how he happened to be there. Had he lost his way, had he fed on honeydew or drunk the milk of paradise; had he listened to the whippoorwill or followed a will-o'-the-wisp? They were all solicitude. The adventurer looked up out of what should have been his prayers: more and more eyes seemed to be fixed on him. They say in the country that if you make a habit of looking for four-leaved clovers you will find them everywhere; this may be a saying with a moral. The adventurer felt that he was surrounded by four-leaved clovers; that good luck was lurking all about, looking furtively out of black eyes, brown eyes, blue eyes, gray eyes; good luck whispering in rustles and noises like the woodland noises made by little pattering, nimble, fugitive creatures. He had been right: there was an element of the fairy in the schoolgirl. He seemed to hear himself ask, —

'How now, spirits! Whither wander you?'

and their answer, —

'Over desk, over stool,
Thorough room, thorough study,
Throughout all this spinster school,
Wander we, a fairy body';

then another voice, —

'The School doth keep its revels here to-day.'

There was no doubt about it, the non-human element in the schoolgirl was fairy. After the bell had rung and the girls had marched out sedately, as if the Bible had exorcised all elfin influences, he wondered that this fact had not been discovered before. Preconceived theories had blindfolded the adult world. The girls were well aware that something, unknown of adults, animated them. The adventurer perceived that the school itself — curriculum, desks, blackboards — was but the

bed of a mountain brook, rough, rocky, irregular, the product of past forces, bare and pebbled; and then, when the wizard hidden in the clock struck the magic number nine, some dam gave way, and the waters came tumbling down, foaming, bubbling, tossing, falling, chattering, laughing, bounding, each drop leaping out into the sunshine to flash in rainbow hues, and then tumble into the quiet gray-green pool below, where, after the verses from the Bible were read, the still waters made believe that they had never foamed or gurgled in their lives.

Certainly there was a fairy element in the schoolgirl. An acquaintance with individual girls confirmed the hypothesis; they moved and spoke and smiled quite beyond the power of mere mortals. Anybody versed in fairy lore could have discovered it from the mere motions of their fingers. The fairy within is very shy: it tries to conceal its identity. It bewitches a girl to bite her nails, munch lead pencils; it bobs her head, it tosses back her hair, it makes her wriggle and shuffle; it makes her seem to be all feet and hands. Naturally the fairy within has been hard to find, but from the earliest generations the old and crotchety have sought to find it.

It was a curious prejudice of the Jewish religion — for in this respect early Christianity was purely Jewish — to confound fairies with idols and heathendom generally. Perhaps this was because of the narrow illiberality of the Jewish religion, perhaps because the people of the Old Testament cared so little for children. One gets the impression that Elisha and the she-bears were typical of the self-respecting, orthodox Jew of those days. The miracle of the New Testament was to denounce all such respectability. The most eloquent passage to persuade men to desire to be good and go to Heaven, in all the Christian oratory of the world, is the speech of Jesus, 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'

> Earth's creeds may be seventy times seven,
> And blood have defiled each creed;
> If of such be the Kingdom of heaven,
> It must be heaven indeed.

There seems, at first sight at least, to be some relationship between the fairy spirit in the schoolgirl and the Kingdom-of-Heavenly spirit in the little child.

After the first recitation, belief in this fairy spirit became a conviction. The mind of a schoolgirl does not proceed like the mind of an adult; it imitates the motions of a grasshopper. It sings in the summer, it dances in the winter, it transforms values, it doubts axioms, it is dogmatic upon impossibilities or what seem such to the adult mind, it compresses dreams into a creed, it has intuitions like the flash of an electric candle, or it plays the bat, shuts its eyes tight in broad daylight, folds its wings, hooks on to any convenient excuse, and goes fast asleep. The hypothesis passed out of the realm of theory — where Darwinism and Mendel's law hopelessly linger — into the realm of established fact.

III

A longer experience, however, rendered it less certain that the fairy element, although there beyond all cavil, did really come direct from heaven. At times it almost seemed to the adventurer that the Christian fathers were right, and that the fairy element — whether in naiad, dryad, sea-goddess, water-nymph, or schoolgirl — bears a close similarity to powers that manifest themselves in less attractive ways. If matter is indestructible, certainly spiritual force is indestructible, and

that same unknown power that revealed itself in Puck, in Pan, or hamadryad, to children wandering in Attic groves at dusk, and in more wayward humor to the misogynist hermits of the Thebaïd, must be somewhere about to-day. Forces persist; names and definitions change. Ares and Aphrodite — call them sociological complexes if you prefer — are as potent as ever, and Æolus, with or without any intelligible reason, lets loose the winds of heaven.

There must be a curious learning in following old gods, old customs, old words, down their labyrinthine course through twenty centuries. The Christian fathers did their best to exorcise these manifestations of evil with prayers, holy water, and ceremonies perilously similar to heathen incantations; later, priests expelled them with bell, book, and candle. There were many ingenious devices to keep off evil spirits. Ghosts fled at the crowing of the cock; so did Robin Goodfellow. The sign of the cross was a familiar remedy. The White Lady of Avenel was made harmless by a sprig of holly. As time went on, the rites of exorcism became more sophisticated. Fasting, prayer, vigils, holy thoughts, pious practices, were gradually, especially in the hands of Jesuits, formulated, scheduled, refined, and converted into what is hardly more than training the character. As the powers of good have been reduced to social impulses, so the powers of evil have been degraded from demons to appetites, and fairies from their high elfin estate to inferiorities in attention, memory, or association of ideas. Forces persist, definitions change; our inability to comprehend a force makes us very high-handed with its name. As names and definitions for these fairies or evil spirits have changed, there has been for the most part a corresponding change in the rites of exorcism; but in one particular these rites exhibit a special and peculiar continuity.

The fairy element in the schoolgirl was recognized, of course, in early days; and as education was in the hands of the priests, it became part of the priestly function to exorcise that element. The priests handled — if I may use the term — instruction, the confessional, homilies, exhortations, and exorcisms. Naturally some confusion arose in these ministrations. So far as the girls were concerned, it made no difference whether instruction, homilies, and exorcisms, when administered in a lump, were to discipline the character, train the mind, cultivate the memory, or banish the fairy spirit, or to do all at once. But this confusion wrought havoc with the theory of education. The consequence is that rites which were originally part of an exorcising ceremony have now taken their place in the regular school curriculum.

The good old priests, finding a girl flighty, inattentive, forgetful, or benumbed by her lessons, resorted to exorcism. Just what should be the proper charms, unless divine grace should condescend to reveal them, had to be found out by experience. Experience showed that the fairy or evil spirit, whichever it might be, was most distressed by algebra and grammar. A girl untenanted by an evil spirit was docile, eager at her books, diligent, attentive, punctual, tidy; such a girl accepted algebra and grammar as she did bread, butter, and junket. The inference was that these potent charms had either expelled the evil spirit or kept it away; holy water had not proved half so efficacious. But if, during the ritual of algebra or grammar, the girl's mind wandered, if she began to yawn and blink, if she answered at random and kept repeating, 'I don't follow,' 'I forget,' 'I don't know,' that was a sure sign that there was an indwelling spirit sorely vexed by

the charm. So algebra and grammar were applied with renewed vigor; and, as I have said, by a confusion of ideas they were transferred from the shelf of exorcisms to the shelves of schoolbooks.

The objection to these spells or studies is that they do not really perform their function; they do not exorcise. They are tests, no one doubts, of the presence of an evil or fairy spirit; for where there is no fairy spirit they are welcome, and where there is a fairy spirit they are not welcome. The old explanation, *juxta hoc ergo propter hoc*, was erroneous, the bald fact being that a girl without any elfin qualities took kindly to algebra and grammar, while the girl cursed or blessed with them did not. This employment of algebra and grammar in the education of the young should occupy our antiquarians, and, when explained by their learning, would shed much light on human development. In the meantime I can only hazard guesses. Algebra was probably seized on by a monkish priesthood as the best simple study that dealt with the abstract, for the power of abstraction lies at the base of the art of contemplation; and it was hoped that, by a devout concentration on the abstract, — x or y, or beauty or infinity, — the novice would gradually learn to become a contemplative. Grammar probably obtained its hold by analogy. Grammar is the patient, obsequious process of observing how men who write books that please make their paragraphs, sentences, clauses, and punctuation, and of noting down and codifying such observations; this process bears a marked analogy to the necromancer's habit of culling simples and squeezing their juices into a concoction believed efficacious to expel tormenting spirits.

The melancholy aspect of this is that the difference of opinion between persons who desire to continue to use these exorcising studies and persons who do not, comes down, not to a theory of training the intelligence, disciplining the character, cultivating the memory, but to a matter of taste. Some like the fairy element in schoolgirls; others (and most teachers range themselves in this camp) do not. Teachers are a busy, overworked body; they do not like to have Ariel misguide them this way or that, or Puck indulge in tomfoolery at their expense. Who can blame them?

George Sand, in her *Histoire de ma Vie*, tells of the rather simple plan by which one of her schoolfellows at the convent, according to her own account, managed to leave the schoolroom without resorting to fibs or specious pretexts. Hers was a nobler way, but hurried teachers may be excused for not being primarily affected by its nobler aspect. The girl said, 'I go out, I come back. They ask questions, I don't answer. They punish me, I don't care, and I do just what I like.'

George Sand. — That would suit me.

Mary. — Will you be one of the Imps then?

George Sand. — I should like to be.

Mary. — As much of one as me?

George Sand. — Just as much.

Mary. — It's a bargain.

George Sand. — How many *diables* (imps) are there in the class?

Mary. — Not many just at present. There's Isabelle, Sophie, and us two. All the others are *bêtes* or *sages*.

Teachers are usually nervous, undernourished, overconscientious, and naturally prefer stupids and goody-goodies — *bêtes* and *sages* — to girls possessed of an impish spirit; it was inevitable that any study whose roots lie in exorcism should be cherished and preserved.

To those, on the other hand (and there are some teachers here, too), who

like the fairy element, that element is most delightful. It suggests to them running waters, odors of carnations blown across beds of forget-me-nots, sunlight on icicles, toys in a toyshop, conserves in a grocer's window, Christmas trees, pulling molasses candy, gathering chestnuts, a gallop on the beach at Santa Barbara, and all the firstlings of spring.

IV

The adventurer felt that in adopting the fairy hypothesis he was on sure ground; but there is something more, as he perceived, in the schoolgirl than the fairy spirit. There must be something that *diables*, *bêtes*, and *sages* possess in common. Their common element is youth; that is the glory of the young, and to have once possessed it is also the glory of the middle-aged and the old.

Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight.

But once to have been a king is very different from being a king. In this period of dethronement, of crooked eclipse, men grow cynical. They find life insipid, they see no meaning in the daily round — getting-up, shaving, brushing teeth, bath, breakfast, business, luncheon, business, dinner, sleep, getting-up, shaving, brushing teeth, bath. These successions of happenings are like the gyrations of a squirrel's cage — motion, motion, motion, no advance. There is no salt in life. The sense of automatism rises like a miasma, chokes the breath, stifles the nostrils, dulls the brain. Glassy eyes meet glassy eyes. What a preposterous ado about nothing! Heavy weights hold down the feet, heavy weights pull down the hands. The more of noise in life, the greater its emptiness. Kings, captains of industry, leaders of finance, eloquent preachers, cunning politicians, are more senseless than the rest; they too get up, shave, brush teeth, bathe, breakfast, and play the fool like everybody else. They give orders to a thousand men, they influence tens of thousands, they heap up gold, they build palaces, they lay out pleasure-grounds, they bow, nod, smile, and listen to the clapping of a hundred thousand hands: but why do they do these foolish things, why make all these grimaces? To-morrow will light these fools to dusty death.

Left to themselves, the old and middle-aged become cynics, misanthropes, blasphemers. We are all automata, trundled onward steadily, willy-nilly, in the wheelbarrow of Time, to be dumped at last into the pit. What a horror of a world! What a creation of demons! There is no trace of beneficent deity here; it is the doing of Satan and his crew. How got they the power? They must have been preparing their munitions and Krupp factories for æons beforehand; and then, when they rebelled, there must have been terrible fighting in heaven. Milton says, —

Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscur'd with smoke, all Heav'n appear'd,
From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar
Embowel'd with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes.

The battle could hardly have ended in a victory for heaven. In all histories of wars the historian is affected by patriotic bias, and claims victory for his side. We have never read Belial's narrative of those aerial campaigns. What happened was this. Instead of a fight to a finish, the pacifists in heaven had their way. A treaty of everlasting peace was made. The devils were at liberty to do their devilish will, to create this world, to people it with men

and women, to render flesh heir to every ill that the wantonest imps could devise (and the little imps were amazingly ingenious), and even to set Death in the midst upon a throne, with crown and sceptre. When this stipulation was read out, the peace commissioners for the angels, Michael, Raphael and Uriel, were much criticized in Heaven. Cries of shame rose from various parts of the blessed regions, and the unborn soul of George Washington moved that it be rejected; much better, he said, to renew the war. Raphael said, 'Wait!' and read aloud the next article: 'But it is hereby mutually agreed by and between the High Contracting Powers that the Lord God upon the earth, at such times and places as He shall choose, may create children.' It was true, Raphael admitted, that children in course of time will grow up into men and women and become subject to all the ills of existence, but for a season they shall be children. The speaker was requested to be more explicit and describe to the angels what children were. So the glorious archangel spread his wings for a rood, lifted up his great right hand that showed like lightning arrested in its flash, drew aside the curtain of fate, and revealed to the assembled angels the future of the world. 'There,' he said, 'behold the power of the Lord God!'

All the host of Heaven gazed into the future and beheld the work of the devils — the earth, and men and women walking to and fro, aimless, dejected, sorrowful automata, repeating day by day their inane motions (work, food, sleep, work, food, sleep), — financiers, lawyers, railroad managers, professors, playwrights, carpenters, miners, politicians, robbers, suffragettes, reformers, — all blank, disconsolate, sordid, empty of meaning; and the collective grin of ten thousand demons played like a limelight upon them.

Then of a sudden, sounds as of flutes in a mountain valley when the melted snow trickles to the roots of the mayflowers, sounds of bobolinks meeting and greeting in a Connecticut meadow, sounds of Cimarosa on 'cello and violin, sounds of little stirring creatures in Canadian woods, crackle of twigs under the hoofs of leaping deer, tinkling of waterfalls, ripples on Loch Lomond, song of the nightingale, —

> That found a path
> Through the sad heart of Ruth when sick for home,
> She stood in tears amid the alien corn, —

sounds that had never before been heard in the Kingdom of Heaven, music of voices, of footsteps on the stairs, of babies cooing and creeping, of little girls babbling and laughing, of boys come home from school. And all the angels in heaven held their breath, while down their cheeks trickled tears of joy, and with one accord they all knelt down and worshiped the Lord God; and on earth men and women knelt down and raised their voices in thanksgiving and praise, and worshiped the visible revelation of the goodness of God; and in the depths of hell all the demons fell on their faces and howled aloud to perceive that in spite of all their pains to turn a world or a home into a hell, the Lord God could take one little child and render all their labors vain.

Thus, besides the fairy element in the schoolgirl, there is God's gift of youth, inexpressible, beautiful, glorious, divine. It is for the young that the rest of us live; it is on their motions that we hang; it is for them that we labor, suffer, and endure; it is for them that we flout the ills of life; it is for them that we are blind to death. Youth, — wonderful youth, — so great a gift to possess, so infinitely greater a gift to perceive in boys and girls about you!

But it is not mere youth that the

schoolgirl possesses — she possesses youth in a most wonderful form. No one will say that it is more wonderful than that of the boy passing into manhood; one cannot compare these exceeding glories. 'Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds, the wondrous works of Him which is perfect in knowledge?' She possesses youth in the form of maidenhood, —

> Like the young moon on the horizon's verge
> The maid is on the eve of womanhood, —

and her maiden moonlight steeps the world in beauty and romance. It touches that which in the glare of day is common, cheap, vulgar, or shameful, and blesses it.

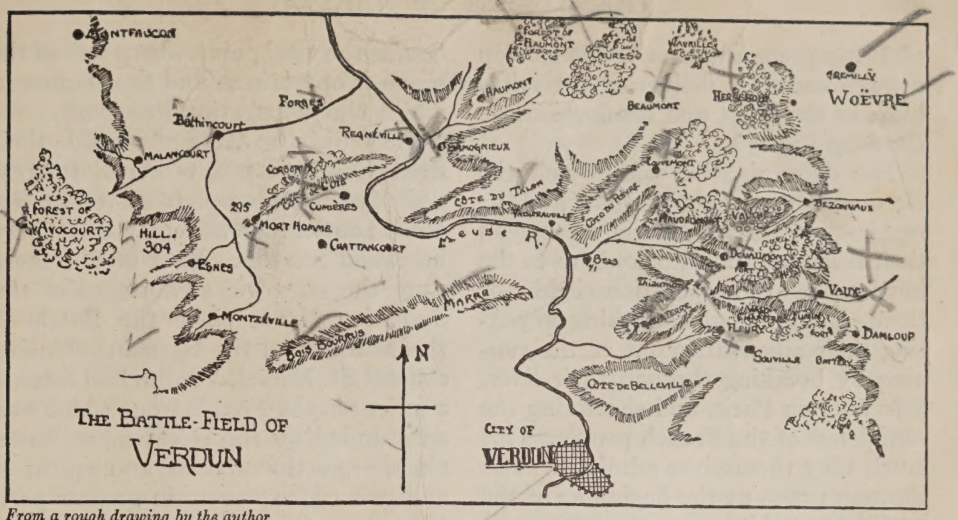
> Chè quando va per via,
> Gitta ne' cor villani Amore un gelo,
> Per che ogni lor pensiero agghiaccia e père.
> E qual soffrisse di starla a vedere
> Diverria nobil cosa, o si morria.
>
> For when she passeth by the way,
> Into unworthy hearts Love casts a frost,
> So that their every thought freezes and dies.
> And he who should persist to stay and see her,
> Would be a thing ennobled, or would die.

We common men, with our trivial thoughts, our petty selfishnesses, our little vulgarities, our ill-concealed meannesses, walk out into this moonlight, and our thoughts, as the great Italian poet says, become ennobled. We, for the time, — and by the grace of God not for the time only, — become worthy to wander about in that moonlight, and dream dreams of beauty, of holiness, of what this world might be.

It is not strange, perhaps, that Wordsworth of all English poets has best described the maiden. Perhaps, because he was no lover, because he had never been swept away by the tyrant passion, he appreciated, so far as mortal may, the true value of the maiden.

> But O fair Creature! In the light
> Of common day, so heavenly bright,
> I bless Thee, Vision as thou art,
> I bless Thee, with a human heart.

And this makes it so odd to see our friends, professors of pedagogy, teachers, trustees of schools, overseers of seminaries, full of good will, of high intentions, bubbling over with purposes and plans to prepare girls for the shop-and-drawing-room civilization so dear to us, all hot and agog over the advantages or disadvantages of these traditional exorcising formulæ, all devising new exorcising formulæ, new charms, new spells, wherewith to exorcise the fairy spirit from our American girls and turn girlhood into a systematized, standardized, practicalized, and vitalized institution (I recall their phraseology as best I can), for uprooting the fairy flowers from the weed-beds of life. Heaven bar their way!



From a rough drawing by the author

THE BATTLE OF VERDUN

BY RAOUL BLANCHARD

THE Battle of Verdun, which dragged its length from February 21, 1916, to the 16th of December, ranks next to the Battle of the Marne as the greatest drama of the world war. Like the Marne, it represents the checkmate of a supreme effort on the part of the Germans to end the war swiftly by a thunderstroke. It surpasses the Battle of the Marne by the length of the struggle, the fury with which it was carried on, the huge scale of the operations. No complete analysis of it, however, has yet been published — only fragmentary accounts, dealing with the beginning or with mere episodes. Neither in France nor in Germany, up to the present moment, has the whole story of the battle been told, describing its vicissitudes, and following step by step the development of the stirring drama. That is the task I have set myself here.

1. *The Object of the Battle, and the Preparation for it*

The year 1915 was rich in successes for the Germans. In the West, thanks to an energetic defensive, they had held firm against the Allies' onslaughts in Artois and in Champagne. Their offensive in the East was most fruitful. Galicia had been almost completely recovered, the kingdom of Poland occupied, Courland, Lithuania, and Volhynia invaded. To the South they had crushed Serbia's opposition, saved Turkey, and won over Bulgaria. These triumphs, however, had not brought them peace, for the heart and soul of the Allies lay, after all, in the West — in England and France. The submarine campaign was counted on to keep England's hands tied; it remained, therefore, to attack and annihilate the French army. And so, in the autumn

of 1915, preparations were begun on a huge scale for delivering a terrible blow in the West and dealing France the *coup de grâce*.

The determination with which the Germans followed out this plan and the reckless way in which they drew on their resources leave no doubt as to the importance the operation held for them. They staked everything on putting their adversaries out of the running by breaking through their lines, marching on Paris, and shattering the confidence of the French people. This much they themselves admitted. The German press, at the beginning of the battle, treated it as a matter of secondary import, whose object was to open up free communications between Metz and the troops in the Argonne; but the proportions of the combat soon gave the lie to such modest estimates, and in the excitement of the first days official utterances betrayed how great were the expectations. On March 4 the Crown Prince urged his already overtaxed troops to make one supreme effort to 'capture Verdun, the heart of France'; and General von Deimling announced to the 15th Army Corps that this would be the last battle of the war. At Berlin, travelers from neutral countries leaving for Paris by way of Switzerland were told that the Germans would get there first. The Kaiser himself, replying toward the end of February to the good wishes of his faithful province of Brandenburg, congratulated himself publicly on seeing his warriors of the 3d Army Corps about to carry 'the most important stronghold of our principal enemy.' It is plain, then, that the object was to take Verdun, win a decisive victory, and start a tremendous onslaught which would bring the war to a triumphant close.

We should next examine the reasons prompting the Germans to select Verdun as the vital point, the nature of the scene of operations, and the manner in which the preparation was made.

Why did the Germans make their drive at Verdun, a powerful fortress defended by a complete system of detached outworks? Several reasons may be found for this. First of all, there were the strategic advantages of the operation. Ever since the Battle of the Marne and the German offensive against St. Mihiel, Verdun had formed a salient in the French front which was surrounded by the Germans on three sides, — northwest, east, and south, — and was consequently in greater peril than the rest of the French lines. Besides, Verdun was not far distant from Metz, the great German arsenal, the fountain-head for arms, food, and munitions. For the same reasons, the French defense of Verdun was made much harder because access to the city was commanded by the enemy. Of the two main railroads linking Verdun with France, the Lérouville line was cut off by the enemy at St. Mihiel; the second (leading through Châlons) was under ceaseless fire from the German artillery. There remained only a narrow-gauge road connecting Verdun and Bar-le-Duc. The fortress, then, was almost isolated.

For another reason, Verdun was too near, for the comfort of the Germans, to those immense deposits of iron ore in Lorraine which they have every intention of retaining after the war. The moral factor involved in the fall of Verdun was also immense. If the stronghold were captured, the French, who look on it as their chief bulwark in the East, would be greatly disheartened, whereas it would delight the souls of the Germans, who had been counting on its seizure since the beginning of the war. They have not forgotten that the ancient Lotharingia, created by a treaty signed eleven cen-

turies ago at Verdun, extended as far as the Meuse. Finally, it is probable that the German General Staff intended to profit by a certain slackness on the part of the French, who, placing too much confidence in the strength of the position and the favorable nature of the surrounding countryside, had made little effort to augment their defensive value.

This value, as a matter of fact, was great. The theatre of operations at Verdun offers far fewer inducements to an offensive than the plains of Artois, Picardy, or Champagne. The rolling ground, the vegetation, the distribution of the population, all present serious obstacles.

The relief-map of the region about Verdun shows the sharply marked division of two plateaus situated on either side of the river Meuse. The plateau which rises on the left bank, toward the Argonne, falls away on the side toward the Meuse in a deeply indented line of high but gently sloping bluffs, which include the Butte de Montfaucon, Hill 304, and the heights of Esnes and Montzéville. Fragments of this plateau, separated from the main mass by the action of watercourses, are scattered in long ridges over the space included between the line of bluffs and the Meuse: the two hills of Le Mort Homme (295 metres), the Côte dè l'Oie, and, farther to the South, the ridge of Bois Bourrus and Marre. To the east of the river, the country is still more rugged. The plateau on this bank rises abruptly, and terminates at the plain of the Woëvre in the cliffs of the Côtes-de-Meuse, which tower 100 metres over the plain. The brooks which flow down to the Woëvre or to the Meuse have worn the cliffs and the plateau into a great number of hillocks called *côtes*: the Côte du Talon, Côte du Poivre, Côte de Froideterre, and the rest. The ravines separating these *côtes* are deep and long: those of Vaux, Haudromont, and Fleury cut into the very heart of the plateau, leaving between them merely narrow ridges of land, easily to be defended.

These natural defenses of the country are strengthened by the nature of the vegetation. On the rather sterile calcareous soil of the two plateaus the woods are thick and numerous. To the west, the approaches of Hill 304 are covered by the forest of Avocourt. On the east, long wooded stretches — the woods of Haumont, Caures, Wavrille, Herbebois, la Vauche, Haudromont, Hardaumont, la Caillette, and others — cover the narrow ridges of land and dominate the upper slopes of the ravines. The villages, often perched on the highest points of land, as their names ending in *mont* indicate, are easily transformed into small fortresses; such are Haumont, Beaumont, Louvemont, Douaumont. Others follow the watercourses, making it easier to defend them — Malancourt, Béthincourt, and Cumières, to the west of the Meuse; Vaux to the east.

These hills, then, as well as the ravines, the woods, and the favorably placed villages, all facilitated the defense of the countryside. On the other hand, the assailants had one great advantage: the French positions were cut in two by the valley of the Meuse, one kilometre wide and quite deep, which, owing to swampy bottom-lands, could not be crossed except by the bridges of Verdun. The French troops on the right bank had therefore to fight with a river at their backs, thus imperiling their retreat. A grave danger, this, in the face of an enemy determined to take full advantage of the circumstance by attacking with undreamed-of violence.

The German preparation was, from the start, formidable and painstaking.

It was probably under way by the end of October, 1915, for at that time the troops selected to deliver the first crushing attack were withdrawn from the front and sent into training. Four months were thus set aside for this purpose. To make the decisive attack, the Germans made selection from four of their crack army corps, the 18th active, the 7th reserve, the 15th active (the Mülhausen corps), and the 3d active, composed of Brandenburgers. These troops were sent to the interior to undergo special preparation. In addition to these 80,000 or 100,000 men, who were appointed to bear the brunt of the assault, the operation was to be supported by the Crown Prince's army on the right and by that of General von Strautz on the left — 300,000 men more. Immense masses of artillery were gathered together to blast open the way; fourteen lines of railroad brought together from every direction the streams of arms and munitions. Heavy artillery was transported from the Russian and Serbian fronts. No light pieces were used in this operation — in the beginning, at any rate; only guns of large calibre, exceeding 200 millimetres, many of 370 and 420 millimetres.

The battle plans were based, in fact, on the offensive power of the heavy artillery. Their inspiration was drawn from the events of 1915 in Champagne, where the French artillery had so completely broken up the German first line that the infantry was able to do its work with insignificant losses. The new formula was to run, 'The artillery attacks, the infantry takes possession.' In other words, a terrible bombardment was to play over every square yard of the terrain to be captured; when it was decided that the pulverization had been sufficient, a scouting-party of infantry would be sent out to look the situation over; behind them would come the pioneers, and then the first wave of the assault. In case the enemy still resisted, the infantry would retire and leave the field once more to the artillery. The advance was to be slow, methodical, and *certain*.

The point chosen for the attack was the plateau on the right bank of the Meuse. The Germans would thus avoid the obstacle of the cliffs of Côtes de Meuse, and, by seizing the ridges and passing around the ravines, they could drive down on Douaumont, which dominates the entire region, and from there fall on Verdun and capture the bridges. At the same time, the German right wing would assault the French positions on the left bank of the Meuse; the left wing would complete the encircling movement, and the entire French army of Verdun, driven back to the river and attacked from the rear, would be captured or destroyed.

The plan was worked out meticulously; it is even reported that every colonel of the regiments which were to take part in the operation had been summoned to the Great Headquarters at Charleville, and that a sort of general rehearsal was gone through in the presence of the Kaiser. As in the beginning of the war, the Germans felt that success was assured. They had taken every precaution; their resources were immense, their adversary had grown careless. They could not fail. But once more Germany had counted without the mettle and adaptability of the French soldiers — their genius for improvisation and their spirit of self-sacrifice.

2. *The German Onslaught*

With such thorough preparation, the Germans felt that the contest would be a short one. As a matter of fact, the Battle of Verdun lasted no

less than ten months, — from February 21 to December 16, — and in its course various phases were developed which the Germans had scarcely foreseen. First of all, came the formidable *German attack*, with its harvest of success during the first few days of the frontal drive, which was soon checked and forced to wear itself out in fruitless flank attacks, kept up until April 9. After this date the German programme became more modest: they merely wished to hold at Verdun sufficient French troops to forestall an offensive at some other point. This was the *period of German 'fixation,'* lasting from April to the middle of July. It then became the object of the French, in their turn, to hold the German forces at Verdun and prevent their transfer to the Somme. This was the period of *French 'fixation,'* which ended in the successes of October and December.

The first German onslaught was the most intense and critical moment of the battle. The violent frontal attack on the plateau east of the Meuse, magnificently executed, at first carried all before it. This success was due to the thoroughness of the preparations, the admirable strategy, and also to weaknesses on the part of the French. The commanders at Verdun had shown a lack of foresight. For more than a year this sector had been quiet, and undue confidence was placed in the natural strength of the position. There were too few trenches, too few cannon, too few troops. These soldiers, moreover, had had little experience in the field compared with those who came up later to reinforce them; and it was their task to face the most terrific attack ever known.

On the morning of February 21 the German artillery opened up a fire of infernal intensity. This artillery had been brought up in undreamed-of quantities. French aviators who flew over the enemy positions located so many batteries that they gave up marking them on their maps; the number was too great. The forest of Grémilly, northeast of the point of attack, was just a great cloud shot through with lightning-flashes. A deluge of shells fell on the French positions, annihilating the first line, attacking the batteries and attempting to silence them, and finding their mark as far back as the city of Verdun. At five o'clock in the afternoon the first waves of infantry went forward to the assault and carried the advanced French positions in the woods of Haumont and Caures. On the 22d the French left was driven backwards for a distance of about four kilometres.

The following day a terrible engagement took place along the entire line of attack, resulting toward evening in the retreat of both French wings; on the left Samognieux was taken by the Germans; on the right they occupied the strong position of Herbebois, which fell after a magnificent resistance.

The situation developed rapidly on the 24th. The Germans enveloped the French centre, which formed a salient; at two in the afternoon they captured the important central position of Beaumont, and by nightfall had reached Louvemont and La Vauché forest, gathering in thousands of prisoners. On the morning of the 25th the enemy, taking advantage of the growing confusion of the French command, stormed Bezonvaux, and, after some setbacks, entered the fort of Douaumont, which they found evacuated.

The German victory now seemed assured. In less than five days the assaulting troops sent forward over the plateau had penetrated the French positions to a depth of eight kilometres, and were masters of the most important elements of the defense of the fortress. It seemed as if nothing

could stop their onrush. Verdun and its bridges were only seven kilometres distant. The commander of the fortified region himself proposed to evacuate the whole right bank of the Meuse; the troops established in the Woëvre were already falling back toward the bluffs of Côtes de Meuse. Most luckily, on this same day there arrived at Verdun some men of resource, together with substantial reinforcements. General de Castelnau, Chief of the General Staff, ordered the troops on the right bank to hold out at all costs. And on the evening of the 25th General Pétain took over the command of the entire sector. The Zouaves, on the left bank, were standing firm as rocks on the Côte du Poivre, which cuts off access from the valley to Verdun. During this time the Germans, pouring forward from Douaumont, had already reached the Côte de Froideterre, and the French artillerymen, outflanked, poured their fire into the gray masses as though with rifles. It was at this moment that the 39th division of the famous 20th French Army Corps of Nancy met the enemy in the open, and, after furious hand-to-hand fighting, broke the backbone of the attack.

That was the end of it. The German tidal wave could go no farther. There were fierce struggles for several days longer, but all in vain. Starting on the 26th, five French counter-attacks drove back the enemy to a point just north of the fort of Douaumont, and recaptured the village of the same name. For three days the German attacking forces tried unsuccessfully to force these positions; their losses were terrible, and already they had to call in a division of reinforcement. After two days of quiet the contest began again at Douaumont, which was attacked by an entire army corps; the 4th of March found the village again in German hands. The impetus of the great blow had been broken, however; after five days of success, the attack had fallen flat.

Were the Germans then to renounce Verdun? After such vast preparations, after such great losses, after having roused such high hopes, this seemed impossible to the leaders of the German army. The frontal drive was to have been followed up by the attack of the wings, and it was now planned to carry this out with the assistance of the Crown Prince's army, which was still intact. In this way the scheme so judiciously arranged would be accomplished in the appointed manner. Instead of adding the finishing touch to the victory, however, these wings now had the task of winning it completely — and the difference is no small one.

These flank attacks were delivered for over a month (March 6 – April 9) on both sides of the river simultaneously, with an intensity and power which recalled the first days of the battle. But the French were now on their guard. They had received great reinforcements of artillery, and the nimble '75's,' thanks to their speed and accuracy, barred off the positions under attack by a terrible curtain of fire. Moreover, their infantry contrived to pass through the enemy's barrage-fire, wait calmly until the assaulting infantry were within 30 metres of them, and then let loose the rapid-fire guns. They were also commanded by energetic and brilliant chiefs: General Pétain, who offset the insufficient railroad communications with the rear by putting in motion a great stream of more than 40,000 motor trucks, all traveling on strict schedule time; and General Nivelle, who directed operations on the right bank of the river, before taking command of the Army of Verdun. The German successes of the first days were not duplicated.

These new attacks began on the left

of the Meuse. The Germans tried to turn the first line of the French defense by working down along the river, and then capture the second line. On March 6 two divisions stormed the villages of Forges and Regnéville, and attacked the woods of Corbeaux on the Côte de l'Oie, which they captured on the 10th. After several days of preparation, they fell suddenly upon one of the important elements of the second line, the hill of Le Mort Homme, but failed to carry it (March 14–16). Repulsed on the right, they tried the left. On March 20 a body of picked troops just back from the Russian front — the 11th Bavarian Division — stormed the French positions in the wood of Avocourt and moved on to Hill 304, where they obtained foothold for a short time before being driven back with losses of from 50 to 60 per cent of their effectives.

At the same time the Germans were furiously assaulting the positions of the French right wing east of the Meuse. From the 8th to the 10th of March the Crown Prince brought forward again the troops which had survived the ordeal of the first days, and added to them the fresh forces of the 5th Reserve Corps. The action developed along the Côte du Poivre, especially east of Douaumont, where it was directed against the village and fort of Vaux. The results were negative, except for a slight gain in the woods of Hardaumont. The 3d Corps had lost 22,000 men since the 21st of February — that is, almost its entire original strength. The 5th Corps was simply massacred on the slopes of Vaux, without being able to reach the fort. New attempts against this position, on March 16 and 18, were no more fruitful. The battle of the right wing, then, was also lost.

The Germans hung on grimly. One last effort remained to be made. After a lull of six days (March 22–28) savage fighting started again on both sides of the river. On the right bank, from March 31 to April 2, the Germans got a foothold in the ravine of Vaux and along its slopes; but the French dislodged them the next day, inflicting great damage, and drove them back to Douaumont.

Their greatest effort was made on the left bank. Here the French took back the woods of Avocourt; from March 30 to the 8th of April, however, the Germans succeeded in breaking into their adversaries' first line, and on April 9, a sunny Sabbath-day, they delivered an attack against the entire second line, along a front of 11 kilometres, from Avocourt to the Meuse. There was terrific fighting, the heaviest that had taken place since February 26, and a worthy sequel to the original frontal attack. The artillery preparation was long and searching. The hill of Le Mort Homme, said an eyewitness, smoked like a volcano with innumerable craters. The assault was launched at noon, with five divisions, and in two hours it had been shattered. New attacks followed, but less orderly, less numerous, and more listless, until sundown. The checkmate was complete. 'The 9th of April,' said General Pétain to his troops, 'is a day full of glory for your arms. The fierce assaults of the Crown Prince's soldiers have everywhere been thrown back. Infantry, artillery, sappers, and aviators of the Second Army have vied with one another in heroism. Courage, men: *on les aura!*'

And, indeed, this great attack of April 9 was the last general effort made by the German troops to carry out the programme of February — to capture Verdun and wipe out the French army which defended it. They had to give in. The French were on their guard now; they had artillery, munitions, and

men. The defenders began to act as vigorously as the attackers; they took the offensive, recaptured the woods of La Caillette, and occupied the trenches before Le Mort Homme. The German plans were ruined. Some other scheme had to be thought out.

3. *The Battle of German 'Fixation'*

Instead of employing only eight divisions of excellent troops, as originally planned, the Germans had little by little cast into the fiery furnace thirty divisions. This enormous sacrifice could not be allowed to count for nothing. The German High Command therefore decided to assign a less pretentious object to the abortive enterprise. The Crown Prince's offensive had fallen flat; but, at all events, it might succeed in preventing a French offensive. For this reason it was necessary that Verdun should remain a sore spot, a continually menaced sector, where the French would be obliged to send a steady stream of men, material, and munitions. It was hinted then in all the German papers that the struggle at Verdun was a battle of attrition, which would wear down the strength of the French by slow degrees. There was no talk now of thunderstrokes; it was all 'the siege of Verdun.' This time they expressed the true purpose of the German General Staff; the struggle which followed the fight of April 9 now took the character of a battle of fixation, in which the Germans tried to hold their adversaries' strongest units at Verdun and prevent their being transferred elsewhere. This state of affairs lasted from mid-April to well into July, when the progress of the Somme offensive showed the Germans that their efforts had been unavailing.

It is true that during this new phase of the battle the offensive vigor of the Germans and their procedure in attacking were still formidable. Their artillery continued to perform prodigies. The medium-calibre pieces had now come into action, particularly the 150 mm. guns, with their amazing mobility of fire, which shelled the French first line, as well as their communications and batteries, with lightning speed. This storm of artillery continued night and day; it was the relentless, crushing continuity of the fire which exhausted the adversary and made the Battle of Verdun a hell on earth. There was one important difference, however: the infantry attacks now took place over restricted areas, which were rarely more than two kilometres in extent. The struggle was continual, but disconnected. Besides, it was rarely in progress on both sides of the river at once. Until the end of May the Germans did their worst on the left; then the French activities brought them back to the right side, and there they attacked with fury until mid-July.

The end of April was a period of recuperation for the Germans. They were still suffering from the confusion caused by their set-backs of March, and especially of April 9. Only two attempts at an offensive were made — one on the Côte du Poivre (April 18) and one on the front south of Douaumont. Both were repulsed with great losses. The French, in turn, attacked on the 15th of April near Douaumont, on the 28th north of Le Mort Homme. It was not until May that the new German tactics were revealed: vigorous, but partial, attacks, directed now against one point, now against another.

On May 4 there began a terrible artillery preparation, directed against Hill 304. This was followed by attacks of infantry, which surged up the shell-blasted slopes, first to the northwest, then north, and finally northeast. The attack of the 7th was made by three divisions of fresh troops which had not

previously been in action before Verdun. No gains were secured. Every foot of ground taken in the first rush was recaptured by French counter-attacks. During the night of the 18th a savage onslaught was made against the woods of Avocourt, without the least success. On the 20th and 21st, three divisions were hurled against Le Mort Homme, which they finally took; but they could go no farther. The 23d and 24th were terrible days. The Germans stormed the village of Cumières; their advance guard penetrated as far as Chattancourt. On the 26th, however, the French were again in possession of Cumières and the slopes of Le Mort Homme; and if the Germans, by means of violent counter-attacks, were able to get a fresh foothold in the ruins of Cumières, they made no attempt to progress farther. The battles of the left river-bank were now over; on this side of the Meuse there were to be only local engagements of no importance, and the usual artillery fire.

This shift of the German offensive activity from the left side of the Meuse to the right is explained by the activity shown at the same time in this sector by the French. The French command was not deceived by the German tactics; they intended to husband their strength for the future Somme offensive. For them Verdun was a sacrificial sector to which they sent, from now on, few men, scant munitions, and only artillery of the older type. Their object was only to hold firm, at all costs. However, the generals in charge of this thankless task, Pétain and Nivelle, decided that the best defensive plan consisted in attacking the enemy. To carry this out, they selected a soldier bronzed on the battlefields of Central Africa, the Soudan, and Morocco, General Mangin, who commanded the 5th Division and had already played a distinguished part in the struggle for Vaux, in March. On May 21 Mangin's division attacked on the right bank of the Meuse and occupied the quarries of Haudromont; on the 22d it stormed the German lines for a length of two kilometres, and took the fort of Douaumont with the exception of one salient.

The Germans replied to this with the greatest energy; for two days and nights the battle raged round the ruins of the fort. Finally, on the night of the 24th, two new Bavarian divisions succeeded in getting a footing in this position, to which the immediate approaches were held by the French. This vigorous effort alarmed the enemy, and from now on, until the middle of July, all their strength was focused on the right bank of the river.

This contest of the right bank began on May 31. It is, perhaps, the bloodiest, the most terrible, chapter of all the operations before Verdun; for the Germans had determined to capture methodically, one by one, all the French positions, and get to the city. The first stake of this game was the possession of the fort of Vaux. Access to it was cut off from the French by a barrage-fire of unprecedented intensity; at the same time an assault was made against the trenches flanking the fort, and also against the defenses of the Fumin woods. On June 4 the enemy reached the superstructure of the fort and took possession, showering down hand-grenades and asphyxiating gas on the garrison, which was shut up in the casemates. After a heroic resistance the defenders succumbed to thirst and surrendered on June 7.

Now that Vaux was captured, the German activity was directed against the ruins of the small fort of Thiaumont, which blocks the way to the Côte de Froideterre, and against the village of Fleury, dominating the mouth of a ravine leading to the Meuse. From June 8 to 20, terrible fighting won for

the Germans the possession of Thiaumont; on the 23d, six divisions, representing a total of at least 70,000 men, were hurled against Fleury, which they held from the 23d to the 26th. The French, undaunted, returned to the charge. On August 30 they reoccupied Thiaumont, lost it at half-past three of the same day, recaptured it at half-past four, and were again driven out two days later. However, they remained close to the redoubt and the village.

The Germans then turned south, against the fortifications which dominated the ridges and ravines. There, on a hillock, stands the fort of Souville, at approximately the same elevation as Douaumont. On July 3, they captured the battery of Damloup, to the east; on the 12th, after insignificant fighting, they sent forward a huge mass of troops which got as far as the fort and battery of L'Hôpital. A counter-attack drove them away again, but they dug themselves in about 800 metres away from the position.

After all, what had they accomplished? For twelve days they had been confronted with the uselessness of these bloody sacrifices. Verdun was out of reach; the offensive of the Somme was under way, and the French stood before the gates of Péronne. Decidedly, the Battle of Verdun was lost. Neither the onslaught of the first period nor the battles of fixation had brought about the desired end. It now became impossible to squander on this field of death the munitions and troops which the German army needed desperately at Péronne and Bapaume. The leaders of the German General Staff accepted the situation. Verdun held no further interest for them.

4. *The Battle of French 'Fixation'*

Verdun, however, continued to be of great interest to the French. In the first place, they could not endure seeing the enemy intrenched five kilometres away from the coveted city. Moreover, it was most important for them to prevent the Germans from weakening the Verdun front and transferring their men and guns to the Somme. The French troops, therefore, were to take the initiative out of the hands of the Germans and inaugurate, in their turn, a battle of fixation. This new situation presented two phases: in July and August the French were satisfied to worry the enemy with small forces and to oblige them to fight; in October and December General Nivelle, well supplied with troops and material, was able to strike two vigorous blows which took back from the Germans the larger part of all the territory they had won since February 21.

From July 15 to September 15, furious fighting was in progress on the slopes of the plateau stretching from Thiaumont to Damloup. This time, however, it was the French who attacked savagely, who captured ground, and who took prisoners. So impetuous were they that their adversaries, who asked for nothing but quiet, were obliged to be constantly on their guard and deliver costly counter-attacks.

The contest raged most bitterly over the ruins of Thiaumont and Fleury. On the 15th of July the Zouaves broke into the southern part of the village, only to be driven out again. However, on the 19th and 20th the French freed Souville, and drew near to Fleury; from the 20th to the 26th they forged ahead step by step, taking 800 prisoners. A general attack, delivered on August 3, carried the fort of Thiaumont and the village of Fleury, with 1500 prisoners. The Germans reacted violently; the 4th of August they reoccupied Fleury, a part of which was taken back by the French that same evening. From the 5th to the 9th the

struggle went on ceaselessly, night and day, in the ruins of the village. During this time the adversaries took and retook Thiaumont, which the Germans held after the 8th. But on the 10th the Colonial regiment from Morocco reached Fleury, carefully prepared the assault, delivered it on the 17th, and captured the northern and southern portions of the village, encircling the central part, which they occupied on the 18th. From this day Fleury remained in French hands. The German counter-assaults of the 18th, 19th, and 20th of August were fruitless; the Moroccan Colonials held their conquest firmly.

On the 24th the French began to advance east of Fleury, in spite of incessant attacks which grew more intense on the 28th. Three hundred prisoners were taken between Fleury and Thiaumont on September 3, and 300 more fell into their hands in the woods of Vaux-Chapître. On the 9th they took 300 more before Fleury.

It may be seen that the French troops had thoroughly carried out the programme assigned to them of attacking the enemy relentlessly, obliging him to counter-attack, and *holding* him at Verdun. But the High Command was to surpass itself. By means of sharp attacks, it proposed to carry the strong positions which the Germans had dearly bought, from February to July, at the price of five months of terrible effort. This new plan was destined to be accomplished on October 24 and December 15.

Verdun was no longer looked on by the French as a 'sacrificial sector.' To this attack of October 24, destined to establish once for all the superiority of the soldier of France, it was determined to consecrate all the time and all the energy that were found necessary. A force of artillery which General Nivelle himself declared to be of exceptional strength was brought into position — no old-fashioned ordnance this time, but magnificent new pieces, among them long-range guns of 400 millimetres calibre. The Germans had fifteen divisions on the Verdun front, but the French command judged it sufficient to make the attack with three divisions, which advanced along a front of seven kilometres. These, however, were made up of excellent troops, withdrawn from service in the first lines and trained for several weeks, who knew every inch of the ground and were full of enthusiasm. General Mangin was their commander.

The French artillery opened fire on October 21, by hammering away at the enemy's positions. A feint attack forced the Germans to reveal the location of their batteries, more than 130 of which were discovered and silenced. At 11.40 A.M. October 24, the assault started in the fog. The troops advanced on the run, preceded by a barrage-fire. On the left, the objective points were reached at 2.45 P.M., and the village of Douaumont captured. The fort was stormed at 3 o'clock by the Moroccan Colonials, and the few Germans who held out there surrendered when night came on. On the right, the woods surrounding Vaux were rushed with lightning speed. The battery of Damloup was taken by assault. Vaux alone resisted. In order to reduce it, the artillery preparation was renewed from October 28 to November 2, and the Germans evacuated the fort without fighting on the morning of the 2d. As they retreated, the French occupied the villages of Vaux and Damloup, at the foot of the *côtes*.

Thus the attack on Douaumont and Vaux resulted in a real victory, attested to by the reoccupation of all the ground lost since the 25th of February, the capture of 15 cannon and more than 6000 prisoners. This, too, despite the orders found on German prisoners

bidding them to 'hold out at all cost' (25th Division), and to 'make a desperate defense' (von Lochow). The French command, encouraged by this success, decided to do still better and to push on farther to the northeast.

The operations of December 15 were more difficult. They were directed against a zone occupied by the enemy for more than nine months, during which time he had constructed a great network of communication trenches, field-railways, dug-outs built into the hillsides, forts, and redoubts. Moreover, the French attack had to start from unfavorable ground, where ceaseless fighting had been in progress since the end of February, where the soil, pounded by millions of projectiles, had been reduced to a sort of volcanic ash, transformed by the rain into a mass of sticky mud in which men had been swallowed up bodily. Two whole divisions were needed to construct twenty-five kilometres of roads and ten kilometres of railway, make dug-outs and trenches, and bring the artillery up into position. All was ready in five weeks; but the Germans, finding out what was in preparation, had provided formidable means of defense.

The front to be attacked was held by five German divisions. Four others were held in reserve at the rear. On the French side, General Mangin had four divisions, three of which were composed of picked men, veterans of Verdun. The artillery preparation, made chiefly by pieces of 220, 274, and 370 mm., lasted for three full days. The assault was let loose on December 15, at 10 A.M.; on the left the French objectives were reached by noon; the whole spur of Hardaumont on the right was swiftly captured, and only a part of the German centre still resisted, east of Bezonvaux. This was reduced the next day. The Côte du Poivre was taken entire; Vacherauville, Louvemont, Bezonvaux as well. The front was now three kilometres from the fort of Douaumont. Over 11,000 prisoners were taken by the French, and 115 cannon. For a whole day their reconnoitring parties were able to advance in front of the new lines, destroying batteries and bringing in prisoners, without encountering any serious resistance.

The success was undeniable. As a reply to the German peace proposals of December 12, the Battle of Verdun ended as a real victory; and this magnificent operation, in which the French had shown such superiority in infantry and artillery, seemed to be a pledge of future triumphs.

The conclusion is easily reached. In February and March Germany wished to end the war by crushing the French army at Verdun. She failed utterly. Then, from April to July, she wished to exhaust French military resources by a battle of fixation. Again she failed. The Somme offensive was the offspring of Verdun. Later on, from July to December, she was not able to elude the grasp of the French, and the last engagements, together with the vain struggles of the Germans for six months, showed to what extent General Nivelle's men had won the upper hand.

The battle of Verdun, beginning as a brilliant German offensive, ended as an offensive victory for the French. And so this terrible drama is an epitome of the whole great war: a brief term of success for the Germans at the start, due to a tremendous preparation which took careless adversaries by surprise — terrible and agonizing first moments, soon offset by energy, heroism, and the spirit of sacrifice; and finally, victory for the Soldiers of Right.

LUDENDORFF

BY H. L. MENCKEN

I

RETURNING to Berlin from the German East front on the evening of January 31 last, I awoke the next morning to find the temperature six or eight degrees below zero, my ears, nose, and fingers kissed by frost, and the newspapers gaudy with announcements of the *uneingeschränkten* U-boat war. An historic, and, for all the cold, a somewhat feverish day. The afternoon conclave of American correspondents in the Hotel Adlon bar was never better attended. For once the customary stealth of the craft was forgotten, and as each man came in with his fragment of news — from the Wilhelmstrasse, from the Embassy, from the Military Bureau, from this or that officer, or politician, or door-keeper, or head-waiter — it was fraternally pooled for the information of all. A newcomer myself, for I had got to Germany less than three weeks before, I chiefly listened, and the more I listened the more I heard a certain Awful Name. As witness my mental notes: —

'*Jetzt geht's los!* The jig is up. They will never turn back now, Wilson or no Wilson. Bethmann-Hollweg is probably still against it, but who cares for Bethmann-Hollweg? When the jingoes won Ludendorff they won Hindenburg, and when they won Hindenburg the fight was over. . . . The whole thing was settled on the Kaiser's birthday at Great Headquarters. Did you notice that Helfferich and Solf, who are strongly against it, were not asked? Nay, it was a military party, and Ludendorff was the host. Of course, Bethmann-Hollweg was there, too, and so were the Kaiser and Kaiser Karl of Austria. All three of them hesitated. But what chance did they have in the face of Hindenburg — and Ludendorff? Ludendorff is worth six Bethmann-Hollwegs, or ten Kaisers, or forty Kaiser Karls. Once his mind is made up, he gets to business at once. Hindenburg is the idol of the populace, but Ludendorff has the brains. Hindenburg is an old man, and a professional soldier by nature, and a Junker to boot — he despises politics and diplomacy and all that sort of thing. All he asks for is an army and an enemy. But Ludendorff has what you may call a capacious mind. He has imagination. He grasps inner significances. He can see around corners. Moreover, he enjoys planning, plotting, figuring things out. Yet more, he is free of romance. Have you ever heard of him sobbing about the Fatherland? Or letting off pious platitudes, like Hindenburg? Of course you have n't. He plays the game for its own sake — and he plays it damnably well. Ludendorff is the neglected factor in this war — the forgotten great man. The world hears nothing about him, and yet he has the world by the ear. If he thinks Germany can get away with this U-boat war, and he undoubtedly does — well, don't put me down for any bets against it.'

And so on and so on, while the German bartender mixed capital Martini

cocktails, and all the fashionables of Berlin drank synthetic coffee in the great lounge outside the American bar. All that day and the next the name of Ludendorff kept bobbing up. And the next, and the next, and the next. Zimmermann and Gerard were the leading actors in the week's comedy; apparently unaided, they fought the memorable battle of the Wilhelmstrasse; but behind the scenes there was always Ludendorff, and now and then his hand would steal out through a rent in the back-drop, and the traffic of the stage would be jerked into some new posture. It was curious, and even a bit startling, to note the perfection of his control, the meticulousness of his management. The main business before him was surely enough to occupy him: he was hurling a challenge, not only at the greatest and most dangerous of neutrals, but also at all the other neutrals, and meanwhile he had the Franco-British push on his hands, and a food situation that was growing critical, and a left-over fight with anti-U-boatistas who still murmured. And yet, in the midst of all this gigantic botheration, he found time to revise the rules governing American correspondents, and to hear and decide an appeal from those rules by the last and least of them.

I know this because I was the man. Up to the time of the break a correspondent had easy sailing in Germany, despite the occasional imbecilities of the censor. He was free to go to any part of the Empire that intrigued him, barring military areas. He was taken to the front as often as he desired, and allowed to see practically everything, and entertained as the guest of the army from Berlin back to Berlin. He had ready access to all the chief officers of state and to most of the commanders in the field; the Foreign Office arranged credit for him with the wireless folks; his mail dispatches were sneaked to the United States by government couriers; he saw maps and heard plans; special officers were told off to explain things to him. The one definite limitation upon him was this: he could not leave Germany without the permission of the military authorities, and this permission was invariably refused during the two weeks following his return from any front.

The regulation was reasonable, and no one caviled at it. But on the day of the U-boat proclamation there arrived an order from Great Headquarters — that is, from Ludendorff — which jumped the time to eight weeks. A different case; a harsher tune! Every correspondent in Berlin thought that the United States would declare war in much less than eight weeks; some put it at four or five weeks. To most the matter was academic; they had orders to cover the current news until the last possible moment; and besides, but three of them had been to the front within eight weeks, and these had but a few weeks to serve. But I was in a different situation, for on the one hand my commission was such that its execution had been made impossible by the break, and on the other hand I had just got back from the front. Accordingly, I asked the Military Bureau of the Foreign Office to waive the rule, that I might leave at some earlier time. The gentlemen there, as always, were charming, but they held up their hands.

'Waive the rule!' exclaimed the first one I encountered. 'But, my dear Mr. Mencken, it's impossible!'

'Why impossible?'

'Don't you know Who made it?'

The drama was contagious. I gasped. Was it Hindenburg, the Kaiser — Bismarck, Frederick the Great?

'The rule,' came the reply, 'was made by Excellenz Ludendorff Him-

self!' — 'The rule' (*pianissimo*) — 'was made by' (*crescendo*) — 'Excellenz Ludendorff' (*forte*) — 'Himself — (*fortissimo, subito, sforzando*).

I retired abashed; but, later, the Military Bureau, ever eager to please, called me up and suggested that I apply formally, and offered to indorse my application with certain flattering words: to wit, that I was of a rugged honesty and would betray no secrets; secondly, that I knew nothing of military science, and had none to betray. The document went to Great Headquarters by wire. Two days passed; no reply. Several fellow correspondents interested themselves, some testifying that I was honest, others that I harbored no secrets. On the third day a member of the Reichstag added his certificate. He was a man of great influence and his imprimatur penetrated the citadel. On the morning of the fourth day I was hauled out of bed by a telephone message from the Military Bureau. Come at once! I went — shivering, breakfastless, frost-bitten — and behind the door I heard the Awful Name again. Excellenz had stooped from his arctic Alp. I was free to go or to stay; more, I was a marked and favored man. All the way to Zurich I paid no fare.

II

I rob my forthcoming autobiography of this feeble chapter to show two things: first, the vast capacity of this Ludendorff for keeping his finger in a multitude of remote and microscopic pies, and secondly, the powerful effect of his personality upon the better-informed and more sophisticated classes of Germans. To the populace, of course, Hindenburg remains the national hero and *beau ideal;* nay, almost the national Messiah. His rescue of East Prussia from the Cossacks and his prodigies in Poland and Lithuania have given him a half-fabulous character; a great body of legend grows up about him; he will go down into German history alongside Moltke, Blücher, and the great Frederick; monuments to him are already rising. His popularity, indeed, it would be impossible to exaggerate. Nothing of the sort has been seen in the United States since the days of Washington. He not only stands side by side with the Kaiser — he stands far above the Kaiser; ten of his portraits are sold to one of Wilhelm's; a hundred to that of any other general. His promotion from *Oberbefehlshaber Ost* — commander-in-chief in the East — to supreme command on all fronts was made, almost literally, by acclamation. 'If it had not been made,' a high officer told me, 'there would have been a revolution — and not the mythical revolution that the English press agencies are always talking of, but a very real one. The people unanimously demanded that he be given absolute command; there was not a dissenting voice. Go to any *Biertisch* and you will find a severe critic of almost any other general in the army, but I defy you to find a single critic of Hindenburg. You have just seen a proof of his influence. A great many Germans were opposed to the "sharpened" U-boat war. Some thought it would fail; others thought it unnecessary. But Hindenburg's simple assurance to the Chancellor that it was necessary, that it would succeed, that the army was ready to face its consequences, was enough. The people trust him absolutely. In sixty-four words he disposed of the opposition.'

True. I had witnessed it myself. But the further one gets from the people and the nearer one approaches the inner circle of German opinion, the less one hears of Hindenburg and the more one hears of Ludendorff. Two years ago Hindenburg was given all the

credit for the astounding feat of arms at Tannenberg — the most extraordinary victory, surely, of this war, and perhaps one of the greatest of all time. Legends began to spring up on the day following the news; they made the battle no more than the delayed performance of a play long rehearsed; Hindenburg was said to have planned it back in the nineties. But now one hears that Ludendorff, too, had a hand in it; that he knew the ground quite as well as his chief; that it was he who swung a whole corps — by motor-car, *à la* Gallieni — around the Russian right to Bischofsburg, and so cut off Samsonoff's retreat. One hears, again, that it was Ludendorff who planned the Battle in the Snow — another gigantic affair, seldom heard of outside Germany, but even more costly to the Russians than Tannenberg. One hears, yet again, that it was Ludendorff who devised the advance upon Lodz, which wiped out three whole Russian corps; and that it was Ludendorff who prepared the homeric blow at Gorlice, which freed Galicia and exposed Poland; and that it was Ludendorff who found a way to break the Polish quadrilateral, supposedly impregnable; and that it was Ludendorff who chose the moment for the devastating *Vormarsch* into Lithuania and Courland, which gave the Germans a territory in Russia almost half as large as the German Empire itself. Finally, one hears that it was Ludendorff, bent double over his maps, who planned the Roumanian campaign, an operation so swift and so appallingly successful that the tale of it seems almost fantastic. In brief, one hears of Ludendorff, Ludendorff, whenever German officers utter more than twenty words about the war; his portrait hangs in every mess room; he is the god of every young lieutenant; his favorable notice is worth more to a division or corps commander than the *ordre pour le mérite;* he is, as it were, the esoteric Ulysses of the war.

But this is not the whole story, by any means; for as he has thus gradually slipped into the shoes (or, at all events, into one of them) of Moltke, the *Erste Generalquartiermeister* has also tried on the coat of Bismarck, long hanging on its peg. That is to say, he has reached out for the wires of civil administration, and now he has a good many of them firmly in his hand and is delicately fingering a good many more. It was in Poland and Galicia, while still merely chief of staff in the East, that he first showed his talent in this department. The German plan, once an enemy territory is occupied, is to turn it over to a sort of mixed posse of retired officers and civilians. Hordes of frock-coated and bespatted *Beamten* pour in; an inextricable complex of bureaux is established; the blessings of *Kultur* are ladled out scientifically and by experts. Belgium has suffered from this plague of cocksure and warring officials, and also Northern France. But not so the East. Over there, despite the fact that the population is friendly and the further fact that the enemy does not menace, the *Beamte* has found no lodgment. The army is the source of all law, of all rights, of all privileges, even of all livelihood. And the army is Ludendorff.

Curious tales are told of his omnipresence, his omniscience. He devised and promulgated, it is said, the Polish customs tariff. He fixed railroad rates, routes, and even schedules. When it was proposed to set up branches of the great German banks in Warsaw, Lodz, and Wilna, he examined the plans and issued permissions. When Americans came in with relief schemes, he heard them, cross-examined them, and told them what they could and could not do. He made regulations for newspaper correspondents, prison-camp workers,

refugees, *Dirnen*, Jews. He established a news-service for the army. He promulgated ordinances for the government of cities and towns, and appointed their officials. He proclaimed compulsory education, and ordered that under-officers be told off to teach school. In brief, he reorganized the whole government, from top to bottom, of a territory of more than 100,000 square miles, with a population of at least 15,000,000, and kept a firm grip, either directly or through officers always under his eye, upon every detail of its administration. Hindenburg has no taste for such things. He was, and is, an officer of the old school, impatient of laws and taxes. So the business fell to Ludendorff, and he discharged it with zest.

All this was nearly two years ago. Last summer came Hindenburg's promotion to the supreme command, and with it a vast increase in opportunity for Ludendorff. Hitherto his power, and even his influence, had stopped at the German border; now his hand began to be felt in Berlin. His first task was to speed up the supply of munitions; the Allies on the West front had begun to show superiority here. The plans evolved by General von Falkenhayn, Hindenburg's predecessor, were thrown out as inadequate; entirely new plans were put into operation. When I left Germany, in February, results were beginning to reveal themselves. New munitions factories were opening almost daily; the old ones were spouting smoke twenty-four hours a day. An American correspondent, taken to one of these plants, returned to Berlin almost breathless. He swore he had seen a store of shells so vast that the lanes through it were seventeen kilometres long. As for me, I stuck to *Hackerbräu* and beheld no such marvels; but this I do know; that all ordinary train-service to the West was suspended for days, while train after train of shells passed through Berlin. And the production of field-guns, it was whispered, had leaped to six hundred a month.

Gargantuan plans; but what of the labor-supply? Here was a difficulty, indeed, for the army could not spare men, and the number out of uniform was anything but large. Ludendorff, however, argued that enough could be found — that thousands were wasting their time in useless industries, that other thousands had leisure that could be utilized. Out of this theory came the *Zivildienstpflicht*, whereby every German, old or young, rich or poor, found himself conscripted for the service of the state. As yet the utilization of these new forces is but partially under way, but progress is being made, and by the end of the year it will be hard to find a German who is not doing his bit. The doctrine of Ludendorff is simple: the whole energy of the German people must be concentrated on the war. All other enterprises and ambitions must be put out of mind. All business that is not necessary to the one end must be abandoned.

Another difficulty: the food-supply. Two Food Dictators have wrestled with it. One was quickly and ignominiously unhorsed; the other, Doctor Max Johann Otto Adolf Torlilovitz von Batocki, shows signs of an uneasy seat. A complex and vexatious problem, too maddening to go into here. But this much, at least, may be said of it: that the prime obstacle to its solution is not an actual shortage of food, but a failure in discipline. The peasants, the cattle men, the commission merchants — all these yield to avarice, holding back their stocks for better prices, producing rather what is most profitable than what is most needed. While Berlin ate potato flour, good rye was being fed to hogs. While Berlin paid a dollar and a

half a pound for geese, the country barnyards swarmed with them. While Berlin went without butter, there were yokels who greased wagons with it. For a year past Dr. von Batocki has been struggling against this failure of team-work, this very un-German rebellion, this treason of the peasants. In part he has succeeded, — for example, with the milk-problem, as witness the fall in the infant death-rate, — but in greater part he has so far failed.

Now, however, comes a new note in the roar of suggestions, objurgations, objections, recriminations. The voice is Hindenburg's, but every German recognizes the words as Ludendorff's. 'Speculation in food-stuffs must cease. Every citizen must sacrifice his private interest to the common good. If it is found impossible to obtain this coöperation by existing means, then —'

'Which is to say,' said an army officer to me in Berlin, 'that the peasant will become a sort of official, forced to produce, not what he wants to produce, but what he is ordered to produce, and to bring it in when told to, and to take a fixed price for it. We are coming to that system. The gentler plan of Batocki is too cumbersome, too uncertain. It is based partly on tricking the peasant. Witness the way potato prices have been juggled to induce him to disgorge his potatoes. Well, tricking the peasant is a waste of energy. Besides, it is impossible. Ludendorff will put an end to all that. Soon you will see him show his teeth.'

And then? Find an army officer who is communicative, and a place where the human voice does n't carry, and you will hear various and-thens. The army is rolling a sinister eye toward the Wilhelmstrasse. The imbecilities achieved in that narrow lane begin to exhaust its patience; I can well imagine how the news of the Mexican note was received at the far-flung mess-tables. Moreover, there is Bethmann-Hollweg, indicted by military opinion on two counts. *Imprimis*, he parades Berlin in a lieutenant-general's uniform, and is thus a tin soldier and accursed. *Zum zweiten*, his banal confession of wrong-doing in the Belgian business gave the English their chance. Also there is the 'scrap-of-paper' phrase — perhaps only a slip of the tongue, but how costly! Yet more, there is Zimmermann, the *Beamte* gone to seed, the diplomat all thumbs, the skeleton at all feasts. — Out! Out!

Has the Chancellorship been offered to Ludendorff? Many Germans believed it at the time I left. It was, in fact, common gossip in Berlin. But, so far as I could find out, it was gossip only. Ludendorff is unquestionably the new Moltke; is he also the new Bismarck, so long awaited, so diligently sought in vain? Alas, the question is purely academic. After all, he is but one man — and the job in front of him is enough to fill every second of one man's day.

III

The 1914 edition of *Wer Ist's*, the German *Who's Who*, does not mention Ludendorff at all. At the time it was published, he was a simple colonel on the Great General Staff, detailed to work out routes of march for the army in case of war — a highly important commission, but one not bringing him to public notice. The younger Moltke, nephew of the field-marshal and then chief of the General Staff, had an eye on him, but he was by no means conspicuous, even in Berlin. On April 22, 1914, he was promoted to major-general and made commander of the 85th Infantry Brigade at Strasburg. On August 2 he was detached from his brigade and made *Oberquartiermeister* — that is, chief of staff — to General von Emmich, and two days later he

crossed the Belgian border and got his baptism of fire in front of Visé. The next day, August 5, he returned to Emmich's headquarters before Liége, and before nightfall found himself in command of a brigade again. The commander of this brigade had fallen in the first onslaught. Ludendorff resumed the attack at once, and after an all-day fight on the 6th, he led his whole force into the city on the morning of the 7th. This was no easy feat. The Liége forts still held out, — it was not till the 9th that the 'Busy Berthas' were brought up and began to knock them to pieces, — and Ludendorff, though in almost complete possession of the city, found himself cut off from Emmich's main army. On the night of the 7th he stole back through the Belgian lines to report upon his situation. He was greeted in Aix-la-Chapelle *wie ein von den Toden Auferstandener* — like one arisen from the dead. A week or so later he was summoned to Great Headquarters and the Kaiser personally engauded him with the *ordre pour le mérite*.

There followed the *Vormarsch* into Belgium, and Ludendorff went along as Emmich's chief of staff. On August 22, just as the artillery was beginning the attack on Namur, there came a telegram from Moltke which changed the whole course of Ludendorff's career, and perhaps the whole history of the war. It notified him that he had been gazetted chief of staff to Colonel General Paul von Beneckendorff und von Hindenburg; it ordered him to proceed post-haste to Aix-la-Chapelle, to board a special train waiting there, to pick up Hindenburg at Hannover, and to proceed to Marienburg, in East Prussia.

Ludendorff lost no time. Before sundown he was at Aix-la-Chapelle, and at 3.30 o'clock in the morning his *Extrazug* was at Hannover and Hindenburg came aboard. All the rest of the night the two labored with their maps and plans, and all the next morning, while the train raced across Germany.

On Sunday, August 23, at half-past one in the afternoon, it reached Marienburg, the old capital of the Teutonic Knights, now sorely menaced, like all of East Prussia, by the great tidal wave of invading Russians. On the Saturday following, shortly before noon, the Great General Staff in Berlin issued the following bulletin: —

'Our troops in East Prussia, under command of Colonel-General von Hindenburg, have met the Russian Narew army, consisting of five army corps and three cavalry divisions, in the neighborhood of Gilgenburg and Ortelsburg. After a battle of three days' duration they have defeated it and are now pursuing it over the frontier.'

This was the memorable battle of Tannenberg, the one indubitable military classic of the war. The Russian Narew army, under Samsonoff, ran to nearly 300,000 men, and hard on its heels was another Russian army, under Rennenkampf, of the same strength. To meet these huge forces Hindenburg had the First and Twentieth Corps of the line, two reserve corps, and some miscellaneous troops — in all, not more than 200,000 men, and at least sixty per cent were *Landwehr* and *Landsturm*. By August 29 he had completely destroyed the Narew army and hurled its remnants over the frontier; by September 14 he had beaten and dispersed the army of Rennenkampf; and by September 15 he had crossed into Russia himself. In less than three weeks, with a force not more than a third as large as the enemy's, he had fought two great battles, taken 140,000 prisoners, and killed and wounded as many more, had put the survivors to flight, cleared a territory of 10,000

square miles, and begun an invasion of Russia!

How? By what process? By what strategy? Ask these questions in Germany and you will ask in vain. The whole business already belongs to fable. Everybody has a different explanation, a different theory. The thing was so swift and so colossal that no one seems to have kept any coherent record of it. I searched in vain in Berlin for a clear account; I got very little more light from officers who were present. Four months after the battle James O'Donnel Bennett, the very able correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, went to East Prussia to go over the field and unearth the facts. He told me later that he had to give up the enterprise as impossible. The staff officers of Hindenburg actually differed as to the days on which the action had been fought! More, I find an error of the same sort in the official biography of Ludendorff, read and approved by him. The author, Dr. Otto Krack, says that the victory was reported on August 28. But a copy of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, that lies before me, shows that it was really reported on the following day.

In brief, a most mysterious affair. And even more mysterious is the part that Ludendorff played in it. Down to the end of 1914 he was unheard of; the whole credit was given to Hindenburg, and there were endless fantastic tales about his preparations, his minute knowledge of the Masurian Swamps, his struggles against the Kaiser. After Lodz the name of Ludendorff began to be whispered; after the conquest of Poland he began to rise in fame; to-day in Germany, among army men, it is chiefly Ludendorff that one hears of. Hindenburg is a nice old man, shrewd, talkative, *gemüthlich* — above all, lucky. Ludendorff is the astute one, the serpent, the genius. This is how they talk.

IV

A genius, perhaps, but not a Junker. *Das Junkertum*, indeed, is on its last legs in Germany — not by revolution, as our newspapers would have us believe, but by natural processes. The war, in its first months, well nigh exterminated the Junkers of to-morrow; to-day you will find thousands of architects, professors, lawyers, business men, in officers' boots. And in every other direction they yield to the pressure of the advancing commonalty — even in the Foreign Office. Hindenburg, true enough, belongs to the old clan, — the Beneckendorffs were officers in the fifteenth century, — but the two leaders next in rank to him, namely Mackensen and Ludendorff, are both commoners. Mackensen's grandfather, it is said, was a butcher; Ludendorff's was a merchant in Stettin. Mackensen did not get the right to put 'von' before his name until the Kaiser began to admire him, nine or ten years ago. As for Ludendorff, he has not got it yet. All the bulletins from Great Headquarters are signed simply, —

'Der Erste Generalquartiermeister
'Ludendorff.'

Of late, to be sure, the German genealogists — who are quite as imaginative as our own performers in the same line — have sought to trace his descent from Viginia Ericksdotter, a left-hand child of King Erich XIV of Sweden; but this is no more than *Kaffeeklatsch* chatter. The truth is that the first Ludendorff ever heard of was the general's grandfather, a *Kaufherr* in Stettin. He married a Swedish lady, whose mother was a Finn. This pair had a son whom they called August Wilhelm, and in 1860 he married Clara Jeannette Henriette von Tempelhoff, the daughter of old *Justizrat* Friedrich

August Napoleon von Tempelhoff, who had married a Polish woman. August Wilhelm and Clara were the parents of the general. He is thus a much hyphenated Prussian, for he has Swedish, Finnish, and Polish blood. No doubt, as *de facto* King of Poland, he has often thought of his grandmother Dziembowski.

August Wilhelm, having espoused Clara von Tempelhoff, abandoned business and set up as a gentleman farmer in Posen. His small estate was called Kruszewnia, and here, in 1865, his second son, Erich, was born. In 1871 he sold the estate and leased three larger places, Thunow, Geritz, and Streckenthin; but his management of them was not very successful, and in the eighties he retired from farming and settled down in Berlin. There he died in 1905. His wife Clara, the general's mother, lived until March, 1914.

Altogether, a modest family, with occasional flashes of distinction. One of the Tempelhoffs, back in the sixteenth century, was six times *Bürgermeister* of Berlin, and left the post to his son. Another, Georg Friedrich, was a famous mathematician and artillerist, and so carried himself in the Seven Years' War that he died a lieutenant-general, with the *ordre pour le mérite* and the Black Eagle, and was raised to the *Adelstand* by Friedrich Wilhelm II. Among the Lefflers, the Swedish relatives of the house, there have been more names of mark: for example, Gösta Mittag-Leffler, the mathematician; Professor Fritz Leffler, the Germanist, and Anna Charlotte Edgren-Leffler, the lady Ibsen. But none of the first rank. No Ludendorff, or Tempelhoff, or Leffler has ever made a genuine splash in the world.

Nor are the living Ludendorffs, forgetting the general, of much draft or beam. The older brother, Richard, is a business man in the Dutch East Indies. A younger brother, Eugene, is a minor official in Aix-la-Chapelle — and to-day a cog in the wheel of civil administration in Belgium. Another, Hans, is an observer in the Astrophysical Observatory in Berlin. When the war began he was in Russia observing an eclipse, and he is there yet, a prisoner. Of the two sisters, one died unmarried and the other married one Jahn, an under-secretary in the Imperial Treasury. As for the general himself, he married, in 1909, a wealthy widow named Pernet. She brought him three sons and a daughter, all now grown. He has no children of his own.

His career? It really began in front of Liége. Before that he was merely a hard-working officer, perhaps marked only by Moltke. As a boy of twelve he entered the cadet school at Plön and two years later he was transferred to Gross-Lichterfelde. In 1882, being seventeen years and six days old, he was commissioned a junior lieutenant in Infantry Regiment No. 57 (the Eighth Westphalian). In 1887 he was transferred to the Marine Corps and served in the Niobe, Baden, Kaiser, and other old-time ships, visiting Scandinavia and the British Isles. In 1890 he entered the War College in Berlin for a three years' course, making Russian his chief subject. In 1894, having done well with the language, he was sent to Russia to make military observations. This commission was so competently executed that on his return he was promoted to a captaincy and given the much-coveted *Karmesinroten Streifen* (red stripes) of the General Staff. In 1896 he was transferred to the Fourth Corps in Magdeburg; in 1898 he became a company commander in the Infantry Regiment No. 61 (Eighth Pomeranian); in 1901 he joined the staff of the Ninth Division, under General von Eichhorn, now one

of his subordinates; in 1902 he was made a major and attached to the Fifth Corps; in 1904 he returned to the General Staff; in 1906 he became a lecturer on strategy and military history in the War College; in 1908 he got his lieutenant-colonelcy; in 1911 he was promoted to colonel; in 1913 he was given command of the Thirty-ninth Fusilier Regiment in Düsseldorf, and in 1914, as I have said, he was made a major-general. Since then he has been promoted twice. After Tannenberg he was made a lieutenant-general, and last August he was made a general of infantry. There are two steps beyond: colonel-general and field-marshal.

So much for the record. As for Ludendorff the man, it is impossible to say much about him. The simple truth is that no one knows him. He is chilly, reserved, remote, almost wholly without charm; he has been so, according to his old-maid aunt, who knows him probably better than any one else, since childhood. Hindenburg, at the mess-table, is disposed to be expansive, genial, even garrulous. One of his old officers told me long tales of his love for the *Biertisch*, his delight in song, his waggish humors. There are no such stories about Ludendorff. He seems devoid of any social instinct. The few visitors to Great Headquarters come back to Berlin with the news that they have seen him, but that is about all they have to report. He is credited with no apothegms, no theories, no remarks whatever. He remains, after nearly three years of war, a man of mystery.

THE PASSION PLAYERS IN WAR-TIME

BY MADELEINE Z. DOTY

THE little train chugged its way up the valley. There was but one passenger car. Half of it, upholstered in red velvet, served as first class; the other half, with wooden benches, as third. Few people go to Oberammergau in war-time. In the car was a soldier bound for home on a three weeks' leave, and several women. They were all silent. Outside, the valley shone in the warm sunshine. The hills were velvety green. The soft cool air came in at the windows. Little birds perched on branches and sang lustily. Bright patches of flowers still blossomed by cottage doorsteps. Old earth did its best to be beautiful. It blossomed and sang and tried to offset man's destruction. But the earth's cheer was not contagious. The people in the train were grimly still. A dark monster had laid its hand upon their hearts.

Silently we got down at the small station. There were no waiting carriages or push-carts, no smiling people, no eager hotel porters to carry the luggage. A boy on a bicycle slipped my bag over the handle-bars of his wheel and sped off to a nearby hotel. The soldier from the train walked slowly ahead of us. A weary woman standing in a doorway greeted him with a wan

smile. The news of his return spread. A few women and children gathered to bid the warrior welcome, but there was no laughter — no gay words. One sleeve of the man's coat was pinned up and flapped idly. The eyes of the women were hard and dry.

We pushed open the hotel door. A young boy came from the office. Yes, we could have lunch, he said in answer to our questions; and disappeared into the kitchen.

The house was weirdly still. There were no steps on the stairs. A young woman came from the kitchen. She was grim and sullen. She seemed loath to give us food. We sat patiently at the table. Finally it came — black bread, tea, and marmalade. It was unappetizing. The marmalade was probably made from carrots. Our stomachs were far from satisfied; we begged for an egg. She hesitated.

'If you have your egg now, you can't have another for a week,' she said.

We were reckless. The future seemed remote. We ordered eggs and ate ravenously. From the dining-room window we gazed across the little square at a neighboring inn. There, too, all was still. The tables and chairs sat jauntily on the sidewalk, but they were empty and dusty. One old man occupied a favorite corner and clutched his beer-mug; but his eyes were vacant, his thoughts elsewhere. We tried to draw our waitress into conversation, but she answered in monosyllables.

'The town is sad,' we averred.

'Why should n't it be?' she retorted. 'We've lost much.'

'How many men have gone to war?' we asked.

'All under forty-five; five hundred and fifty out of a population of eighteen hundred.'

We paused a moment; it seemed brutal to go on, but we wanted information.

'And the dead and wounded?' we asked.

'There were forty killed and forty-eight wounded the first year. I don't know the number now.'

'Will there ever be another Passion Play?' we asked.

She shrugged her shoulders. 'How can I tell? Some of the players and musicians have lost an arm or a leg, and others are dead. The town no longer has any money.'

We pushed back our chairs and went out into the golden sunshine. No one moved about the streets. It was like a village swept by plague and deserted. But the buildings were as before. There were the fascinating, gayly decorated houses, each possessing a unique painting or design, as though an artist had strayed by and, having no canvas, had used the housefronts.

And, whichever way one turned, there were wooden crosses bearing the image of a suspended Christ. They stood out on the walls of the houses. They occupied crevices and niches. At the town fountain, water flowed from the bleeding hands of a Christ.

War has been a special disaster to Oberammergau. It has dealt a blow at spiritual as well as physical welfare. It is an anomaly for Passion Players to be out killing their fellowmen. Anton Lang, the recent *Christus*, was spared this ordeal. He was too old for military service. But I did not find him at home. Each day he journeys to a neighboring town and works as a carpenter for his country.

Everywhere Oberammergau seemed to be going to seed. The great wooden structure used as a theatre was locked. We were told that in the afternoon some one would be fetched to show it to us. There were no horses or cows in evidence. In one yard a few carefully guarded ducks quacked, and in another some chickens strutted up and down;

otherwise there was no sign of animate life. The little gardens were already dry and barren. In the two small stores there was little for sale. The food-supply consisted chiefly of fruit — apples and grapes and green vegetables. Nowhere did I see potatoes, meat, bread, butter, or cheese. Small portions of these were rationed out on certain days in the week, on the presentation of food-cards, but never displayed.

In one shop-window some packages of sweet chocolate and a plate of small cakes caught my eye. My stomach clamored loudly. I hurried in, and slipped a cake into my mouth. It contained an overpowering amount of ginger. The other ingredients were queer and indefinable. Two cakes completely destroyed hunger. The sweet chocolate was of two varieties — one a German brand, the other Swiss. Both kinds came in ten-cent-size packages. But the German ten-cent cake cost twenty-three cents, the Swiss forty. I bought one of each. A few mouthfuls of the German brand nauseated me. The chocolate may have been pure, but Heaven knows what substitute had been used for milk and sugar. The combined effect of the chocolate and cake was a consuming thirst. We hurried back to our hotel. Unthinkingly I ordered lemonade. The lemon was deliciously juicy, but there was no sugar. As a great concession, we secured one lump. We watched it sink down and melt in the bottom of a very tall glass; its sweetness was almost imperceptible. Fortunately my friend had some saccharine tablets, which can be secured only by a doctor's order. She decided to sacrifice two to the cause. Never was lemonade so appreciated! But saccharine is not a good substitute for sugar: it has a disagreeable after-effect; it leaves the tongue thick and furry.

Again we started forth on our tour of inspection. By the side of one little house was a tiny yard inclosed by a fence. On a bench in the yard sat a young mother. At her feet a two-year-old baby played. The child was charming, with golden hair and blue eyes. We leaned on the fence and spoke to the mother. She greeted us joyfully, glad of this friendly diversion. 'The baby looks well,' we said; 'evidently you can get milk for her?'

'A little,' she answered. 'The ration, when one gets it, is a pint a day for children under six. No one older has any.'

'But surely in the country the daily milk ration is easy to get,' we protested.

A tragic look came into the mother's eyes; she closed her lips firmly, and then she said, 'Not always. A while ago there was no milk. I had money to pay for my share, but it was n't to be had. The man up the road who has the cows was taking boarders. They were rich people from the city. They paid well and they got the milk. I took my baby up there one day. I showed her to those people. I told them they were robbing my little one. After that I got my allowance.'

We looked at the young mother with renewed respect. She had character. I pulled my Swiss chocolate from my pocket. I had already tasted it and found it the genuine article. I held out a good half-package to the baby. The little hand clutched it eagerly, and, with a gurgle of wild delight, she rushed to her mother's knee and began a mad orgy. The mother's face flushed, but she watched the child with pleasure.

We went back to the shop and bought up the remaining Swiss chocolate. Then we returned and gave it to the mother. Her eyes were moist with gratitude. She opened her heart to us.

'It has been such a terrible time,'

she said. 'My husband went to war before baby was born. He has never seen her. When my time came he tried to get leave, but just then there was a big drive. They would n't let him come. She is my second child. We had a little son. He would be seven if he had lived. His father worshiped him. But a year ago he died. He had appendicitis. My husband was still in the trenches. I managed to get word to him, but it was no use. They would n't let him come. Sometimes I think they don't want the men to see the suffering at home. I wrote to my husband about our boy's death. I think it must have broken his heart. He has got quite discouraged. In his last letter he said, "I would rather be buried with my son than fight more."'

We remained silent before such grief, but the mother felt our sympathy. 'Perhaps you'd like to see my boy's picture?'

Without waiting for an answer, she led us into her little house. It was very neat and sweet. The parlor was sumptuous in upholstered furniture. It was the home of a well-to-do mechanic. The mother's pride in her home and children was evident. When we rose to go, we asked if there was much poverty in Oberammergau, and whether we could be of service.

There was glad assent in the woman's eyes, as she said, 'One of my neighbors is in great distress. Many of the people I hardly know. I'm a newcomer. My husband had never been here. I came for baby's sake. I thought there would be milk in the country, but the neighbor I speak of has n't enough to eat. It is very terrible.'

We asked to be taken to the neighbor. The mother picked up her baby and led us down a nearby country road. At a very short distance we came to an attractive cottage. It was very humble — a workingman's house, but quaint and picturesque. It had a large yard inclosed by a fence. Flowers climbed up the house-walls and made the air fragrant. We pushed open the gate and walked in. The front door was wide open. At the entrance we paused. On one side was a kitchen and a fine-looking old German working-woman bending over a stove. At the other side of the entrance toward the front was a parlor. The walls were papered; a piece of carpet was on the floor; the furniture was plain, but substantial. Curtains fluttered at the windows, and on the wall hung a crucifix. In the centre of the room was a baby-carriage. In it was a very pale, still baby.

We entered and stood looking down at the little creature. The child was about two years old, but only half the size of the bonny baby the young mother held. As we watched, the little sleeper opened her eyes and a faint smile crept over the tiny face. There were blue circles under the eyes and blue veins showed through the transparent skin. I had still a square of Swiss chocolate. I slipped it into the little mouth. Her lips closed over it and my fingers joyfully. Then the grandmother came in from the kitchen. She touched the baby's cheek lovingly.

'She is very ill,' she said, 'but she does not complain, only she calls always for her father. It breaks our hearts. There is no longer any chance that he will come. He was my son. They said he was lost under *Sperrfeuer* [shell explosions]. He has never been heard from since.

We swallowed the lump in our throat and asked, 'What is the baby's illness?'

The proud old German woman hung her head. 'We call it *Englische Krankheit*. She is so weak she cannot sit up. We cannot get milk. We have so little money. We try to live on potatoes, and tea *ersatz* [substitute].'

I took fifty marks from my pocket and put it in the woman's hand. The gift was so sudden, so unexpected, that tears sprang from her eyes and streamed unheeded down her cheeks. The flood-gates of her pent-up anguish had been opened; she poured out her story.

'Sometimes I think I cannot go on. I have sent six sons to the war. The baby's father, my eldest, was blown to pieces. There was nothing left. The second has gone crazy. For three months he has been in an insane asylum. Sometimes I think I myself am going crazy. A third son was terribly wounded. One leg is much shorter than the other, but they sent him back to the front. The other three are fighting, one in Russia, one in Belgium, and one in the mountains. A letter came from the one in Belgium the other day. Oh, it was horrible! It said, "We are so hungry. Please, mother, send us some food! One day we had so little we divided a cigarette among three of us and ate it." And I can send nothing. I have nothing. There is no food to send. And now they come for my seventh son, my youngest. He is only seventeen. They tell him, if he goes now, instead of later, he can choose *where* he will fight. But he shall not go; he is my last.'

I bit my lip and turned away. I had no courage left to face such suffering. I could see this cottage as it was in other days — the happiness, the prosperity, the mother with her seven sons, the neat wood-pile, the bountiful meals, the song, the laughter. I saw the eager preparation of this family for the Passion Play, their friendly entertainment of strangers, their concentration on a spiritual ideal, their struggle to create beauty. All this had been destroyed. Their fatherland had used them and thrown them on the scrap-heap. It had crushed out life and faith.

Two little children had crept into the door while we talked, a girl of four and a boy of six. They were the brother and sister of the baby in the carriage. They clung to their grandmother's skirts. Their mother was in a neighboring city. She had been called to the bedside of her dying mother, the children's other grandmother. This left this old woman in Oberammergau to fight her fight alone, to drive the wolf from the door, and care for her grandchildren.

Some money had been given me by the Christian Work Fund for starving children. Before I left I drew a check on this fund for one hundred and fifty marks. The proud old woman did not hesitate to take it. Probably never before had she accepted charity, but pride was as nothing when her children were hungry. I wanted to tell her to use it for milk. I feared with the morning a box would go to the hungry soldier-son in Belgium. But I had not the heart to deny her that pleasure.

As we passed the kitchen, we stepped in. Laundry work was in progress: a kettle of clothes steamed on the stove. Beside the boiler six potatoes simmered in a tiny pot. This was the only vestige of food visible. The grandmother apologized for not accompanying us down the road. She looked down at the big boots she was clumping about in, and flushed, and then said quite simply, —

'They're my son's. I wear them to protect my feet. I have n't any. There are n't any shoes to be had.'

As soon as we were some distance from the cottage I turned to our guide. 'Why,' I said, 'is the family so poor? With six sons fighting, there should be a good pension.'

Then it was that I learned of the defects in German organization. Wives are better cared for than mothers. A mother draws a pension only if the son

is living at home and supporting the mother at the time he goes to war, and each additional son does not bring an extra pension. Occasionally an increase of six marks, or a dollar and a half, a month goes with every additional son. That is all. I also discovered that pensions are sometimes not paid. Pensions come from two sources, the national government and the town. A town may go bankrupt. Oberammergau is bankrupt. It has n't a penny for pensions. This grandmother's total income was twenty-four marks — six dollars — a month from the Kingdom of Bavaria, for one son. On that she lived. Six sons serving the fatherland, and in return she and her grandchildren were starving.

I longed to escape from Oberammergau. It had become unbearable. We hunted for a horse and wagon. At last we secured the one outfit in the town — an open landau, and a thin, wobbly horse. A shrunken old man — a grandfather — sat on the box. We said good-bye to our little mother and drove off. It was still early afternoon. The sun poured down on us. We wound in and out through the enchanting valley. Tall mountains rose on all sides, but their summits were enveloped in dense white clouds. The smell of hay floated to us. Occasionally we saw women reaping in a field. We passed an ancient monastery, but no friars worked about the grounds. Opposite the monastery was an inn, famous for its *Kuchen* and tea. The tables were dusty and empty, and we did not stop.

But as we neared Parten-Kirchen, signs of life grew apparent. The big summer hotels were all open; women in dainty dresses sat on the porches, or walked about the country roads. Occasionally a middle-aged man or a young boy was with them. It was like any mountain resort except for the stillness. There was no laughter, no hurrying steps, no gladness. It had the atmosphere of a country Sunday. I expected each moment to hear the church bells.

Our driver deposited us at a charming inn in the centre of the town. We paid him five dollars for the trip. The use of a horse in war-time is a luxury, and automobiles have vanished. Even among wealthy vacationers not one was to be seen. The inn had been well recommended. We decided to try our luck, and sat down at one of the white-covered out-of-door tables. Boldly we ordered coffee and *Kuchen*. Presently it was set before us. A delicious and familiar, but almost forgotten odor came from the coffee-pot. I began to sniff. I touched the *Kuchen* with my finger. It was real. A cross between bread and cake, but made from real flour. There was a tiny bit of milk for the coffee, and a lump of sugar apiece. We ate slowly, steadily, silently, delightedly, until there was not a speck left. It was the only good coffee and *Kuchen* I had had in my entire trip through Germany. We wanted to order more, but were ashamed to.

Suddenly I remembered the mother and her seven sons. What right had these wealthy people out for a holiday to enjoy good food when poor people in the next town went hungry? Then I brought myself up with a turn. Had I a right to judge? In their place would I have been better? Would I have given my scanty food to the poor? But of one thing I was sure: if I had been poor and hungry, I would not have been content. No, assuredly not! And the poor of Germany are not content. Some day the wealthy who ate while the rest of the population went hungry will have to pay. The day of reckoning will come as surely as it did in the French Revolution.

We lingered at the table, loath to go. Should we stay over night for the sake

of more coffee and *Kuchen?* In the end we resisted. As we went toward the station, the full beauty of the place burst upon us. White clouds circled about the mountains, occasionally bursting apart and revealing a snow-covered peak. A dancing river flowed under quaint bridges. Attractive-looking women sat in charming hotel tea-gardens. It might have been the end of a summer day at Lake Placid, except that Parten-Kirchen possessed qualities unknown to American mountain resorts. It had the charm and color of life in a foreign city, and possessed at the same time scenery of Alpine grandeur.

At the station there was the usual summer crowd bidding farewell to departing guests. But even here there was no tone of banter and cheer. Even here the horror of war was evident. Some farewells held tragedy. In the carriage next mine a fine sad-eyed young man in uniform was leaning from the train-window. Below him stood a young girl. Her hair had only recently gone up and her skirts been let down. She was as delicate and fresh as a budding flower. The shy sweetness and fragrance of youth enveloped her. She was closely guarded by an elder sister and mother. The young man in the carriage devoured her with his eyes. Finding that there was a brief delay in the train's departure, he rushed back to the platform. He caught the girl's hand in his. He tried to pull her a little apart from the others. Both hands closed over the little one he held. His eyes sought hers longingly. Then he snatched up the other hand and held both close to him. He was so hungry for the forbidden kiss! But mother and sister stood guard and he dared not, and the young thing before him did not understand. The tightly closed little petals quivered, the warmth of the sun was upon them; but convention and the mandates under which she moved held her fast. She did not raise her lips.

It was all I could do to keep from hurling the mother and sister to one side. The young man's story was so plainly written on his face. To-morrow he would go forth into battle. His eyes said that he feared he would never come back. All the things of his heart he wanted her to understand. This great moment would never come again, and its full glory was being denied him.

The whistle blew, the train began to move. The young man leaped to his place. Unashamed tears gathered in his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. He leaned far out of the window and stretched out his arms. My own heart was in my throat. The day had been so full of tragedy; the whole earth was an abode of sorrow. Love and beauty were being suppressed, frozen. It was as though the cold hands of winter had been laid heavily on the land.

But as I looked, suddenly I saw that the sun was setting. The entire valley was flooded with golden light, the white clouds had all turned pink and were scattering; and far above them in uncovered, naked splendor shone the snow-covered peaks. The heavens seemed to be opening and revealing inner beauty, and suddenly into my mind flashed this line, —

O Wind,
If Winter come, can Spring be far behind?

FOOD-PREPAREDNESS FOR THE UNITED STATES

BY CHARLES O'BRIEN

In February, after we had broken off diplomatic relations with Germany and before a state of war had been declared as existing, we paid higher prices for food than warring Europe, and had food riots that rivaled those of 'starving' Germany herself. It was our first real taste of war food-conditions. Potatoes sold at wholesale in New York City as high as ten dollars and a half for a barrel of 155 pounds, as against two dollars and a half before the war; and they retailed by the pound, the measure of the poor, for thirteen cents, two for a quarter, or about twenty dollars a barrel. Furious housewives upset venders' carts, drove their owners to shelter, and boycotted dealers and their supplies. They stormed the mayor's office for relief, held mass meetings, and paraded the streets in protest.

Government officials — national, state, and municipal — were forced to take note of the situation, and as usual there resulted much talk of investigation and indictment. The war, the farmer, the railroads, and the middleman all came in for blame; nor were the waste and extravagance of the ultimate consumer allowed to escape unscathed. Threats of government ownership relieved the freight congestion at the Atlantic seaboard, and superhuman efforts on the part of railroads, middlemen, and government officials brought a temporary measure of relief, but the problem was not solved.

That it would remain unsolved, if times were normal, goes without saying. We would forget it, as is our wont. But the times are not normal and there is consequently every chance that the problem will continue to be forced on our attention until something definite is done about it. The war is the unusual circumstance that is not going to allow us to forget it. We find ourselves in a situation where food-conditions promise to be worse instead of better. Potatoes went up in February, following our diplomatic break with Germany. Wheat climbed to two dollars a bushel two days after the President read his war message to Congress. There is not only a shortage of food in America, but a world-shortage as well. It appears that, if we are to feed ourselves and at the same time help to feed the world, we shall need a better organization of our resources than we have. Brains will have to be applied to the problem, and a thorough and coordinated system of control figured out. Action, not talk, is required. Oratory and boasting about the vastness of our resources have had their day and have been found wanting. They grow no potatoes.

We have entered the war, not knowing when or how it will end, or where it may lead us. In the matter of food-supply it may face us with conditions not unlike those of Europe. Happily there are men in Washington who realize this, and who have made a beginning. The Council of National Defense is alive to the necessity of food-preparedness as well as of the military, naval, and industrial kinds. Actively

coöperating with Messrs. Coffin, Gifford, Clarkson, and Rosenwald of the Council are Assistant Secretary of Agriculture Vrooman and Quartermaster-General Sharpe of the army, the President backing them in their efforts. These men, with others, propose to give America a measure of food-control that will prepare us to meet any emergency that may arise in that connection during the war.

We know that in entering the war we are going in against the most efficient and highly organized state that the world has ever known — a state which has proved its efficiency by being able to hold out against a powerful ring of enemies and the material resources of the world for almost three years. We have thrown down the gauntlet to that power, and made our entrance a question of the survival of democracy or autocracy. We are taking the risk of that power winning in Europe, as Admiral Fiske says it has an even chance of doing, then turning on us and making us stand the brunt of the battle, perhaps with the theatre of operations transferred to our own soil.

In anticipation of our entrance against her, Germany proposed to create for us a 'ring of enemies' similar to her own. She would have us, as she has been, shut within an 'iron ring,' and we can be sure that, if able, she would join in the formation of the ring. Whether we would be able to live as successfully on an 'iron ration' as she has done depends to a large extent on the way we prepare ourselves in advance for the test.

We can 'muddle through' as we have in past wars, this time jeopardizing the existence of the Republic, or we can develop instead an adequate programme of food-preparedness. Fortunately the problem has been greatly simplified for us by what has been learned by the experience of the European belligerents, particularly Germany herself. We have but to apply the information to our own circumstances, using what is deemed necessary and discarding the remainder.

The idea of food-preparedness is a new one, which has come out of the war. Before, it existed only in embryo. In the war it has been developed and perfected, ready for the adoption of any needy nation. It calls merely for the use of foresight instead of hindsight, intelligent leadership, system, and coördinated control. We have the necessary knowledge and the brains. It remains only to provide the plan and to act according to it. In brief, the system prevents draining the farm of needed men, stimulates and directs the production of food-stuffs, controls the matter of hoarding and price-raising, insures the military an effective backing for its efforts, and protects the civil population against want and extortion.

Before the war Germany alone seems to have had any idea that there was such a thing as food-preparedness. She had by no means thoroughly developed it, but her scientists and experts had gone into the problem as far as they could go without having real, modern war conditions to test their theories by. Her experts gathered the information of the world on the subjects of scientific agriculture and nutrition in such form that it was at the service of the nation when the war began. It was not left scattered haphazard in the heads of individuals. What the Germans knew they knew as a nation, and they kept the knowledge to themselves. That they made use of the pioneer work of our own nutrition experts is vouched for by Horace Fletcher, the American food economist, member of our preparedness board and of the Belgian Relief Commission, who made numerous trips to Germany before the war, to keep in touch with what she

was doing in matters of nutrition, and who was in Belgium when the war broke out.

The newer school in Germany followed closely the work of such men as Professors Chittenden and Fisher of Yale, Graham Lusk of Cornell, Fisk of the Life Extension Institute, Gephart of the Sage Foundation, and others. They followed also the work of our farming experts, and added to their own store of knowledge that developed by our state and national agricultural departments and by the departments of agriculture of our colleges. This explains in part at least why Germany normally grows thirty bushels of wheat to the acre to our fifteen, and it indicates how it happens that she beats the world generally in matters where system and efficiency count.

On the outbreak of the war she proceeded to apply the knowledge that she had stored. Through a commission headed by Dr. Paul Eltzbacher and known as the Eltzbacher Commission, a report in book form was issued shortly after the hostilities began, recommending measures for the conservation, the increase, and the control of Germany's food-resources. The commission was made up of experts in agriculture and nutrition, and its report was based on exact censuses, not only of population, but of the nation's various items of food-stuffs. It discussed and recommended measures for working out the problem of rationing under war conditions, and handled the question of nutrition from the point of view of the newer school in that field. The result was that for the first time in history a scientific diet was prescribed for a nation, the report discussing the ration in terms of calories instead of pounds and tons. The commission made mistakes and was laughed at both in and out of Germany by those who did not appreciate the gravity of the situation. But on the whole its report was sound, and has been the basis of the measures of food-control by which Germany, to the astonishment of the world, has held out against 'a world of enemies.'

When it came to putting the recommended measures of control into operation, the first plan hit upon was the division of the country into eight military departments. This was virtually administration by martial law, with operations directed by the Great General Staff of the Army, on the walls of whose offices in Berlin there were food-maps of the Empire, colored to show which districts were peculiarly adapted for the production of particular food-stuffs. Wheat-growing areas were, for instance, colored red; potato lands, blue; grazing lands, green, and so on. There were, besides, specifications of the kinds and amounts of fertilizers to be used. War cook-books were issued by the million and adapted to the needs of various parts of the Empire.

But this control by the military did not work well. Conflicts arose between the regulations of the several departments, between them and the laws of the various states of the Empire, and again between the laws of the states themselves and the laws of the Empire. It was not at all unlike the conflict between the laws of our own states, and between state laws and federal laws. Inequalities in production and distribution resulted. There was hoarding, price-boosting, shortages, and riots. Housewives feared that they faced famine. The military authorities, with their hands full of the war, were unable to cope with the situation. Control by martial law failed. The problem had to be turned over to the civil authorities to be solved.

It was in June, 1916, that the Imperial Government finally took over entire charge of the matter and created

a central agency of control, known as the War Nutrition Office. All red tape was cut and all conflict of laws eliminated. The board placed in control was made up of experts in the production, transportation, and distribution of food-stuffs, and at its head was placed an efficient operator, Dr. Adolf von Batocki, known to the world as Germany's 'Food Dictator.'

His regulations are law and are enforced by the machinery of the government, national, state, and municipal. His power is absolute in food matters. He dictates the kinds and amounts of crops to be grown and cattle to be raised, what portion the farmer may keep and what he shall sell to the state, the price he shall get, how and by whom the food-stuffs shall be handled, both wholesale and retail, and the prices to be charged, and, finally, by the card-system he regulates consumption by the individual, insuring to each his share. In practice the system was worked out backwards. First the card idea was perfected, then the control of the retailer and the wholesaler was established, and finally a drive was made on the farmer, the latter being the most elusive factor in the situation. To-day the system is in working order, but the farmer continues to bother the War Nutrition Office and probably will do so more or less to the end of the war. The German people as a whole are playing the game, but there is a widespread belief that the farmers, especially the Junkers of East Prussia, are holding out supplies, and the result will doubtless be that the government will proceed to confiscate stores and surplus stocks.

In December, 1916, six months after the establishment of the food-dictatorship, Germany passed her civil service mobilization law, making subject to draft into the service of the state every man and woman between the ages of eighteen and sixty. This enables the government to play checkers with the people as to their employment. Its primary purpose was to increase the output of munitions, but it will also be used to replace farm-labor that has gone into the war, to insure the proper cultivation and harvesting of crops. It makes it possible for Germany — weather permitting — to have a better yield in 1917 than in any season since the year the war began.

A further measure of economy contemplated by the government is the feeding of the entire population, rich and poor alike, from government kitchens, after the manner in which the quartermaster's department feeds the army. It will not be resorted to unless present measures of control fail, but it will be applied in case necessity dictates. If adopted, it will be the most amazing step in socialization of effort ever attempted by a state, in itself revolutionary in character and a step which perhaps might be the cause of revolution. It would release from the work of preparing food hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of men and women, and would result in ability on the part of the government further to prolong the war.

The adoption of a food-dictatorship for the United States is an unthinkable thing. It is difficult to imagine, in the first place, that we could ever be put to such straits to feed ourselves as Germany has been. But, if blockaded from the outside world, there are factors which would enter our problem which would make it not altogether unlike the one Germany has had to solve. It is certain that we would need at least some similar measures of control, though we should try very hard to avoid the dictator. War complicates things. Life no longer moves in its usual channels as in peace-time. The tendency is to upset whatever system

exists and throw things out of gear. We know we have none too much system as it is. That was demonstrated to us in February. That we shall need vastly more than we have, in the real war that we are entering, would seem to go without saying.

Our population numbers one hundred million people, and we have three million square miles of territory from which to feed ourselves. As compared with that, there are comprised in the blockaded area of Germany, her allies, and their conquered enemy territory, together with the semi-blockaded area of the neutral states contiguous to the Teutonic empires, a population of about one hundred and eighty millions, to be fed from an area of, in round numbers, one million, eight hundred thousand square miles. We should have to ration thirty-three people to the square mile as against their one hundred. In other words, considering population and area alone, our problem would be but one-third as difficult.

But there is to be taken into consideration the German capacity for system, organization, and efficiency, and our own comparative lack of them. If we had to do it, we could doubtless become as systematic and as efficient as Germany, and, under compulsion, we could by intensive farming feed ourselves from an area the size of Texas, which is larger than Germany. But we have not experienced the necessity of having to do it and, therefore, have not done it, and we are consequently wasteful, profligate, unsystematic, lacking in organization and efficiency.

Now the necessity confronts us of preparing ourselves to meet a contingency such as we have never before faced in the life of the nation. We have to prepare, not to a known degree, but for the ultimate. The plainly indicated procedure for us is to leave nothing undone that would put us on a plane of efficiency equal to, or higher than, that of our enemy. We should summon our best agricultural and nutrition experts, and with them experts in the field of transportation and distribution of food-stuffs, and have them outline what is necessary for the conservation, the increase (if necessary), and the control of our available food-supply. We have such experts in plenty, and in their brains and in the files of the various bureaus and departments of our government there exists the necessary information. It should be mobilized. This body should be made to work with, or under, the Council of National Defense, and to coördinate our food-supply problem with our other problems of preparedness.

Following that work, which has already been done in part at least by the Council itself, an efficient operating body, with power to act and really control the situation, should be created. It should have at its head a real executive and administrator, and should have power to carry out nationally such measures of control as would ensure an adequate food-supply. The delegation of such power should be accompanied by the elimination in advance of any possible conflict with, or interference from, local municipal and state authorities. Unless this is done the attempt at food-control will fail just as it failed in Germany at the start. It is a problem which can be dealt with only by a national agency, and it will not suffice merely to clothe such an agency with power similar to that possessed by the Interstate Commerce Commission, which, while exercising authority over interstate traffic, has no control of traffic wholly within state borders. As a branch of our war government its power should be as broad as that of the army in military matters or the navy on the sea. We should think it ridiculous if the army

could be interfered with by state and municipal agencies. It should appear just as ridiculous to us to have a national control of food-supply in such a war as we are entering upon interfered with by those authorities.

Our most serious difficulty is likely to result from a disturbance of labor conditions on the farm, due to enlistments crippling the movement of food-supply at the source through interference with production. And a further factor, seriously to be considered, will be a secondary drift of labor to the city factories to replace employees who will go into the war. There has already been quite enough of that in peace-time; if it were allowed to be augmented by the war, it would deal a death-blow to the farmer and leave the way open for the necessity of importing alien labor when peace returns.

The Council of National Defense plans to keep labor in munition factories, where it is as necessary as in the war. It is just as important that it plan to keep it on the farm; or at least that it arrange to replace enlistments with other labor, so that there will be no loss at the source of food-production.

In addition to this control of farm-labor supply, such a national food-control board should coöperate with the farmers of the country, so that there would be a coördination of production to prevent shortages of necessities. If the matter is left to existing conflicting agencies, confusion and inefficiency will result.

In a similar manner the transportation and distribution of food-stuffs should be regulated from the national standpoint, local shortages due to faulty distribution prevented, hoarding and price-raising made impossible, and maximum and minimum prices established for the protection of all concerned — farmer, middleman, and consumer, the government included.

The adoption of such a thorough programme of food-control entails the passing of constitutional amendments giving Congress the power to put them into effect. But it will be the part of wisdom to pass them now and grant the power, if only for the war, rather than to wait until it is too late. We face a national crisis and we need a national organization to face it with. Qualms about the sacredness of state rights should not be allowed to interfere in such an emergency. If they do interfere, there is left only the remedy of martial law, which knows only the doctrine of necessity, but which should not have to be invoked, for our army will have all it can do to look after strictly military affairs.

If we hold to our present lack of system, organization, and control, and our present conflict of authorities, national, state, and municipal, it may cost us dear; it may neutralize the unquestionable fact that no nation ever had such enormous resources for making war as the United States to-day. Because Germany has made a genius of system, organization, and efficiency, is no reason why we need fear those things. They are not peculiar attributes of autocracy. If they were, autocratic Russia would have had them; but she did not. They are just as possible in a democracy as in an autocracy.

Our fundamental trouble as a nation is that among the hundred millions of us there are almost as many different ideas as to what we ought to do about any given thing. We scatter our brain-power instead of concentrating its effort. It is a result of the system of individualism on which our government was founded. Now, the conflict in Europe has demonstrated that individualism in war-time is an outworn system. The countries fighting Germany have been forced to abandon it by the necessity for system, organiza-

tion, and efficiency produced by the war. They have been made over into highly efficient and highly organized socialized units. They will have better governments and a happier life in the end as a result.

If we are to be effective in the war, we have got to nationalize and socialize our life and our effort. We have got to learn that anarchical individualism is not the *sine qua non* of democracy; that system, organization, and efficiency are compatible with the development of our ideals; and in the learning of it we shall find that these measures of socialization will yield a fuller and freer life to the individual whose effort is now dissipated in our scramble.

It is only a speculation, — an interesting speculation, nevertheless, — but if Voltaire had gone to Berlin to live, as Frederick the Great implored him to do, the world might have been spared its present agony. They were friends, prodigious correspondents, but the founders of two opposing systems of thought that have clashed in the present war. Both were extremists. Had they come together they might have hit upon a happy mean between their two systems and saved us the trouble of doing so; but they did not.

Voltaire, who, with Rousseau, influenced the thought that brought on the French Revolution, was the prophet of the doctrine of *laissez faire*, better known to us as individualism. Frederick the Great built the foundations of modern Prussia. In 1750 these two friends did much to lay the groundwork of to-day's bloody conflict.

Germany, the inheritor of the ideas of Frederick, has too much system, organization, and control of life to suit us. We, the heritors of the ideas of Voltaire, have too little for our own good. There is surely a happy mean, and it is possible for us to hit upon it and work it out. Perchance that will be the greatest benefit that we as a nation and a people will get out of the war. We are offered the opportunity of setting an example and a model for the world to pattern by.

THE GRAVEYARD BY THE MORAVA. I

BY LIEUTENANT MILUTIN KRUNICH

I

After the fall of Nish my division had retreated on the right bank of the Morava River; its task was to prevent the Bulgarians from crossing, and to keep open for traffic the high road toward the south on the left bank. The combined army of fifty thousand men had to pass along this road.

South of Nish, on the left bank of the river, stretched the valley of the Morava for twenty miles; in front of Leskovatz this valley became undulating and ascending. Around the town the mountains rose like a gigantic amphitheatre. In order to enter the town one must pass through a wide, natural gateway between two beautiful romantic hills which ended the amphitheatre. This

pass faced the river, beyond which was the mountainside on which my division was intrenched. The highway from Nish and Kruschevatz went through the central part of the valley and turned to the left near Leskovatz, leading on through the pass and the town into the mountain fastnesses. If the whole combined army could get through this pass it would be secure; then my division could take positions around the town in natural fortresses, where they could easily defend the place and hold the enemy back until the combined army had time to escape beyond the mountains. But could this be done?

The Bulgarian army had not attacked us for some time with infantry, but had discharged their wicked shells, which exploded high above us, staining the pure blue of the skies with smoke. I took advantage of this respite to look through my field-glasses at the valley below me. Thousands and thousands of human beings were creeping along the valley! Here and there one could see masses moving very slowly. These masses were composed of men, women, and children, oxen, cows, sheep, goats, dogs — all jammed together, painfully pushing forward. I could see that they tried to hurry their slow march, but it seemed as if they stumbled at each step over invisible obstacles, and it seemed too as if some great force — the spirit of their native land, perhaps — held them and did not permit them to go forward.

The homes of these people had been burned and destroyed without pity. The fields had been trampled and their fruits ruthlessly crushed into the earth. The rivers were flowing turbid with blood. The songs of the brooks had been drowned by the scream and crash of shot and shell. The forests had been uprooted, broken, ruined, enveloped in smoke and stench. The cemeteries were demolished and desecrated, and the flowers on the tombs were trampled by the hoofs of horses. The bells would never ring again from the white towers of the churches. The grandfathers and grandmothers had been killed amid the ashes of their homes. Song and happiness were replaced by weeping and wailing, the crash of artillery, unspeakable ferocity and cruelty. It was now a land of horror from which they fled — this country which they thought would always be a land of happiness and love, a flowery corner where one could live as in Paradise. Always to be the good mother — their dear native land! And now? Human imagination could not picture a worse hell.

Fright had stiffened their limbs and horror had palsied their minds. My glasses showed me dreadful pictures. A mother carried her infant bound on her back. She clasped the next younger one to her breast, and the older ones, holding to her skirt, ran after her, barefooted, half-clothed, weeping and crying from fear, cold, and hunger. When one of these little ones grew so weak; when his little heart began to beat so slowly; when his little feet, wounded, cut, bloody, and exhausted, could no longer carry his tired body, and his tiny hand, which had held fast to his mother's skirt, was no longer able to hold on, then he let go of the skirt, which was his only shelter; his mother was lost to him and he stood alone. The poor woman could not hear his appealing cry; there were five others around her who were weeping. Suddenly a flock of frightened sheep rushed by, and the child was thrown down into the mud; then came oxen and cows and wagons. Some one among the refugees, who had not yet lost his heart amid this horror, picked up the little body and threw it into a ditch near the road that it might not be crushed any more. In such times, unhappy is every woman who bears the name of mother!

I saw young girls carrying white bundles in which were all the wedding garments, which they had spun and woven in happiness of heart, always with songs on their beautiful lips. Shame, fear, and horror were marked upon their young faces, for the victors had no pity.

I saw men and old women loaded with things saved from the fire, or wrested from the bloody hands of the enemy. Oh, how they staggered, those old people, under the weight of these precious burdens, all that remained of their former riches, and the remnant of life's labor! Before them were driven the weary and starving cattle. They begged these poor creatures to 'go on, go on, my dears, only a little farther.' No one knows the number who died in that grim valley, or the heartrending scenes there. When an only child fell, its mother would lie beside it and with her last strength gather the child to her breast and wait for their black fate.

I saw also the long, dark lines of infantry. How they staggered, wavered and broke, but quickly gathered themselves in order and marched on! Blackened, ragged, bloody, bearing many wounds, yet, with resolute looks and clenched teeth, carrying in their hearts faith in strength and justice, marched these men, stronger than death — the last defenders of their native land.

Everywhere along this valley one could see hundreds and hundreds of wagons. Some turned aside from the thronged roads into the fields, where they tried to go on; but the horses were worn out, the wagons overloaded, the men had made their last efforts. They could go no farther: they remained there, sunk in the deep mud.

An appalling sound rose from the valley, the mingled weeping, screaming, and crying of children, the groans of men, and the lowing and bellowing of the animals.

I leaned my head against the cold stone to shut out this horrible scene, and held both hands over my breast that my heart should not break.

II

At two o'clock in the afternoon the colonel called all the officers of my regiment. As my captain had been wounded ten days before, I, being the next oldest officer, had replaced him and gone to the colonel to take his orders. In a small narrow cup of the hills, shut in by gray rocks, I found him with the other officers around him. I was frightened by the looks of these men. They were pale, dirty, bloodstained, ragged, exhausted, and unshaven. Some of them had bandaged hands, others had bandaged heads. Most of them had no caps; some were shivering with fever; others could hardly stand because of intolerable pain. God! did *I* look the same? Could these be the healthy, handsome young men who went into the struggle two months ago?

As the youngest I took the last place. We were all standing motionless, waiting for orders from the colonel, who stood before us. He looked tenderly upon us; his eyes dimmed, and a shadow seemed to pass over his face. His glance fell; he sighed deeply. Suddenly he straightened himself and threw out his chest; and, looking upon us again with a firm resolute gaze, thus spoke the 'Old Lion': —

'Gentlemen, I could have sent a written order to you, but I summoned you to say that our efforts have been rewarded. We have saved the combined army. Also I wish to say that the *Vojvoda* sends congratulations to you. And I, I admire you, gentlemen! This is not flattery. You know that I cannot flatter, nor do I wish to, for it would be an insult to your efforts and your bravery. Gentlemen, I simply admire you with

all my heart. I see what you have done and I know what you must do. Officers, it is demanded of us to defend Lescovatz; Serbia demands that you die in order to save her other children!'

The colonel was silent for a moment. A deathly hush fell upon us. I looked upon the men around me. A young lieutenant beside me grasped convulsively at my hand to keep from falling. His head was bandaged around the cheek and chin with a dirty cloth through which the blood-drops crept, gathering on his chin and falling on his breast. A captain beside him had a wounded arm which was slung from his neck in a colored shawl, beneath which could be seen the hand, red and swollen; slowly he drew up his other hand and placed it over the wounded one, that the others might not look upon it. Another, a captain, clenched his teeth to prevent their chattering from the racking fever which shook him. But his clothing shivered as in the wind. Farther on stood a young major who was without a cap; his face was red, his hair wet, and from his forehead great drops of sweat ran down. One could see that he was consumed by raging fever. But in spite of all this, when the colonel spoke his last words, every man straightened up. Their looks showed that they had understood the colonel and were ready to make this last sacrifice.

The colonel continued: 'I have received orders from headquarters. During this day and the coming night, the combined army will pass through the pass of Lescovatz. You know that the main attack of the Bulgarians was against this army. It has fought for a month and withstood all these attacks, surviving superhuman efforts, and, at last, has marched day and night without rest. The men are exhausted. Beyond Lescovatz are the mountains, through which the advance is very difficult, and for these worn men it will be still more trying. This means that they must have time to reach safety. Our division must procure this for them by defending Lescovatz. Here is the plan. The Twentieth, Eighteenth, and our regiment will cross the Morava at once, and take the positions around the town. The Fourteenth regiment will remain here with a detachment of mountain artillery and check the enemy during the day and following night until three o'clock in the morning, when they will cross the river, blowing up the bridge behind them. Meanwhile we must make all possible preparations for the fight of the next day. My regiment will defend the position at the right of the town. To every company I give its section.'

Then the colonel told the commanders their sections, and gave the precise information. Presently he came to me:

'Second company of the fourth battalion?' he asked me.

'Yes, sir.'

'How many soldiers have you in your company?'

'About one hundred and fifty, sir.'

'That means that you have lost more than a hundred. Take better care of your children, my boy!' he added, jokingly.

I smiled bitterly.

'One hundred and fifty!' continued the colonel. 'That is a fine number. Others do not have half as many. Because of this I have decided to give you a very important position. You will occupy the position at Mirno Brdo [Peaceful Hill], which is at the right side of the pass. You will dig trenches toward the pass and the valley. I will give you two field-cannon and three machine-guns. Do you see how *I* take care of my children? Remember — dig the trenches deep as possible and as soon as you can. *Do you understand?*'

'Yes, sir.'

I was the last one to receive orders. Meanwhile the other commanders

went to places where they could examine the valley and the position of Lescovatz. Some used field-glasses and all had maps. I took my map to locate my 'Peaceful Hill,' and quickly found it.

I felt as if I had been struck: I saw the mark of a cemetery on my position. Unable to believe this, I took my field-glasses to make sure that I was right. It was true; I distinctly saw the crosses, the graves, and the white monuments.

A cemetery! I did not know what to think. The colonel was moving away. I ran over to him.

'There is a cemetery, sir, over the whole of my position!'

The colonel looked at me with surprise and smiled bitterly.

'I know. Well?'

'The firing line goes along the crest of the hill and I shall have to dig my trenches through the middle of the cemetery among the graves —'

'I know! Well?'

'How can I dig up the graves?'

'How? With pick — with pick and shovel, my boy! Listen! I do not defend the dead, but the *living*. I do not defend cemeteries, but our native land. Do you understand?'

'Yes, sir,' I whispered.

'How right he is!' I thought to myself; and went quickly to my company.

My company still had four platoons. The sergeants of these were good men and very brave. Two of them I was especially fond of, Bora and Cheda. Bora was a lad scarcely twenty years old. He was a student in the University of Geneva, where I had met him two years before. He was a handsome, well-built fellow; smiles and songs were always on his lips. In the most terrible battles he had sung. He used to say that when a man sings he has no time to think about fear, suffering, fatigue, or pain. And so he sang and sang. He was always cheerful and never complained. We all loved him. Many times I have heard the soldiers say, 'We would die to save a hair of Bora's head.'

Cheda was the opposite of Bora — an older man, small, bent, always serious and quiet. He was a peasant, but naturally very intelligent, with a big heart and an idealist's soul. I never saw a braver man. In the most dreadful battles he would put his hands in his pockets and give commands to his soldiers with marvelous coolness and calmness; he never sought to shelter himself. He was a married man, with three children. I loved him, too! To Cheda and Bora I was not a commander, but a real brother.

The time came for my company to cross the bridge. The weary and careworn soldiers went silently. Perhaps they were quiet because of fatigue, pain, and hunger, or perhaps it was because *I* was very sad, worried and anxious, for I usually talked and joked with them. Bora, too, was quiet for a while, but presently he came to me, asking in a worried tone, 'Why are you so gloomy?'

I could not answer him; I could not speak. My head dropped.

But the lad continued, 'Where are we going?'

'To the cemetery,' I replied shortly.

He laughed. 'For more than ten days we have been walking in a cemetery! Joking aside, where are we going?'

'To the cemetery, to the real cemetery, to dig up the graves!'

Bora grasped my sleeve and looked in my face, his fine eyes wide with consternation and fright. I saw that he was much overcome, and spoke quietly to him.

'I have received orders to take the position at Peaceful Hill. And that is the cemetery of Lescovatz. We are obliged to dig up the graves in order to make the trenches. Do you understand now?'

'So it is true, after all,' he said. Then without waiting for my answer he ran to tell Cheda the news. In a short time the whole company knew where we were going.

As I went on ahead of my company, I could hear an angry murmur and now and then an exclamation: 'This is sacrilege!' 'It will bring misery to us!' 'God will punish us!' 'Must we dig up the dead?' 'Must we take out the bones of the dead?'

Every sentence came like a blow on my head. At the same time we fell in with the throng in the valley. We saw those who were unable to go on, who were weeping, or writhing in pain. We saw the wagons mired to the hubs in the deep mud, and it seemed to me that the men clustered round them had lost their reason, for they were shouting madly, and cruelly beating the poor exhausted horses. And then we came to those who were dying, and the dead lying in the ditches.

Three regiments had crossed the river. They were trying to move on across the valley, but the confusion and disorder in the throng was dismaying. I could not endure it any longer.

'Bring me my horse!' I called to my orderly.

After I had mounted I said to Cheda, 'I am going ahead to look over my position; you bring the soldiers to the cemetery. Take care that no one stays behind.'

I spurred my horse so as to leave that hell as quickly as possible.

III

How beautiful was the cemetery! How quiet it was there at Peaceful Hill!

At the crest of the hill was a large rounded plateau, quite level. The old cemetery was on this plateau. It was like a park. Wide straight paths, strewn with yellow sand, went in all directions, and above them great linden trees formed beautiful arches. Between the paths were the graves, surrounded by low borders of evergreen, or old iron fences, with monuments of black or white marble, and a low seat of stones near each grave. At each grave there was a tiny lamp, in many of which red and yellow flames burned. And everywhere were many flowers and sweet odors.

The citizens of Lescovatz had thought this hill-top would always be large enough for their cemetery; but death had been busy in poor Serbia the last five years. Because of this the cemetery had extended down the slopes in all directions; in this new part were hundreds and hundreds of new graves. There were no wide paths between these, nor high monuments of marble, nor iron fences. They were low mounds with simple wooden crosses — the graves of soldiers. But still each grave had its lamp, and many of the flowers which grow so quickly from tears.

I got off my horse, hitched him to a tree, and went to examine the locations where the trenches must be dug. I went first to the south side where the trenches must face the pass. When I reached this place I wanted to cry out in great joy. A wide path ran along the crest just where I must dig the trenches. Never in my life had I felt greater joy and relief. 'If only it would be the same on the other side!' I said aloud to myself, as in prayer. It was easy to establish the points where the trenches were to be dug, for the whole space before the path was entirely clear; the little wooden crosses at the new graves of soldiers below were almost innumerable. Lower down were vineyards and the little cabins of the vine-growers. It was a fine place for my trenches.

Afterwards I rode across to the east side, facing the valley; there all my joy

and hopes vanished. Not only were there no paths, but the old and new cemeteries overlapped. While I was riding to the cemetery I had made up my mind that I *must* destroy the graves. But now, when the moment came that I must really do this, I felt stunned, and my brain refused to act. A cold sweat broke out upon my body; drops trickled down my forehead into my eyes and stung them. Then the words of the colonel came to my mind: 'I do not defend the dead but the living.' I grasped this reason as a drowning man clutches at a straw.

I examined the ground where the line for the trenches must be marked. Here I would have to destroy five old graves and two new ones; there, I would have to dig up seven new and three old ones. But, after a while, I found a line between the graves, which, though not very strategic, would not cross many graves. Only four would have to be destroyed; and of these three were old; two were very old — sunken, and so covered with grass as to be scarcely recognizable. The other old one was surrounded by a black iron fence, and a white marble monument stood near the mound, on which was chiseled in golden letters, 'To our good Mama.' There were many dead roses on the grave, but the beautiful crowns of the chrysanthemums were open.

The new grave was that of a soldier. On the mound were many flowers, and a lamp which burned in its tiny white church. On the left side the earth was pressed down by being knelt upon. At the head of the grave was a small red cross of wood with the words —

YOVAN MILICH
Died of Wounds Received
in the Battle of Kosmaj
October 2, 1915

I looked upon these two graves sadly. In one was lying a son, a soldier, a warrior, a defender of his native land. In the second a mother — the dearest being, the most holy person to her children. It came over me that I must kneel before these graves and pray. But, suddenly I looked upon myself. I was dirty, disheveled, bloodstained.

'Men like me cannot pray to God!' I said aloud. And I felt that it did not pay to live.

By this time my company had arrived at the cemetery. The many experiences which these men had known in their unending fighting had taught them where to go and what to do as soon as they came to a new situation. But now they went hesitatingly, they stopped, they hid behind each other, and all sought to be in the rear line. They were frightened.

'Third and fourth platoons, follow me!' I said, and went to the south side. When we came to the path I said to them, 'You are lucky. You will not have to dig up the graves. The trenches will go along the edge of this path. You will start at this monument and end beyond that tree. You must begin work right away and try to finish before dark. Go on, men, go on to work!'

Afterwards I came back to the first place. Some of the soldiers were going from grave to grave, reading the inscriptions and whispering among themselves. Many had laid down on the grass. Some were asleep. When I came, they all rose, and stood silently awaiting my order. It seemed to me that they stood before the last judgment. Bora and Cheda came to me.

'Listen!' I said to them. 'You will begin at this fence, dig over this new grave and those with white monuments, and end beyond the two old graves. Begin at once. We must finish this in four hours. Come on!'

The soldiers, with shovels on their shoulders, advanced slowly and hesitatingly and stood near each other on the line I marked out. A great hulking

fellow, tanned almost black, with bandaged head, the stock of whose gun bore more than thirty scratches (each scratch meant that he had killed a man), stood over the soldier's grave and with his heavy boot kicked at the earth of the mound and trampled the flowers. I would rather he had trampled on my heart.

When the soldiers were all in line, Cheda said, 'Begin!'

Each man bent and began to dig at his place. Cheda came to the big soldier and quietly said to him, 'You must not throw down the cross!'

'No fear, Sergeant, it's not in my way,' replied the giant, and struck his shovel into the mound.

I went a little farther and sat down on a bank, that I might not see.

The sun was going down. Its last red rays shone through the crowns of the lindens whose yellow and faded leaves covered the paths and the graves. The trees and monuments made long shadows on the leaf-strewn ground, which looked like a beautiful carpet of a thousand colors, rosy with the gleam of the sunset. The little lamps on the graves began to shine more brightly and weirdly. At first I heard only the strokes of picks and shovels behind me; then the soldiers began to murmur, to talk, then to call to each other, to swear, and finally to laugh. I heard a voice.

'It is not so terrible to dig here.'

'Surely, it is not. The sexton does this all his life!'

I recognized the voice as that of the giant who dug into the soldier's grave.

'Eh! How easy the shovel goes in this wet earth — like into a cheese,' said another.

'In a cemetery the earth is always wet — with tears!' I heard Bora's voice.

'Dig! dig!' said Cheda, in a low, serious tone.

'Oh, yes! dig! dig!' replied Bora. 'It's all the same. If we dig in the fields, pastures, vineyards, rocks, mountains, forests, or cemeteries, it is all the same; everywhere we destroy human toil and God's works. In every case we are sinners. In other places we throw out only stones, but here a skull. But it is all the same anyway; neither can speak, neither can feel. Dig! dig!'

Presently I saw an old man who was trying to hurry toward us. He was unable to run, but he cried out something and made signs with his hands. I rose and met him at the trench. He was very, very old, his hair was all white, his eyes were wide with horror. He tried to speak, but he had lost his breath from hurrying and no words came. He gasped for breath a few moments, stretched his hands toward the soldiers as if he wanted to make them stop, then cried, —

'What are you doing here, men?'

'Can't you see? We're digging trenches!' said Cheda in a low angry voice. He hated to be interfered with.

'But in the cemetery!' exclaimed the poor old man. 'In *my* cemetery! Don't you know that I have taken care of this cemetery more than forty years? I swore before God that I would keep forever his holy things. I do not permit this. Do you understand? I do not permit you to dig here! It is impossible! From a thousand other places you choose just this to destroy!'

'Hey, *cheecha*, as far as you can see the trenches are dug everywhere round the town. Now understand *me*, everywhere they —' began Bora.

'I don't care!' broke out the *cheecha*, angrily, to Bora. 'You can dig everywhere, you can destroy everything, you can do what you wish, but *not here!*'

For a moment there was silence. The soldiers stopped their work and watched to see what happened.

The old sexton, seeing this, thought

that we had given up and said more gently, '*Hayde, hayde dobri moye.* Fly from here!'

'That's impossible; we are not birds,' laughed a soldier.

'What! you will *not* go from here? You will not leave my graves in peace?'

'I beg of you, *cheecha*, go away,' said Cheda sternly; 'go, go at once, and get out of our way.' And turning to the soldiers, he said, 'Go on digging.'

The men, who were amused at this scene, began to dig, laughing. When the poor old man saw this, he screamed as if he had been wounded, and rushing to the giant who was digging at the soldier's grave, grasped his shovel with both hands, trying to take it away from him, and crying, —

'*Hae!* you shall not, you shall not dig here while I am alive!'

The big soldier, from whom the devil himself could not wrest anything, held the shovel in one hand; with the other he brushed away the old man, saying,

'Let me alone, *cheecha.* Let me alone, I tell you! If I had to defend such as you, certainly I would not destroy these graves; but,' pointing to the valley, 'for those down there, I would do anything; for those I would die!'

And, knowing that he was right, in his excitement he pushed the old man so hard that he fell to the ground. I hurried to them, crying, —

'What are you doing, you fools?'

Then, for the first time, the old man saw me. He crept to me, clasped my feet with his arms, and weeping, begged me: —

'O sir! sir! I beg of you, if you know God, don't let them destroy the graves; don't let them commit a terrible sacrilege! God will punish them!'

I bent over him and said, —

'Be reasonable, *cheecha*, we have to dig here. This place is a very important strategic point. If we do not defend it, the Bulgarians will enter quickly into the town and do frightful things. Serbia is dying, *cheecha*, her people are perishing. We have to do everything in order to save them. We must take every help. The time is coming when we must take help of the dead too. Understand, the dead have to help us now!'

The old sexton looked at me in amazement, as if he did not understand me. Suddenly his head drooped; he fell to the ground and wept like a child. Cheda looked at me. I gave him a sign with my head and he went to the soldiers.

'Two men here! Take that old man and carry him to his home, and say to his wife, or to anybody else, that they must leave the cemetery at once.'

Two soldiers lifted the old man, taking him under the arms, and went off. The old sexton looked as if he were dead. After going a little distance, he jerked himself away from the soldiers, straightened up and cried in a solemn voice, —

'You have to know that you dig your own grave. God will punish you! He will bury *you* to-morrow!'

Then suddenly he collapsed and fell into the arms of the soldiers, an inert mass. The men were laughing and calling, —

'Oh, we know that!'

'We came here for that!'

'At least, we know that we will have a good sexton!'

'Be silent! Work!' said Cheda, angrily.

The soldiers became quiet and began to work again. It seemed as if I had dreamed all this, that I was not alive. I felt as if the heart and soul had gone out of me and I had neither nerves nor brain. I returned to the bank and sat down. The sun had set but it was still light. It was one of those beautiful last days of autumn, which tell us that Nature will soon die, but also give

promise of a new springtime. Alas! the springtime will never come again to poor Serbia!

For a while the soldiers worked quietly. They saw the night coming, and as they knew that the trenches must be finished before dark, they used their last strength hurriedly. Occasionally I heard a sad, tired sigh, the sigh of a man who can no longer move. Then I would hear the voice of his friend: —

'Go, go on, *bata* [little brother], only for a little longer. We will have the whole night to rest!'

Then I heard a strange noise of many voices calling, —

'Hee! Bones!'

'How black and yellow they are!'

'How large they are! One cannot believe they are human bones!'

All of a sudden I heard an angry exclamation, the cry of a man who had endured for a long time and can no longer bear up.

'I cannot work any longer! I shall stifle! It smells horribly!'

'What? It smells!' I heard Bora's voice. 'Ha, *bato moj*, this is no perfumer's shop, it is a cemetery; it is not the festival of Mi-Carême, it is war. Have you forgotten the days of Cerna-Bara, when we had to remain for fifteen days in our trenches, and around us lay the corpses which had rotted in the summer sun, because we could not bury them? Do you remember that?'

'I remember, but it was not as —'

'It was worse,' said Cheda angrily. 'It is not worth your while to complain. Better work! Dig!'

Again they were silent. Again only the stroke of the picks.

'Auh!' cried a frightened voice. 'Bora, look here! A skull!'

' A skull! Throw it up here. How terrible and cold it is! Can it be possible that this was once covered with flesh, and moved above the earth? Brothers, for a long time I have wished to act Hamlet; finally my opportunity is here. No actor would wish a better stage. But instead of applause, it is the thunder of cannon. It is more magnificent! And instead of laurels, perhaps I will get a bullet through my forehead. But it is all the same. This scene is worth death! The story is, that a khedive, throwing away his koran and his *ingiales*, gave liberty to all his slaves and the wives of his harem. He stood before a window and saw how these unhappy ones joyfully breathed the beautiful air of liberty. Never khedive saw a more magnificent picture! Later, he committed suicide in the great delight of his heart, with these words on his lips, "These scenes will not happen every day."

'A skull! Is that a skull of a politician, a lawyer, or a buyer of land? Is that a skull of those men whom Hamlet hated and despised? No, no, it is the skull of a mother. Do you see what is written here: "To our good Mama!" Mother! Sometimes you had heard those words, my poor skull, my good mother, and you were the happiest among human beings. Mother! She is our source of life, of nourishment, — our teacher, protector, defender, angel, love, life — our God! All this is one woman, one mother, to her children. Skull, what are you to me? Nothing but cold, dirty, dead bones. And yet, in these dark sockets were once eyes, like those of my mother, which wept with happiness when I smiled, or with pain when I but cut my little finger. Oh! dear mother's eyes! Here were the lips, like the lips of my mother, which kissed me and called me "my angel." Here were the cheeks, like the cheeks of my mother, which I kissed uncounted times!'

Something thrilled in my heart and soul when I heard Bora's words. I felt that his words burned me, scathed me, and kindled great pain within me; but

at the same time, I felt that a strange warmth was melting the ice around my heart which had formed there during these last days of horror. It seemed to me that I wanted to listen to his words, to drink them in, and yet, at the same time, to close my ears to them. All the feelings which I had hidden and kept deep in my heart, this good boy, in his honesty and youth, had drawn out without pity. Never, never should one speak of *mother* in the war! When I heard the words about mother, I felt as if I could not breathe, and that I could no longer endure to hear him speak, and I called out to him, —

'Stop, Bora! Come here.'

Slowly he came over. He was pale as death.

I was frightened by his looks, and I put both hands on his shoulders, shook him and said, —

'Bora, be a man!'

He looked at me, then he smiled, opened his eyes widely, his face flushed, and in an eager and excited voice, he said to me, —

'God protect them! Is it not so?'

'Yes, Bora, God protect them!' I repeated, prayerfully; and suddenly I felt that a great hope had entered my heart. Just then the big black soldier's voice broke in.

'Lieutenant!'

'What is the matter?'

'A coffin, sir, entirely new! Look! a fine red coffin! Here it is peeping out from the earth. If I dig deeper it will take more than a half of the trench. What shall I do now?'

'The trench is not deep enough,' I said to him; 'dig around it and leave it exposed.'

'That is a fine idea. For a long time you have wished to have a chair in the trench. Now you will have one!'

'Fool!' said Cheda, angrily.

'It's a fine idea, anyway!' said the big fellow, chuckling, and he began to dig.

(*To be continued*)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE SLEEPY ROAD

It is hard for me to remember now that my knowledge of the Sleepy Road, gained so many years ago, came only through the chance bit of advice dropped by a wise, kind, weary old doctor as he shuffled, at midnight, down the corridor of the silent hospital. Whatever was the errand of life or death that had called him in such haste, he had time to stop and give me a friendly word, although I, a small and incorrigibly sleepless patient, was sitting bolt upright among the pillows in defiance of all his orders, and was staring, wide-eyed, into the hot, pain-haunted dark.

'You think you are never going to be able to sleep again, don't you?' he observed; 'well, shut your eyes and do just what I tell you. Think of some road that you know well, a good long road that winds and turns and shows you water and woods and hills. Keep your eyes tight shut and travel along it in memory as slowly as you can; recall every sight and sound and perfume as you pass by. I have such a road of

my own, the one I used to walk to school when I was eight years old; I have started out on it a hundred times, when I thought I could not sleep, but I never get very far. I come just about to the old, stone bridge over Damon's Creek, or perhaps to the swimming-hole where the willows dip into the brown water, but I never reach the end.'

On many and many a night since then I have traveled my own Sleepy Road and thanked the dear old doctor at every step of the way. When obstinate wakefulness will yield to nothing else, I have only to close my reluctant eyes firmly and set off. I go first down the street that leads from the house where I was born — an overgrown country-town street, known as The Avenue, lined with tall, lank houses of the Middle Victorian period, the broad lawns beginning to be submerged under the rising tide of aggressive bungalows.

I pass, at last, a corner where there stands, deserted and dropping to decay, an enormous dwelling whose millionaire builder, now long since dead, followed no school of architecture save the Pure Plutocratic and his own sweet will. The edge of his garden still shows a few red geraniums and purple coleus and is guarded by weather-stained iron deer: the flora and fauna of a forgotten Art. Beyond these monstrosities, the street turns abruptly, drops swiftly down-hill, and becomes a road, the Sleepy Road at last. As I hear the cool rustle of the trees on either hand and see their sharp shadows lying across the white, dusty way, the first feeling of drowsiness comes and begins to weigh down the eyelids that have, so far, been kept shut only by main strength of will.

There is another sound to be heard presently, the thin trickling of water that comes splashing out from below a great boulder, joins a tiny stream, and runs below a rude, makeshift bridge. Sometimes I have it winter when I pass across that bridge, so that the little ravine is full of drifted snow, with the black arches of bent ferns crowned with white, and tall leafless trees standing above against a blue and cloudless sky. Or sometimes it is spring, with dry leaves blowing before warm April winds, with the smell of wild crab-apple in the air, and with white bloodroots starring the steep brown banks. But whatever the season, I stop to lean upon the bark-covered rail, to sniff the sweet fresh woodsy air — and to yawn for the first time.

Beyond the bridge there is another turn, where I come out at the edge of the river, the silent mile-wide stream that waking people would call our greatest inland waterway, but that, to me, stands only for the River of Sleep. It is always late daylight when I set out on my pilgrimage. It is shadowy twilight when I stand upon the bridge, with, perhaps, a little thin new moon behind the tree-tops. But it is full, flooding moonlight when I reach the river shore. The wide, quiet expanse is a sheet of polished silver, broken into bars of shattered splendor where the water comes rippling in at my feet. The road stretches away along the bank; a far-flung white ribbon, looping over hills and around the little bays, it finally slants up the wooded bluff and disappears. I follow it, more and more slowly now, past the little marshy harbor where the cat-tails rustle together in the night wind, past the neat, square fields that checkerboard the rising slope, through a tiny sleeping town where the windows are blank and blind in the white light, and where only one drowsy dog raises his head as he lies upon a doorstep and barks at me in friendly greeting as I go by his gate. All the world is asleep and so shall I soon be.

Outside the town is a high bridge spanning a tributary river, a good-

sized, hasty, tumbling stream that shrinks into insignificance beside the silent, tremendous flood in which it finally loses itself. There are trees grouped at the head of the bridge — straight white ghostly sycamores; then denser woods that hide river and fields as the way goes steeply up a breath-taking hill. It was bright moonlight when I passed the town; it was deep, black shadow in the wooded hollow; but, when I come out upon the broad crowning plateau where there are neither trees nor houses nor view of the river, the moon has gone, and above the level fields I see only a wide, wide sea of stars.

Of all the miles of the Sleepy Road this is the stretch that I love the best. It is along this that I pass so slowly, — oh! so slowly, — with sleep but one turn of the road away. Whatever season I choose to have it when I pass the little bridge, or the river, or the town, whether it is winter or gay spring or glowing autumn, it is always high midsummer when I come here. The gigantic, sprawling length of the Scorpion hangs, it seems, nearly half-way round the horizon, its glowing Antares regards me with a friendly, ruddy eye. Above is clear-faced Vega, the widespread wings of the Swan, the hovering Eagle, and the broad white river of the Milky Way, with Arcturus and the Dipper swinging low before me. But I have not time to greet them all; the plateau is not, alas! so wide as that.

The way dips once more and passes down a long curving hill. There is another turn at the foot, guarded by a great round oak tree whose shadow casts a pool of blackness across the path. Beyond the turn, I know, is the broad river again, with a fringe of silver poplars along the shore. Sleep has walked close beside me for this long time, and now slips a hand into mine. I can hear the cool patter of the moving aspen leaves. I come nearer and nearer, but I do not pass the turn. I know that, beyond, the way stretches far and straight and white across more valleys and wooded hills; that, on the farthest height, the roofs and spires of a distant city stand black against the stars. But I never see them for, as the dear good doctor said, though I travel the Sleepy Road innumerable times, I can never come to its end.

'A WOMAN OF ALMOST THIRTY'

'ALTHOUGH a woman of almost thirty, there was still the spring of youth in her walk.'

I re-read the sentence. It stood out clearly in a firm, round, Freshman hand. I called to mind the vigorous young person who had thus unwittingly destroyed the calm of my theme-correcting evening. She was, on the whole, little different from her Freshman sisters, possibly more observing and conscientious — *well trained*, we call it. She had simply given classic form to a point of view which was probably shared by most of her two hundred and fifty-seven classmates.

The idea gave me shocked pause, for I was even then within hail of my thirtieth birthday — unrheumatically within hail (that is the point!) — and still cherishing the notion that my life lay before and not behind me. Modern novelists had reinforced me in this idea. Surely Helena Ritchie and the astonishing Alice Challis and many another found interest in their middle years. Of late, however, it had been increasingly brought home to me that the point of view of the older novelists, whose heroines had lived all the life that counted before they were twenty-five, is the point of view of the college undergraduate. I thankfully admit that my thinking is less young than it was ten years ago; association with the

Freshman mind has assured me of this fact beyond possibility of doubt. But, alas! my feeling is still young; and apparently it should be of more elderly mien. There is a note almost of reproach in that sentence: 'Although a woman of almost thirty, there was still the spring of youth in her walk.'

Say it over a few times and see how you begin to feel. I found myself tentatively testing arm- and leg-movements. Both seemed in excellent form. Was it indeed unseemly in one of my years to walk with 'the spring of youth'? Was the longing within me on gay April mornings 'to laugh, to run, to leap, to sing for joy' an abnormal survival from the days of my childhood? Hazlitt, to be sure, quite frankly acknowledges giving way to such a desire, and on the lesser provocation of 'a winding road and a three hours' march to dinner.' Nor does he seem to have felt any shame in indulging himself. But then, Hazlitt was a man and under no compulsion to appear graceful or dignified. Do you remember how Dorothy Wordsworth's 'quick, glancing movements' offended De Quincey? They gave, he says, 'an ungraceful and even an unsexual character to her appearance.' It should also be remembered that Hazlitt did not live under the critical eye of the undergraduate.

It is very repressing, this living under that critical eye. It tends to make one staid and inexpressive. One tries to behave properly middle-aged; to curb one's inclination for 'quick, glancing movements' and for active and undignified postures; to let the young wait upon one and regard one's judgments as oracular.

Yet contact with young people is supposed to be rejuvenating! Indeed, this contact is the only good thing many see in that absorbing and in every other way desirable profession of teaching. Was ever so false an idea? How could so obvious a fallacy get the popular ear? Think how little aware of passing years we should be, were it not for the young! Their very presence proclaims our greater years. They themselves seem to have conspired together to help us to a suitable awareness. Every possible aid is offered, and offered in the kindest spirit of courtesy. One is helped into wraps, relieved of carrying loads or opening doors, guided up and down steps, deposited in easy chairs, and generally treated as fragile. It is all delightful; but the force of suggestion as exerted by so many vigorous young minds will sooner or later have its effect. We may resist for a time; ultimately, however, we shall take ourselves at the rating of the community in which we live. I have seen my friends capitulate one by one, accept the verdict of the majority, and settle down into the accepted properties of middle-age.

And perhaps that is what one should do. The fact remains, however, that the adjustments of middle-age are less nicely made than those of adolescence. The feeling more often fails to accompany the fact. When one was sixteen there was no doubt about it — one felt quite the young lady and gladly so comported herself; now, when one is 'almost thirty' and still possessed of 'the spring of youth,' one is expected to conduct one's self not according to one's feelings but according to one's years. The task is difficult. I know 'a woman of almost thirty' who, as an outlet for liveliness unbefitting her age, turns a few cautious somersaults now and then, beyond closed doors and upon prudently arranged sofa-pillows. It looks indelicate even in print, does n't it? As connected with a particular person the habit could never be mentioned. Clandestine cigarette-smoking might give a piquant flavor, but clandestine somersaulting —!

the soup of the epicure

"The cares I left behind me."

With what infinite relief a woman can say this when she has made skilful preparations for the Holiday!

Good food easily prepared—how much it helps to summertime enjoyment! As every clever woman knows. Chief among the "tricks" in her larder are Franco-American Soups—all ready to serve and each one a sheer delight to the happy, healthy, hungry appetite.

Have you considered how convenient and compact, as well as how delicious and healthful, Franco-American Soups are for all the royal feasts of the Big Vacation—both indoors and out—at the mountain bungalow or the fashionable seaside "cottage?"

Especially appealing in the summer months is the Franco-American Consommé, served either hot or cold. The sparkling clarity of it invites. The bracing meat juices of it refresh and invigorate. The after-effect of it mildly stimulates. Following exercise, it is superior to all other beverages.

Order Franco-American Soups by the case for your summer-home.

Twenty cents the can—Double size, thirty-five cents

Merely heat before serving *At the better stores*

Franco-American Soups

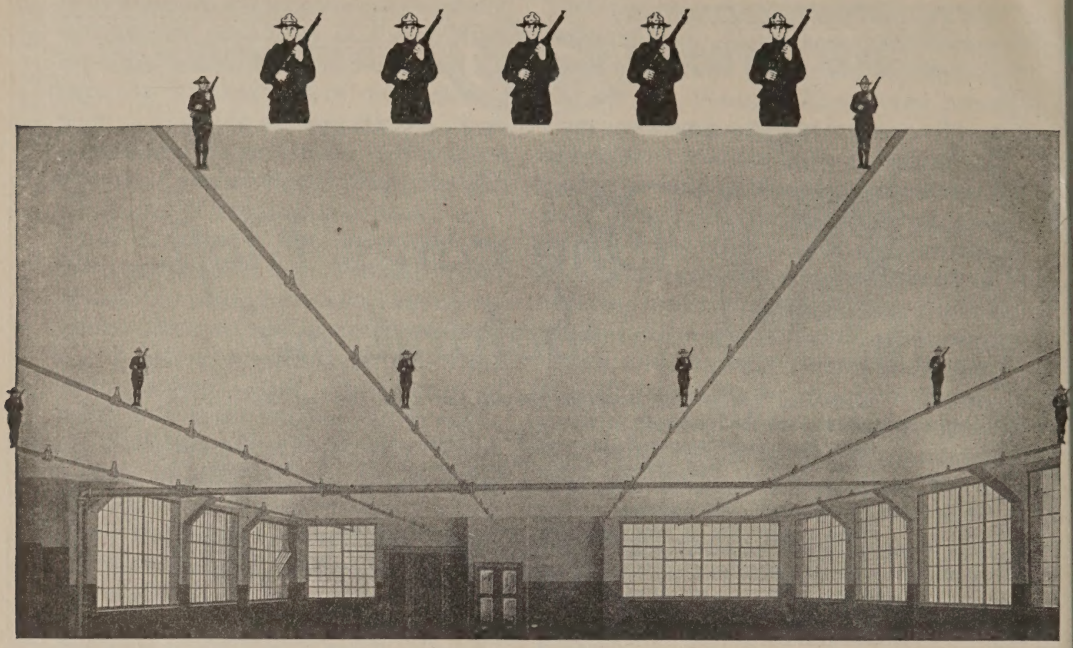
Tomato	Mock Turtle	Vegetable Thick
Chicken	Chicken Gumbo	Ox Tail Thick
Clam Chowder	Consommé	Clear Vegetable
Chicken Consommé	Pea	Clear Ox Tail
Beef	Julienne	Mulligatawny
Bouillon	Clam Broth	Mutton Broth

Green Turtle Thick (45c) Clear Green Turtle (60c)

Franco-American Broths for Invalids and Children

Ready to serve at a moment's notice! How convenient and comfortable this is for the physician, the mother and the nurse! And the broths are so pure, so beneficial, so safe (sterilized), that doctors everywhere prescribe them. Splendid for children (well or sick). Beef, Chicken, Mutton. 15 cents the can. At your grocer's.

HEALTH IN PURE SOUP



As sentries guard the front

AT the Gemco Manufacturing Company factory at Milwaukee an explosion occurred in an enameling-oven and set fire to the dipping-tank.

It was all one big flash in a minute. The flames spread over an area of 1,500 square feet, threatening a great conflagration.

As the flames mushroomed over the ceiling, however, something else happened. Up there, in military array, stood little mechanical Sentries, protecting the inflammable contents of this fireproof building. Snap — snap — snap — snap went the Sentries; not the rattle of guns, but the snap of the mechanical triggers of the Grinnells, touched off by the heat. Instantly that fire-swept area was the scene of a drenching rain.

All along the ceiling, amid burning gases, Grinnell Sprinklers were working intensely.

At the first moment the glass in the windows had dropped out and flames rolling forth had climbed to an open window on the floor above. There, unknown to anyone, they started a second fire. But a Grinnell Sentinel waiting up there took care of it as soon as the heat grew intense.

The fire department was prompt, but the Grinnells had done the work. There was nothing left but to turn off the water and investigate the damage. Throughout the rest of the plant, business was resumed and went on as usual.

"It saved us from a complete wreck," the Company reported.

That explains why insurance is almost free in *that* business. The plant is safe from a serious fire; the risk is small, not merely on the building itself, which is a modern fireproof structure, but on the *contents* as well.

MANY business men fondly imagine that if they have fireproof buildings they are safe from fire. But all authorities will tell you that fireproof construction, with the usual spacious rooms and hallways, is like a steel furnace, incombustible itself, perhaps, but capable of letting your goods burn merrily inside of it.

The awful Triangle Waist holocaust was in a fireproof building. So are plenty of other *big* fires every year.

The Hinde & Dauch Paper Company, the five-million-dollar corrugated box concern of Sandusky, Ohio, were paying a fire insurance

rate of $1.20 per hundred on the contents of their modern fireproof building. When the Grinnell System was ready for business the rate fell to 12c. per hundred, saving them $2,800 a year on insurance. (The Grinnell cost only a little over $11,000, so it was a 25% investment paying for itself over and over again.)

In another of their Sandusky plants and in their Delphos plant the rate fell from $2.75 to 35c. per hundred.

Observe that these were modern, well-built, fireproof buildings.

One of the biggest manufacturers of burial-caskets and phonograph-cabinets says:

"One Sunday afternoon while in my office I smelled smoke, and found a fire next to the stairway. It had just started among some sweepings and I easily beat it out with my coat.

"That little fire set me to thinking: Suppose I had not been there; suppose it had happened some other Sunday, or at night, and the watchman had been ten or fifteen minutes late? I was well covered by insurance, but even then, a serious fire would have meant a heavy loss."

The contents of your building — the machinery, the goods in process, the patterns, the furniture, the raw materials — are probably worth a great deal. Could you start with a fire-swept building and restore your going business in less than six months? With fire insurance you are only half protected.

Sentries are self-paid

To protect the uninsured part, put a Grinnell Sentry over each and every 80 square feet. What they save on the cost of insuring your property values will usually pay their whole cost in a few years.

Grinnell Systems are easily installed without disturbance to occupants or interruption of business, because Grinnell Systems are shop-assembled and brought up to the job complete, save for a few last connections.

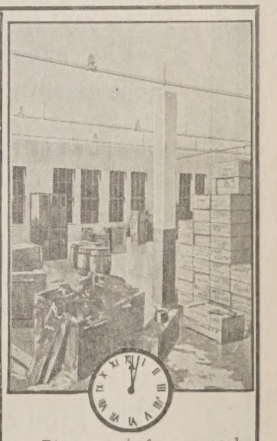
Write — now — to the General Fire Extinguisher Company, 280 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I., and get a copy of the Grinnell Information Blank. Fill it out with the required facts as to floor area, insurance carried, etc., and we can tell you in round figures about how much saving in insurance a Grinnell System would bring you. Would n't you like to get your insurance almost free?

Don't theorize — get the figures!

1. On duty with many others, waiting for a fire — waiting perhaps for 30 years up near the ceiling — the ingenious mechanical watchman.

2. Here comes the fire at midnight. The column of heat rises and at 155° the fusible strut in the nearest Grinnell softens and melts.

3. Snap — spurt — splash! A drenching downpour right on the heart of the fire. Alarm-bell clanging in the distance.

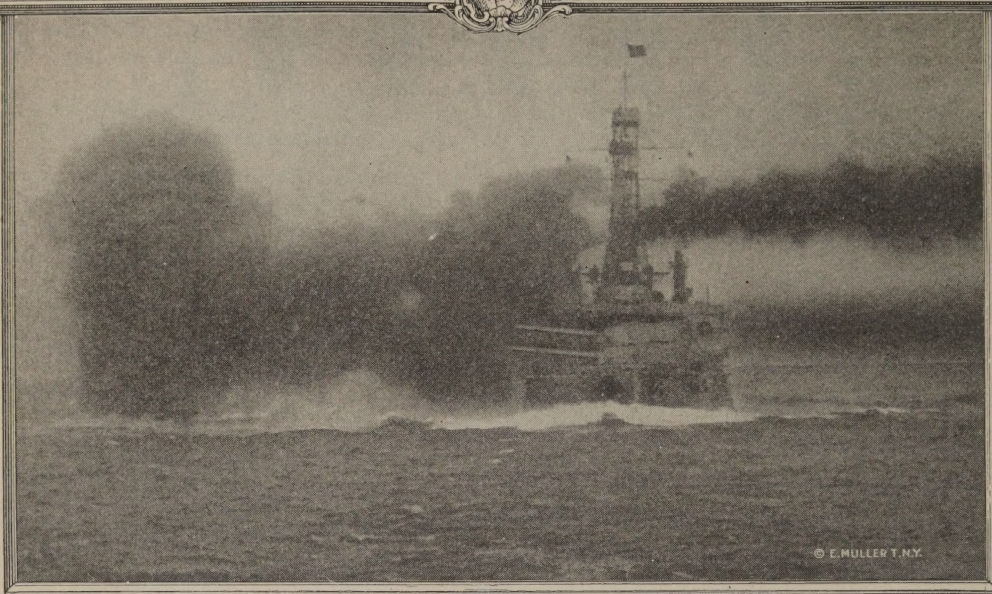


4. Fire out before watchman arrives. Water turned off. No damage worth reporting. Next morning — business as usual.

GRINNELL

AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM

The Factory-Assembled System



The U. S. Battleship Michigan in action, with all surfaces protected against salt water and hard wear by Murphy Transparent Spar Varnish

ON our battleships, our submarine chasers, and in our merchant marine service, wherever varnish has the hardest work to do, there you find Murphy Transparent Spar Varnish on duty.

The exceptional durability that makes it first choice for this most exacting work is also at your service for your home.

Murphy Transparent Spar Varnish

"the varnish that last longest"

will preserve and beautify every exterior wood and metal surface on boats and buildings. Its water-proof nature makes it also the best finish for front doors, windows and all things exposed to sun, rain and rough weather.

Send for either of our illustrated books: "Beautiful Boats" or "The House that Found Itself".

Murphy Varnish Company

Franklin Murphy, jr., President

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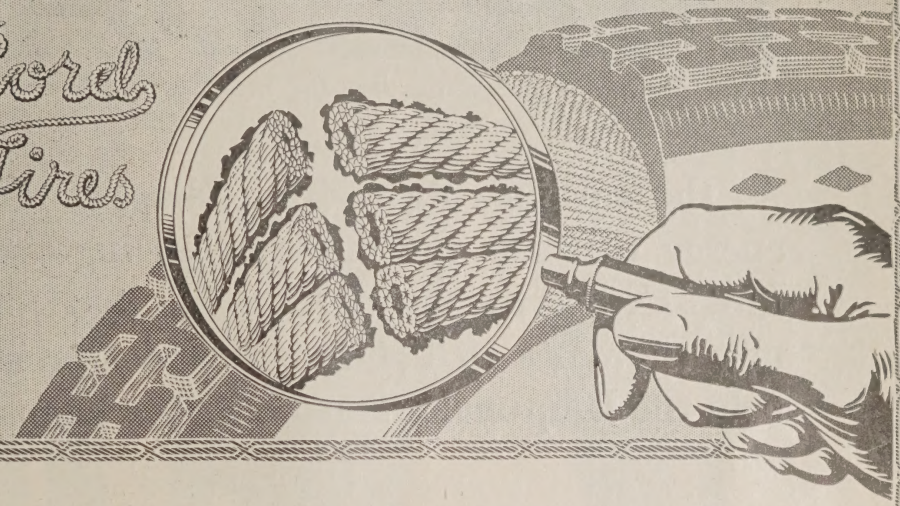
ANA

Fair List Prices — Fair Treatment

GOODRICH
SILVERTOWN
Cord Tires



Cable Cord—40% Rubber
Immune to Tire Fever

BEHOLD how *cord* and *rubber* are fused into the flexible, powerful *cable-cord* which forms the exclusive *patent-protected* body of a Silvertown tire. Note the *rubber core*, and how each *cord tendon* in the cable-cord lies completely encased in a cushion of rubber.

Corded and cabled under high pressure, which replaces all air in the fiber with rubber gum, it is fused with rubber as a cobbler's waxed end is waxed with wax.

That fusion of rubber and cord, *cool no matter how fast the tire whirls*, when cross-wrapped in the Silvertown's two-ply body, is the secret of Silvertown's IMMUNITY from TIRE-FEVER—the internal heat rubbed up between the plies of many-ply tires—the great destroyer of tires.

With but two plies of strong, cool cable cord—Silvertowns, trade marked with the *Red Double Diamond*, are bound to outlast and outserve many-ply tires with their multiplied tire fever.

Moreover they give a style, a smoother riding comfort and gasoline saving economy you can not afford to deny yourself.

THE B. F. GOODRICH CO., *Akron, Ohio*

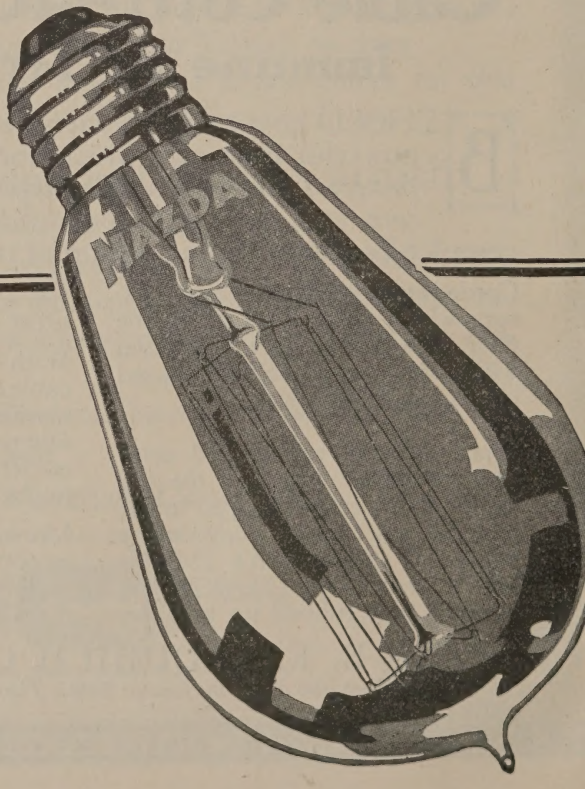
Goodrich also makes the famous Fabric Tires—Black Safety Treads

"Silvertown makes all cars high-grade"

MAZDA

"Not the name of a thing, but the mark of a service"

As the turbines draw from Niagara the energy that sets the motors whirling—so MAZDA Service draws from the flood of new thoughts in lighting, the ideas that help the lamp-makers make better lamps.



The Meaning of MAZDA

MAZDA is the trademark of a world-wide service to certain lamp manufacturers. Its purpose is to collect and select scientific and practical information concerning progress and developments in the art of incandescent lamp manufacturing and to distribute this information to the companies entitled to receive this Service. MAZDA Service is centered in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady, New York. The mark MAZDA can appear only on lamps which meet the standards of MAZDA Service. It is thus an assurance of quality. This trademark is the property of the General Electric Company.

RESEARCH LABORATORIES OF
THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Resinol Soap

makes you *proud* of your complexion

There can be no luxury for a woman equal to the consciousness that her complexion is clear, fresh, delicately radiant. To keep it so, no amount of cosmetics can excel the *regular* use of a soap which thoroughly cleanses, and at the same time has just the right soothing, healing action to maintain the *natural* health and beauty of the skin.

Resinol Soap does this because it is an exquisitely pure and cleansing toilet soap containing the *Resinol* medication which physicians prescribe in Resinol Ointment, for the treatment of skin affections. With its use, the tendency to pimples is lessened, redness and roughness disappear, and the skin usually becomes a source of pride and satisfaction.

The same extreme purity and gentle Resinol medication adapt Resinol Soap to the care of the hair, and of a baby's delicate, easily-irritated skin.

If the complexion is in bad condition through neglect or an unwise use of cosmetics, a little Resinol Ointment should at first be used to help Resinol Soap restore its health and beauty. Resinol Soap is sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For a free sample cake, with miniature box of Resinol Ointment, write to Dept. 23–C, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Dioxogen

$H_2 O_2$ 12v

The Two Halves of Mouth Hygiene

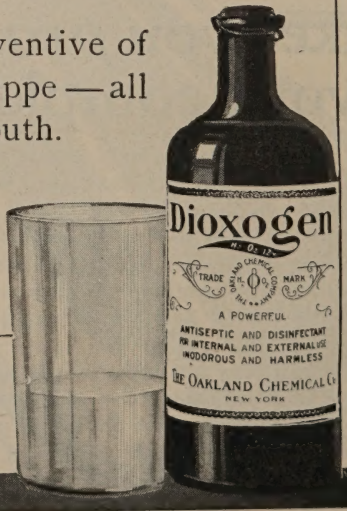
Brushing the teeth cleans the *teeth.* But this is only one-half of mouth hygiene.

The other and more important half consists of cleaning the mouth. This cannot be done with a toothbrush alone, but a mouth wash which destroys germs, must also be used.

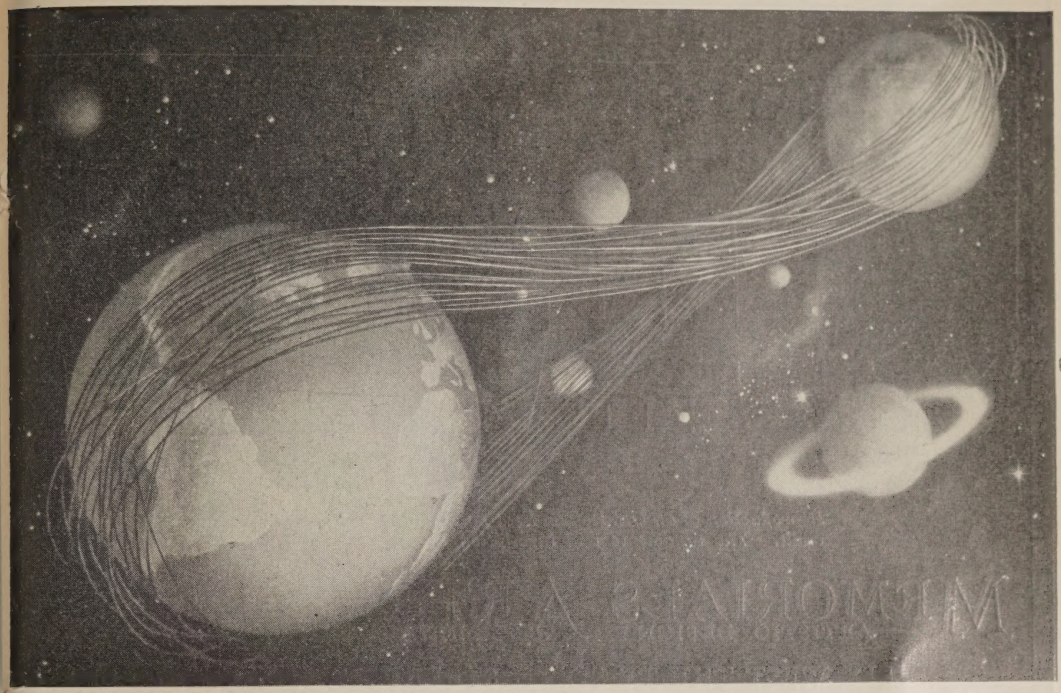
Dioxogen

(*a teaspoonful to a quarter glass of water.*) is powerful enough to do its work thoroughly — harmless enough to be used in the mouth of a child.

It is the best possible preventive of colds, sore throat and La Grippe — all of which originate in the mouth.



THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO.
10 Astor Place, N. Y.



Twenty Million Miles of Telephone Wire

The telephone wire in use in the Bell System is long enough to run from the earth to the moon and back again forty times.

The Bell System has about twice as much telephone wire as all Europe.

More than 500,000 new telephones are being added to the Bell System yearly—almost as many as the total number of telephones in England.

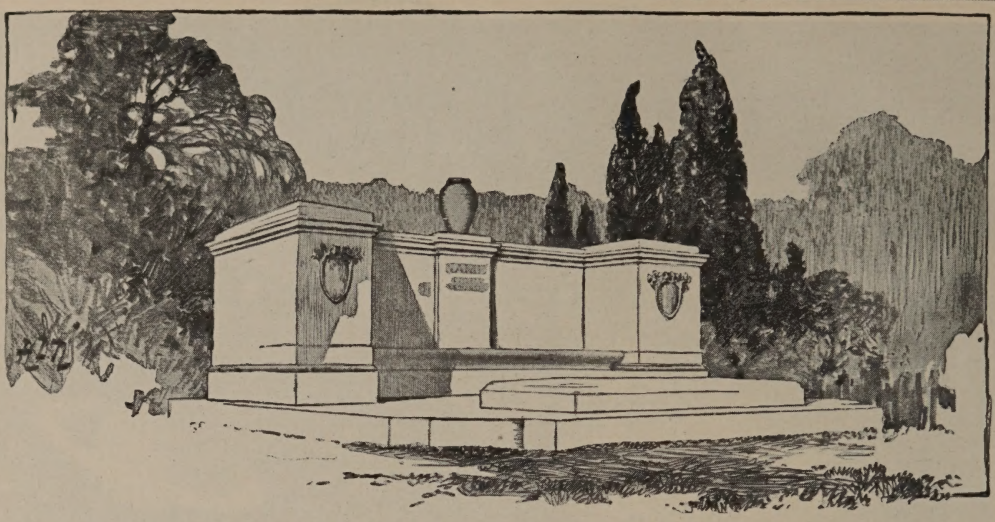
In twelve months the Bell System adds enough telephones to duplicate the entire telephone systems of France, Italy and Switzerland combined.

In proportion to population the extension of the Bell System in the United States is equal in two years to the total telephone progress of Europe since the telephone was invented—a period of about forty years.

The Bell System fills the telephone needs of the American people with a thoroughness and a spirit of public service which are without parallel the world over.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*



Reproduction of an Old Roman Seat surmounting undergound vault. The ornaments and inscription are in cast bronze.

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ARTISTIC DESIGN IMPERISHABLE CONSTRUCTION

SIX WEST THIRTY-SIXTH STREET, NEW YORK

[Write us for information on our water-proof Family Vault, below ground]

Tycos THERMOMETERS

Ask Your Dealer

Taylor Instrument Companies

ROCHESTER N.Y.

There's a *Tycos* or *Taylor* Thermometer for Every Purpose

LE PAGE'S GLUE HANDY BOTTLES

A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY 10¢

We will insert

Your RECREATION AND TRAVEL

advertisement in a space of this size, seven lines, at a rate of $4.55 a month. Our forms close on the 5th of the preceding month.

The Atlantic Monthly, Boston, Mass.

SPECIAL OFFER

A trial subscription for three months will be sent to new subscribers on receipt of seventy-five cents.

35 cents a copy. $4.00 a year.

3 Park St. THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY Boston

"World's largest Refrigerator Factory"

WHITE MOUNTAIN REFRIGERATORS

"The Chest with the Chill in it"

You reach the end of your refrigerator troubles when you buy a "WHITE MOUNTAIN." They practice economy every hour of the day "In over a Million Homes." Our famous "MAINE" Duplex Ice Grate controls ice consumption, circulation and condensation, insuring cold, dry, sweet, pure provision chambers that keep pure food pure. Send for beautiful catalogues and booklets.

"Economy that is true Economy"

MAINE MFG. CO., NASHUA, N. H.

Her Husband Didn't Ætna-ize Against Accident!

HE thought himself so well and strong that he would always be able to take care of her, but like a flash of lightning came the fall on the sidewalk. The little money that was in the bank was eaten up by doctors' and nurses' bills in a few weeks, and then he had to go to the public ward of a hospital.

She is as well loved as your wife. Yet while he lies there in the free ward, she stands here and works all day. Save your wife from having to do this.

Remember that one in seven is killed or injured by accident each year, and that you may be the one. Save yourself worry—

ÆTNA-IZE

Protect your wife, and protect yourself now, while you can. Remember that Fate does not wait till you are ready. Remember it is the little accidents that cause most of the trouble.

If you have an Ætna Accumulative Accident Policy you can go freely about your business knowing that there will be no money worry for your wife or yourself if you are killed or disabled by accident.

All it costs is $25 a year if you are in a "Preferred" occupation. For that you get $50 a week as long as you live if you're disabled by a railway, steamship, or burning building accident. $25 a week for any other accident.

In addition, $5,000 to $10,000 for accidental death or loss of two limbs, two eyes, or one limb and one eye. Add $500 to $1,000 to this for every year you renew the insurance up to five years. Half the above for loss of one limb or one eye.

When the accident comes it will be too late. Now, while you are thinking about it—now, while you are looking at this coupon, cut it out and send it.

It brings you information that may not only save you worry but may even some day save your life.

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Drawer 1341 **HARTFORD, CONN.**

The largest company in the world writing Life, Accident, Health and Liability Insurance

Agency opportunities for all Casualty and Bonding lines

An Ætna Agent has a national advertising campaign working for *him* all the time

Name.....

Occupation.....

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ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Drawer 1341 HARTFORD, CONN.

I have marked the kinds of insurance I wish to know about: Accident ☐. Health ☐. Disability ☐. $250 Life Certificate ☐. My age is ..... years. I am in good health.

At. Mo. 8-17

EDDY
REFRIGERATORS

Made of *White Pine*

EDDY Refrigerators are Lined with the Eddy *White One Piece Porcelain* with rounded corners and fitted with electric welded wire shelves, or heavy galvanized *steel* with *slate stone* shelves.

The EDDY reputation has been made and maintained by making a *quality* product.

Buy an EDDY *White Pine* Refrigerator this Spring.

Send for Catalogue; or go to some live dealer and select yours

D. EDDY & SONS CO.
BOSTON, MASS.
MANUFACTURERS

Hotel Hargrave

W. 72nd Street, between
Broadway and Columbus Ave.

Subway, Elevated, Bus Lines and
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New York

300 Rooms — 200 Bathrooms

Absolutely Fireproof

Comfort, Refinement and Luxury combined with very moderate rates.

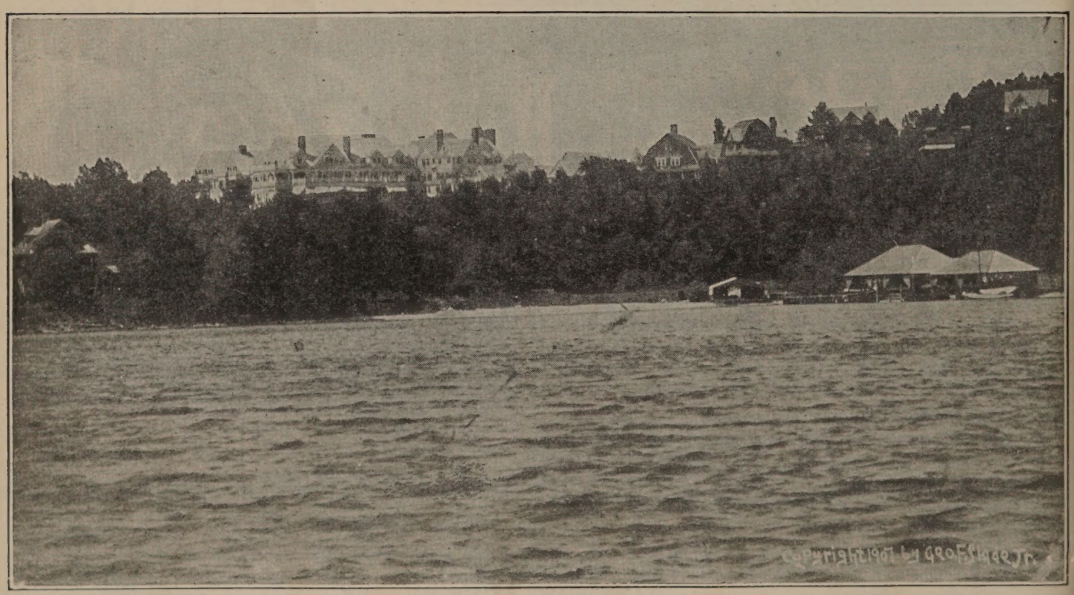
Single rooms with private bath, **$2.00** and up.

Double room with private bath, two persons . . . . **$2.50** and up

Parlor, bedroom with private bath, two persons . . . . **$3.00** and up

Restaurant and service is the best, at reasonable prices. 72nd St. entrance to Central Park, one block, all shopping and amusements within five to ten minutes. Modern Garage nearby. Send for Illustrated booklet.

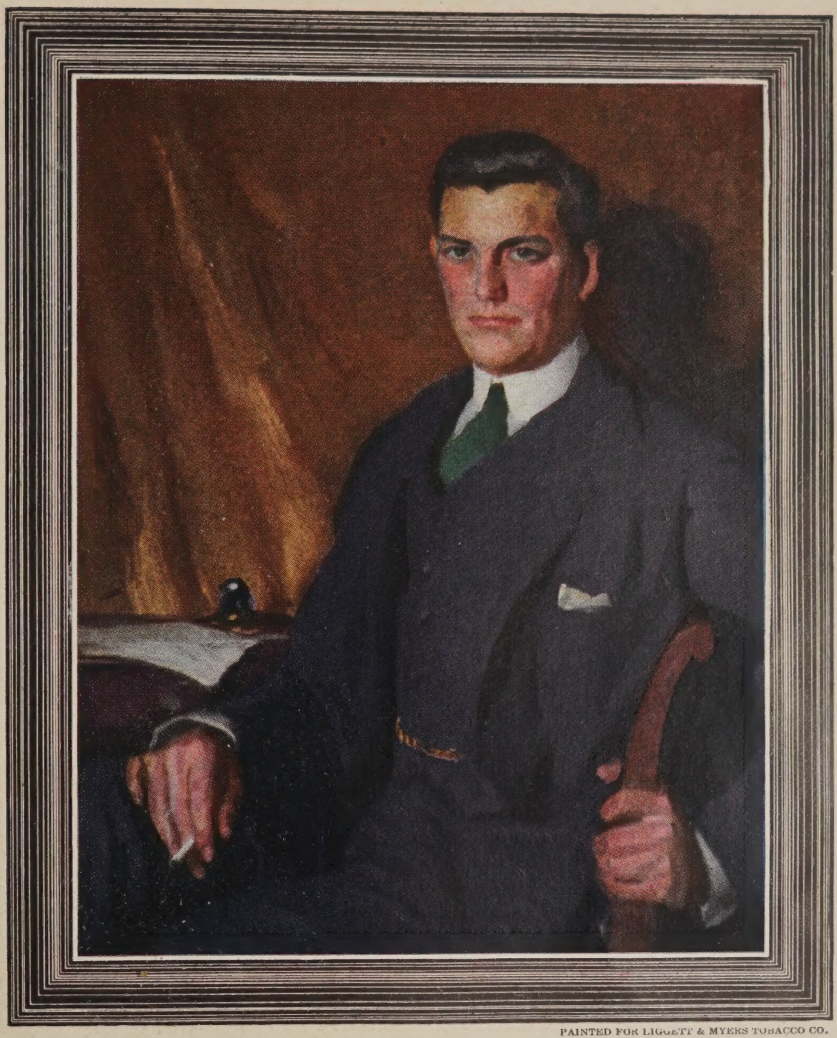
EUGENE CABLE, Manager.



GRANLIDEN HOTEL Lake Sunapee, N. H.

At the Gateway of the White Mountains. The Ideal Tour Hotel at Lake Sunapee. Fine golf course, saddle horses, tennis, boating, canoeing, bathing, fishing for salmon, trout and bass as good, if not the best in New England. Dancing afternoon and evening. Fine motoring, etc. Furnished cottages to rent. Accommodates 300 guests. Write for circular. Address W. W. Brown, Granliden Hotel, Lake Sunapee, N. H. Mr. Brown may be seen personally at Hotel Manhattan, 42nd Street, New York City, from May 20th to June 6th. After that date, Granliden Hotel, Lake Sunapee, N. H.

Winter season: HOTELS INDIAN RIVER AND ROCKLEDGE, Rockledge, Florida



PAINTED FOR LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

TODAY, "big" men—young as well as old—know that it is worth while to give some thought even to what they smoke.

Of course, Fatima is not the only cigarette chosen by these men; but it perhaps comes nearer to it than any other.

This is doubtless because men find that, even though they may smoke more often than usual, Fatimas still leave them feeling keen and alert. Fatimas are rightly called "sensible."

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette

FIGHTING TRIM

WHETHER your battle is fought in the trenches, behind an office desk or in the home *you need to keep fit.*

It's comparatively easy for the soldier to keep up to scratch. The civilian—man or woman—has a harder task. Sedentary habits, insufficient exercise, too much food and too much hurry about eating it, combine to cause a more or less chronic condition of constipation.

Don't think you can dispose of constipation with a cathartic pill. Laxatives and cathartics cause more constipation than they cure and their persistent use is likely seriously to undermine your health.

NUJOL relieves constipation effectively and has none of the objections which are common to all drug remedies. It acts as an internal lubricant, preventing the bowel contents from becoming hard and facilitating the normal processes of evacuation.

NUJOL, put up in pint bottles only, is sold at all drug stores. Refuse substitutes—look for the name NUJOL on bottle and package.

Dept.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(New Jersey)
Bayonne New Jersey

Nujol

FOR CONSTIPATION

Send for booklet, "THE RATIONAL TREATMENT OF CONSTIPATION." Write your name and address plainly below.

Name..... Address..... City..... State.....

Approaching Motherhood Calls For Strong Quiet Nerves

As maternity approaches it is of the utmost importance that the expectant mother's health and vitality should be built up to the highest point. In ordinary times, normal diet supplies sufficient nutriment, but when called upon to bear this double burden she needs additional nerve and tissue-building material—nourishment that is not supplied by ordinary food—something that will build up her strength, quiet her nerves and prepare the way for happy, healthy motherhood.

Pabst Extract Supplies All the Needed Elements

This rich, wholesome, liquid-food combines the nutritive and tonic properties of malt and hops in palatable and predigested form. It is welcomed by the weakest stomach and quickly assimilated by the system. Also the digestive fluids are stimulated and a desire is created for the extra supply of food needed at this period.

Pabst Extract, The "Best" Tonic, gives strength to the muscles, revitalizes the blood, calms the nerves and induces sweet, refreshing sleep.

Enables Nursing Mothers to Maintain Their Normal Strength

At no time does this palatable, predigested tonic-food and nutrient demonstrate its merits so strikingly as when used by the nursing mother. It seems to act directly upon the lacteal glands—stimulating and supporting them, and it furnishes nourishment in abundance for the little one.

Pabst Extract, The "Best" Tonic, provides all the necessary elements required by nature to restore and maintain perfect health after child birth. It is also recommended for nervousness, insomnia, overwork, anaemia, dyspepsia, old age and for convalescents.

Tell Your Druggist to Send You a Dozen Bottles

And be sure to insist upon Pabst Extract, The "Best" Tonic—made from choicest hops and barley malt, fortified with calcium hypophosphite and iron pyrophosphate. Take a wineglassful before meals and at bedtime and you will begin to note its good effects at once.

Let us send you a free booklet explaining all the uses and benefits of Pabst Extract.

PABST EXTRACT CO., ***Milwaukee***

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The advertiser must be in every instance a house of unquestioned standing, and all investment offerings must be of high character.

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The integrity of an investment in Public Utility securities depends on the integrity of its constituent elements. These are subject to certain tests:

1. *The Engineer's test,* for soundness of physical condition (equipment, construction) of the property represented by the securities;
2. *The Auditor's test,* for trustworthiness of the accounting;
3. *The Legal Expert's test,* for safety and wisdom of legal provisions involved;
4. *The Banker's test,* for intrinsic financial merit of the investment in which he has at stake his own money and reputation—taking under critical scrutiny the results of all the other tests.

Only on the basis of these tests, made with conscientious fidelity, is the investment banker in a position to offer securities which represent the utmost of the investment qualities—safety, yield and marketability.

List of bonds to which the above tests have been applied and which we can offer at very attractive prices, will be sent upon request for Circular A-59.

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(1st Mortgage) are based on growing timber. The name of Lacey has been standard in the timber field for many years. Timber values are constantly rising and now will rise faster than ever. Lacey Bonds will carry large profits.

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YOU ARE INVITED TO READ THE HIGHLY INTERESTING BOOKLET T-811 WHICH EXPLAINS THE EXCEPTIONAL CONDITIONS ON WHICH THE BONDS ARE BASED. WE SUGGEST PROMPT APPLICATION.

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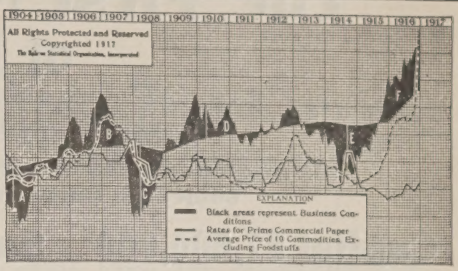
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Product a necessity and in strong demand.
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Bonds in $500 amounts paying 6% interest.
Proceeds of loan to increase Company's output.
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Globe trotters call the Puritan one of the most homelike and attractive hotels in the world.

Puritan prices are wholly reasonable.

I will take both pride and pleasure in telling you about our house and sending to you our booklet. Ask me to do so.

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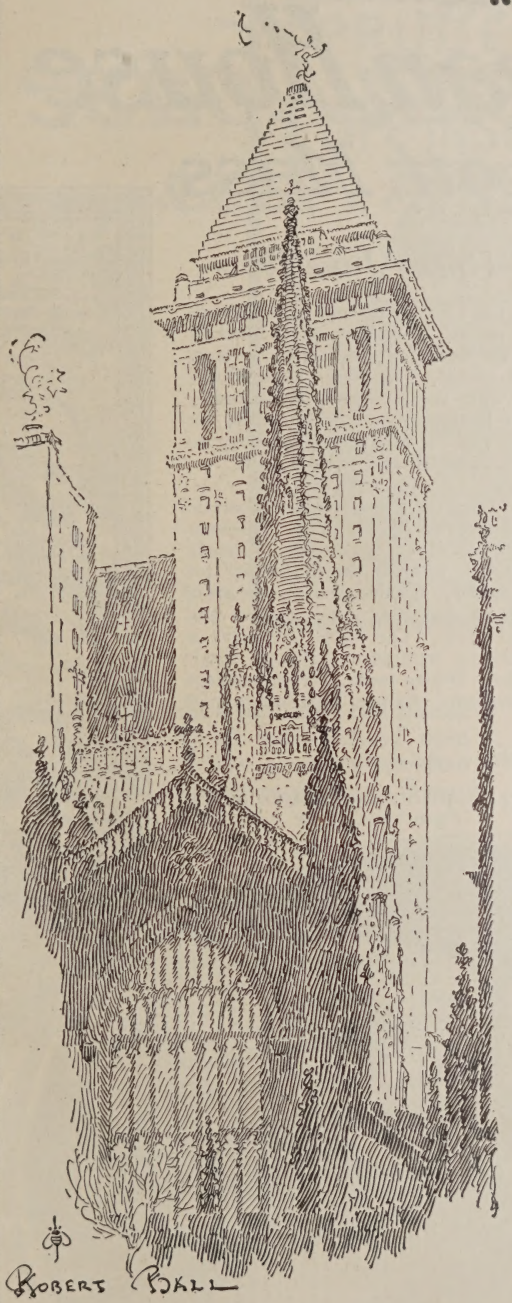

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That question confronts the thinking man or woman who has property and intends to make a will appointing an executor and trustee.

The advantages of the trust company over the individual as executor and trustee are no longer debatable.

You know that it is most emphatically to the interest of your estate that you appoint a trust company. The question is "which one?"

Certainly you cannot do better than to appoint this Company.

If you desire further information write to our officers. Also ask for booklet "Let's Choose Executors and Talk of Wills."

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Resources over $350,000,000

The New Ocean House
Swampscott, Mass.

Season 1917 — Opens June 19

Where rest, comfort and recreation may be realized amid luxurious surroundings and among refined, genial people. Directly facing the waters of Massachusetts Bay, a step only from a clean, sandy bathing beach stands imposingly The New Ocean House and its new Annex adjoining, with accommodations for nearly 500 guests. Twelve miles from Boston, with perfect roads for motoring and excellent train service, combining accessibility to business with complete change of scene, air and environment.

Situated on the town's outskirts and on the famous aristocratic North Shore, this hotel whose guests "come again" summer after summer stands as an example of highest ideals. Greatly enlarged, rearranged and beautified, it offers every facility for the welfare and safety of its patrons. Cuisine and service are of highest standard. Appointments of chambers, public parlors and dining rooms reflect charm and taste. The hotel Orchestra is composed of musicians with national reputation. Rooms, single or en suite, with or without baths. Dining room service privilege of table d'hote or a la carte at no extra charge. Fireproof garage of very large capacity.

Our descriptive booklet mailed on request

E. R. Grabow Company, 131 State Street, Boston, Mass.

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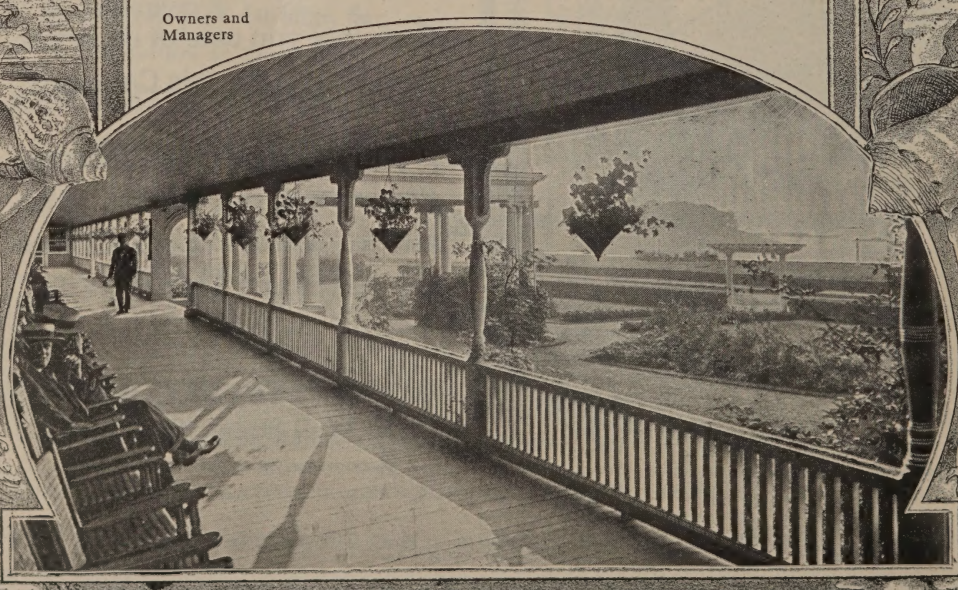

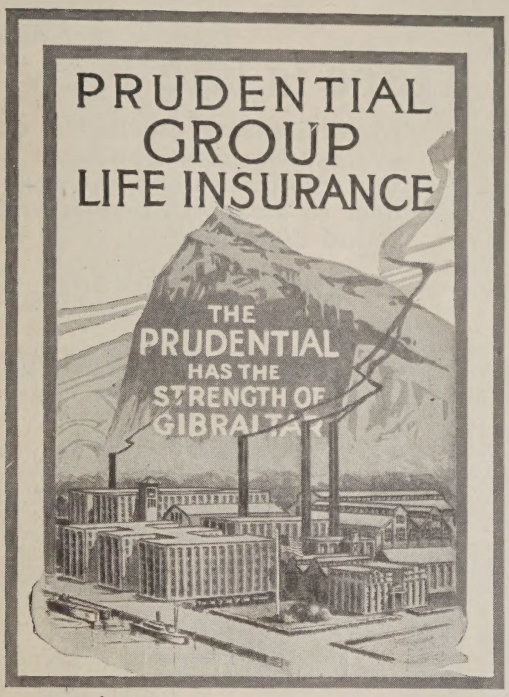

THE cadence that is in the march of a body of well-trained men beats through the work of the successful business organization. Every man there is in step with his neighbor. The whole body moves forward as one.

Team-work such as this can only come when employer and employee feel a sense of close co-operative relationship.

Prudential Group Life Insurance was devised to give the employer a practical means of establishing closer relations with those who serve him.

In those organizations where it has been adopted it has established a bond between employers and employees that has shown results in the heightened efficiency of the entire business.

Whether yours is an office or a factory, the adoption of Prudential Group Life Insurance is a matter deserving your most careful investigation.

So that you may become familiar with this vital force that is everywhere bringing real co-operation into practical business affairs—we have prepared a booklet on the subject. It is due to yourself and the success of your organization to know what Group Life Insurance is and does. We will gladly send you the booklet, "Prudential Group Life Insurance." *Write for it today.*

The Prudential Insurance Company of America

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to robustness. Locks the door against weakness, anæmia and under-nourishment. Opens the door to strength, health and a sound digestion.

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Malt-Nutrine

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Liquid-Food-Tonic

A key whose repeated use has made it shine bright in the esteem of the medical profession and in the affections of the millions who have benefited by its fine tonic properties.

The key to the situation

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Malt-Nutrine declared by U. S. Internal Revenue Department to be a pure malt product—not an alcoholic beverage. Contains 14.50 per cent malt solids—1.9 per cent alcohol.

Interesting booklet on request.

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St. Louis, U. S. A.

The key that is used grows bright.
—*Old Proverb.*

The Sinews of Mileage

Every muscle of a man is made up of small strings — sinews,

— not of one solid mass.

The more sinewy or stringy the muscle, the stronger it is.

It is a law of engineering that many small strings or strands made into a cable give the greatest possible strength and flexibility.

And nature exemplifies that law in the muscles of every living being.

* * *

That very law governs the construction of the ***'Royal Cord' Tire.***

This tire is made up of many layers of many small, but very tough, cords ;

— the construction which is exactly in harmony with the laws of nature as exemplified in the muscles of a man,

— and equally in accord with the best engineering practices in other lines of construction where great strength is required.

* * *

There is no question that this type of cord tire construction gives the absolute maximum of strength,

— gives, like a man with strong, sinewy muscles, the most power and endurance.

And behind this long-mileage quality of the ***'Royal Cord' Tire,*** this self-same construction gives flexibility and elasticity superior to any other form of tire construction.

* * *

The 'Royal Cord' Tire— which is one of the five types of United States Tires — has clearly proved that it is the monarch of all cord tires.

A Tire for Every Need of Price and Use —
'Nobby' 'Chain'
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United States Tires Are Good Tires

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have all the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme.

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There is also a *Six-Forty at $1350.* Both cars are full seven passenger and there is a handsome four passenger roadster in each size.
See the distributor nearest you.
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MARION-HANDLEY
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Rinex requires no breaking in. It is comfortable from the very beginning. It imparts the spring and swing of youth to all who wear Rinexed shoes. Rinex Soles enjoy many other advantages that will be apparent at a glance.

Next pair of shoes you buy, whether for yourself or any other member of the family, tell the clerk you want Rinex Soles. Next pair of shoes you have re-soled tell the repairman the same thing.

The genuine have "RINEX SOLE" stamped in the shank. Always look for this name.

United States Rubber Company

Sole and Heel Department, 1790 Broadway, New York
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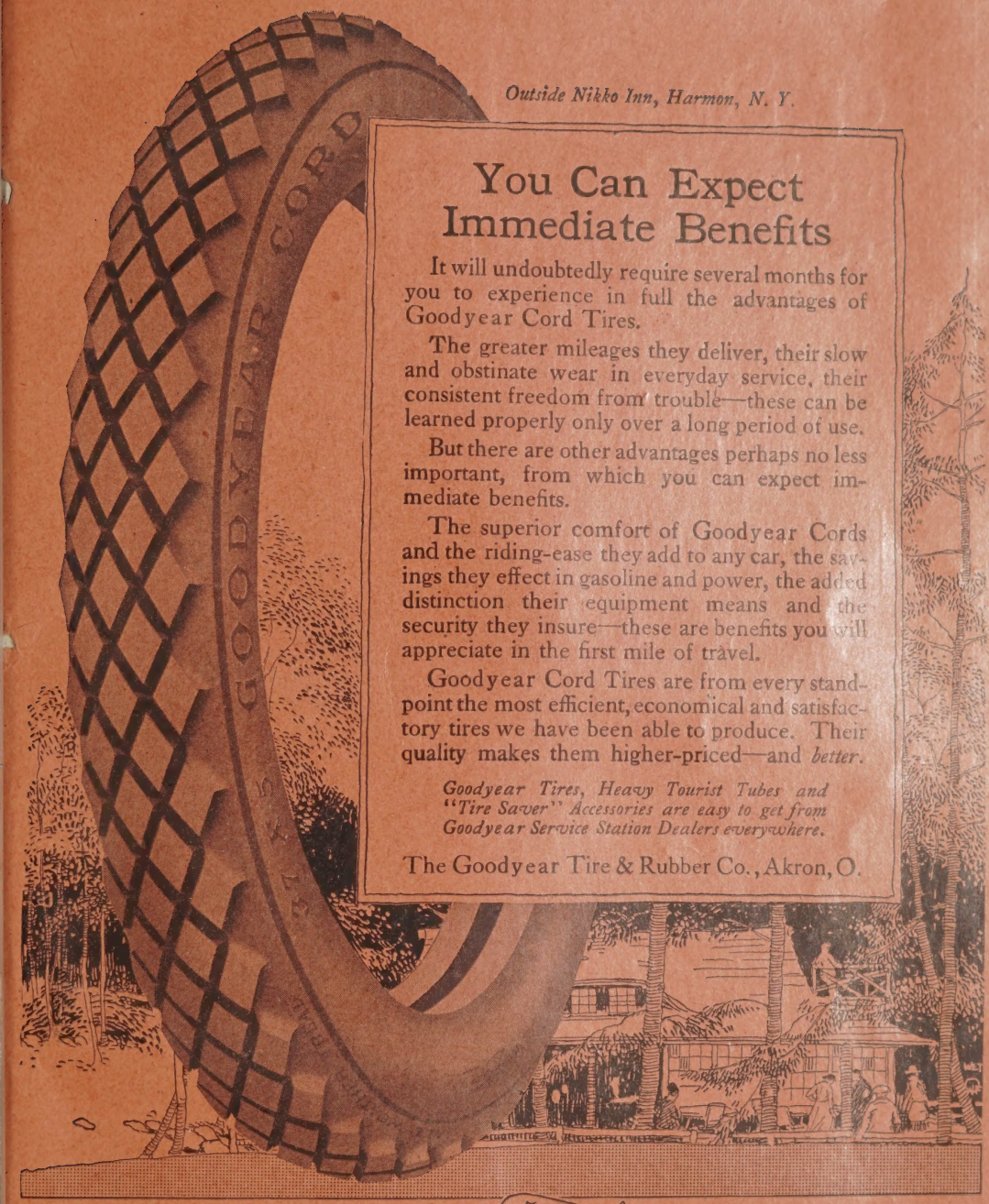
In black, white and tan at first-class shoe-stores and repair-shops.

Rinex Soles



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It will undoubtedly require several months for you to experience in full the advantages of Goodyear Cord Tires.

The greater mileages they deliver, their slow and obstinate wear in everyday service, their consistent freedom from trouble—these can be learned properly only over a long period of use.

But there are other advantages perhaps no less important, from which you can expect immediate benefits.

The superior comfort of Goodyear Cords and the riding-ease they add to any car, the savings they effect in gasoline and power, the added distinction their equipment means and the security they insure—these are benefits you will appreciate in the first mile of travel.

Goodyear Cord Tires are from every standpoint the most efficient, economical and satisfactory tires we have been able to produce. Their quality makes them higher-priced—and *better*.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

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GOODYEAR

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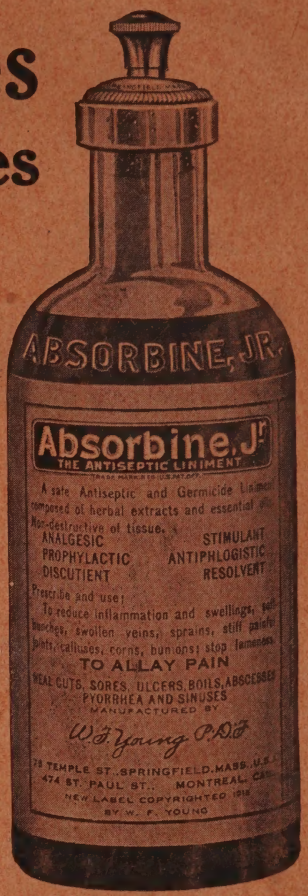
For Sore Muscles

Sprains, Cuts, Bruises

here is an antiseptic germicide and liniment—

one that is healing, cooling and soothing—Absorbine, Jr., is more than a germicide, more than a liniment—it is both. It means prompt relief from aches and pains—it keeps little cuts and bruises from becoming something more serious.



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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
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is especially good for children's hurts because it is so harmless and safe to use—made of pure herbs and contains no acids or minerals.

It is needed daily in and about the home—for the numerous little hurts that come through work in the kitchen and about the house, the stable, the garage and the grounds. Use and prescribe Absorbine, Jr., wherever a high-grade liniment or germicide is indicated.

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To reduce bursal enlargements and infiltrations. Absorbine, Jr., is a discutient and resolvent.

To allay pain anywhere—its anodyne effect is prompt and permanent.

To spray the throat if sore or infected—a 10% or 20% solution of Absorbine, Jr., is healing and soothing and will destroy bacteria.

To heal cuts, bruises, lacerations, sores and ulcers.

Used by athletes the world over as an invigorating antiseptic and soothing rub-down—keeps muscles right and prevents second-day soreness and stiffness.

Walter Johnson,
the famous pitcher, says:
"Absorbine, Jr., is a first-class liniment for tired muscles. I have used it myself to advantage and can heartily recommend it to ball players everywhere."

Absorbine, Jr., is concentrated, requiring only a few drops at an application and retaining its germicidal powers even when diluted one part Absorbine, Jr., to 100 parts water.

IT KILLS GERMS

Booklet "Evidence," gives positive, clear-cut, emphatic evidence of what Absorbine, Jr., has done and will do. This booklet, together with detailed laboratory reports, is free for the asking. Absorbine, Jr., is sold by leading druggists at $1.00 a bottle, or sent direct, all charges paid.

A Liberal Trial Bottle ***will be mailed on receipt of 10 cents in stamps.***

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